THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY
052
CH
ser. 3
v. 6

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

MAR 13 1973

MAY 29 1993

MAY 12 1993

DEC 04 2006

L161—O-1096

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/chambersjournalo6185cham

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME VI

Nos. 131-156. JULY—DECEMBER 1856.

LONDON
W. & R. CHAMBERS 47 PATERNOSTER ROW
AND HIGH STREET EDINBURGH

MDCCCLVII

052
C.H
Ser. 2
v. 6

Edinburgh:
Printed by W. and R. Chambers.

052
CH
ser 3
v 6

INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

Page
Amusements of the Mob, 225, 281, 371
Apocryphal in Portraiture, the, 193
Army, the First Rank in the, 257
Art, Truthfulness in Works of, 187
Chalks, a Sketch in, 202
Children, Froebel's Gardens for, 81, 224
Christmas-eve at the German Blind Asylum, 411
Circuit, On, 97
Doctors Differ, 17
Dragon of Sydenham, the Green, 287
Drama under Difficulties, the, 289
Estimates, 49
Fair Maids of Cornwall, the, 249
Female Dress, Speculations on a Fossil, 207
Field-sports, the Poetry of, 362
First Rank in the Army, the, 257
Foreign Relations, Our, 189
Fragments, Parliamentary, 177
Froebel's Gardens for Children, 81, 224
German Blind Asylum, Christmas-eve at the, 411
Godfather, to Stand, 15
Griffin, Mr, Twenty-four Hours in the Life of, 145
Guards, March of the—The Present and the Past, 121
Guinea-men, 343
Heroes, a Few Words about, 222
Home in Italy, At, 1
Houses, the Three, 401
Italian Caffè and Conversazione, the, 321
Kimbo's Diary, Miss, 330
Ladies, What a Few could Do, 209
Lagsmanbury, 74
Life at the Sea-side, 316
Literary Pabulum, 136
Major Truefitt on the Shortt Family, 241
Man of the Woods, the Wild, 129
Mob, Amusements of the, 225, 281, 371
Morning with the Sculptors at Rome, a, 385
My Watering-place, 174
Night of it, a, 50
On Circuit, 97
Our Foreign Relations, 189
Pabulum, Literary, 136
Parliamentary Fragments, 177
Perambulatory Movement, the, 116
Portraiture, the Apocryphal in, 193
Page
Present and the Past, the, 121
Pseudonyms, 65
Puppets—Religious and Aristocratic, 402
Robe, the Song of the, 90
Sketch in Chalks, a, 202
Social Tyrannies, 296
Sydenham, the Green Dragon of, 287
Thackeray, Mr, on the Four Georges, 353
Three Houses, the, 401
Truefitt, Major, on the Shortt Family, 241
Twenty-four Hours in the Life of Mr Griffin, 145
What a Few Ladies could Do, 209
Wild Man of the Woods, the, 129
Yachting, 161
Watering-place, My, 174

POETRY.

Autumn and Spring, 384
Carennac, the Little Abbey of, 272
Christmas-tide, 416
Earth? Who are the Great of, 160
Fay-flowers, 16
Fifth of November, the, 352
Flowers, 64
Footfall, the Last, 336
Grave in the West, the, 320
Healing for the Sick, 48
Idols, 224
Leaves from a Withered Tree, 80
Nightingale, the, 288
Pervious Heel, the, 176
Picture, a, 240
Poetry, Four Books of, 100
——— of Field-sports, the, 362
Silent Teachings, 96
Sky-lark, the, 256
Sonnet: the Cemetery of the Heart, 400
Southey's 'Famous Victory'—corrected to the Present Time, 32
Sun at Home, 192
Thou and I, 304
Time—Written at the Conclusion of a Year, 128

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Page
Acclimation Society, the, 286
Arsenic-eating Question, the, 46
Birds at Nest-time, 175
Crocodile, another Tilt at the, 30
Cynthia, Lady, Vindicated, 229
Daubeny's, Dr, Cheltenham Address, Glances at, 150
Engineering, Ancient and Modern, 109
Fish, Showers of, 368
Geology, a Morning at the Museum of Practical, 9
Health, Influence of Occupation on, 335
Inundations in France, the, 32
Iron Age, the Latest Promise of the, 311
Language, a Universal, 127
Mesmeric Treatment of the Insane, 199
Microscope, Murder and the, 305
Month, the: Science and Arts—62, 142, 205, 268, 350, 413
Music on Idiots, Influence of, 377
Nature's Mimicries, 39
Occasional Notes, 199, 333
Pisciculture, 276
Science—its Position and Prospects, 297
Terrestrial Magnetism, Major-general Sabine on, 73
Vaccination, Opposition to, 16

TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

Adventure on Dartmoor, an, 358
Adventures in Central Africa, 157
Ancient Mariner's First Love, Story of an, 334
Army, the First Rank in the, 257
Baby-stealer of the Nundydroog, the, 59
Bagh-nuk, the, 196
Bottle-imp, the, 404
Brown's Amanuensis, 152
Brücke, the Leap from the Main, 279
Chalks, a Sketch in, 202
Creole Servant, Dr Klindinger's, 182
Dartmoor, an Adventure on, 358
Diary, Miss Kimbo's, 330
Dutch Novelist, a, 105
Edith Walsingham, 375
Egg, the Nuremberg Living, 211

190418

Page

English Law, a Story of, 18
Falcon, the Lost, 144
Fiddler, the Little: a Tale for Children, 139
Foreign Relations, Our, 189
French Exhibition, Episode of the, 230
Gainsborough, 122
Garibaldi, 215, 233, 246
Genoa, the Raphael of, 307
Godfather, to Stand, 15
Gordonstown, the Laird of, 42
Green Dragon of Sydenham, the, 287
History of a Small Quarto, 118
Hungary, Poisoning in, 12
Kaunitz, Prince—A Pair of Austrian Statesmen, 28
Kimbo's Diary, Miss, 330
Klindinger's, Dr, Creole Servant, 182
Law, a Story of English, 18
Leap from the Main Brücke, the, 279
Little Fiddler: A Tale for Children, 139
Lobkowitz, Prince—A Pair of Austrian Statesmen, 27
Lodgings to Let, 230
Manutius, Dr—History of a Small Quarto, 118
Milliner Question from a different Point of View, the Overwrought, 164
Money, a New Way of Making, 69
Mysterious Salute, the, 36
Newton, 168, 179
Night of It, a, 50
——, We Fly by, 123
Northern Travel, Romance of, 134
Novelist, a Dutch, 105
Nundydroog, the Baby-stealer of the, 59
Nuremberg Living Egg, the, 211
Our Foreign Relations, 189
Overwrought Milliner Question from a different Point of View, the, 164
'Pas Encore,' 390
Phantom-horse, the, 263
Poisoning in Hungary, 12
Prince Tumen, 94
Raphael of Genoa, the, 307
Reaton and Reamouth, 91
Romance of Northern Travel, 134
Ross, Sir John—Story of an Ancient Mariner's First Love, 334
Rotherhithe, a Tradition of, 346
Salute, the Mysterious, 36
Sketch in Chalks, a, 202
Stephen, 110
Story of an Ancient Mariner's First Love, 334
Story of English Law, a, 18
——-teller of Stamboul, the, 86
Tradition of Rotherhithe, a, 346
Truffle-hound, the, 244
Tumen, Prince, 94
Unlucky Trimmer, the: an Anecdote of Modern Hungary, 77
Walsingham, Edith, 375
Watt, James—The Magician of the Clyde, 365
Wishing-gate, the, 300
Wolf-chase—We Fly by Night, 123
Youth of a 'Young Gentleman,' the, 236

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Arnold's Griselda, and other Poems, 101
Baikie's Narrative of an Exploring Voyage up the Rivers Quóra and Bínue in 1854, 157
Brown's Original Repository, 200
Bunbury's Summer in Northern Europe, 134
Ferrier's Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, &c., 170
Fulcher's Life of Thomas Gainsborough, 122
Gosse's Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica, 30
Jameson's Communion of Labour, 209
Kane's Arctic Explorations, 387
Landor's Antony and Octavius, 100
Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects, 335
Parkes's Gabriel, 102
Ravertz's Pukhto, Pushto Dictionary, 271
Read's House by the Sea, 103
Ross's Red River Settlement, &c., 53
Van Beets's Regge Family, 105
Vehse's Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria, 27
Williamson's Memorials of the Lineage, Early Life, &c., of James Watt, 365

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Acclimation Society, the, 286
Afghan Humour, 271
Africa, Adventures in Central, 157
America, Equitable Villages in, 79
American Crisis, the, 345
Amsterdam, Diamond-cutting at, and Diamond-washing in Brazil, 219
Amusements of the Mob, 225, 281, 371
Ancestors of the Jeameses. 415
Ancient and Modern Engineering, 109
Apocryphal in Portraiture, the, 193
Arctic Explorations, Dr Kane's, 387
Argonauts in England, the, 396
Army, the First Rank in the, 257
Arsenic-eating Question, 46
Art, Truthfulness in Works of, 187
Arts and Science— 62, 142, 205, 268, 350, 413
Asia, Wanderings in Central, 170
Austrian Statesmen, a Pair of, 27
Baby, a New kind of, 325
——-stealer of the Nundydroog, the, 59
Barbers, About, 293
Birds at Nest-time, 175
Boats, New Metallic, 254
Bog-butter, 333
Book-binding—The Externals of Literature, 33
Brazil, Diamond-washing in, and Diamond-cutting at Amsterdam, 219
British Museum—Our National Study, 382
Brixton, Female Convicts at, 14
Caffè and Conversazione, the Italian, 321
Californian Giants, 398
Cambiaso, Luca—The Raphael of Genoa, 307
Central Africa, Adventures in, 157
—— Asia, Wanderings in, 170
Chalks, a Sketch in, 202
Chapter on Gloves, a, 392
Children, Froebel's Gardens for, 81, 224
Children's Playthings, 261
China, Foundling-hospitals in, 78
Christmas-eve at the German Blind Asylum, 411
Circuit, On, 97
Civil Service, the, 103
Clyde, the Magician of the, 365
Cologne Singers—The Argonauts in England, 396
Companies, Life-assurance, of the Last Twelve Years, 163, 416
Company's Oven—Twenty-four Hours in the Life of Mr Griffin, 145
Conscience, the Queen's, 273
Cornwall, the Fair Maids of, 249
Crime, State and Prospects of, 409
Crimean War, Marshal Vaillant's Little Bill for the, 369
Criminal Trial, a Parallel to a Late—French and English Jurisprudence, 379
Crisis, the American, 345
Crocodile, another Tilt at the, 30
Cynthia, Lady, Vindicated, 229
Cyrene, the Rock-tombs of, 67
Daubeny's, Dr, Cheltenham Address, Glances at, 150
Dead? Is He Really, 83
Diamond-washing in Brazil, and Diamond-cutting at Amsterdam, 219
Doctors Differ, 17
Dragon of Sydenham, the Green, 287
Drama under Difficulties, the, 289
Dramatic Censorship and the Proscribed Plays, the, 313
Ducks, a Wilderness of Wild, 337
Dutch Novelist, a, 105
Eastern Steam-ship, the Great, 56
Educational Progress by Examinations, 400
Elephants, Military, 6
Engineering, Ancient and Modern, 109
England, the Argonauts in, 396
English and French Farming, 303
—— Heroes and French Honours, 155
Equitable Villages in America, 79
Estimates, 49
Externals of Literature, the, 33
Fair Maids of Cornwall, the, 249
Farthing, Queen Anne's, 112
Female Convicts at Brixton, 14
—— Dress, Speculations on a Fossil, 207
Field-sports, the Poetry of, 362
Figures, History in, 242
First Rank in the Army, the, 257
Fish, Showers of, 368
Fishery, White and Shell, 44
Foreign Relations, Our, 189
Formal as contrasted with Private History, 47
Foundling-hospitals in China, 78
Four Books of Poetry, 100
Fragments, Parliamentary, 177
French and English Farming, 303
—————— Jurisprudence—A Parallel to a Late Criminal Trial, 379
French Honours and English Heroes, 155
Froebel's Gardens for Children, 81, 224
Gainsborough, 122
Garibaldi, 215, 233, 246
Genoa, the Raphael of, 307
Gentleman, the Youth of a Young, 236
Geology, a Morning at the Museum of Practical, 9
Georges, Mr Thackeray on the Four, 353
German Blind Asylum, Christmas-eve at the, 411
German Yeast, 333
Giants, Californian, 398
Glances at Dr Daubeny's Cheltenham Address, 150
Gloves, a Chapter on, 392
Godfather, to Stand, 15
Gordonstown, the Laird of, 42
Gosse, Mr, a Tilt at, 238
Great Eastern Steam-ship, the, 56
Green Dragon of Sydenham, the, 287
Grève, the Place de, 113
Griffin, Mr, Twenty-four Hours in the Life of, 145

Page
Guards, March of the—The Present and the Past, 121
Guinea-men, 343
Harlequinade, a, 340
Harvest of the Sea, the—
  The Herring-harvest, 23
  The White and Shell Fishery, 44
Henry's, St, 25
Heroes, a Few Words about, 222
Herring-harvest, 23
History, Formal as contrasted with Private, 47
History in Figures, 242
——— of a Small Quarto, 118
Home in Italy, at, 1
Honour, the Legion of, 201
Horse, Ma'am? a Slice of, 303
Houses, the Three, 401
How We Build in London, 318
Hungary, Poisoning in, 12
Idiots, Influence of Music on, 377
Influence of Occupation on Health, 335
Iron Age, the Latest Promise of the, 311
Is He Really Dead? 83
Italian Caffè and Conversazione, the, 321
Italy, at Home in, 1
Jeameses, Ancestors of the, 415
Juries as they Were and Are, 355
Kane's, Dr, Arctic Explorations, 387
Kaunitz, Prince—A Pair of Austrian Statesmen, 28
Ladies, What a Few, could Do, 209
Lady Cynthia Vindicated, 229
Lagsmanbury, 74
Laird of Gordonstown, the, 42
Language, a Universal, 127
———, Another Universal, 200
Latest Promise of the Iron Age, the, 311
Legion of Honour, the, 201
Leyden, Origin of the University of, 31
Life-assurance Companies of the Last Twelve Years, the, 163, 416
Life at the Sea-side, 316
Literary Pabulum, 136
Literature, the Externals of, 33
Lobkowitz, Prince—A Pair of Austrian Statesmen, 27
London Amusements, 225, 281, 371
———, How We Build in, 318
Lunatic Asylums, what they really are, 262
Magician of the Clyde, the, 365
Magnetism, Major-general Sabine on Terrestrial, 73
Man of the Woods, the Wild, 129
Mango, the Magical, 160
Manutius, Dr—History of a Small Quarto, 118
Marshal Vaillant's Little Bill for the Crimean War, 369
Mesmeric Treatment of the Insane, 199
Metallic Boats, New, 254
Military Elephants, 6
Milliner Question from a different Point of View, the Overwrought, 164
Mimicries, Nature's, 39
Miss Kimbo's Diary, 330
Mob, Amusements of the, 225, 281, 371
Modern and Ancient Engineering, 109
Money, a New Way of Making, 69
Month, the: Science and Arts— 62, 142, 205, 268, 350, 413
Morning at the Museum of Practical Geology, a, 9
Morning with the Sculptors at Rome, a, 385
Movement, the Perambulatory, 116
Murder and the Microscope, 305
Music on Idiots, Influence of, 377
My Watering-place, 174

Page
Names, History in—Study of Words, 327
Nature's Mimicries, 39
Nest-time, Birds at, 175
New Kind of Baby, a, 325
Newton—The Personal Character of Newton, 168
  Newton in Active Life, 179
Night of It, a, 50
Northern Travel, Romance of, 134
Novelist, a Dutch, 105
Numbers, the Secrets of, 138
Nundydroog, the Baby-stealer of the, 59
Occasional Notes—
  Mesmeric Treatment of the Insane, 199
  Another Universal Language, 200
  Workmen's Tools, 201
  German Yeast, 333
  Bog-butter, 333
  Patents for Machines and Processes, 399
  Educational Progress by Examinations, 400
Occupation on Health, Influence of, 335
On Circuit, 97
Opposition to Vaccination, 16
Orang-outang—A New Kind of Baby, 325
Origin of the University of Leyden, 31
Our Foreign Relations, 189
—— National Study, 382
Oven, John Company's—Twenty-four Hours in the Life of Mr Griffin, 145
Overwrought Milliner Question from a different Point of View, the, 164
Pabulum, Literary, 136
Parallel to a Late Criminal Trial, a—French and English Jurisprudence, 379
Parliamentary Fragments, 177
Patents for Machines and Processes, 399
Perambulatory Movement, the, 116
Personal Character of Newton, the, 168
'Pike, Sir, the,' 187
Pisciculture, 276
Place de Grève, the, 113
Plays, the Dramatic Censorship and the Proscribed, 313
Playthings, Children's, 261
Poetry, Four Books of, 100
——— of Field-sports, the, 362
Poisoning in Hungary, 12
Portraiture, the Apocryphal in, 193
Present and the Past, the, 121
Prince Tumen, 94
Pseudonyms, 65
Puppets—Religious and Aristocratic, 402
Quarto, History of a Small, 118
Queen's Conscience, the, 273
Raphael of Genoa, the, 307
Reaton and Reamouth, 91
Red River Settlement, the, 53
Relations, Our Foreign, 189
Robe, the Song of the, 90
Rock-tombs of Cyrene, the, 67
Romance of Northern Travel, 134
Ross, Sir John—Story of an Ancient Mariner's First Love, 334
Sabine, Major-general, on Terrestrial Magnetism, 73
Sadleir—Is He Really Dead? 83
St Henry's, 25
Salmon-breeding Ponds, a Visit to the Stormontfield, 276
Science and Arts— 62, 142, 205, 268, 350, 413
Science—its Position and Prospects, 297
Sculptors at Rome, a Morning with the, 385
Sea, the Harvest of the, 23, 44

Page
Sea-side, Life at the, 316
Secrets of Numbers, the, 138
Service, the Civil, 103
Settlement, the Red River, 53
Shell Fishery, White and, 44
Shortt Family, Major Truefitt on the, 241
Showers of Fish, 368
Sketch in Chalks, a, 202
Slice of Horse, Ma'am? a, 303
Social Tyrannies, 296
Society, the Acclimation, 286
Song of the Robe, the, 90
Speculations on a Fossil Female Dress, 207
State and Prospects of Crime, 409
Statesmen, a Pair of Austrian, 27
Steam-ship, the *Great Eastern*, 56
Strange Tenures, 131
Study of Words—History in Names, 327
——, Our National, 382
Sydenham, the Green Dragon of, 287
Terrestrial Magnetism, Major-general Sabine on, 73
Thackeray, Mr, on the Four Georges, 353
'The Pike, Sir,' 187
Three Houses, the, 401
Tilt at Mr Gosse, a, 238
Timber-bending, 223
Trimmer, the Unlucky: an Anecdote of Modern Hungary, 77
Truefitt, Major, on the Shortt Family, 241
Truffle-hound, the, 244
Truthfulness in Works of Art, 187
Tumen, Prince, 94
Twenty-four Hours in the Life of Mr Griffin, 145
Tyrannies, Social, 296
Universal Language, a, 127
———, Another, 200
Vaccination, Opposition to, 16
Vaillant's, Marshal, Little Bill for the Crimean War, 369
Wanderings in Central Asia, 170
Watering-place, My, 174
Watt, James—The Magician of the Clyde, 365
What a Few Ladies could Do, 209
——— Lunatic Asylums really are, 262
White and Shell Fishery, the, 44
Wild-ducks, a Wilderness of, 337
—— Man of the Woods, the, 129
Words, Study of—History in Names, 327
Workmen's Tools, 201
Works of Art, Truthfulness in, 187
Yachting, 161
Youth of a 'Young Gentleman,' the, 236

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Adulteration, Innocent Poisoning by, 272
African Absolutism, 320
Baptismal Superstitions in Scotland, 64
Belles of the Ball, Notice to the, 256
Blue Devils, 32
Books, Preservation of, 240
Brest, the Prison of, 272
Burmah and the Burmese, 368
Calculation and Memory, 208
Casting-vote and the House of Brunswick, 144
China, Alum in, 80
———, Public Mourning in, 48
Costume for the Ladies, a New, 240
Dryden's Funeral, 80

Page
Eagre (Bore) of the Tsien-tang River, the, - - - - 400
Execution of Young Girls by the Cartful, - - - - - - 48
Falcon, the Lost, - - - 144
France, the Inundations in, - 32
Froebel's Gardens for Children, 224
Golden Saying, a, - - - 48
Gravy Sympathy, - - - 80
Handel out of Tune, - - - 176
Hong-Kong, Trade of, - - 144
Human Leather, - - - 240
Isthmus, First Attempt at the Problem of the, - - - 192
Knife, an Obsolete Use of the, 304

Page
Liquor Black-list for the Year, the, 112
Luncheons, Gratis, - - 208
Mango, the Magical, - - - 160
Manure, Granite, - - - 256
Mississippi Steam-boat, a, - - 192
Murder, Direct Evidence for, 64
Museums, How to Utilise, - - 336
Negro, a Favourable Statute for the, 240
Norway, Literature in, - - 208
Old Man and the Doctor, the, 271
Penny, the Use of a, - - - 96
Persian Ceremonial of Welcome, 128
Poets, Invulnerability of, - - 48
Queen Anne's Farthing, - - 112
Railway Custom, - - - 160

Page
Railway-tunnels, Advantages of, 256
Russells, Origin of the, - - 384
Savings, Small, - - - 240
Shakspeare's Stage, - - - 96
Small Feet, - - - - 64
Smoking, Antiquity of, - - 128
Stag-beetle, - - - - 256
Stones, Placing of Large, by the Ancients, - - - - - 208
Tobacco Customs, - - - 80
Turks and the Ladies, - - 112
Umbsur, the Joy of his Parents, 271
War, Expense of the, - - 192
White Ants, Ingenuity of, - - 304
Windows, How they are Broken, 208

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 131. SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856. Price 1½d.

AT HOME IN ITALY.

I was invited to her house in the ancient and aristocratic city of Macerata, by the Marchesa Gentilina Marziani, a lady well known not only in the provincial circles of the Marche, but in those of Rome, where, in the lifetime of her first husband, who held one of those lucrative monopolies of the necessities of life which the pontifical government farms out to its adherents, she had occupied rather a conspicuous position. As a sort of protest against her sexagenarian lord's principles and party, to which and all else pertaining to him she had vowed opposition, the fair Gentilina delighted in assembling numbers of artists and men of letters, both native and foreign, under her roof, where she promoted the discussion of political topics, and the free expression of opinion, by a hardihood and boldness of speech that none of the other members of the coterie would have dared to imitate, and on which the protection of her uncle, a wealthy cardinal, alone enabled her to venture with impunity.

When, after many weary years of wedlock, the death of the old *appaltatore* left her at liberty to form less irksome ties, the choice of the buxom and well-endowed widow, amidst a crowd of aspirants, fell upon the Marchese Alessandro Marziani, a young noble of Macerata, several years her junior, and with apparently little but his good looks and old name to recommend him. To universal surprise, the marriage proved on the whole a happy one. The marchese looked on his wife as a model of genius and wit; never questioned her opinions, though careful to avoid compromising himself by uttering any of his own; and grateful for the support she furnished to the declining fortunes of his house, and the grace with which she consented to reside several months of each year with his family—thus enabling him to pay that dutiful attention to his father's old age which Italians are so solicitous to discharge—shewed her a respect and esteem which amply atoned for the absence of shining qualities in himself.

In one of the visits to Ancona, whither a natural desire for change used occasionally to lead her, I made the marchesa's acquaintance; and, through the same seeking for variety, she was doubtless prompted to the novel experiment of introducing the *Signorina forestiera* into the heart of her husband's family, moulded after the most approved fashion of ancient Italian households.

Macerata is about forty miles distant from Ancona, on the high-road to Rome, finely situated on the loftiest point of a ridge of hills, running midway between the sea and the grand chain of Apennines which form the noble background to most Italian scenery. Even at that early period of the year, the country through which we passed was remarkable for its beauty and fertility; but the marchesa talked too much and too energetically to permit me to observe anything in detail; so that it was fortunate I was enabled some months later again to see, and thoroughly enjoy, what the natives, with pardonable pride, designate as 'the Garden of Italy.'

We travelled in the marchesa's carriage, a party of four, or rather five; for, in addition to her, her good-humoured spouse, and myself—the three *padroni*—there was the *cameriera*, whom they would have thought it most inhuman to have seated on the outside, and the parrot. This last occupied a great circular tin cage, and wore a dejected aspect, which perhaps arose from jealousy at his mistress engrossing the whole of the conversation, though the marchese attributed it to indisposition, and vainly strove to cheer him by proffering cakes and sugar, or his own finger to be pecked at, thus beguiling the tediousness of the well-known road; while his wife, charmed at having a new listener, held forth about the abuses of the government, the frauds of Cardinal Antonelli—the prime-minister—the weakness of the pope, and the insolence of the Austrians, requiring nothing beyond a shrug of the shoulders, or an affirmative groan, when she appealed to her husband to corroborate her statements. Every hour at least there was a stoppage at the foot of some hill, while cows or oxen were summoned from the nearest peasant's house, to assist the horses in dragging us up these ascents, which for steepness exceed everything that can be imagined, except indeed the corresponding precipitousness of the declivity on the other side.

With this single drawback, the journey was very pleasant. We dined at Recanati, a very small but ancient town, crowning an eminence, like most of the cities in this country which were built at a period when a position from whence a good view could be obtained of any advancing foe was an indispensable requisite for security; and here the parrot so far recovered his spirits, that the whole inn was thrown into ecstasy with his performances, which the marchesa, from being seriously occupied with partaking of needful refreshment, allowed him to exhibit without a competitor. The *sala* in which we took our repast was crowded with an admiring audience, the beggars who infested the courtyard and stairs having also crept in unreproved: and their comments and exclamations at every fresh proof of the *pappagallo's* loquacity seemed to afford unqualified pleasure to his owners, without any thought of offended dignity at the intrusion—such as would have disturbed the equanimity, and spoiled the digestion of British travellers—ever entering their minds.

It was night when we arrived at the Palazzo Marziani—a handsome pile of building, of a massive style of architecture, faced with large square slabs of marble, like the old Florentine palaces, wide balconies projecting from the windows, and a grand portico, surmounted by armorial bearings in *alto rilievo*, through which the carriage passed into a court that in olden time had evidently been surrounded by an open arcade, with a fountain in the centre. The interstices between the columns, however, as a daylight view revealed, had been filled up with brickwork; the fountain no longer played; and the grass sprouted up in tufts between the pavement, or waved in rank luxuriance amid the rich cornices of the façade.

On one side of this piazza were the stables—perceptible, alas! to other senses besides the ocular—and on the opposite one rose the staircase, in broad and easy flights, with marble busts of various ancestors of the family in niches upon each landing. The apartments of the marchesa, as wife of the eldest son, were upon the first floor, and thither were we lighted, with great jubilee and welcome, by an old white-headed man in plain clothes—the *maestro di casa*, whose real name had merged into that of *Rococo*—and one or two subordinates in livery-coats of faded blue and yellow, just like the lackeys who come forward upon the stage in Italian theatres to carry away the moss-grown seat upon which the rustic prima-donna has been reclining. The second brother, the Marchese Oliverotto Marziani, whose patronymic was a superfluity, inasmuch as I never heard him addressed by it; his wife, the Marchesa Silvia, a quiet little body, with two or three children clinging to her side, the proprietorship of whom alone enabled her to make head against the overwhelming supremacy of her sister-in-law Gentilina; the Marchesina Volunnia, the eldest daughter, unmarried, and with a great reputation for learning; and, finally, a very old man, with a quavering voice and infirm gait, appeared to greet our arrival. The brothers, both tall and handsome, fine specimens of the manly style of beauty of which this part of Italy retains the distinctive type, loudly kissed and brushed their black beards against each other with great affection, while the ladies embraced with clamorous demonstrations, but little warmth; and then, on the approach of his father, Alessandro hastening to meet him, bent over his hand, and raised it to his lips with an air of unaffected tenderness and respect. These salutations over, they all paid their compliments to the new-comer with great politeness, eyeing me all the time with very allowable curiosity, for I am sure it was the first occasion on which a foreigner and a heretic had ever come thus familiarly amongst them; after this, supper being announced, we all betook ourselves to that meal, descending the grand cold staircase, already described, to the eating-room, which was on the ground-floor, in the vicinity of the kitchen, and not particularly remote from the stable. We were here joined by a priest, Don Ciriaco, who lived in the house as a sort of secretary and companion to the old marchese or *papà*, as they all called him, and imparted the rudiments of Latin and the Catechism to the children. He was evidently in a very servile position, being treated with perfect indifference by all assembled, except the Marchesa Silvia, who now and then addressed to him a few words, though always with an implied and unquestioned sense of his inferiority, which reminded me of Macaulay's delineation of the footing of domestic chaplains in England at the close of the seventeenth century. Two of the children sat up to supper, one on each side of their mother, muffled in huge napkins tied round their chins, and completely engrossing her attention by the cutting up and preparing of their food.

I thought their presence at this meal was an indulgence conceded to celebrate their uncle and aunt's return, never dreaming that such a custom as infants of their tender age sitting up till past ten o'clock to eat heartily of soup, roast-meat, and salad—of which viands the repast consisted—could ever be habitual. Such, however, was the case; for no other reason, as the marchesa humorously confided to me, than its being in accordance with the practice of former days; which, to a mind so full of scruples as poor Silvia's, she added, were second only to the decrees of the Council of Trent or the dictates of her confessor. After hearing this, and ascertaining that in those families who partook of supper—some only indulging in one ample meal in the middle of the day—the custom of the children joining in it was very general, it was not difficult to account for the variety of ailments with which the rising generation seemed afflicted, more especially the vermicular affections—in all the varied phenomena of which, from hearing them so constantly discussed, I became quite a proficient.

Being tired with our long day's journey, we were glad to retire to rest; and I was conducted to my room by the marchesa and the erudite Volunnia, who, I speedily found, was less occupied with lore than with the vanities and heart-burnings of her sex. My spinsterhood in this case, however, proved a passport to her affections: albeit nearly twenty years my senior, she took me to her heart, as her equal in age, and partner in misfortune—promising, as she kissed me at parting for the night, to summon me early in the morning, that she might have the pleasure of introducing me to her own apartments, books, and studies.

The marchesa lingered for a few more words.

'I need not tell you, *carina*, that poor Volunnia is a character. In fact, this whole family are originals. Nature formed my Alessandro different from all the rest, and evidently broke the mould that he was cast in.—First of all,' she continued, raking up the embers in the *scaldino* over which she was warming her hands, 'there is that poor old papà, who, with his obstinacy and prejudice, has ruined himself by lawsuits. His celebrated *processo* against his brothers, I daresay you have already heard of: it lasted twenty-five years, because either side, whenever sentence was given in favour of its opponent, appealed to some other court, which, under our happy system, can annul the judgment previously pronounced. At last, this worse than siege of Troy drew near its close. The case had been brought before every tribunal in the Roman States, and was finally submitted by the last defeated party, papà's brothers, to the supreme court in Rome—the conclusive one of appeal in such instances. My Alessandro was there, awaiting the result, but comparatively with little anxiety, so confident was he of success. *Poveretto*, he was too good. Had he known me then, I would have taken care things should turn out differently! The night before the judgment was to be pronounced, he was privately warned that unless he offered a large bribe to one of the prelates of the Rota, before whom the suit had been pleaded, it would be given against him; that the other side had bid high, and all he could do was to outbuy them! "Bah! bah!" he said; "this monsignore whose influence will have so much weight with the other *uditori* in our cause to-morrow is above all venal motives: he is too high in the church." (He was one of those ecclesiastics, my dear, who wear violet stockings, and talk so sweetly to your fair compatriots in Rome.) "O no," he reasoned with his heart, *da galant' uomo*, "the thing is impossible: it is merely a trick of the enemy"—and so went to sleep without any misgiving. The next day'—snapping her fingers expressively—'he found out his mistake, and the famous *causa* was irrevocably lost! Poor old papà—they tell me he has never been the same man since: the very want of the accustomed excitement must be a blank to him. Now and then he pricks up his ears, in the hopes of finding some source of litigation with his sons-in-law about his daughters' portions, or searches out old family claims, which he wants to revive, and so on—but we take care nothing shall come of it. So he sits with Don Ciriaco, going over legal accounts and rummaging among title-deeds in the morning, and spends his afternoons *in conversazione* at the Casino, listening to all the stories people can remember of lawsuits as intricate and unfortunate as his own. All know his passion for such relations, and good-naturedly try to amuse him with them. The family affairs Alessandro takes care of now, and is really getting them into order. Though he says so little, he has a great head for business.'

To the marchesa's honour, be it added, that it was not from herself I learned that something beyond Alessandro's clever management had been requisite here; which she liberally supplied. But on the good services she thus rendered, as well as her own extensive charities, though so communicative in other respects, she was always silent; and, perfectly unostentatious in her dress and other personal expenses, never seemed conscious of being richer than any of her surrounding kindred.

But I have digressed, while the marchesa is still talking. 'Volunnia, poor soul!' she went on, clearing her voice, I grieve to record, to the detriment of the floor—'Volunnia has been the chief sufferer by all these troubles. She was the eldest of the family, senior even to Alessandro, and considerably older than her sisters. While her parents were in all the *furore* of this lawsuit, they had no time to think about getting her married, or it was not convenient to bring forward a *dote* suitable to their position and reputed wealth. So years and years rolled by, and the *poverina* not augmenting in good looks, saw her chances of being settled fast diminishing. It is ten years since I came into the family, and then she was nearly thirty-four! I soon found two *partiti* for the younger sisters; but as for Volunnia, though I have made immense researches, hitherto they have been without success. In fact, she is too full of instruction—at least the men think so, and they are afraid of her—and yet, with all her studies, she is consumed by mortification at not being married. As for Oliverotto, what you see him, that he is, a *buon diavolo*—his only fault an unhappy propensity for play. He has already eaten up part of poor Silvia's dowry, which he managed to get into his hands. We have secured the rest now as well as we can, and he has promised to reform. But what will you have? With such a little stupid *bacchettona* [that is, bigot] as that for his wife, it is not surprising he should seek some distraction. Per Bacco!' she exclaimed, as the midnight chimes were heard; 'I had no idea it was so late!' and lighting a small taper at my massive silver *lucerna*, the marchesa at last retired, carrying with her the scaldino, and saying she would desire one of the women-servants to come and take my commands.

When she was gone, I proceeded to take a survey of my apartment, which, had I not resolutely set aside all comparison with England and English customs, would have been mentally noted down as exceedingly uncomfortable. There was no fireplace or stove, no carpet on the stone-floor, no curtains to the bed, at the head of which was placed a *bénitier* for holy-water, a palm that had been blessed at Easter, and a little print of some saint. The rest of the furniture consisted of an old-fashioned inlaid chest of drawers, surmounted by a small looking-glass; four walnut-wood chairs, with cane seats; and a washing-stand, or rather tripod, just holding the basin, and beneath it a very small jug. But what redeemed the otherwise meagre aspect of the room was the profusion of oil-paintings, in massive gilt frames, with which the walls were closely covered. Of many, the colours were too darkened by time, or they were hung too high, to enable me to make out their subjects; but, judging from those I could more easily distinguish, I concluded the collection related either to the martyrdoms of saints, in their most varied form of suffering—one picture especially quite disturbed me, St Apollonia kneeling, a tray full of bleeding teeth in one outstretched hand, while she clasps the instrument employed in their extraction to her breast with the other—or to scenes from mythology, singularly inappropriate—all evidently belonging to the school of Bologna, which, diffused by the numerous pupils of the Caracci, is the predominant one in the Marche.

The meagreness of the lavatory arrangements, I confess, however, no pictorial embellishments could redeem; and I made interest with the good-humoured girl who speedily came to offer her services, to bring me that British desideratum, a tub, which for the period of my stay should be considered exclusively as mine. She was much puzzled at first at this request.

'Is the signorina ill?—has she taken cold, that she wishes *con rispetto parlando* to have a foot-bath?'

It is a curious but authentic fact, that in the middle and south of Italy, feet or foot gear are never spoken of without a prefatory, apologetic expression, such as, 'saving your presence,' 'with all respect,' and so forth. The most inadmissible topics, to our way of thinking, are unblushingly discussed, but an Italian will pause in a story to ask your pardon for mentioning his boots.

'No, I am not ill,' I said laughing; 'but it is the custom of the English to be very fond of washing.'

'Madonna mia! signorina! Be careful. Too much may disagree with you. Shall I bring you a little white wine to mix with the water? The Marchesa Silvia always does so when the children require to be washed. The baby is sometimes bathed in broth.'

I was so amused I could scarcely decline with becoming gravity.

'At least for your face, signorina: with that fine complexion'—remember, reader, her mission as a waiting-maid was to flatter—'you surely do not risk spoiling it with water. A little *brodo lungo* [weak broth] of lean veal, every particle of fat carefully skimmed off—that is what many ladies in Macerata use; it softens, and yet nourishes the skin. Others have a custom of spreading a handkerchief out at night to imbibe the early dew, and then gently rub their faces with it, soaked as it is with the cooling moisture; but that can only be done in summer. Then there is milk just warm from the cow—some prefer it to anything else. Would the signorina at least try that?'

But as I was deaf to all her persuasions, the abigail at last left me to repose, having first inquired whether she was to bring me a cup of *caffè nero* at seven in the morning, according to the custom of some members of the family; or whether I would prefer not being disturbed, or at least not breaking my fast until ten, when *caffè e latte* would be served to me in my room, as it was to all the padroni: which latter alternative I willingly acquiesced in.

It is difficult to give an account of the occupations of people who are never occupied, or at best have so slender an amount of employment, so few interesting pursuits, that what they contrive to expand into an entire day's avocations, would not engage two hours with a person to whom the economy of time was a precious consideration. The healthful excitement of a day divided between intellectual employment and active bodily exercise—the eagerness with which every spare moment is husbanded, as if time were wanting for what it is thought needful should be done; all this is comparatively unknown amongst a class which has found, by bitter experience, that energy of mind and pre-eminence in learning are dangerous gifts, tormenting, or even fatal to their possessor.

Italians are not great sleepers in general, and several members of the family after the early cup of black coffee, would be dawdling about their rooms in dressing-gown and slippers, though not visible till after the second refection of *café au lait* which was served to me, with a little round plateful of cakes on a waiter of silver, richly chased, but rarely cleaned. Amongst the early ones were papà, who rose with the lark to pursue, barnacles on nose, his legal researches; the marchesa, who carried on a tolerable amount of letter-writing with political malcontents, the manœuvres and harmless intrigues attending which were an indispensable stimulus to her existence—though, for the sake of Alessandro, as well as to avoid the unpleasantness of banishment or sequestration, she took care to eschew directly compromising herself or any of her correspondents; and Silvia, engaged from morning to night with the children, who were bribed with sweetmeats to be quiet, deluded by promises of visionary rewards into submission when rebellious, and taught to wreak their vengeance on the chairs and tables whenever they gave themselves a knock. Besides the two small individuals I had seen at supper to claim their mother's care, there was a most important personage wholly dependent on her—an uninteresting infant of eight months old, just released from his swaddling-clothes, and already attired in high frocks, long sleeves, and trousers; the light costume peculiar to English babies, technically termed 'short coats,' being looked upon, it may interest British mothers to know, as exceedingly incorrect.

As to the others, they appeared at different hours, Oliverotto the latest: he never shewed himself till noon, when, dressed in a very elaborate morning costume, he sauntered out to the caffè to hear the news, play a game at billiards, and get an appetite for dinner. The good Alessandro always went to *far due passi*, and have a little *conversazione* before three o'clock also, but then he had been busy for two or three hours in his *scrittojo* with the *fattore* or bailiff, who was his prime-minister in the complicated family concerns. The revenues of landed proprietors in this country, as I have already explained in detail,* being derived from the division of the produce of their farms with the peasants by whom they are cultivated, much vigilance is required in looking after the different *contadini*, and ascertaining that each one sends in the padrone's moiety of wine, oil, wheat, and Indian corn, without more peculation than is inevitable; which done, there is the care of disposing of the stores of grain and other articles of consumption, which, after retaining what is necessary for the household, the *possidente* sells to traders either for home supply or foreign exportation.

According to her promise, Volunnia came to fetch me, that I might be introduced in form to her own apartments, which were on the second floor. On our way to them, we passed through the two saloons and large entrance-hall, appropriated to the marchesa, which had evidently been the state-rooms of the palazzo in its palmy days, and in their general arrangements resembled others of the same description with which I had become familiar in Ancona: gilded sofas and armchairs, covered with faded damask, stationed immovably along the walls, a profusion of pictures and carved *consoles*, embellished by tall mirrors. In the one, where she told me her sister-in-law habitually received, there were a few modern additions, some light chairs, a round table strewn with such newspapers as she could contrive to get together, and a number of little squares of carpet placed in array before the grim, high-backed seats, that seemed to look frowningly on these tokens of that modern degeneracy which shrank from contact with the marble floor whereon in their day the feet of the best and fairest had contentedly reposed.

Volunnia's sitting-room contained tokens of her tastes and attainments, which, to do her justice, were of no common order, especially when it is borne in mind how much difficulty she must have overcome in acquiring the accomplishments of which a piano, or rather spinet, a harp, and a number of paintings on ivory gave the indication—to say nothing of the severer studies that a score or two of Latin and old French and English authors, on a dusty book-shelf, revealed to my gaze.

After she had played a sonata from Paesiello, and taken down some of her paintings, framed in those circles of ebony familiar to our childhood as containing effigies of old gentlemen in bag-wigs and white frills, for my approving inspection; after reading aloud a page of English to shew me her proficiency, and obtaining a promise that I would give her a lesson every day while I remained there; after permitting me to turn over her books in the vain hope of finding anything more modern than Young's *Night Thoughts* and the *Spectator* in the English department, or Pascal and Madame de Sévigné in the French, while she proffered, as some light reading in Italian, Alfieri's translation of Sallust's *Conspiracy of Catiline*—after, I say, all these preliminaries, Volunnia laid aside her homage to the Sacred Nine, and, betaking herself to a minute inspection of my toilet, seemed more intent upon a sacrifice to the Graces than the singular *négligé* of her attire had at first led me to anticipate.

Having made her very happy by the assurance that she might have whatever she liked in my wardrobe copied for her own wear, she took me into her bedroom to see an elaborate bonnet that had just come from Rome, which she intended to appear in at Easter. As she tried it on complacently, the droll effect of the smart *coiffure* over the dingy wrapper and coarse woollen shawl pinned round her throat to conceal all sorts of deficiencies, irresistibly reminded me of Miss Charity Pecksniff in the wedding-bonnet and dimity bed-gown. The one in question was a bright yellow, and Volunnia asked me, as she adjusted it before the glass, whether it did not become her complexion, which, she had been told, was quite Spanish in its tints.

Of course I did not disturb the harmless conceit, and we went down stairs to turn over my stock of finery as lovingly as possible.

Here I was very much diverted at noticing how keenly Volunnia eyed the make and quality of my garments, as if furnishing some clue to my position in society; still further to elucidate which, she proceeded to a diligent cross-examination respecting my birth, parentage, and the reasons which had brought me so far from my own country.

Strange as it may seem, there was nothing I felt disposed to take offence at in these interrogatories. They shewed so much ignorance of the world beyond the narrow limits in which she lived; so much curiosity to learn something of a country that, despite her school-learning, was almost as much an Ultima Thule to her as to her Roman ancestors; and displayed besides so amusingly the impression left upon foreigners by some of our everyday customs; that I should have been foolishly sensitive, as well as have deprived myself of a good deal of entertainment, had I resented Volunnia's inquiries, or her comments upon my answers. But I was evidently an enigma to her, which it would have required a second Œdipus to unravel.

'*Ma, ma*,' she said at length, as if musing upon the subject—'when you return to England, will it not hinder your ever marrying to have it said that you have been abroad, away from your nearest relations?—and who, after all, will be able to certify where? *We*, in these parts, know and respect your uncle and his family, and can answer for their manner of life; but supposing a *partito* in your own country is found for you, might not injurious inferences be drawn from your long absence? Who will vouch for your having been really under the care of your uncle, or furnish proofs of his excellence and fitness for the charge?'

---

* See *Chambers's Journal*, 2d Series, vol. xx., page 332.

I had not weighed all these important considerations, I told her gravely—nevertheless had no fear, in the event of their being mooted, that any unpleasant remarks could be applied to my stay with my relations in Ancona.

'I suppose you know best, carina; but a person who contemplates marriage has certainly a right to be particular as to the previous proceedings of the young lady who may be proposed to him as a wife—and who can satisfy the doubts of a man in such a case? With us, believe me, the injury to a woman's prospects would be incalculable.'

I rejoined meekly, that in England it was not usual, and, above all, not deemed advisable, for persons to enter into matrimony without such knowledge of each other's characters, and mutual trust and confidence, as rendered it impossible that suspicions like those she hinted at could ever be entertained.

'You are a singular people, you English!' she exclaimed. 'Such licence allowed women when single—such severity shewn towards them when married. I saw a little of your manners several years ago, when I spent a winter with my parents in Rome. Alas! we were drawn thither by that ill-fated processo, and became acquainted with a family of your compatriots. I was astonished! Young men were allowed to come constantly in the evening to the house, and would stand by the piano while the young ladies played, and turn over the leaves of their music-books, or assist them in the duties of the tea-table, laughing and talking without the least restraint; nay, more, hold tête-à-tête conversations over an embroidery-frame or a chess-board, while the mother sat at the other end of the room, perfectly indifferent as to what they might be saying.'

'Because she, doubtless, had confidence that neither the young Englishmen she permitted to visit at her house would dream of uttering, nor her daughters so far forget themselves as to listen to a single word incompatible with the strictest propriety.'

'Precisely: that is what this lady said when my poor mother, *buon' anima*, ventured some remark on these proceedings, so singular to our eyes. Then, what astonished us exceedingly was the great familiarity with their brothers, by whom I have frequently seen them kissed, without any motive—such as saying farewell before a long absence, or a return from a journey—to authorise it; while they were permitted to walk or ride out without any other escort—one or two of the sons' most intimate friends sometimes even joining them; the mother calmly acquiescing, nay, encouraging them, by saying her sons were the natural guardians of their sisters, and would admit no one to their society unworthy of that distinction! But the crowning stroke of all was when a marriage was combined with some *milor* for one of the young ladies, or rather when she had combined it for herself—for he spoke to *her* before declaring himself to the parents—she was allowed to take his arm on the Pincian Hill or the Villa Borghese, with only a sister or a young brother of nineteen or twenty as a chaperon; and I myself have seen them, under the mother's very eyes, stand for half an hour in the evening on a balcony, under pretence of looking at the moonlight, and unconsciously turning my head in that direction, I could not help witnessing .... Ahem!' Volunnia blushed and hesitated.

'A little of the same proceeding you had objected to in the brothers?'

'You are right! At the moment, I was so amazed I hardly dared tell my mother what I had beheld; she would have been too much scandalised!'

'And yet you did not count it worthy of remark, among your own Roman friends, to see a young woman, but two or three years married, surrounded by a bevy of admirers; carrying the arts of coquetry to their utmost height, and taking pride in inspiring attachments and receiving declarations, which would be esteemed an insult to a modest English wife. And you did not feel shocked, when the first novelty of her gay life was over, when the society from which she had been shut out in her girlhood had lost its intoxicating influence, to hear of her exchanging the homage of the many for the exclusive devotion of a recognised *cavaliere*, replacing, by his daily assiduities, the presence of a husband, who has found similar occupations for himself elsewhere! *Scusi*, Signora Volunnia: you are at liberty to call us a strange people, but permit me to say our system, even taken from your own point of view, is a thousand times preferable to yours.'

'*Via, via*,' she replied; 'you exaggerate a little. What you say might be applicable fifty years ago, when it used to be stipulated in the marriage-contract that the wife should have but one *cavaliere servente*, and the husband often selected a friend whom he thought trustworthy for that office. But things have changed now: it is no longer looked upon as indispensable; and I could tell you of several ladies of my acquaintance who have never had a cavaliere, nor the shadow of one. My own mother, dear soul! I can cite as an instance—a remarkable one, I admit, for the period when she was young—but then she had a singular affection for my father, who on his side was always ready to accompany her to the theatre or the Casino; or else, as I myself remember, whenever she was indisposed, for two or three hours together would sit in her room, talking most agreeably: altogether, he shewed extreme amiability in paying her those little attentions which others, less fortunate in their marriage, are glad to receive from their cavalieri. Then take Silvia for another example: I do not think she has ever had an idea upon the subject; in fact, she has no taste for amusements, and never cares for anything except her children and her religious duties, in which last, indeed, she is exemplary.'

The conversation was here interrupted by a servant coming to inquire whether the marchesina intended to drive or walk before dinner, which reminded her of the lateness of the hour, and the necessity of retiring to dress. About one, the ladies of the family went out—not together, nor indeed frequently, except Silvia, who daily repaired with her pale children and two nurses to an avenue of trees outside the gates of the town, where they descended from the carriage, and crawled up and down for an hour or so, and then drove home again.

The marchesa seldom cared to leave the house; she always had visitors at that hour, and preferred talking to any other exercise. Volunnia was the only one who found any pleasure in a walk, a taste in which she had no sympathy from the other members of the family, as even her brothers never dreamed of going further than the caffè, or, at the utmost, a few steps upon the public promenade. She was therefore glad to enlist me as a companion, and followed by one of the liveried attendants, who was especially dedicated to Volunnia's service—being her nurse in sickness as well as bodyguard in health—we took several walks in the environs of Macerata. Sometimes, too, I went with the marchesa to pay visits; and once or twice, to propitiate Silvia, I accepted her invitation to drive with her and the children; but we never became cordial. I was too much at variance with all her preconceived ideas of propriety ever to find favour in her eyes; besides, my being a Protestant was an insurmountable disqualification. I accidentally discovered she firmly believed that the transmigration of human souls into the bodies of animals was a dogma of the Church of England—a conclusion founded upon the circumstance, that some years before, an English family holding this theory had resided in Macerata, where they excited much notice by purchasing and fondly cherishing sundry diseased horses, half-starved sheep, and other suffering quadrupeds, in whom, they declared, dwelt the spirits of their departed relations. Silvia could never quite believe that I did not hold this dogma. She did not, indeed, like conversations on such subjects; and once, when I said something laughingly in allusion to myself, thus retorted: 'Well, what does it signify, after all? You do not pray to the Madonna, so the rest matters little.' And on my offering to lend her an Italian translation of the English Prayer-book, she shrunk back, colouring deeply, and abruptly declined.

But stay, it is three o'clock, and Rococo stands with a napkin under his arm, knocking at each door—'Eccellenza in tavola.' And their excellencies being very hungry, no time is lost in assembling in the room down stairs, where the parrot, on a lofty perch, is sounding the note of preparation with right good-will. 'Presto, Presto! La Zuppa. Ho fame—Ho fame!'—he exclaims in shrill accents, flapping his wings, while the family, hastily crossing themselves, are taking their places, and addressing each other in voices almost as piercing to the ear; for the high key in which Italians carry on their familiar discourse is one of the peculiarities to which an English person finds it the most difficult to become reconciled.

The large table is very simply laid; the dinner-service is of the plainest white-ware, and the glass is equally ordinary. Between every two places there is a bottle of wine—the growth of their own vineyards—and a decanter of water; and beneath every napkin a small loaf of bread. In the centre, a number of small dishes are disposed in a circle, called the *ghirlanda:* these contain anchovies, caviare, olives, Bologna sausage cut into thin slices, butter, pickles, and raw ham, and are partaken of after the soup; broth, thickened with semolina, has been served out from a sideboard by the maestro di casa, and handed by the other servants, of whom there are three in attendance. Then are brought round, successively, boiled fowls stuffed with chestnuts; fried-fish; roast-lamb; a pie of cox-combs and brains, with a sweet crust; polenta—Indian-corn meal—in a form enshrining stewed birds, and seasoned with Parmesan-cheese; onions dressed *all' agro dolce* with vinegar and sugar; and, lastly, chocolate cream — each dish being carved, where carving is necessary, by Rococo.

When these comestibles have been fully done justice to, the cloth is swept, the ghirlanda is removed, and the dessert, in the same sort of white dishes, put upon the table: apples and pears piled together, oranges opposite; cheese and celery—all taken indiscriminately on the same plate.

The repast occupies a long time, for tongues, as well as knives and forks, are busy, and as great an amount of talking as of eating is got through. Being the first general gathering of the day, there is all the outdoor gossip, as well as domestic intelligence, reciprocally to be imparted. In the conversation, the servants even occasionally join, volunteering an opinion as to whether it will rain the next quarter of the moon, or announcing that the Signora Marchesa So-and-so is laid up with a toothache, or that Monsignor the Bishop has the gout; and as for Rococo, he is continually appealed to, being evidently recognised as an authority by the whole house.

In conclusion, finger-glasses, with slices of lemon floating in the water, are presented to us, and we adjourn to the marchesa's drawing-room, where coffee is served; and after a few minutes, the majority disperse—Silvia to her babes, the priest to his breviary, Volunnia to her bower. Papà calls for his cloak and stick, and departs for the Casino, leaning on the arm of Oliverotto, who, having dutifully accompanied his father thither, adjourns to the caffè, and will probably not reappear in the bosom of his family until supper.

I remain with the marchesa and Alessandro, who always passes the early hours of the evening at home, only going out to pay some accustomed visit or look in at the Casino, from eight to ten, at which early hour, to their great discomfort, they sup on account of papà. It soon grows dark, and a large lucerna is brought in, before which the servant adjusts a green shade, effectually precluding the possibility of reading or working by its light, except, indeed, that marvellous knitting, which the marchesa carries on mechanically, never looking at her needles, and yet producing all sorts of complicated patterns for her stockings, the fabrication of which is her sole manual employment.

It is unusually cold for the middle of February, and there is a contention about the fire, which they insist upon lighting out of compliment to me; but this I stoutly refuse, knowing that every indisposition of the family or their visitants for the next fortnight at least would be attributed to it. So I wrap myself in a large shawl, have a *cassetta* filled with live embers for my feet, and feel quite comfortable. But I must learn to knit too, for then I shall be able to keep my attention from wandering while the marchesa talks, and really she is worth listening to, though Alessandro yawns so audibly. She is holding forth warmly against the English government, for having deluded the Italians, and especially the Sicilians, by encouraging them to revolt in 1848, and abandoning them to their fate when defeated in 1849. It is indeed a sorry tale, and there is little to be said in extenuation, though naturally one tries to make the best of it. Not with me, not with the English people, is she angry, the marchesa over and over again repeats; it is with that cold selfishness, which is here considered the blot upon English policy in all its dealings with foreign nations.

There is a ring at the bell! Alessandro rouses himself. It is past six. The friends who form the conversazione begin to arrive, each person staying from one to two hours, according to the number of other houses at which he also habitually visits. Though they come every evening, they never shake hands, at least not those of the old *régime*, and they have always something new to say.

I have not space to describe them now, but I watch and listen with an interest, a profound pity, which increasing acquaintance with this people does not destroy; and if my readers at all share this feeling, I may on a future occasion give them more ample details of the nightly conversazione and the caffè—those substitutes for chimney-corners and smiling faces, for easy-chairs and libraries, for companionable wives and readable books, to hundreds and thousands of men, for whom domestic happiness is a mockery, and home a blank.

MILITARY ELEPHANTS.

In these last days, the elephant is in his own country a beast either of burden or parade, while in ours he is an object either of vulgar or scientific curiosity, shut up in a cage to be gazed at through the bars. Let us turn away for a moment from the spectacle of his degradation to reflect on what he was in his better days, when he was the hero, not of a village-fair or of a circus, but of battle-fields, on which nations contended for supremacy, and his trumpet gave the signal for attack.

The distinguished position which, from the earliest period, the elephant held in the estimation of the nations inhabiting the banks of the Ganges, is evidenced in the mythology and archæology of these peoples, as in their poetry and traditions. Indra, the mightiest of their secondary gods, the ruler of the air and the wielder of the thunders of heaven, is always represented seated upon an elephant; Ganesa, the god of wisdom and science, is symbolised under the figure of a man with the head of an elephant—a symbol which, according to our notions, ought to have been reversed, but which is undeniably very complimentary to the animal to whose strength all honour is also done in the Indian dogma, that the earth owes its stability to its being upborne upon the backs of eight elephants. The name of this animal is furthermore associated, in Indian epics and romances, with those of kings and heroes; and there were times when the favour of an elephant proved an adventurer's passport to the confidence of the people. Such was the case with Sandrocottus, who drove the Macedonians out of India, and established his own dominion over a great part of the country, and who partially owed his success to the fact of his having made the people believe that a wild elephant had presented itself to him, had allowed him to get upon its back, and had become his guide and his defender. In this case, however, the elephant may have been believed to have been in reality a god; but an unquestionable and most remarkable proof of the estimation in which the animal was held *qua* animal, by the ancient Hindoos, is given in the fact attested by Arrian and Strabo, that among a people whose laws and customs guarded with the utmost jealousy the chastity of their women, and punished every frailty with the greatest rigour, the gift of an elephant was considered a bribe to which female virtue might yield without incurring blame.

The reverence in which this docile and sagacious quadruped was held by the nations of India, did not, however, prevent them from turning its strength and docility to more useful purposes than those of religious and royal pageantry; and thus we find these animals holding a very prominent position in the numerous armies set on foot by Indian potentates at various periods, and a position, not of beasts of burden, as in the present day, but as armed warriors, bearing a conspicuous part in the battle.

This heroic period of the elephants must have commenced at a much earlier date than any recorded by history; but the first mention of these animals in their character of warriors, by the historians of antiquity, is in connection with the war which the far-famed Semiramis is said to have waged against Stabrobates, king of India. This prince enjoying, according to Diodorus Siculus, a great advantage over the Assyrians, inasmuch as his armies were strengthened by the presence of a number of elephants, the Assyrian queen, to place herself on an equality with the enemy, whose country was believed to be the only one that produced the animals *in natura*, devised the stratagem of producing them artificially. For this purpose, we are told, she ordered 300,000 black oxen to be slaughtered, and of their hides, sewn together and stuffed with straw, she constructed a certain number of elephant effigies. To render these more lifelike, a living camel and a man to guide its movements were placed in each; but, in spite of all the art exercised, nature proved the strongest, for the Assyrian princess was defeated, and her army totally routed. It is, however, more likely that the heroic princess had recourse to this singular artifice to inspirit her own troops than to intimidate her adversary; for we are told that Perseus, king of Macedonia, when engaged in war with the Romans, who had then also adopted the use of elephants in their armies, had recourse to a similar expedient to familiarise his men and horses with the uncouth appearance of the huge animals. On this occasion, a man with a trumpet was placed in the interior of each simulated elephant, to accustom the horses to their piercing cries. The terror inspired by the elephants, armed not only with the formidable weapons with which nature has endowed them, but having, moreover, sharp swords attached to their tusks, and towers manned with sharpshooters on their backs, and having their foreheads and broad ears, which they lift up and spread out when enraged, painted red, blue, or white, to add to the hideousness of their appearance; while the scarlet coat, that renders our own military so irresistible, was not wanting, seems to have been one of the chief causes of the havoc inflicted among troops unaccustomed to the sight of them. And the Romans also, though disdaining such puerile devices as we have mentioned above, yet acting upon Tacitus's principle that in every battle defeat commences with the eyes, adopted various measures to secure their troops against the panic so frequently inspired by these quadruped warriors. Elephants that were captured were publicly exposed to the people, who were encouraged to examine and even to torment them; and not only were gladiators made to combat them, but in order to cover the animals with opprobrium and ridicule, and thus to diminish the awe with which they were regarded, they were driven round the public arenas with hues and cries and common sticks, by individuals belonging to the lowest and most contemptible classes of the community. Cæsar, with wiser discretion still, regularly trained his men to combat the elephants, pointing out to their notice the most vulnerable points in the body of the animals, which were, moreover, armed and protected in the same way as in the armies of the enemy. How terrific the aspect of an elephant must have been in antiquity to those who had never before seen one, is attested by the fact that Alexander the Great is reported to have said, on beholding for the first time a line of these animals drawn up in the front of Porus's army, stretching forth their snake-like trunks, and uttering their shrill cries, that never before had he encountered an enemy so worthy of his courage. The impassibility of Fabius is also mentioned with admiration, when, in the midst of a conversation, Pyrrhus suddenly exposed to his view the largest of his elephants. 'Thy gold did not seduce me yesterday,' said the noble Roman with imperturbable coolness; 'thy monster does not terrify me to-day.'

The Greeks who followed Alexander on his expedition to India, were the first Europeans who encountered elephants on the field of battle; but during the centuries that intervened between the death of the Macedonian hero and the last days of the Roman republic, these animals played a prominent part in almost every battle fought within the territories stretching from the Caucasus to the Alps, and from the Euphrates to the Columns of Hercules. The successors of Alexander introduced them to the Western world. The Lagidæ and Seleucidæ employed great numbers in their armies. Antipater introduced them into Greece, and Pyrrhus carried a certain number with him into Italy, thus affording the Romans an opportunity of becoming acquainted with an instrument of war which they were subsequently so frequently to encounter in their life-and-death struggle with the Carthaginians. This latter people are supposed first to have adopted the use of these animals in war when they found themselves threatened by the growing power of the Ptolemies, who employed them in vast numbers. The Romans, last of all, following the example of the nations with whom they had to contend, made a feeble attempt to introduce elephants into their armies, but they soon again abandoned the idea, being averse to the use of any expedient likely to reduce the reliance of their soldiers on their own personal strength and prowess.

The Greek writer Alianus gives a description of the military organisation of the elephants, according to which they were divided into what we would now term brigades, each consisting of sixty-four animals, and called a phalanx. This was again subdivided into minor sections, bearing names derived from Greek tactics. The commander-in-chief of the elephants was called Elephantarque among the Greeks, and Magister Elephantarium among the Latins; he enjoyed the greatest consideration, and in rank was only second to the commander-in-chief of the whole army. The officers commanding the subordinate divisions bore titles derived from the names of these, and ranked according to the number of animals under their orders. Each elephant was known by a particular name, and had its special attendant or conductor, called Elephantagogue in Greek, and Moderator Belluæ in Latin; to whom it generally became so much attached, that instances are mentioned of the most poignant grief evinced by elephants whose conductors had been killed in battle. The Elephantagogue was seated on the neck of the animal, and directed its movements by his voice, and by means of an iron bar, about a foot in length, rounded at one end and pointed at the other, in the same manner as elephants are managed to this day in India.

The first inducements to the use of elephants in war were no doubt the strength, intelligence, and docility of these animals, coupled with the terrible ferocity of their nature when roused to anger; but more than all, the impenetrability of their skin, which, at a period when firearms were unknown, gave an immense superiority to the armies in which they were employed. The principal service rendered by them was to break the order of battle of the enemy, for which reason they were generally marched in front of the attacking army. The closest ranks, the most compact squares, gave way before the tremendous shock of these animated masses, which, in addition to the ravages caused by the mere impulsion of their weight, inflicted with their tusks the most frightful wounds; while with their trunk—that most admirable organ which unites the firmness of a lever with the suppleness necessary for the performance of the most delicate operations—they seized the soldiers in the midst of the *mêlée*, suffocated them in its folds, hurled them to a distance, or handed them up to the warriors seated on their own backs. If elephants were employed in both the conflicting armies, the most terrible combats would sometimes ensue between the brutes themselves, which generally terminated only with the death of one of the combatants.

Indeed, if the elephants inflicted severe sufferings on their adversaries, they did not escape from the like themselves, for the qualities that made them so formidable in attack, necessitated the invention of the most cruel means for combating them. They were cut down by scythes attached to war-chariots; they were battered down by missiles hurled from huge catapults, otherwise used for making breaches in stone-walls; they were harassed by soldiers clad in armour bristling all over with iron spikes, which made the men almost invulnerable, while the spikes inflicted grievous wounds on the elephants at every touch; they were hamstrung by other men especially trained to the work; their trunks were mowed off with sickles invented for the purpose; they were terrified by blazing torches hurled in their faces, and overwhelmed with volleys of ignited balls of sulphur, tallow, and rosin, or tufts of burning hemp saturated with pitch or petroleum; they were assailed with darts and javelins wrapped in burning hemp, and which, burying themselves in the skin of the elephants, and remaining attached to it, caused the most cruel tortures; lastly, they were scared by the din of trumpets and by the squealing of frightened pigs, for which animal they were believed to entertain a strong antipathy. This expedient seems to have been applied with great effect by the inhabitants of Megara, when Antipater was besieging their city, and had brought up for the assault a great number of elephants, which in this case, as in several others mentioned in history, had probably been trained to demolish walls. A large flock of swine, having been tarred and set on fire, were driven out of the city towards the Macedonian camp, where the cries of the poor tortured animals spread such terror among the elephants, that they took to flight, and threw the whole army into the greatest confusion. Antipater, willing to be taught by experience, gave orders that in future his elephants should be educated in company with swine, in order to accustom them to these animals. An amusing instance of the defeat of an elephant by a pig is told by Procopius. Chosroes the Great, having laid siege to Edessa, proposed penetrating into the city by means of bridges thrown from the towers on the backs of his elephants to the parapets of the ramparts. One of the elephants had approached so near the walls as to render the attempt feasible, and the archers in his tower were making great havoc among the Romans, when a soldier of the garrison proposed that a pig should be hoisted over the wall in a sling. The expedient proved successful; the piercing cries of the terrified pig soon sent his bulky enemy off at a brisk trot, in spite of all the endeavours of the elephant's conductor to make him return to the charge.

Besides the services rendered in this way by the elephants in attacks on fortified places, by affording facilities for placing the assaulters on a level with the works they were about to attack, they were furthermore trained to tear up palisades with their trunks, and to undermine walls with their tusks, or to bear them down with the weight of their bodies—sometimes also helping to demolish them with their trunks, which were protected for the occasions with leather casings. Lastly, these animals were very useful in assisting the armies to ford rivers, either by stemming the force of the current, in sounding the depths of the ford, or in serving as leaders to the columns of infantry and cavalry. According to the *Stratagems* of Polyænus, Cæsar, though he makes no mention of these animals in his *Commentaries*, on one occasion availed himself of the aid of an elephant to effect an unmolested passage across the Thames; and this was probably the first animal of the kind that reached our island during the present geological period.

However, all the advantages derived from the use of elephants in war were counterbalanced by the enormous injury these animals inflicted upon the armies in which they were employed when they were driven back upon these by the efforts of the enemy, or when a sudden panic spread among them from some cause or other; for however docile, when led on to the attack, they were perfectly ungovernable when seized by rage or terror, and the disasters arising in consequence were of such constant recurrence, that towards the close of the Roman republic a stop was put to the military career of our heroes for a period of about three hundred years. But though almost entirely disappearing from the military annals of the West during this interval, and indeed in a great measure from those of Asia, they continued to hold a prominent, though a less dignified position in public life and public favour in Rome; and the feats performed by them in the arena of the circus and the amphitheatre, where they were then commonly introduced, far surpassed any they had achieved on the field of battle. In the spectacles offered to the Roman people during the Empire, we are told that elephants not only executed military evolutions and danced the Pyrrhic dance, but that they gave burlesque representations and performed veritable pantomimes. A troop of these animals is described as appearing in the arena clad in the costume of dramatic actors, and going through the mazes of a dance; others, divided into groups of four, carried among them on a litter a fifth elephant, dressed to represent a sick lady, and afterwards sat down at a table, and partook of dinner out of gold and silver dishes, with a grotesque ease and self-complacency that called forth shouts of laughter from the spectators; others performed the still more extraordinary feat of walking up and down ropes stretched from the floor of the arena to the top of the enclosure; and altogether the animals exhibited an amount of capacity and training which makes us feel that, whatever may be the case with the human race, the elephantine race has certainly not progressed since the times of the Romans. The fêtes with which the Emperor Philip celebrated the one-thousandth anniversary of the foundation of Rome, was the last occasion on which the elephants appeared in numbers as contributors to the amusement of the Roman people; but before this, the Roman legions had to encounter them again on the field of battle in their military capacity. This was during the wars of the Empire with the Persians, who employed these animals in large numbers; but they were never reintroduced into the armies of the West; and though they continued in use among the Asiatic nations as late as the times of Hyder Ali and Nadir Shah, in whose armies they appeared in vast numbers, their utter inutility as military instruments after the introduction of firearms, at length became evident to these conservative people also; and though elephants still figure in Indian armies, it is in the humble capacity of beasts of burden, not in that of participators in the excitement and glory of battle.

A MORNING AT THE MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.

On a late visit to London, I took an opportunity, long desired, of visiting this admirable institution in Jermyn Street, Piccadilly, whence I verily believe a greater amount of instruction is at this moment issuing than from any other institution in the kingdom. Strange to say, out of a certain class it is little known, not by reason of any want of attractiveness, but simply because in this busy metropolis it is so difficult to attract attention to anything not directly tending to profit or amusement. Let me endeavour somewhat to remedy this deficiency.

It occurred to Sir Henry De la Beche in 1835, when he was conducting the Geological Survey, that an opportunity offered of making such collections for permanent preservation as should illustrate the useful applications of geology. The government of the day received the proposal favourably. The collection was placed under the charge of the Office of Works; its contents were 'specimens of the various mineral substances used for roads, in constructing public works or buildings, employed for useful purposes, or from which useful metals were extracted; and that it should be arranged with every reference to instruction.' Thus 'a large amount of information which was scattered might be condensed, and those interested be enabled to judge how far our own mineral wealth might be rendered available for any undertaking they are required to direct or may be anxious to promote for the good or ornament of their country.' The collection was first deposited in a house belonging to the crown, in Craig's Court, Charing Cross; but accumulated so rapidly, that the premises became insufficient, and hence the noble building which I was about to enter, where instruction is afforded by means of collections, laboratories for working purposes, and lectures. The Mining Record Office and the Geological Survey are also under the same department.

The building itself is a plain but handsome structure, having two fronts, one towards Piccadilly, the other in Jermyn Street, in which latter is the entrance. The Jermyn Street front is constructed of magnesian limestone and Suffolk bricks. The combination has a good effect; and it will be interesting to note, as time rolls on, whether the natural or artificial best resists the influence of weather. The present building was opened the year of the Great Exhibition, and its valuable and instructive contents are hardly yet known to the general public. One great object in the structure itself, as well as in the arrangement of the specimens, is to illustrate the applicability of British materials for *all* purposes of use and ornament. In the selection of stone, marble, slate, and manufactured clays, the architect may gain useful information as to their appearance and durability when applied to practical purposes.

After ascending steps of red granite, I found myself in a handsome vestibule formed of Portland stone. The sides are composed of polished Derbyshire alabaster, resting on Killeney granite. These really magnificent walls are worthy of a great public institution, and bear the light of the 'lamp of truth,' which some of our metropolitan grandeur does not. The spacious hall next arrests the attention. Six columns of Portland stone, the shafts of which are in single pieces, support the galleries. The eight polished pilasters are most worthy of notice; they are severally composed of red Peterhead granite, mixed serpentine and marble from Galway, Ipplepen marble from Devon, also Ricklow Dale marble, Derbyshire, and other varieties. The sides of the hall are of polished marbles, the interior panels being formed of contrasting colours. The centre of the hall is a tesselated pavement, composed of tesseræ, formed of compressed porcelain, and bordered by a guilloche in encaustic tiles—the whole being manufactured by Messrs Minton & Co. of Stoke-upon-Trent. It is an exceedingly beautiful production, and has brought a new feature into our ornamental architecture which is suggestive of still further application.

In a table-case close at hand, specimens of clay are exhibited in the natural condition, also prepared into the more commonly useful forms of bricks and tiles, with all the last improvements. Other cases in the same row are filled with from fifty to a hundred specimens, in cubes of six-inch sides, of marbles from Devonshire and Derbyshire, from other counties of England, and from Ireland and Scotland; also polished granites, porphyries, and serpentines from various British localities. One case contains ninety-eight kinds of sandstone for building, and ninety-three sorts of magnesian limestone. The hall itself is ornamented with copies of some of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of our own and foreign sculptors: the Farnese Hercules, Antinous as Bacchus, the Dying Gladiator, &c.; also busts of some of our most celebrated naturalists. Apart from the importance of these specimens, as being the natural products of one country, the collection in itself presents some of the choicest results of art. The specimens of rude masses of rock contrast well with the finely proportioned columns of polished marbles, and exquisitely formed vases of porphyry. Amongst the most striking in variety of colouring are the blocks of granite, that almost equal in beauty the far-famed marbles of Italy. At the western side of the hall there is a remarkably beautiful pedestal of steatitic serpentine from the Lizard district in Cornwall. It is rare; but, as I understand, there is one gigantic block *in situ* which has been selected to form the sarcophagus of the late Duke of Wellington.

Some casts in plaster of Paris, from Flaxman's and Thorwaldsen's bass-reliefs, ornament the walls; and exquisite inlaid slabs exhibit at once the ingenuity of our artisans and the richness and variety of our mineral treasures. Many of the finest specimens here collected were presented by Prince Albert and other noblemen and gentlemen. A few curiosities only are from foreign sources: amongst these, a slab of stalagmitic arragonite from Egypt, also a very interesting specimen of silicified fossil-wood from the desert near Cairo; and here let us pause a moment to consider the wonderful changes of nature. This cold, hard stone column before us was once a tree, with wide-spreading branches, with luxuriant leaves fresh in greenness, vigorous in growth. Let us trace back the earlier existence, the vegetable state of this mass of silica. Endeavouring to explain the phenomenon by the electric laws—and what others can we adopt?—we know of course that wood is principally composed of carbon, which is electro-positive, and, in consequence, is attracted to substances which are in an electro-negative condition: the extremities of plants and trees are in this condition; and hence their food, the carbon of the atmosphere, which exists united with oxygen, in a state of carbonic acid gas, passes chemically through the ramifications of the tree—the carbon is retained, and the oxygen liberated. This electric action which supports the life of the tree by supplying carbon, must not be confounded with the mere mechanical deposition of carbon in the overcharged atmosphere of London, Manchester, &c., which is clearly injurious to vegetation. But to proceed in tracing the mutations which mark, nay, perhaps *create* time, for I do remember Sir Walter Raleigh, in *The Lye*, says: 'Tell time it is but *motion*.' However, I must not stop to discuss German metaphysics, which Raleigh thus anticipated. Another poet, speaking of this law of change, says:

> I sent out my soul like a courser spurred;
> But no repose it saw,
> For all that seemed to slumber, stirred
> To hail Creation's law.
> From south to north, from west to east,
> As far as thought may range,
> *The viewless atoms never ceased*
> Their wondrous interchange.

And here, in this specimen of silicified fossil-wood, we see the result of this 'wondrous interchange,' this play of elements. The green forest is laid low—the silica of the soil is attracted into the pores of the wood—the liberated carbon flies back to its oxygen—the form of the tree is preserved, while its constituent parts suffer this electric transfer.

Leaving the great hall, we ascend steps leading on to the first gallery. Here it is purposed, as I am informed, to delineate progressive strata, by a sort of geological staircase, so that literally we may read as we run. Ascending to the principal floor, I was soon attracted towards a collection of pottery. These specimens illustrate the composition and manufacture of British pottery and porcelain from the occupation of Britain by the Romans to the present time. One case contains fragments, more or less perfect, of the Norman and early English pottery found in the city of London, Peterborough, and other places—vases, lamps, bowls, bricks and tiles, mostly bearing the potter's mark. These remnants are found in those localities where the Romans made their settlements after their conquests in this island. Some years since, two kilns were discovered at Normanton Field, Castor, Northamptonshire, evidently of Roman construction; and models of these are given. The red colour of the ware is very striking, and appears to have been derived from the peroxide of iron, which doubtless was purposely introduced in the clay in its process of preparation. The glaze is generally brilliant. Interesting analyses have been made on the subject, under the direction of Dr Percy, metallurgist to the Museum. There is also a small collection of Roman pottery from the Rhine, which identifies the common origin of that ware which is continually being found in digging foundations in London and elsewhere. The elaborate catalogue gives an interesting history of this important art. It is difficult to fix a date for the first Anglo-Saxon pottery. A kind of rough imitation seems to have succeeded to the examples of earthenware vessels left by the Romans after their evacuation of Britain in the fifth century. The medieval pottery of these islands appears to be Norman in character; the forms were inelegant; and even common pitchers and cups were sufficiently rare to deserve notice in the inventories of royal households. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the German stone was introduced. Illustrative of these periods, there are many grotesque forms; amongst them a drinking-cup, shaped like a bear, which could not be set down till it was emptied, hence the proverb, ''ware [beware] the bear.' It is curious to observe in what a very rude state pottery continued even to the end of the seventeenth century. Many improvements in this as well as other arts were accidental. Glazing by means of salt was discovered in 1680. A woman-servant was boiling some salt for curing pork; during her absence, it boiled up, and fell over the sides of the earthen pot containing it; the vessel became red-hot, and when cool was found to be glazed.

In 1690, the Elers Brothers, from Nürnberg, established themselves at Bradwell. They guarded the secret of their trade with jealous caution; but an Englishman named Astbury feigned idiocy, and in consequence being admitted as a mechanical assistant in their works, thus gained a knowledge of their manufacture. No great advance, however, was made till the time of Wedgwood, who was born in 1730, and died in 1795. The works of that justly celebrated manufacturer are too well known to require description. To this kind of ware have succeeded those exquisite porcelain works by Minton, Copeland, and others, of statuary and Parian biscuit. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the designs and the delicacy of execution shewn in the examples contained in this collection. Vases, busts, slabs, encaustic tiles and enamels, are here classed according to the date of their manufacture; thus shewing, almost at a glance, the gigantic improvements which have taken place in less than a hundred years. The commercial importance of this branch of our manufactures will be felt by the following estimates. The district of the Staffordshire potteries extends over many miles; in 1852, 60,000 people were employed in the works, and the annual value of porcelain produced was L.2,000,000—L.1,220,000 worth being yearly exported.

It must not be supposed that this interesting portion of the Museum is unpertinent to the character of the institution. The localities and the constituent parts of the natural clays are matters which clearly come within the range of *practical* geology. It afterwards becomes the office of chemistry to analyse the variety of elements in the composition of the natural substance—to suggest additions and modifications, and to combine in such manner as shall make the shapeless clod beneath our feet become, in the hands of the potter, a thing of beauty and utility. Specimens are exhibited of all the raw materials used both in pottery and also in the manufacture of glass. Apropos of the latter, one case is filled with such perfect imitations of the gems, that the unscientific eye could scarcely detect their factitious character.

If it had not been for detaining my companion and guide, one of the principals of the institution, I should have remained yet longer, gazing at those cases which contain such curious relics of past ages as—bricks from Nineveh, vases from Etruria, vessels from ancient Rome, glass from Venice, and a dish cunningly constructed by Palissy, whose poor wife saw her children's bedsteads and her own chairs feed the flame of her husband's genius.

Almost reluctantly, I turned to that grave portion of the Museum where we find fossils and rock-specimens. The principal purpose of this division is the illustration of the geology of the British isles; therefore only such *foreign* specimens as are useful for contrast or comparison are allowed a place. The late Professor Edward Forbes nearly completed the arrangement of the cases in this department. The British fossils are placed according to the chronological order of strata. Those in the lower gallery are palæozoic—that is, belonging to the most ancient forms of life—a great division terminating with the New Red Sandstone; those in the upper gallery are mesozoic, or of the middle period; and on to the tertiary. There are also drawings of restorations of extinct forms of plants and animals. There is something curiously solemn in thus standing in the visible presence of a world-history. 'Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,' are, in comparison, as yesterday. When that fossil moved instinct with life, where was man, self-styled lord of this creation?—and where were the ocean-beds and mountain-tops? Climbing the rough-hewn steps of science, we catch a glimpse of the immensity of that past whose duration is heterodox no longer. Half a century ago, geology was scarcely a name—now, it is in a position to demand the attention due to its importance. We seek traditions of a primeval existence; we have made out the headings of the chapters, but science has yet to decipher many a strange hieroglyphic. The facts are before him, and the philosopher patiently chains the links together.

In the table-case first in the series are specimens of those humble bivalves, the *lingulæ*, which are so conspicuous in the lower silurian strata, apparently one of the very earliest forms of life that breathed on the surface of the earth. Near them, commence that wonderful procession of humble crustacea—trilobites—which we see persevering so long in the pristine ages of the earth, and over so wide a surface too. The various mollusks of the silurian formation are followed by examples of the curious mailed fishes of the Devonian, and by the mollusks, crustacea, fishes, and reptiles of the carboniferous and later formations. The tracks, trails, and impressions on palæozoic rock-surfaces are highly suggestive. These latter belong mostly to the carboniferous age. The wall-cases in the upper gallery contain specimens of Plutonic and volcanic rocks, ranged according to order. Amongst the specimens of stratified rocks most worthy of note are some illustrating their modes of occurrence and deposition, the structure, cleavage and jointing, and illustrations of sea-beds now forming. There are also some models, which, though in a different part of the building, are especially connected with geological phenomena. They illustrate the effects of denudation, dislocation of strata, intersection of mineral veins, and the fallacious appearances caused by successive dislocations. These are peculiarly instructive in matters of practical mining. But a long summer's day would not suffice for a mere enumeration of the principal objects of interest, even in this particular division. Those who come hither from mere feelings of curiosity, will find enough for wonder and amusement; but the student must patiently investigate: even now, there is no royal road to learning; and let us beware lest, with the self-sufficiency which infects the age, we glibly catalogue the divisions of a science, and falsely believe ourselves its master. I am convinced that no one is wiser, unless he comes away humbled from a great collection of natural curiosities. We may gain much in a morning spent in such a place as this, but we gain still more in glancing at the ocean of knowledge which spreads infinitely before us.

The next division to which my attention was directed was the metallurgical department. After ascending the principal staircase, we find to the left three wall-cases; to the right, the same number. The former contain all the known British ores of copper, lead, gold and silver, &c.; the latter, iron, tin, &c. Here you may at once learn the products of each metalliferous locality, the particular description of ores, and their commercial value. Take, for example, the one ore of copper. The case contains specimens, beginning with native copper, on through the endless varieties of arseniates, phosphates, carbonates, &c. Many of these examples are of great interest both to the crystallographer and to the mineralogist; though, it must be observed, the collection is not so much for rare curiosities, as for displaying the actually available mineral productions of our country. After viewing these ores of copper in their natural condition, after considering the geological position in which metalliferous veins are disposed, we turn to another portion of the subject: a centre table presents to our view the different stages through which the ore must pass in its preparation for manufactures. Each condition of this process is exampled; and many persons, probably for the first time, understand the mechanical contrivances, and the science which is necessary to separate even the commonest metals from their ores. The process is still wasteful and expensive, and chemists and metallurgists are trying hard to simplify the method. 'If,' said the late Mr Crosse, the electrician, 'a cheap, powerful, and constant voltaic-battery could be formed, we might say with Archimedes that we could move the world. However, with such improvements in the battery, electricity would certainly be by far the best agent for the separation of metals from their ores; and I believe,' continued Mr Crosse, 'that the time will come when future discoveries will enable that glorious science to be applied to this important department of art.' Mr Crosse tried many successful experiments on the extraction of gold and copper from their respective ores, and for purposes of accurate analyses and assaying the process was complete, and the principle, scientifically considered, was perfect; but, commercially, the expense of the battery was fatal. Whether further improvements may not enable the experimentalist to recover cheaply the metals and acid used in the excitation of the battery, I know not; but it seems not altogether an impossible result in the progress of science. After considering the centre table, containing copper in its different stages of preparation, we come to another collection, which comprises copper manufactured into articles of utility and ornament. Amongst the latter are beautiful examples of electrotyping; also delicate workmanship, and casts in copper. The same order is observed with regard to the other metals. The importance of the study of those sciences which bear upon metallurgy, will be felt when we recollect that the average value of the annual produce of the mines of the British islands amounts to the enormous sum of L.28,000,000.

The semicircular table-case in this part of the building is devoted to earthy minerals: the bright yellow of sulphur in its different conditions, carbon in its amorphous state, black and hueless, and in its crystalline form of the diamond, flashing back a thousand colours. The lovely tints of the amethystine quartz and spars, and the changeful shades of the opal and the deep blue of the lapis lazuli—these require no catalogue. There are several specimens of pseudomorphous crystallisation which are peculiarly interesting. I noticed a mass of Fontainebleau sandstone aggregated by carbonate of lime in rhomboidal crystals. While on this side of the room, but in a different division, my attention was called to a singularly beautiful artificial crystallisation of bismuth, which is produced from a state of fusion, by a slow process of cooling, continued for two or three weeks. The regularity of form, and its brilliant iridescent hues, make it an object of attraction to the unlearned, and a matter of interest to those who seek, by imitations of nature and original experiment, to discover the laws of crystallisation.

I next found myself in the room appropriated to the models of mines, of steam-engines, and all the machinery and tools necessary for mining purposes—models for pumping water from mines, safety-plans for ascending and descending into the earth, apparatus for washing and dressing ores, and models of furnaces and mills, &c., where the ores are smelted; instruments used in surveying, levelling, &c. Here the artisan may see the newest improvements in the tools with which he works; he may gain instruction as to the general plan of mining arrangements in different parts of the country; and the general public have an opportunity of being informed as to the mode in which mines are worked, and how the metals are raised to the surface of the earth, and all the interesting operations of a mineral district. My attention was directed to a model of a high-pressure expansive engine, used in the United Mines, Cornwall. A hundred millions of pounds are raised a foot high by one bushel of coal. These are all working-models.

The director of this admirable institution is Sir Roderick I. Murchison, whose world-wide celebrity needs no comment. He is also at the head of the Geological Survey, the principal office of which is under the roof of the Jermyn Street Museum. My guide kindly favoured me with a sight of some of the horizontal section maps of the geology of our country; I was also shewn the library and the spacious lecture-room. The Metropolitan School of Science, applied to Mining and the Arts, is the designation of this portion of the institution. Lectures by professors of the highest standing are given on chemistry, physics, metallurgy, mining, mineralogy, geology, natural history, and applied mechanics. The session lasts during nine months of the year. Lectures are given during the first five days of the week—Saturday is an examination-day. 'Persons who wish to enter as matriculated students, with a view of passing through two years' course of study, and eventually obtaining the certificate of the institution, can do so by paying a certain sum of money.' These students have the privilege of competing for the Duke of Cornwall's and other 'exhibitions.' Evening lectures are also given to working-men on natural philosophy, chemistry, on metals and on mining, at the mere nominal fee of 6d. for six lectures. There are extensive laboratories in the Museum, where practical instruction is given to students. Here modern chemistry, the prosperous child of alchymy, teaches wonders that the old visionaries never so much as dreamed of. The methods of assaying, and the analyses of ores and all metalliferous substances, are taught.

The Mining Record Office is also placed here, where sections of mines and important statistical details are deposited. These records are often very valuable in preventing useless outlay of capital.

Such are the opportunities of study and means of information afforded by the Museum of Practical Geology. I must not omit to observe that the public have *free admission* the first five days of the week. And here the child of the nineteenth century will see collected treasures from the depths of the ocean, from the summits of the mountains, from the mine, and from the quarry; yes, treasures they are—though many are but stones which look rough and rude, nevertheless they have built up the science of this century. In this short sketch, I regret that I can do no more than glance at the educational uses of the Museum, the beauty and utility of the collections, and at that division of labour which accompanies all improvements in the arts and sciences, and is especially manifested in the arrangements of this institution. These matters deserve more scientific explanation than can be given by a mere accidental and unlearned visitor like myself.

POISONING IN HUNGARY.

Taking interest in prison-reform, I visited the county jail of Pesth in 1847, when my attention was caught by the appearance of one of the felons. He had evidently seen better days; his deportment was gentlemanly, and the expression of his countenance betokened undaunted determination and coolness, not at all abashed by his present position. Inquiring about the particulars of his case, the prison-inspector told me the following facts:—

In the spring of 182–, a quiet country-town in Hungary was suddenly thrown into the greatest consternation. Mr A——, a wealthy landed proprietor, had suddenly fallen sick at his neighbouring country-seat; and scarcely had the surgeon arrived, when the patient was seized with convulsions, and died with all the symptoms of poison. At the inquest held upon the body, it was found that death had resulted from a cup of chocolate which the deceased had taken in defiance of the advice of his friends. Mr A——, always reckless and obstinate, had lately married, after a somewhat riotous youth; his health was shattered, and he frequently suffered from the result of his former course of life. The day before his death he had received a parcel from Vienna by the diligence, together with a letter purporting to be from a fashionable physician, who formerly had treated him for a longer time, and now recommended the use of the enclosed chocolate as a newly invented and most invigorating beverage. Mr A—— seemed delighted with the attention of his former physician, and though warned by his friends, and himself acknowledging that the uncalled-for advice was rather strange—so much the more so since he had ceased to stand in any connection with the doctor, and did not even know his handwriting—he still took the chocolate, which proved fatal. The remaining portion of the deadly mixture was divided, one-half of it being sent to the medical faculty of the university of Pesth, the other to Vienna—since in cases of poisoning it is customary in Hungary to have the analysis made by two parties entirely independent of each other, for the more sure instruction of the medical inquest. In the present case, both universities came to the same decision. They discovered vegetable poison in the sample submitted to them. As to the person of the murderer, or the motive of the dark deed, nothing could be ascertained. The letter was a clumsy forgery—even the name of the physician was wrongly spelled in the signature; and at the office of the parcels' delivery they remembered only that two females, one middle-aged, the other young, had brought the packet for transmission.

Precisely at the same time, Pesth was thrown into a still greater excitement than the country-town. Mr Sainthall, one of the leading solicitors of the capital, an ambitious young man, connected by marriage with the family of the chief-justice, and of the highest expectations at the bar, was brought to the police-station on the charge of murder. Two persons of somewhat dubious character—a waiter out of place, and a professional gambler—were smoking their pipe in the dusk in one of the by-streets of Pesth, when they suddenly observed Mr Sainthall rushing out of one of the houses, covered with blood, and shouting: 'Stop the murderer!' The waiter assured him that nobody could have left the house without his knowledge, as he had been standing there for the last three or four minutes. Upon his asking the cause of the solicitor's extraordinary appearance, Sainthall told him, that having had some business to transact with Mr Janish, an inmate of the house, he found him, on entering his room, weltering in his blood, whilst a stranger was beating him about the head with a stone.

'I immediately gave the alarm,' continued he, 'and tried to arrest the murderer, closing with him; but the miscreant tripped me, and escaped. My coat became bloody. I rose and ran after him down stairs. You must have seen him, for he left the house just before me.' The gambler, who had in the meantime joined the waiter, remarked that he had not heard any alarm, nor had he seen anybody coming out of the house, and therefore he called the police. The constable went up with the solicitor to Mr Janish's lodgings, and found him senseless on the floor of his room, severely wounded on the temple. The house was carefully visited, but no trace of the alleged murderer being found, Mr Sainthall was taken in charge, and brought to the police-station. The inspector, well acquainted both with the social position of the solicitor and the somewhat suspicious character of the two witnesses against him, admitted him to bail; and when the case came before the magistrate, it was dismissed, the statement of the witnesses being too slight for substantiating the serious charge of a brutal murder against an educated man, whose account of the transaction, though in itself not entirely satisfactory, still outweighed the purely negative evidence of a waiter and a professional gambler. Some incidents certainly remained unaccounted for. Janish, a man of seventy, was a kind of unlicensed broker, often employed by usurers and gamblers of the lowest description. What could a man of Sainthall's standing have sought in his lodgings? If the transactions of any of his clients required a personal interview with the broker, he might have been sent for by a clerk. But, on the other side, what possible object could the solicitor have had in assaulting a man like Janish? Again, it was suspicious that, whilst Sainthall declared he had given the alarm, none of the inmates of the house had heard any noise or scuffle. All these questions were amply discussed at the coffee-houses and in the drawing-rooms; and the solution was looked for speedily, since Janish was not dead: and, in fact, although the surgeon entertained scarcely any hope when the old man was brought to the hospital, he began slowly to recover. Examined by the magistrate, he deposed that he could not tell anything whatever about the assault; that having been in a cellar tasting wine in the afternoon, he felt drowsy, and was dozing when he heard the door opened; and before he could recognise the person entering, he was stunned by a heavy blow on the head. As to the solicitor, he called him the most kind-hearted person he ever knew, and he disbelieved therefore the evidence of the two witnesses, who stated they had not seen any person but Sainthall coming out of the house. The solicitor seemed to feel a deep interest in the old man, and put a sum of money at the disposition of the surgeon of the hospital for providing the patient with small comforts and delicacies.

The whole affair began to sink into oblivion, when a new complication turned public attention once more on Sainthall. The Vienna police succeeded in tracing and arresting the two females who had posted the package with the poisonous chocolate at the parcels' delivery. They were the wife and daughter of Janish! Thunderstruck at hearing themselves charged with murder, they declared their innocence in the most emphatic way. According to their explanation, Janish, who for many years had lived apart from them at Pesth, came unexpectedly to Vienna on a visit, and gave them money, saying that he was sent all the way from Pesth by a gentleman with the sole object of having a sealed parcel posted without giving any name, and that he had received ten pounds for the errand besides his expenses. The females took the mysterious packet to the office of the parcels' delivery, and looking to the direction, found it rather strange that, coming originally from Pesth, it was to be sent to a country-town in the neighbourhood of that city, but more than 250 miles from Vienna. Still, accustomed not to mind other people's business, they posted the parcel without suspicion.

As the character of the two females was not very reputable, their statement did not find much credit. Orders were given to put Janish under arrest, and to examine him about the affair. The old man was still in the hospital, and, without knowing anything about the depositions of his wife and daughter, corroborated their statement in every particular; but when informed that the parcel posted by them had caused the death of Mr A——, he suddenly exclaimed: 'If this be the case, the man who assaulted me must have been Sainthall, for it was he who gave me the commission to post the parcel.'

The excitement created all over the country by this revelation baffles description. It was just at that period that, in consequence of the congress of Verona, steps were taken by the court of Vienna to supersede representative government and other free institutions in Hungary. Several successive orders in council had been issued, all of them unconstitutional, and none bearing the signature of the chancellor. It was known that the highly respected old Prince Koháry, who at that time held the post of a keeper of the emperor's conscience, had refused to sign the decrees, which therefore were issued by the vice-chancellor, Count A——, the head of the family to which the poisoned Mr A—— belonged. The count had never been rich, and was now embarrassed in his finances, whilst the junior branch possessed great wealth. After the decease of Mr A——, this was represented only by a sickly child, at whose probable death the extensive estates of the family would have devolved upon the elder branch. The public connected likewise the death of Mr A——'s father, which had been suspiciously sudden, with the undoubted poisoning of the son. Everybody at Pesth well remembered that old Mr A——, scarcely six months before, had died in a box at the theatre, of an apoplectic fit, as the physicians said, but certainly immediately after having taken a glass of lemonade offered to him by Sainthall, who, being the solicitor of the family, stood in continuous intercourse with both branches of the A—— family, with the count as well as his unfortunate kinsmen. It was openly said that Sainthall could not have had any personal motive in poisoning his clients, unless as a tool of the count. Exaggerated reports of the case spread like wildfire all over the country, and damaged the count. The case assumed a political character, and an impartial, thorough-going inquest became of the highest importance, not only as a matter of justice, but even of policy. Amidst the general excitement, Mr Sainthall seemed altogether unconcerned by the grave accusations brought against him. With his usual coolness, he refused to put his case into the hands of a lawyer, and conducted it in person with the greatest ability. No further proofs against him could be found; Janish was unable, by any circumstantial evidence, to corroborate his statements, and the crime remained wrapped in the most complete mystery. At last, a new incident led to the arrest of the solicitor. At the hospital where Janish still lay, a female was discovered nursing him who did not belong to the institution, and had entered under false pretences. The police knew her at once as living with a barber, in whose premises arsenic was found, together with some papers bearing a resemblance to the letter enclosed in the fatal packet of chocolate. Here, then, was at last a clue to the mystery. The barber was arrested and brought before the police magistrate, where he at once acknowledged that Sainthall had lent him money for the rent of his shop, but he denied altogether any cognizance of the forged letter. Still, this indication led to no result, and the researches of justice were baffled, since the female and the barber made their escape on the following night, accompanied by the turnkey of the jail.

Sainthall's trial lasted fully two years. There is no jury in the Austrian dominions; prosecution and defence are carried on by written allegations and numerous replies. During this interval, the political excitement subsided, the Emperor Francis having apologised for his encroachments upon the constitution; Count A——, who was to be impeached by the Hungarian parliament, died at Vienna; Janish died in the hospital; and Mr Sainthall was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for his murderous assault on the broker: but the charge of poisoning Mr A—— was found 'not proven.' His subsequent life was miserable: shunned by all persons of respectability, he fell into low society, and became the legal adviser of usurers, gamblers, and swindlers, until last year, when a forgery he could not disprove, brought him back to the cell he had inhabited previously. Such was the career of a man who, had his high mental capacity been coupled with moral principle, might have risen to eminence among his countrymen.

FEMALE CONVICTS AT BRIXTON.

We have rarely met with a more interesting or more suggestive work than Mr Henry Mayhew's *Great World of London*, now publishing by Mr Bogue in shilling parts. The account of the female convict-prison at Brixton, in Part IV., is particularly good, and exhibits the peculiarities of the sex in a way that sometimes provokes a smile—to be followed soon, however, by a tear. The fondness of the wretched women for the becoming in dress, appears to be carefully fostered by the taste of those who hold them in thrall. 'Their dress consisted of a loose, dark, claret-brown robe or gown, with a blue check-apron and neckerchief, while the cap they wore was a small, close, white muslin one, made after the fashion of a French *bonne's*. The colour of the gown was at once rich and artistically appropriate, and gave great value to the tints of the apron, and even the whiteness of the cap itself. On their arms the prisoners carried some bright brass figures, representing their register number; while some bore, above these, badges in black and white, inscribed one or two, according as they belonged to the first or second class of convicts.' One of the female keepers considered the vanity of some of these women 'curious;' but we see nothing curious in the matter, except the expedients they fall upon for indulging it. 'Those straw-bonnets,' said the keeper, 'none of them can bear, and it is as much as ever we can do to make them put them on when they are going to see the doctor. They think they look much better in their caps. One woman, I give you my word, took the ropes off her hammock, and put them round the bottom of her dress, so as to make the skirt seem fuller. Another one had filled her gown with coals round the bottom for the same object; and others, again, have taken the wire from round the dinner-cans, and used it as stiffners to their stays. One actually took the tinfoil from under the buttons, and made it into a ring. You would hardly believe it, perhaps, but I have known women scrape the walls of their cells, and use the powder of the whitewash to whiten their complexion. Indeed, there is hardly any trick they would not be at if we did not keep a sharp eye upon them.'

The grand pleasure, the grand excitement of the poor things, is receiving a letter from their friends. The chaplain's clerk, a pleasant-looking young woman, is the post-woman, and she described her task as the most agreeable of all their duties. 'No one knows but ourselves,' said she, 'how the prisoners look forward to the arrival of their letters;' and when she put one under the door of a cell, calling to the inmate that she had done so, our author was thrilled with the scream of delight that burst from the heart of the captive. When the expected letter does *not* come, we are told that they sat and moped over the disappointment, day after day, till they probably worked themselves up into such a fury as to break and tear up everything about them. Almost all the convicts have a fancy receptacle for such treasures, made by themselves in the form of a large watch-pocket, and hung up in their cells. It is to that they apply in their times of depression. They sit down, and taking out the priceless documents, read them over again, perhaps for the hundredth time, as the only consolation this world has for them.

'O yes,' said the lady-governor, 'I find them very sensitive to family ties, and I am often touched myself to think such wicked creatures should have such tender feelings!' These wicked creatures were mostly all thieves, but in general they had led otherwise abandoned lives, and some were dreeing their weird for graver crimes.

'"This one coming towards us," whispered the principal matron, "is in for life, for the murder of her child. You wouldn't think it, would you, sir, to look at her?" and assuredly there was no trace of brutal ferocity in her countenance. "Her conduct here has been always excellent—she's as gentle as a lamb; I really think she's sincerely penitent.—That one now approaching us," she added, "is one of the worst-tempered girls in the whole prison. By her smile, you would take her to be the very opposite to what she is.—Yonder woman," continued the matron, "is one of the best we have here, and yet she's in for biting off a man's ear; but the man had been trying to injure her very much before she was roused to it."' The women so pointed out were exercising in the grounds with the rest of the 200 convicts. All were pacing in couples among the grass-plots and flower-beds—for the airing-yard as well as the prison-dress is indebted to the taste of the authorities—and 'chatting as they go like a large school, so that the yard positively rings as if it were a market-place.' They had all a neat and cleanly look, in spite of the straw-bonnets of their aversion, and were remarkable for the tidiness of their shoes and stockings.

The chapel is another instance of taste, being at once simple and handsome; and in the opinion of our kind-hearted and observant author, there can hardly be a prettier or more touching sight in the world than it presents when filled with its convict congregation, joining with womanly ardour in the service. All eyes were fixed upon the chaplain: the unhappy women listened to him as to a father with the faith of children; and the confessions of sin and supplications for mercy uttered in the general responses of these unfortunates, drew forth irresistibly from the looker-on his own prayers for their forgiveness to swell the common cry. The minister of the chapel well deserves to be looked up to as a father. His visit to the nursery of the prison, incidentally mentioned, is quite touching, when all the little creatures, recognising their friend, instantly toddled up to him, and were taken into his arms and kissed one by one. 'As we left the room,' says Mr Mayhew, 'the matron whispered to us that the pictures for the children, hanging up against the wall, were given by the clergyman. And when we returned to the nursery, later in the day, we found the mothers at work at some new frocks that the chaplain's daughter had presented to the poor little things.' Indeed his family was as well beloved by the prisoners as himself. 'The young people had evidently made themselves acquainted with the history of each wretched woman under their father's care; and while the sons displayed no little interest in the chaplain's duty, the daughter spoke of the poor fallen women with exquisite tenderness, and delighted to recount to us how some of the convicts had been reclaimed, and how little the world really knew of the trials and temptations of such characters.'

We have only to add, that out of 200 of the convict women liberated on ticket-of-leave, only four were recommitted; and even these four the lady-governor could hardly believe to be guilty, 'the police are so sharp with the poor things.' On being brought back, the women were in agonies of shame; and one, the mother of twins, gave herself so completely up to despair as to attempt her life several times. If we understand the lady correctly, her opinion is, that the police, proceeding on a foregone conclusion, fix their fangs in the wretched creatures *because* they are ticket-of-leave women, and persecute them till they are convicted on little more than the evidence of former bad character. This should be looked into searchingly by the authorities, as it implies a charge against the police of almost inconceivable cowardice and brutality.

TO STAND GODFATHER.

There are everywhere social customs which may be regarded as so many snares laid for the incautious inhabitant or the ignorant foreigner; but no country is so rich in this respect as *la belle France*. Having been lately the victim of one of these traditional traps, I will describe it here, in order to warn others against it.

Being a bachelor of a certain age, I occupied a snug little apartment on the third floor of a nice house or *hôtel*, as the *concierge* used to call it, in the Faubourg St Honoré. The first floor, a very splendid suite of rooms, was occupied by M. and Madame de Poupart, an interesting young couple, whose acquaintance I had had the honour of making through a common female friend, Madame de Grandville. Having once or twice dined at their table, madame was thereupon kind enough to bestow on me the agreeable title of an *ami de la maison;* and I was at the time rather proud of this circumstance, little thinking how much the distinction would cost me.

One evening, I was comfortably seated in my *fauteuil à la Voltaire*, perusing one of those papers which are read with as little attention as they are written by the journalists themselves, and which Lamartine has described as *cet écho du matin que le soir on oublie*, when the bell rang at my door. On opening, I recognised my first-floor neighbour, the amiable M. de Poupart; and after the usual salutations, the following conversation took place between us:—

'Excuse me, sir,' said M. de Poupart, 'for interrupting you at so late an hour; and an apology is the more necessary, because I am about to commit an indiscretion.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said I; 'for I was afraid at first some misfortune might have happened to madame.'

'O no, thank you; she is as well as can be expected in her situation; for I have come to say, that since the afternoon I have had the good-fortune to become the father of a most beautiful baby—a chubby, rosy little fellow.'

'I'm glad to hear it: pray accept for both madame and you my best congratulations and most sincere good wishes.'

'A thousand thanks,' said my obliging neighbour; 'and in connection with that happy event, I have just something very trifling to ask of you. My good wife, as you must be aware, is a little inclined to superstition, and the convent-education she received has not done much towards lessening that disposition. You may imagine with what anxiety she pondered over the future destinies of our expected first-born, and touching them she consulted a famous somnambulist, who predicted that the baby would be very fortunate if it had a happy godfather. We have been on the look-out ever since among our friends and acquaintances for the most prosperous. But this is difficult: one has too many children; another none at all; a third has a cross wife; a fourth has speculated in the funds: in short, there is not one in the whole circle who would exclaim, with Candide's metaphysical pedagogue, that all is for the best in this best of worlds. At length it struck Madame Poupart that you are a true child of fortune—a thoroughly lucky man.'—I acknowledged the compliment by bowing in silence.—'Yes, you—a bachelor, without cares or anxieties of any kind, enjoying good health and a fine independence—you stand in the very sunshine of fortune; and therefore I ask you, in my own name and that of my wife, to stand godfather to our child.'

At first I declined politely, thinking the request a little curious; but M. de Poupart called it a trifle—although he should feel much obliged; and there is always something so touching even in maternal weakness and superstition, that I assented at last. As Roman Catholics are accustomed to baptise their children as soon as possible, the ceremony was fixed for the next day but one, and was to take place at the venerable church of St Roch. There was no time to be lost; and, being thoroughly ignorant of French manners and usages, I applied the next morning to Madame de Grandville, and begged her to tell me what I was to do. She was exceedingly kind; assured me that the invitation was a token of high consideration on the part of M. and Madame de Poupart, and said there was nothing at all to do but to make a few trifling presents. Besides, I was to enjoy the good-fortune of having one of the most elegant and beautiful young ladies of Paris—that is to say, her own dear niece—as partner in the ceremony, for she was to stand godmother. The obliging lady immediately wrote a memorandum of what was wanted, addressed to the director of La Belle Jardinière, a very fashionable establishment of *nouveautés*, as the Parisians call it. She would look after the rest herself. I returned thanks, took the *billet*, and drove hastily to the elegant shop.

A very engaging *demoiselle de boutique* (at home we call her a shop-woman) read the letter, and shewed me at once a charming godchild's basket. It was lovely indeed, but it cost L.4. Nothing else would do, said the pretty demoiselle, and so I took it. Then she herself chose a beautiful box, the perfume of which was exquisite, and filled it gracefully with two dozen pair of fine gloves, two fans—one a precious antique, and the other an artistic modern one—several phials of essences, and a necklace of Turkish pearls. She handed me at the same time a handsome bill—written on glazed paper, adorned with an engraving in gold—and the different items amounting to L.17. I did not dare to raise an objection, as this pretty box was destined for my elegant partner, and I took, reluctantly, I must confess, twenty-one napoleons out of my purse.

I thought this was behaving pretty well, and went triumphantly to Madame de Grandville, who did not look absolutely delighted.

'The box,' she remarked, 'though not at all rich, is handsome, and I hope your fair lady will receive it with pleasure. But see, here are the beautiful little presents I have bought for you to give the *accouchée:* fifty francs-worth of *bonbons* and sweets of the best description, to fill the basket and divide among the guests; a bronze night-lamp by Cain, and a silver bowl engraved by Froment-Meurice—the two for twenty louis: you could not offer less to a lady of fifty thousand francs a year; for the nurse, a cap of real lace, five louis—a mere nothing; for the nursery-maid, this French shawl—that is enough for her. I should have liked to buy something besides for the baby, but we must do things as simply as possible.'

I stood amazed. It cost me more than L.100, that Madame de Poupart had consulted a somnambulist, and thought me a lucky fellow. And, besides, there lay before me a frightful series of *étrennes*, to be given every year to my blessed godchild. But what could I do? The pill was bitter indeed, but I was obliged to swallow it with the best grace I could. I had pledged my word, and fallen into the snare.

The happy day arrived, and in the morning I received a beautiful bouquet from Madame de Grandville's elegant niece. I thought it ugly, for it cost too much. I had the honour of fetching the blooming lady in a carriage, and we drove to the church; the godmother having put my necklace of Turkish pearls round her fair neck, and I holding her flowers in my hand. My costly presents had been thankfully received by the young mother, the nurse, and the nursery-maid, and my good taste was much applauded. In the church, a new series began. Before the child was christened, I had to give a wax-taper to the *curé*, an offering to the *vicaire*, *pour-boires* to the sexton, the choristers, the *suisse*, the sacristan, the door-keeper, the giver of holy-water; besides alms for the poor of the parish, the wants of the church, the missions, the convents, &c. I thought it would never come to an end. At last the baby was duly received into the Christian community, and we went away, the suisse preceding us with great pomp, and striking his cane against the pavement of the holy building in a masterly way. I hung my head, for my purse was empty; and, besides, I had the mortification to see that another name than mine was entered in the parish-register, because I did not belong to the Catholic persuasion, and to hear that my godchild did not even bear my name: for who in France would consent to have a son called Peter? Désiré-Eugène is much prettier and more modern.

So I had spent about 120 guineas for a compliment from Madame de Poupart, a courtesy from the nurse, a nosegay from the godmother, and a flourish from a suisse with a cocked-hat. I found these rather expensive honours, and declared inwardly, like the poor raven in La Fontaine's fable, *Mais un peu tard, qu'on ne m'y prendrait plus.*

OPPOSITION TO VACCINATION.

'Dr Squirrell earnestly and publicly supplicated his majesty George III. to suppress "the destructive practice of vaccine inoculation throughout his dominions." "It ought," observed Professor Monro of Edinburgh, "to be prohibited by act of parliament." "The College of Physicians have," exclaimed Dr Moseley, "a duty to perform, and I trust this business will not escape them." Others, despairing of king, parliament, or colleges, appealed to the people themselves. "It would," said Dr Brown, "undoubtedly be downright madness to imagine *they* will condescend to encourage it." The Anti-vaccinarian Society called upon the public "to second their efforts in supporting the cause of humanity against cow-pox injuries," and besought their aid to suppress "the cruel despotic tyranny of forcing cow-pox misery on the innocent babes of the poor—a gross violation of religion, morality, law, and humanity."

'Frightful and even fatal consequences were boldly averred to be the direct and immediate results of vaccination. Deaths from cow-pox inoculation were published in the mortality-bills of London. "I have," alleged Dr Moseley, physician to the Chelsea Hospital, "seen children die of the cow-pox without losing the sense of torment even in the article of death." Dr Rowley, physician to the Marylebone Infirmary, professed to publish true accounts of fifty-nine deaths from "cruel vaccination;" and added, that "when humanity reflects" on these and (to use his own words) "a great heap of victims diseased for life, and likely to transmit to posterity for ages beastly chronic diseases, it is enough to freeze the soul with horror."' The same author wrote a pamphlet denouncing vaccination, on account of the ulcerations and mortifications to which it gave rise. 'Blindness,' he says, 'lameness, and deformity, had been the result of employing the vaccine in innumerable instances, and its fatal poison had removed many an infant untimely from the world.' '"Various beastly diseases," writes Dr Rowley, "common to cattle, have appeared among the human species since the introduction of cow-pox—cow-pox mange, cow-pox abscess, cow-pox ulcer, cow-pox gangrene, cow-pox mortification, and enormous hideous swellings of the face, resembling the countenance of an ox with the eyes distorted, and eyelids forced out of their true situation; diseased joints, &c." Some, after vaccination, were actually supposed to "cough like cows," and "bellow like bulls." Nor were theological reasons, of course, wanting for calling in question the orthodoxy of vaccination, as of other new discoveries and practices. "Small-pox," argues Dr Rowley, "is a visitation from God, and originates in man; but the cow-pox is produced by presumptuous, impious man. The former, Heaven ordained; the latter is perhaps a daring and profane violation of our holy religion." "The projects of these vaccinators seem," it was affirmed, "to bid bold defiance to Heaven itself, even to the will of God." "The vaccine," exclaimed one of its enemies, "was the damnedest thing ever proposed; he wished the inventors were all hanged, and he would give his vote for its being done." Strong pictures were hung up to the public eye of the miseries it would infallibly lead to in case of the recurrence of epidemic small-pox. "In many families," writes an author whom I have already quoted, "there will be none to attend the sick; nurses will quit their patients for their own safety, and servants will fly from their masters' houses to shun the pestilence. Then we shall experience a horrid scene of public and private calamity—brought on by a medical experiment, embraced without due consideration, extended by a rash transgression over the bounds of reason; and after the fullest conviction of its inutility, obstinately continued by the most degrading relapse of philosophy that ever disgraced a civilised world."'—*Dr J. Y. Simpson's Medical Writings, edited by Drs Priestley and Storer.*

FAY-FLOWERS.

I have won a garden from Elf-land,
 Where feathery fern-leaves wave,
And a flower, named but by the fairy-folk,
 Lifts up its lances brave—

Its crimson lances, all crystal clear,
 Plumed with a sea-green crown,
And another that bears on an ivory stalk
 Gray tufts of silvery down.

Here cluster garlands of orbed leaves
 That shadow with tapestry green
Bright orange cups, with their purple hearts
 Frosted with diamond sheen—

Or delicate bells, like the opal gauze
 Of the May-fly's shimmering wing—
A faëry chaplet all scented soft
 With the primrose breath of Spring;

And velvet verdure spreads richly deep
 Where those elfin flow'rets shine—
Though 'tis only a patch of woodland moss
 To any eye but mine!

Eliza Craven Green.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 132. SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

DOCTORS DIFFER.

We have had a remarkable illustration of the proverb in a late trial. The symptoms at the death of Cook were the same as those seen in animals killed by strychnine, says Dr A. S. Taylor, lecturer on medical jurisprudence at Guy's Hospital. The symptoms were irreconcilable with every disease I am acquainted with—the vomiting in particular irreconcilable with strychnine, says Dr Letheby, medical officer of health to the city of London. If strychnine has been taken in a sufficient dose to poison, it ought to be discovered in the body, if the proper tests be used, says Mr W. Herapath, professor of chemistry and toxicology at the Bristol Medical School. I have no hesitation in saying that strychnine is, of all poisons, mineral or vegetable, the most easy of detection, says Dr Letheby. When death is the consequence of the administration of strychnia, if the quantity is small, I should not expect to find any trace in the body after death, says Dr Christison, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, and author of a laborious work on poisons. In several cases of animals which I poisoned by strychnine, I could discover no trace of it in the body—the cause is that the poison is absorbed into the blood, and changed: so pronounces the above Dr Taylor. In forty animals killed by strychnia which I have examined, I invariably found the heart full on the right side [a result arising from death by asphyxia], declares Mr Nunneley, professor of surgery at Leeds. I have examined the interior of animals that have been killed by strychnine; but I have not observed in such cases that the right side of the heart was usually full of blood: thus pronounces Dr Todd, physician of King's College Hospital. A bad state of health, leading to nervous irritation, and this followed by a convulsive disease—such is the view which Mr Nunneley takes of the cause of Cook's death. I have never seen a case in which the symptoms that I have heard described here, arose from any disease, avers, on the other hand, Sir Benjamin Brodie, a surgeon of unusually large experience. When men having these eminent positions in the medical world differ so widely, or rather so flatly contradict each other, most people out of the profession receive a shock as to the faith to be placed in the doctor. The affair leaves a decidedly uncomfortable feeling in the public mind.

Yet this variance amongst medical men is no greater than that which is occasionally revealed as existing among other groups of the learned. In July 1853, a litigation took place in the Scotch Court of Session regarding a mineral called gas-coal, which had been leased on the estate of Torbanehill, and had proved a source of extraordinary profit. The landlord, alleging that this mineral was not coal, or any other of the minerals which had been specified, but a wholly different article of superior value, claimed L.10,000 damages for its having been worked during the preceding three years. The great question brought before the jury was—Is this mineral properly coal or not? If coal, then the leaseholder was clearly entitled to raise it. If not coal, then, according to the landlord's view of the matter, he was not entitled to dig for it. The presiding judge ultimately recommended the jury to decide the matter according to their conception of what was contemplated between the two parties in the lease; and they gave a verdict for the leaseholder accordingly. But this is not what we have here to remark upon. What we have now to recall to our readers is, the startling discrepancy of opinion as to the nature of the mineral which appeared among the scientific men brought forward as witnesses. Professor Ansted, mining-geologist, said it had not the essential qualities of coal. Professor Brande, a chemist, finding 70 per cent. of volatile matter in the Torbanehill mineral, and only 21 per cent. in Newcastle coal, besides some other differences, pronounced the former to be not coal. Professor Anderson, of Glasgow, another chemist, stated that coal is black, with a conchoidal fracture; this mineral is brown, with a slaty fracture. For these and other reasons, this mineral is not coal. It is different even from cannel-coal, which comes nearest to it in character. According to Mr Milne Home, an amateur geologist of eminence, the mineral was a bituminous shale, not coal. Mr Chapman, professor of mineralogy at Toronto, deemed it a clay impregnated with inflammable matter; it could not be called coal. Mr Hugh Miller, author of *The Old Red Sandstone*, finding the mineral deficient in a fixed carbonaceous base, while it possessed, what all true coals wanted, a base of earth, was of opinion that it was not coal. Two other geologists pronounced to nearly the same effect. Then came the ingenious George Wilson, now Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, who thought that it was not coal, seeing it left no available coke. Professor Queckett, and two other microscopists, repudiated it as coal, because it had not the proper organic structure under their glasses, presenting no trace of a vegetable origin. Finally came a troop of practical men, who all had decided objections to calling such a thing coal.

But then there immediately followed a long series of scientific men, equally reputable with the above, who found the substance to be coal. The learned and veteran naturalist, Professor John Fleming, considered it as allied to parrot-coal. Professor Graham, one of the greatest of our chemical teachers, finding a coke (which others had denied), and that the ash resembled that of other coals, was clear for its being held as coal. Professor Johnston, of Durham, indicated many points of resemblance to coal, both in substance and in geological relations. Mr Hoffman, professor of chemistry in the government School of Mines, had made some experiments with the mineral, and found it to contain the same ingredients as coal. Professors Fyfe, Gregory, and Frankland, decided it to be coal, a cannel or gas-producing coal. On this side also appeared a set of most respectable microscopists, followed by a long series of practical men. In short, there was fully as much and as respectable evidence that the Torbanehill mineral was coal, as that it was not coal, and the jury might have hung suspended in a neutralisation of forces, but for the suggestion above adverted to of the judge.

When the details of this case were brought forward in the newspapers, the public pretty generally accepted them, as they have accepted the discrepancies of the medical evidence on Palmer's trial, as a revelation of the incompetency of science to give certain evidence on such a subject. And, as a laugh at philosophers is always relished, many laughed to see them brought forward in so self-condemnatory a manner. Doubtless, some even went the length of expressing their belief that science itself had been weighed in the balance and found wanting—proved to be a mockery and a sham. The blame, however, lies far apart both from science and from its sincere and true-hearted cultivators.

We have no hesitation in saying that it mainly lies, not in our positive scientific acquirements, but in our deficiency of science. It is because our knowledge of poisons, and their effects, and of the means of detecting their presence in the tissues of the body, is so imperfect, that medical men gave such discrepant evidence respecting the death of Cook. It is because geology is but a science of yesterday, full of great gaps and obscurities, that the Torbanehill witnesses so stultified each other. If it had been settled, as it might well be, by careful experiment conducted under a commission, whether strychnine is sure to shew itself in the recently poisoned or not, one large section of the absurdities we have enumerated might have been spared. If any authoritative body of geologists had heretofore looked carefully into the whole series of black inflammable mineral substances, and pronounced, for the practical guidance of mining-adventurers and the laws touching their business, where the term coal ceases to be applicable, and some other term must begin, then the Torbanehill litigation, on which many thousands are said to have been expended, might have been prevented. We obviously suffer here, not for our knowledge, but our ignorance.

But, while science thus stands blameless, we think many of its cultivators are fairly liable to censure in both cases. Why, it may well be asked by the outer public, do they presume to pronounce so decisively on one side or other in matters on which our knowledge is as yet so far from ripe? The only answer that can be given is, that scientific men are only men, and so are apt to be overconfident about the little they know, liable to view even the mysteries of nature as they affect their own vanities and interests, and not always capable of seeing well before them when they undertake to advise mankind. A scientific man has his crotchets, which he soon comes to love a great deal better than truth. A new idea of his own, albeit a weak one, he will nurse and fondle, and bring forward on all possible occasions; while the better ideas of other men are perhaps rejected by him, simply because they are not his own. The infirmities of human nature come in to blight the fairest blossoms of truth: self-love, money-love, praise-love; all tell in this way. Fashion—theology—coteries—factions, affect science to mischievous results, as they do other things. Hence most of those startling differences which we see amongst scientific men on questions within their respective sciences—one set of geologists, for example, fully acknowledging a positive progress of life from the lowest fossiliferous beds upwards; while another set profess to believe that mammalia will yet be found beside the first trilobites and lingulæ: Professor Sedgwick seeing a decided break in the series of fossils at the top of the Llandeilo flags, and claiming all below that for his Cambrian system; while Sir Roderick Murchison makes light of that break, in order to maintain a claim for the downward extension of *his* Silurian system: some physiologists following Cuvier in accepting the *purpose* of organs as a light to guide them in their researches, while others reject teleology in all its shapes; and so on. We may deplore all such admixture of human feeling and prejudice with the bright course of Absolute Truth; but we cannot help it. We well know that we cannot altogether get quit of the beggarly elements, do as we will: we must submit for a while to wear them.

The true hope manifestly lies in the progress of science itself. Every step we take in well-ascertained knowledge tends to extinguish sources of obscurity and grounds of difference, and, consequently, to leave scientific matters less and less at the mercy of the accidents of human emotions. When the people are enabled to ask, not what do *scientific men* think and say about so and so, but what has *science* pronounced upon it? they will be in comparative comfort about many things largely affecting their welfare.

A STORY OF ENGLISH LAW.

I.

Catherine Herbert was a young and rather pretty widow, the mother of one little boy, and the mistress of a handsome house and moderate competence. She was not a coquette; but left at two-and-twenty the widow of a man whom she had married in obedience to her father's command, a man withal old enough to have been her father himself, it was no wonder that in a year or so after Mr Herbert's death neighbours began to speculate upon the probabilities concerning his successor. In something less than another year, they had settled the matter to the general satisfaction; and before the third was half gone, were becoming impatient to know whether the wedding-day was fixed. Presently it became evident that their conclusions had been premature, and at length gossips grew weary: though 'Mrs Herbert and her lawyer' remained a stock-subject of discourse, it was generally understood to have become one of second-rate importance.

To the lady herself it was far otherwise, for though she had not given her heart quite so readily as they might suppose, it certainly *was* given; no one knew this better than herself, unless, perhaps, the person on whom it was bestowed. Perhaps he had known it before she did: if he had not, most probably he would never have known it at all.

George Stuart—such was his name—was the young partner of an old attorney, in whose hands Mr Herbert had left his wife's affairs. These proved to be rather complicated, and, as a natural consequence, the lawyer and his client frequently met. Stuart was the working-partner, though not head of the firm; and Mrs Herbert grew into the habit of looking to him as her adviser, without considering how far this habit might lead her.

It is not easy to say whether Stuart did consider this; his was not a character easily pronounced upon. Fitted by nature and education to adorn society, he entered it only as often as seemed necessary to avoid the imputation of singularity. Nevertheless, this was the imputation always attached to him, though with what reason few could decide, for he scrupulously avoided every appearance which could have justified it. In dress, manners, habits, and acquirements, he differed nothing from others of his rank; yet there must have been a difference somewhere, for every one acknowledged, though none could define it. A few suggested that it arose from his somewhat unusual style of countenance; others, more justly, considered this not a cause, but an effect.

Why was this an unusual face? Nothing in his features was extraordinary. He had, of course, the usual items, not excepting 'two gray eyes and a chin.' But there was nothing surpassingly handsome in any of them: it was in expression only that his features were remarkable. At first sight, young ladies pronounced him melancholy, young men declared him proud; but both opinions were qualified on a closer acquaintance. There was an odd mixture of gentleness and sternness in the short, firm curve of his lip: it left one in doubt whether the original character had been harsh or tender. So with his eye; its cold, hard gaze was tempered by a peculiar softness, and the beholder was puzzled to know which was the natural, which the acquired expression.

To Mrs Herbert, Stuart's manner was always simply respectful. Self-possessed at all times, even cold and taciturn upon occasions, it was entirely without effort he acquired any influence over her. So completely had this indifference beguiled her from the examination of her own feelings, that it was not until she was startled into fearing the loss of his friendship that she began to understand how highly she had prized it. He, having perhaps more knowledge of the human heart, perceived long before she did whither all this might tend, and gradually, very gradually, he sought to lessen the danger. His visits became less frequent, his manners more formal. This was the means by which Mrs Herbert was awakened to the consciousness of her own partiality, and at the same time stung with the belief that he suspected and scorned it. This last mortification, however, could not endure long, for not the most fastidious delicacy could have detected anything in his bearing towards her which the proudest woman could have resented; and the deep respect, the almost reverence with which he treated her when they met in general society, soon satisfied her that, whatever his feelings for her might be, contempt certainly was not among them. All this was very tantalising, and some women might have grown weary; but Catherine Herbert, however much she might feel the bitterness of unrequited affection, could not, if she had wished, have recalled or transferred hers.

But after all, her lot was far from being an unhappy one; her little son was an admirable security against dulness and solitude. Alas! she knew not how much he had ministered to her happiness, until he was suddenly snatched from her. Stunned by the blow, almost wishing that the cruel fever had taken her too, how bitterly, even without knowing it, did she miss the consolations of sympathy! Life seemed henceforward a blank to her, and yet life must be endured; for though her health had suffered severely, youth and strength forbade the release that she almost sighed for. And George Stuart, cold, callous, unfeeling as he seemed, what was there in the death of an infant to excite his regret? He scarcely dared to ask himself; but when he did summon courage to analyse his feelings, the truth was soon arrived at. It is not till misfortune overtakes the object of its love, that a noble mind understands how deep that love has been. The blow that struck her heart communicated itself to his; and it was in the midst of his sorrow for her bereavement that he first confessed to himself that he loved her. To himself?—and why not to her? No; this must not be: cold drops stood on his forehead at the thought.

Some weeks elapsed after her little boy's death ere they met. Stuart was unable wholly to conceal his agitation; and she, grateful for his evident sympathy, could scarcely control her emotion. Few words were spoken, yet that short interview gave her more pleasure than she had hoped ever again to know. Did he then love her after all? And if so, why did he fear to let her suspect it? What meant that sudden flush, chased again to deadly paleness? Why did his hand so abruptly relinquish hers, unless through the fear that she should detect its trembling? By such inquiries as these—foolish except to a woman—did she beguile many a lonely hour away. But something else was in store for her.

She had been from home for several weeks, visiting a distant relative, when, on returning, she was informed that Mr Stuart had called once, and his aged partner twice, in her absence. She wondered at this, for Mr Morgan rarely took so much interest in her affairs as this proceeding seemed to indicate. It was, in fact, owing to Stuart's earnest request that he had called, Stuart becoming daily more convinced of the necessity for his absenting himself.

It was an unlucky move on his part. Mrs Herbert, fancying that the business must be of importance, called at the office the morning after her return. Both partners were absent, but expected momentarily; and Mrs Herbert seated herself to await their coming. On a table beside her lay a heap of unopened letters, and she began mechanically to remark the different appearance of each. There were parcels of documents, addressed in the round stiff hand which betokened their legal import; large letters in blue envelopes, with immense seals; smaller ones in delicate cream colour, with arms and crest emblazoned thereon. All these bore the address of the firm, but one, the last which Mrs Herbert took up was simply inscribed to 'G. Stuart, Esq.'

Now, there was nothing very strange in this. Mrs Herbert knew that private letters were seldom if ever addressed to the office, and most probably the writer of this had erred through inadvertence. But some strange thought must have flitted through Mrs Herbert's brain, for she stood for some moments gazing at the paper in her hand, as if everything else in the world was forgotten. Suddenly she heard the outer door open; and hastily replacing the letter as she had found it, with the address downwards, she flung down her veil and walked to the window.

It was Stuart himself who entered, but Mr Morgan was scarcely a step behind him. After a quiet greeting, Stuart passed on to the table where the letters lay, and Mr Morgan proceeded to inform his visitor of the business on which he had wished to see her. Fortunately, he required only assenting answers, and these Mrs Herbert contrived to give, though her attention was otherwise occupied. Mr Morgan left her to fetch some document from the outer office; and, glad of the relief, she drew aside her veil to breathe more freely. Stuart's hand was on the letter, the *lady's* letter, and he opened it without observing the address. A strange look shot across his countenance as the spread sheet met his eye; a look of anger and detestation, subdued at once into scornful pity. But Catherine Herbert knew not what that look expressed; she saw only that it betokened some strong emotion, and the rush of feeling deprived her of the power to think. Her eyes closed involuntarily, but only for a moment; she *would not* faint; and reopening them, she saw his fixed upon her with a look so eloquent of overwhelming anguish, that all thought of herself was in a moment eclipsed.

By what strange alchemy is it that in the breast of a true woman the wildest passions are sometimes instantaneously converted into the most gentle? It is not love alone—it is faith: the pure full trustfulness of an undeceived, undeceiving spirit. Stuart's look of agony was met by one of love. At that moment, Catherine would not have scrupled to confess it, though never till that moment had she felt it so entirely hopeless. The impulse of jealousy was swallowed up in that of generous affection; and the grateful brightness that started into Stuart's eyes shewed that he understood and appreciated her feeling.

Yes, he understood all. At sight of the letter, which to him possessed a fearful interest, he had involuntarily glanced at Mrs Herbert. The change in her countenance told him how she had interpreted his, and to his own painful emotions was added this of observing hers. There was another feeling too—more selfish perhaps, but equally natural—the dread of losing her esteem. It was this she read in his face; to this her look gave answer. Men know not the strength of a woman's love, when they suppose that any one shock, no matter how violent, can materially alter it.

Mr Morgan returned in a very few minutes; little did he know the change those minutes had wrought in that silent couple! They were, to all appearance, just as he had left them—they had not spoken; and though Stuart's heart might be groaning within him, though Mrs Herbert's lips might be whiter now than her cheeks had been before, Mr Morgan saw it not. The veil, the thick black veil, was down again; and by the time he had finished his explanations, she had regained her self-command.

The remainder of that day she spent rather sadly. Bidding her servants deny her to every one, she shut herself into her chamber, and indulged in a passion of weeping; yet her tears were not those of unmixed sorrow. There is no nook so small but that hope will find a way through it; and whatever might be the mystery which encircled Stuart, Catherine was satisfied that it arose from misfortune rather than error.

She was right: but this seemed to afford little consolation to him, as, pacing up and down his chamber, he wore away the night. It was long ere he could think: the strong discipline to which he had for years subjected himself was for once powerless; the tumult of his feelings defied all government. Ah, it is easy to bear our own griefs; but the sufferings of those we love it is impossible to see and remain unmoved! Night wasted; day dawned, and still his line of action was unchosen.

II.

George Stuart sat at his desk, little inclined for business, but less for anything else. Fortunately, it was mere routine-work he had to attend to, until Mr Morgan came in. They were in a private office and alone.

'George,' said the old man, 'you don't look quite yourself to-day. Suppose you shut this up, and take a walk.'

'Where?' Stuart knew that his walk was to be on business.

Mr Morgan told him. There was a client to be called on in one street, and a deed to be inquired after in another. Lastly, Mrs Herbert must be informed that her mortgage on a certain cottage was worth next to nothing, inasmuch as it had been previously mortgaged to its full value.

Stuart sat still for some moments, and then coldly and briefly excused himself from the proposed walk.

But his partner was not to be so put off. At first, he jested at Stuart's cowardice, wondered at his fastidiousness, and so on; but perceiving that his badinage was more likely to disgust than to amuse, he changed his tone, and seriously, but very kindly, begged to be informed of the reason of his friend's refusal.

Now, George Stuart was not a man to be questioned on his own affairs, and to any other person he might have replied coldly or disdainfully; perhaps he would not have replied at all; but for Mr Morgan he had a real respect, which was well merited. During the four or five years of their partnership, the young man had been treated by the elder one with uniform kindness and delicacy. If now the latter seemed to be overstepped, George knew well that it was only an excess of the former feeling which occasioned the trespass. So, instead of that impenetrable look of distance by which common inquirers are repelled, he half smiled as he answered:

'It is not always possible to give a reason for our likings or dislikings. Is it not enough to say that I feel disinclined to walk?'

Mr Morgan shook his head, and laughed a little. 'Come, George; be open with me. How has she vexed you?'

This was too blunt. Stuart looked angry; but in a minute or two replied gently: 'You are mistaken, my good friend. I cannot pretend not to understand you; but you are altogether wrong.'

'I am sorry for that, George. I fear that others have mistaken also.'

Stuart looked up, and encountered a grave, almost disapproving look, which he returned somewhat proudly, and rose from his seat.

'Don't be angry, George. Sit down. I thought you took me for a friend?'

'You have shewn yourself one,' replied Stuart, grasping the hand which Mr Morgan held out to him; 'but'——

'But you will not give me a friendly confidence? Come, George, I have watched you for some time, and I cannot help thinking that you are using poor, pretty Mrs Herbert rather badly.'

Coming at such a moment, this was a bitter accusation. It was too much for Stuart's overwrought feelings, which could not take refuge in indignation: the kind gentleness of his friend's manner rendered that impossible. He sat down; but when he would have spoken, the convulsive trembling of his lip forbade it. For a moment his head was turned aside, and his hand pressed his forehead; then the strong will reasserted its mastery, and he calmly crossed his arms upon his chest, while his lip curled, as if disdaining the emotion he had lately exhibited.

'Forgive me, George,' said Mr Morgan, a good deal startled at seeing how much pain he had inflicted. 'I had no wish to annoy you. I will say no more.'

Is it not strange that often something which we deemed an annoyance should at the moment of its removal become precious in our eyes? Stuart had been inexpressibly annoyed at Mr Morgan's inquisition, yet now he felt a sort of disappointment. Besides, was he not leaving him under a false impression, though perhaps somewhat altered from the original one? With a strong effort, he requested his friend to stay.

'Resume your catechism, my dear sir,' he said, 'and I will answer you faithfully up to a certain point. Beyond that I cannot go.'

Mr Morgan twirled his gloves, scarcely knowing what to say.

'Well,' Stuart persisted, 'will you begin?'

'Why, my dear fellow, you puzzle me excessively. I *was* inclined to charge you with coldness and want of feeling.'

'That is nothing new,' said Stuart, with a look half sad, half scornful: 'that has been my imputed character for years.'

'But in this particular case, George! To come to the point at once: I am sure you liked Mrs Herbert once.'

'I have always highly esteemed the lady you mention.'

'You could not, then, intend to shew her disrespect.'

'Disrespect! What can you mean?'

'Have you not to-day, for the third time, declined seeing her? Supposing this were known, what would be the impression produced? I fear, one more favourable to your fastidiousness than to her delicacy.'

'You may be right,' Stuart replied after a while; 'nevertheless, I could do only as I have done. Of two evils, I have chosen the least.'

'Explain yourself.'

'It is not easy to do so. I felt it my duty to break off an intercourse which might perhaps'——

'I understand. But why your duty?'

Stuart was silent.

'Excuse me. Are you "set" against marrying?'

'My dear friend, you have reached the point at which I told you that your questions or my answers must cease.'

Mr Morgan looked disappointed and sorry.

'My confidence would only give you pain, Mr Morgan,' said Stuart, replying to the look.

'Then you will not tell me? You will not let me know what this is that burdens your heart and shadows your countenance—that is crossing your forehead with wrinkles, and streaking your hair with gray!'

Half smiling, yet sadly, Mr Morgan rose from his seat. Stuart rose too, and walked to the window; then, after some moments' reflection, he turned again with a firm though slow movement, and walked back to his seat.

His story was soon told: he made but a simple statement of a few sad facts, leaving his hearer's imagination to fill up the outline. Even so let me tell what he told: few words will suffice. He had loved unwisely, married rashly; had trusted first, to doubt afterwards; had wondered, feared, suspected. Alas for the suspicion which cannot be allayed, except as his had been! Not long had he to endure suspense. Conviction forced itself upon him, and the sunshine of his life was ended.

He had loved, I said, unwisely, for the living object of his love was not like the ideal. With the enthusiasm of boyhood, he had attributed to her all the virtues he wished her to possess, and believed that her love for the noble and the good was as ardent as his own. Oh, how many heart-wrung tears, how many hours of unknown anguish, do these crushed hopes and deadened aspirations cost us!

In low tones, with eyes bent to the ground, Stuart and his friend conversed.

'Where is she now?' asked Mr Morgan.

Stuart told him.

'And how does she subsist?'

Stuart explained that he had made arrangements for her receiving a small annuity, on condition that she never in any manner intruded herself upon him. The letter he had received lately was a breach of that agreement.

'Does she write as a penitent, George?'

'Simply as a person transacting business.'

He gave the letter to Mr Morgan, who perused it carefully, and on laying it down muttered half aloud: 'And almost seeming to think herself the injured party!—You never sued?' he asked a moment afterwards: 'you never sought a divorce?'

'No.'

'Why did you not?'

'There were several reasons,' said Stuart evasively.

'The exposure?'

'Ay, who likes to see himself and his wrongs in the hands of every newspaper editor?—at the mercy of every idler who amuses himself with the contemplation of misery and guilt?'

'And yet, George, I should have thought that your proud high spirit would have borne all this rather than'—— He paused.

'You are right, Mr Morgan. I would have encountered any amount of *present* pain, if by so doing I could have redeemed the future from its abiding shame. I would have braved publicity, ridicule, everything, to have rescued my name from dishonour—to have regained the proud freedom I had lost. You are right in judging me so; but I was hindered.'

'What could hinder you? In such a case, your own judgment only should have been followed. You only had suffered, and no one, *no* one had a right to restrain you!'

A smile—but how bitter a smile—curled the lip of Stuart, and his proud nostril expanded with a look of wearied scorn.

'My friend,' he said, 'you are a lawyer: you should know something of the English law of divorce. Do you not understand?' he added, as Mr Morgan looked up inquiringly. 'Doubtless my cause was good—doubtless I should have gained a decision in my favour; but'—his lips and his hand closed quickly—'I could not pay for it!'

III.

The letter Stuart had opened in Mrs Herbert's presence was speedily followed by several others, to none of which he thought it expedient to make any reply. But after a short interval came one to which he felt disposed to pay attention. It was an offer from the wretched woman who had worked him so much wo, to the effect that she would, on the receipt of a certain sum of money, at once emigrate to America, whither some of her friends were shortly to sail. Stuart was more than willing to acquiesce in this arrangement, and speedily signified his consent. With the Atlantic between them, his spirit might feel lightened of some part of its burden: he could walk freely through the world without fearing at every step that the cause and evidence of his infamy—so he called it—would start up and shame him. Her departure made no change in his position; yet, when the vessel which contained her quitted the shores of England, George Stuart felt himself a happier man.

Six weeks afterwards, he was startled by the intelligence that that ship was lost. It is not in human nature not to rejoice at deliverance, no matter how effected, and Stuart may be forgiven if his strongest feeling for that disaster was one of thankfulness. In the list of passengers lost was *that one name*. Mr Morgan made no scruple of expressing his satisfaction, and noted with excessive pleasure, that though as quiet in his manner as ever, the relaxed lip and softened eye of Stuart betrayed far more than his words confessed.

Both, however, knew that a possibility of mistake existed. The list of persons saved might have been incomplete, others of the missing passengers might turn up elsewhere. For some months Stuart waited, if not in expectation, yet in readiness, for evidence contradictory of the report; and, not content with waiting only, he caused careful inquiries to be made in every accessible quarter, nor till these proved fruitless did he venture to believe himself free. Is he to be blamed, if in those months his thoughts sometimes reverted to, and dwelt upon her whom he loved, and who, he well knew, loved him? His love now was very different from the impetuous, ungovernable feeling of his boyhood. Experience, sharp and bitter, had taught him how to curb the torrent, and in the furnace of affliction many passions had been sorely tried. But neither experience nor affliction can annihilate those passions in a noble mind; and though strangely altered and subdued, the gushings of his heart were stronger now than ever. He was no longer a boy, but he had found that of which his boyhood had been disappointed—a pure and gentle spirit to sympathise with his.

As months wore on, and Stuart grew satisfied of his own safety, it is no wonder that he relaxed somewhat in his strict self-government, and every man knows, or ought to know, that when this is the case a crisis is not far off. The crisis came, and Catherine Herbert listened to the strange story of his life ere he would permit her to answer the avowal by which it had been prefaced. But it was soon answered afterwards; and Catherine felt that, if possible, she loved him better now for that very silence which had previously so much distressed her.

My tale is not ended, but I must hasten towards its close. This will bring me to a period more than a year after the loss of the emigrant-ship *Ashbourne*, and a very few weeks after Catherine Herbert had given her hand to Stuart.

It was morning, and Stuart was preparing to go out, when he was informed that some person wished to see him immediately. Ordering the applicant to be shewn into his study, he presently repaired thither himself.

How little do we know what lies before us! Stuart walked into the room carelessly drawing on his gloves, and thinking so little of his visitor that he had closed the door and taken two steps forward ere he perceived *who* was there. Then he stood still. Speechless, motionless, while his heart leaped with a terrible agony, he gazed upon her whom he a moment before believed that the waters had engulfed! He asked no questions—he wished for no explanations—it was enough that she was there. No explanation could do away with the fact of her existence—her living, moving presence on that earth which held him and—his wife!

His wife? Who was she? To whom did the title belong? To her who long ago had forfeited her right to bear it, and had covered herself and him with dishonour? Yes: in the eye of the law that creature was still his wife. And she, the pure and irreproachable being, the very impersonation of true confiding wifehood, who had lately cast in her lot with his—what was she?

'Good-morning,' said the visitor, perceiving that Stuart did not seem likely to break the silence. 'I don't wonder you are surprised to see me, for I daresay you heard of the wreck?'

Stuart said 'Yes' calmly—it was the calmness of desperation: the 'cup of trembling' seemed full for him.

'The fact is, I was picked up by an American vessel the morning after the wreck. I had taken a "life-preserving cape" with me, and it kept me afloat beautifully. Capital things those life-preservers, are they not?'

The easy nonchalance of the speaker was not without its effect upon Stuart. Something like indignation empowered him to ask: 'Why have you been so long in discovering the truth to me?'

'About my being alive, you mean? Oh, how could I? The ship that took me up was not coming to England. We went to some place in South America, and then, after a while, back to New York.'

'You might have written.'

'Well, I never thought of that; or if I did, you know you made me promise not to write to you again.'

'You promised also that I should never see you again.'

'Yes'—the reply was accompanied by a spiteful laugh—'but then I wasn't expecting to be wrecked. Shipwrecks are sad things for upsetting arrangements.'

'Why did you not stay in America?'

'The idea! When every one of my friends was drowned!—— Good-morning, ma'am—how do you do?'

Catherine, believing that Stuart was gone to the office, had come in search of some trifle which had been mislaid, and opened the study-door before she was aware of the room being occupied. The word 'shipwrecks' caught her ear, and a horrible suspicion darted through her mind. It was speedily confirmed, for, as Stuart hastily turning, when the stranger greeted her, would have hurried her from the place, his tormentor exclaimed, with the same levity as before: 'So, then, this is the mistress in *my husband's house?*'

Stuart tried to lead Catherine away, but she was fainting on his shoulder. He lifted her up, and carried her to her room. Presently he returned. 'Why are you here?—what do you seek?' he asked in a voice husky though unbroken.

It was money that was wanted, and obtained.

'Go now,' said Stuart, 'and come to this house no more. At the office you may see or hear from me, but here it is not safe for you to come.'

The dark, almost fierce glitter of his eyes seemed to startle his auditor. She took the money silently, and departed at once. George wrote a couple of lines to Mr Morgan, begging him to come immediately, and then returned to the room where Catherine still lay helpless. The sudden shock had completely unsettled her nervous system; and the doctor, who had been hastily summoned, said gravely that she must be kept quiet. Quiet she certainly might be, so far as the body was concerned, but it would perhaps have been better for her if the fainting-fits which continually returned upon her had been more profound or of longer duration. As it was, the intervals of consciousness served to remind her that some dreadful event, she scarcely knew what, had occurred, and that its consequences were still impending. It is well known that this kind of consciousness is very dangerous to persons of delicate organisation: before the night closed in, 'Mrs Stuart' was pronounced to be suffering from brain-fever.

Who can describe the agony of him who bent over her couch listening to her wanderings, and feeling that this was his work! Oh, how deeply he regretted the weakness which had permitted him to accept the love she gave!—how he reprobated the frenzied rashness of his youth!—how, in the bitterness of his spirit, he cursed the iniquitous law which, while offering deliverance to the wealthy, condemned *him* to this everlasting bondage of shame! In vain, in vain! She for whom he would gladly have given his own life, was dying before his eyes, the victim of his errors. Yet, was it so? Was he indeed to blame? Partly—not all. Again, with the fierce wrath of a revengeful, deeply injured man, he execrated that mockery of justice, that solemn puppetry which only gold can set in motion—the English law of divorce.

Mr Morgan had been with Stuart more than once or twice, but could do little to quiet the tumult of his feelings. Several days had passed ere he began to speak decisively of what he thought advisable.

'Everything must be risked now, George,' said the kind old man: 'money *must* be had, and I will undertake to say that it shall be.'

'My kind, good friend!' said Stuart sadly; 'but it is too late.'

'I confess we shall be under several disadvantages; but I do not despair, nor must you.'

Again the other murmured: 'It is too late;' and Mr Morgan took his leave.

George slowly sought the chamber, from which he could scarcely bear to be absent, though it agonised him to be there.

'The fever has abated,' whispered the doctor, whom he met on the stairs.

'Will she recover?'

The doctor paused. 'Unless she is too weak to rally,' and he passed on.

With a noiseless step Stuart approached the bed where Catherine lay quite still, with her eyes partly open. Presently her lips moved, and it was his own name they formed, but scarcely uttered. As he bent down, and lightly kissed her forehead, a faint smile played over her lips. 'George, dearest,' again she murmured, and with a sudden effort she threw her right arm around his neck.

That effort was the last: in another moment the arm relaxed its hold, the last faint breath escaped, and the lips pressed with his were those of a corpse.

There is no stone by Catherine's grave, but Stuart knows it well; and sometimes when the streets are quite still, when the moon is down, and only the stars glimmer faintly on the tombstones, he wanders among the graves, and perhaps pauses a minute beside one undistinguished hillock—sometimes, but not often; for to nourish and indulge such grief as his would be madness, and he is no repining, melancholic man. The proud spirit is wrung, the strong heart nearly broken, but his burden of bitter memories is borne calmly; the duties of the dull present are performed unmurmuringly, and what he suffers, he suffers in silence.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE HERRING-HARVEST.

The anxiety manifested in all countries to obtain information as to the cereal harvests and the probable yield of grain or roots, is now so well known, as to render it a curious circumstance that the produce of the sea should not yet have excited that share of attention which its inexhaustible food-resources ought ere this to have called forth. Considering that this country has the advantage of lines of railway able to carry produce of any kind to points of great distance in a few hours, it is somewhat astonishing that commercial sagacity has not yet seized upon our sea-harvest with greater avidity, as a means of speculation and money-making. So far as we know, there are only one or two private companies who have ventured on such an enterprise; there are no steam-propelled fishing-boats, and no improvements of any moment in our fishing-gear; in fact, to the best of our knowledge, the system of fishing is still pursued as it was in the days of our great-grandfathers. Indeed, so far at least as Scotland is concerned, the best index to the state of the fisheries is obtained by glancing at the condition of the fishing-villages, which are, as to manners, customs, intelligence, and sanitary regulations, two hundred years behind the age in which we live.

The manufacturing and agricultural interests have during the last fifty years made giant strides towards a more perfect development, whilst our fisheries are, comparatively speaking, still in their infancy. But the system of artificial propagation, and steam-carriage from the fishing-station to the market, in specially constructed welled-vessels, in conjunction with a large extension of the plan of deep-sea fishing, would enrich the country with immense supplies of cheap and wholesome food; and speculators in such a field of labour might realise large fortunes as the reward of their enterprise. The present enormous demand for fish in London, and the quantities which might be disposed of in our large and populous inland manufacturing towns, almost exceed belief. The rapid modes of transmission now so common, together with the improved methods of packing and preserving, lead us to hope that we may yet live to see the food-produce of the great deep more than doubled.

To arrive at anything like a notion of the harvest of the sea, as already obtained, or a correct idea of the gross amount of food it would yield, if the various means and appliances of art were used, will require a little arrangement; and as the subject can be conveniently divided, we propose to speak first of the herring-fishery.

The most valuable of our British fisheries is undoubtedly that branch devoted to the capture of the herring; and it is in Scotland where this is carried on to the largest extent, involving a great amount of capital, and employing a large portion of the population: thus forming at its various stations a series of splendid *depôts* or drilling-places for sailors, both for the royal and the mercantile navies. Like the progress of most branches of our national industry, the growth of our fisheries, although encouraged for some years by government bounty, was, up to a certain point, slow and fluctuating. Unlike the development of land projects, there is more difficulty and danger attendant on those enterprises which are connected with the sea; and the frequent sacrifice of human life, and the total loss of valuable boats and other property on which much capital has been expended, may have hitherto tended to repress that activity in the prosecution of the fisheries which might be supposed to be almost an instinct with 'a nation of shopkeepers.'

Without going minutely into the natural history of the herring, it may be briefly mentioned that many of the old ideas regarding it have long since been exploded. It is now found that instead of being a migratory fish, coming to these shores in vast shoals on a visit from the icy regions of the far north, and then after a brief stay with us, for the purpose of spawning, breaking up and taking their departure—they are 'native here and to the manner born,' breeding on our coasts, and always to be found during some part of the year at some particular fishing-ground. Thus, so early as in the month of May, fishing begins at the Lewis, and proceeds as the year advances till it reaches the more southern stations, being at Edinburgh in summer, and Yarmouth in autumn. In some of the western Scottish lochs, the fish are to be found even in early winter; and on the Ayrshire coast, the herrings are abundant in the spring months. So that nearly all the year round we can have herrings; and were the deep-sea fishing prosecuted as it might be, great quantities would be constantly found.

The fishing-station of Wick, in Scotland, may be regarded as the centre of the most productive district in that country; and all along the northern coast by Banff, Whitehill, Portsoy, Fraserburgh, &c., the herring-fishery is prosecuted with great assiduity; but the amount of business done in this branch at Wick amounts to nearly a fourth of the estimated value of the whole of the Scottish fisheries. As regards the amount of capital sunk in this branch of industry, we are sure we do not exaggerate when we set it down as amounting to nearly three millions of pounds sterling—and by means of this, the capture of fish is nearly a million barrels per annum.

The towns and villages of the north-east coast of Scotland owe their existence principally to the fact of their being a field of labour in the fisheries; at anyrate, it is from this cause that many of them—whatever their antecedents—have been converted into those thriving hives of industry we now find them; and many prosperous towns and villages are rapidly gaining importance from their connection with the herring-trade. From Wick to Peterhead, there are a great number of towns 'having a population varying from 100 to 10,000 inhabitants, and presenting a total of 3000 herring-boats and 15,000 men, and all dependent on the produce of the sea. Proceeding further to the southward, there are between Peterhead and Anstruther 46 fishing-villages, with 1000 boats and 5000 men; in the Leith district, 11 stations, with 354 boats and 1100 fishermen; the Eyemouth district, 7 stations, 225 boats, and 1000 men; Greenock, 31 stations, 591 boats, and 1800 men; Rothesay, 17 stations, 551 boats, and 1600 men; Inverary district, 47 stations, 1062 boats, and 3189 men; Loch Shieldaig, 15 stations, 307 boats, and 1085 men; Loch Broom, 42 stations, 570 boats, and 2120 men; Stornoway, 7 stations, 418 boats, and 2178 men. Coming to Orkney and Shetland, we have—Shetland, 11 stations, 655 boats, and 3165 men; Orkney, 32 stations, 606 boats, and 2472 men.' The amount of the population concerned in this branch of the fisheries is 68,952, which is made up as follows: 40,350 fishermen, 1913 coopers, 21,832 women employed as cleaners, packers, &c., 3730 labourers, and 1127 fish-curers.

The quality of this fish is described as being divided into three kinds. It is called a *matie* when it is in its best order—the milt or roe not too much developed. In this condition it is preferable to the *full fish*, which is another designation; as when the roe or milt is too ripe the flesh is not so rich as in its former stage, its substance having passed into the other portions of its body. There are more of the full fish in the market than there is of the other qualities; as, being on the point of spawning, the shoals come into shallow water for that purpose, and are of course easier of capture than the maties, which keep more to the deep sea. The third quality, the *spent fish*, make very 'lenten entertainment,' as their substance is gone, and the shadow only left, the flesh being flavourless and watery. There is a great demand for the full fish, in consequence of their large size. They are exported in large quantities to Ireland, where they find a ready market. This kind of herring is mostly caught on our north-east fishing-ground. The Dutch-cured fish are celebrated for their fine quality; but they begin their season earlier than we do, and catch and cure simultaneously—their fishing-craft admitting not only of this being done, but being even of sufficient size to carry a large stock of staves to make into barrels. Their fish are all maties, and are cured in a different way from ours—the crown-gut being left in the fish, which, it is said, improves the flavour. In all this the Dutch but retain their old superiority, for, as is well known, they prosecuted this branch of industry long before we began to avail ourselves of the wealth of the seas. Their enterprise dates as far back as two centuries from our day, when they had nearly 2000 vessels engaged in the trade in our seas and rivers.

Every season, then, the coasts of Scotland wake up to a brief period of determined industry—the portion of the population having commerce with the sea putting forth their best energies to gather in the harvest of the passing hour; so that from morning to night, and from night to morning, the fishing-stations are perfect hives of productive labour, which continues for a few brief weeks, and then the place subsides once more into a sluggish state of repose for a large portion of the year.

The fish are principally captured by what are called drift-nets, which are joined together into trains for the purpose of fishing by means of several lengths fastened together. These nets are usually measured by their bulk, a barrel containing a portion 80 or 100 yards in length and 20 feet deep being the standard. After the net is prepared, it is placed on board the fishing-vessel, which then proceeds to the appointed place, where the process is gone through of shooting it out from the stern; the boats sailing slowly over the water, the nets being, of course, carefully payed out all the time, till the whole length is exhausted. The train of nets is not of course allowed to be at the mercy of the waves, but is securely fastened to the boat by a line of cord 200 feet long, the other end of the nets being sometimes fastened to an anchor, or a post on the shore, when that is convenient. This process is gone through after sunset, and 'the take' occurs through the night. The nets are suspended by floats affixed to a rope which runs along the back of the train, means of course being adopted to sink them, so that the shoal may strike against them. All this being accomplished, the joined nets are exactly like a great perforated wall floating in the sea. When the shoal of fish are driven against this, they are caught by the head, which, after becoming entangled in the interstices of the net, cannot be withdrawn. When once a fleet of boats has taken up a position, they are very tenacious of it, and wait with patience, drifting for a long time with the tide till the fish strike. After waiting long, and when it is suspected there is no herring, the nets are 'pree'd,' or inspected; and in the event of there being no fish, they are hauled in, and the boats move off to another quarter. When the fish do come against the floating wall of nets, they are, after sufficient time has been allowed for them to mesh, carefully hauled on board, shaken out of the nets, and carried on shore. This is an improvement on a former practice which permitted the fish to remain in the net till the boat landed; but by this means they were so 'hashed' and broken as greatly to deteriorate their value.

Herrings are also frequently taken by a 'seine,' or, as it is sometimes erroneously called, a 'trawl' net. This net is variously used, and is generally about 150 yards long, with a short bridle-rope at each end. It can be effectively worked from the shore by means of a small boat. One end of the net is held by a party on the land, whilst those on board sail away in a semicircle, and pay out the net, embracing as large an area of the water as possible. The two ends are then brought together, and this brings to the shore whatever may be in the net. There is no waiting, as in the other case, till the fish strike, and are meshed; the object in this kind of fishing being to shift the ground as frequently as possible, in order to make a great number of hauls. By this plan, considerable chances of gain are left open to those who pursue it; and as it requires neither the capital nor time necessary for drift-net fishing, it can be, and often is, used by persons who are not fishermen, but who frequently capture vast quantities of fish. This mode is chiefly practised on the lochs of the west coast of Scotland.

When the herrings are captured, and the boats reach the harbour, the process of curing them begins. Immediately on their arrival, the fish are carried to huge but shallow gutting-tubs prepared for their reception. Once there, they are operated upon by a band of females, who gut them with a rapidity which is quite extraordinary. One thousand fish in an hour being the common work, it may be readily conceived that, when a large number of hands are employed, an immense shoal can be disposed of in a few hours. The women employed usually work together in a little band of four or five, each performing a part of the labour which is necessary, some carrying, some salting. After the fish are eviscerated, which is rapidly performed by two simple movements with a knife, they are transferred to another vat or trough, where they are laid down in layers of alternate salt and fish. The sooner the herrings are sprinkled with salt, the better for the 'cure.' Then they are 'roused,' as it is called—that is, a stick or a brawny arm mixes them well together—a process repeated at intervals till the trough is filled. After a brief rest, depending much on circumstances as to its length, the herrings are carefully re-salted, and then packed into barrels, either flat on their sides—to suit the Irish market—or backs downward, to please the foreigners. Every row, as it is put in, is well sprinkled with salt. A week's rest is allowed before the barrels are finally headed up, as the fish settle down so much as to admit of an additional quantity being put in. When intended to receive the brand of the Fishery Board, the barrel must remain open for ten days.

A great drawback to our herring-trade is, we think, the want of decked fishing-vessels, properly supplied with the necessary appurtenances for prosecuting the fishery; in short, built on purpose. When whalers go out, either to Greenland or the Pacific, we know that they have not only the necessary conveniences for capturing the whale, but they can extract its wealth at the same time, by cutting up the fish and boiling its flesh, in order to obtain the oil from it. Something of this kind is wanted in our herring-boats: if they were built of a size sufficiently large to contain space for curing, the result would be certain wealth. Stowage-room is not of so much importance, as the herring-fleet could be attended by tenders, whose duty it would be to carry the fish to port. The Dutch beat us altogether in this. Their boats come on the ground prepared to do everything connected with the fishing—actually, to save space, carrying the barrels in staves, which the Dutch sailors assist in making up. Salt and all other requisites are also on board, and the fishing-luggers are waited upon by fast-sailing vessels, to carry 'the firstlings of the season' to the anxious merchant, as they bring a remarkably high price. This plan prevents the accumulation that would otherwise occur, and leaves clear decks for the fishing and curing. The Dutch government take infinite care to improve the fisheries and gain wealth from the sea. They have men-of-war to superintend and keep order on the fishing-station. The importance of their fisheries may be estimated from the fact of their giving employment to 112,000 people. The Dutch themselves boast of the wealth they have obtained from the sea, and everybody knows that 'the foundation of Amsterdam was laid on herring-bones.' Had Scotland a few hundred decked fishing-vessels to send out to the deep-sea fishing, to capture and cure upon the same plan as that adopted by the Dutch, the country would be benefited in more ways than one. Decked-vessels, either sloop or schooner rigged, are much better adapted for training youth to be active able seamen, than open boats rigged with lug-sails are; and the fish caught in the deep sea are always in a higher state of perfection than those captured near the shore. Government ought, if possible, to lend a stimulus to the building of such vessels.

There are usually two sides to every question; and as we have endeavoured to shew, by the number of the population engaged and the amount of capital embarked in the herring-fishing, the bright side, it is but fair that we now devote a few sentences to the dark side of the case. As the reader can see, the bright side is unbounded wealth drawn from the sea, which has required no expenditure of seed from the hand of man to produce it; the dark part of the picture is death and poverty, widows and orphans, calamity and desolation. 'The dangers of the deep' are proverbial; and it is melancholy to think that thousands of human lives have been sacrificed in the active pursuit of this branch of our national industry. This is principally owing to the want of proper harbours, which leads to that greatest of maritime calamity, shipwreck, and loss of life and property. Accidents are of yearly occurrence; not a single season but leaves its footmark of desolation. On several occasions, the destruction of human life has been great. 'In the terrible storm of the 18th of August 1848, no less than 124 herring-boats were lost or damaged, 100 fishermen were drowned, and nearly 400 widows and children were left totally unprovided for.' All this occurred, in a great measure, for want of proper harbours; and before much can be done in the improvement of the fishing-boats, commodious and safe havens must be secured for them. There is an annual sum of L.3000 given by parliament for harbour improvement in Scotland—no great sum truly.

We may now conclude our exposition of the herring-harvest with a few remarks on the Board of Fisheries. A determination on the part of certain members of the House of Commons to have this Board abolished, has produced quite a 'sensation' in the herring districts, where all the newspapers teem with articles and correspondence on the subject. The annual grant to this Board, exclusively of the sum allowed for the harbours, is L.11,000, the expenditure of which is intrusted to certain commissioners—noblemen and gentlemen who give their services gratuitously; 'and the chief duties performed by them, acting through a general inspector and twenty-five resident officers, are as follow:—To obtain for parliament accurate statistical returns of the cod and herring fisheries; of the sea-faring and other persons employed in those occupations; of the number, computed tonnage, value, &c., of the boats and other vessels engaged, and to give clearances for the same. In the herring-fishery, to see that the measures for the delivery of fresh herrings, as between purchaser and seller, are of the legal standard size; and when the fish are cured, to ascertain that the barrels in which they are packed are of the full dimensions, and not fraudulently made, and to apply the official mark, called the crown-brand, to whatever barrels contain herrings so cured and packed, and of such superior quality as to entitle them to receive it; to enforce the fishery convention between Great Britain and foreign countries, and guard the coast of Scotland against the intrusion of foreigners during the fishing-season; to act likewise as a home-police among the multitudinous masses of fishermen and other natives collected for the herring-fishery along the coast, or in the numerous narrow firths and sea-lochs of our country, where there is often scarcely room to hold them; and to see that the boats in all such cases take up their proper stations, so as to prevent fouling of gear, and unseemly, sometimes dangerous brawls; finally, to erect piers and quays, and to make and maintain harbours on the coasts, with aid from the proprietors and fishermen with whom the commissioners are in frequent communication, and to protect the boats and property in those harbours.'

The great advantage conferred by the Board, according to those who have been writing on the subject, is said to be the affixing by their servants of the crown-brand as a guarantee for well-cured fish. 'When the brand is stamped on the barrel, it denotes that the herrings have gone through all the processes laid down by the commissioners as essential to their being of first-rate quality, full-sized, in good condition, gutted immediately after capture, and that they have been a certain number of days in brine.' The brand, however—useful as it is admitted to be—is not compulsory, and large quantities of fish are disposed of without having this mark, both at home and abroad. We observe, from the perusal of much newspaper correspondence on the subject, that the curers would willingly pay a small fee per barrel to insure its continuance; but many are of opinion that the superintendence of the Board will be done away with altogether.

ST HENRY'S.

Whoever comes to St Henry's, comes by water, and generally has an evil passage; eddy and rock and quicksand surround us every way, and make entry perilous; but, once attained, our harbour has no rival and no pier. Our political circumstances are typified by our local position; within a dozen miles of us lies a country torn by intestine quarrel, with a continent of seething states beyond; and this our little island is the sanctuary of all.

As the altars of safety in the golden days of Greece, as the cities of refuge to the chosen race of Israel, as the Savoy and the Mint in the days of the Stuarts and Georges; so, until quite lately, has been St Henry's to the refugee—a haven from the earliest times for all who suffered shipwreck in the storms of politics, from the darkest of despots to the reddest of reds. Hither has fled patriot from kingsman, hither royalist from Cromwellian, Bourbonist from Orleanist and Bonapartist, legitimist from republican, constitutionalist from imperialist, everybody out of power from everybody in. From this small spot of earth the most discordant and various voices have been ever raised, appealing in the sacred name of Liberty to Heaven. 'Liberty, queen of the peoples, sole sovereign whom the hearts of men acknowledge!' or 'Liberty, avenger of the sacred blood of kings!' as occasion suits.

At St Henry's have the great ones of the earth in their adversity been at all times accustomed to congregate in the deepest of retirements, and often in the cheapest of lodgings: our population is doubled by their presence. Members of provisional governments in want of food, ministers of finance without a shilling, administrators of public justice on the verge of imprisonment for debt, poets—for claret is sold here for a song—with a turn for satire, painters given to caricature, and generals without a single orderly, are to be met with in every street. 'Able editors,' above all, are especially rife amongst us; of whom, without, as it seems, any perceptible diminution, some forty have been lately put to flight at once. Alas! what a clanging and a fluttering, though, took place at their debarkation, reminding us of nothing so much as the effect of that first gun-fire of Robinson Crusoe's in the wood. It was a hard measure, without doubt, to deprive those of their Jersey who were *sans culottes* before.

Before that incident, it must be confessed, St Henry's was not in the best odour in Great Britain. It was rather fought shy of, as being the resort of gentlemen in difficulties, and a place where brandy was cheaper than it should be. People used to go there 'for the sake of educating the dear children;' and we all know what that means very well. The law, too, in the isle of freedom was thought to be rather in a defective state—framed, indeed, so much in the spirit of liberty that there was hardly any getting at a culprit at all. And, truly, trial by ordeal, which was the form of judicial interference with the rights of man at the time the St Henry's code was constituted, would still be rather the better of the two. Our business, for the greater simplicity and straightforwardness, is conducted in two languages; and the witnesses are not examined in the presence of the jury, but each has his answers separately taken down and read over to him again at every fresh examination, again and again from the very commencement; so that the performance at last resembles the sporting feat of picking up eggs at stated distances, and returning to the starting-point before going after each of the others. When the court gets tired of this, as naturally happens, the case is adjourned for a few years; so that, by the time the whole of the depositions are collected and ready to be recited to the jurors, most of these are dead or have left the place; and if the prisoner die, we are not sure but that there is a regulation about his eldest son becoming the accused party, and the same with the prosecutors and counsel on either side. Our court-house of St Henry's during a trial is well worth a visit too. The bailie in his scarlet vestments, and the jurors and the law-officers of the crown in theirs, afford a very striking spectacle; while the advocates, attired like inquisitors, are addressing them in Norman-French, or conversing with one another in modern English, and the whole population standing by in a rapture of admiration and contentment. A meeting of our 'states,' with 'jurats,' 'rectors,' 'constables,' and 'bailie' complete, suggests to me at all times an assemblage of the 'Conscript Fathers,' as depicted in the *Comic Latin Grammar*. With all its freedom, St Henry's is a hold of feudalism, and firm foe to change. Through all the isle, the lords of lands are called by the names of their hereditary estates; and almost every *seigneurie* has its ancient fastness crumbling to decay, with fosse all dry and overgrown, where the St Henry's cattle—fairest in the world—are turned to feed; and mighty walls with fissures here and there as wide as the great gateway where the iron-studded doors no longer clang. The past is dear to us, and we have played our part in the great scenes of history with some applause. We boast an independence of longer duration than that of England herself. That ruined fort—whose later inhabitants, prisoners for debt, were not so fortunate in defying the constable—has beaten off the great Du Guesclin himself; this castle in our bay held out for weeks against the whole power of Cromwell; not eighty years ago, in this our market-place, we defeated a French invading army, and slew their leader here, on the steps of the court-house; in the last war, no hostile ship reached our St Henry's harbour, save as a prize; one sailed in, a privateer of France, the *Confidente*, believing that she had securely reached St Malo; the wrecks of scores came to us from the hungry rocks to northward—they know not friends from foes; an English prince once perished there, and a first-rate of the line went down with all her crew.

These are no reasons why the packets come from England to St Henry's but three times a week; it is further from us than from Rome or from Vienna, yet we are well content. We nigh rebelled when our doors were ordered to be numbered, for convenience of the postmen, and reserved the privilege of choosing our own figures after all. My house is No. 26, but those of my two neighbours are 14 and 71, and there are but a dozen houses in the row. Our streets are too narrow for anything bigger than wheel-chairs. The names over the shops are French, but our bargaining is done in English. In print, it is *défendu* to obstruct the thoroughfares, but the policeman says 'Move on!' in the vernacular. Good sherry and claret are not dearer than bitter beer; the best French brandy is but 2s. a bottle, and there is no pecuniary excuse for not wearing gloves. The morning-service in our churches is in one language, and the afternoon-service in another. Talented clergy from the mother-country, essaying to preach at St Henry's in the French tongue, make strange mistakes: it is on record that one right reverend prelate assured his congregation that they were there assembled to partake of *eau de vie!*

We are all each other's cousins, and have not half a dozen different names amongst us, but we are mutually scornful beyond description for all that. We have no duties at St Henry's, it is true, but we make it up in privileges. You shall leave the town and breathe the open air before farewell; take whichever road you will, and it will charm you with a hundred panoramas of a square half mile or so: a green field with one cottage by a tiny bridge; a narrow lane caught in a net of honey-suckle; a bleak moor purple with heather, shut in on three sides by the sea; a mill with foamy water-courses at the hill's foot; a wood besprinkled by great rocks with crowns of fern; a plain with sand-road leading to the shore; cool caverns with fresh water-leaps within them; green pathways leaf-screened from a cloudless sky. A gallery of cabinet pictures, each in itself a study, is this isle of freedom, which has St Henry's for its capital.

A PAIR OF AUSTRIAN STATESMEN.

A WORK has recently been translated from the German, forming part of a series of volumes, by the same author, entitled the *History of the German Courts since the Reformation*, and is perhaps the most important and most interesting portion of the work—certainly the portion likely to have most attractions for the English reader.* The author's style of writing is not remarkable for its elegance or brilliancy; he is no Macaulay or Carlyle in historical composition; his work commands attention, and owes its acceptability to a certain minuteness of historic detail, and to a liberal admixture of personal anecdote, such as would rarely be presented by writers who aspire to what is called the 'dignity of history.' Dr Vehse, indeed, altogether disclaims the pretensions implied in this imposing term. Quoting the saying of Horace Walpole, he says: 'I am no historian; I draw characters, I preserve anecdotes, which my superiors, the historians, may enchase into their weighty annals, or pass over at their pleasure.' The result of his researches is a mass of facts and anecdotes sufficiently significant and curious to form a more than usually picturesque and entertaining compilation.

One feature of these Memoirs, which we cannot but consider admirable, is their marked appearance of veracity. The author tells the truth, so far as he knows it, without the slightest apprehension or misgiving—tells it, indeed, with a certain *insouciance* and innocency of manner which seems to indicate that he conceived that was the sole thing required of him. As a consequence of his simplicity, he has involved himself in difficulties; for while his books have been extremely popular in Germany, he himself has been exceedingly unpopular with the ruling powers: most of his volumes have been proscribed by one or another of the German states; and we learn from the newspapers that he is now, or was lately, expiating a little extra carelessness or audacity, in relation to the court of Würtemberg, by a six months' imprisonment.

The court of Austria has not been remarkable for the talent or magnanimity of its representatives. The rulers of this nation have had a fortune out of all proportion to their merits. Were it not proverbial that the world is governed by very little wisdom, one would be surprised at the number of imbecile and half-insane persons who have exercised despotic sway as members of the House of Hapsburg. With two or three exceptions, they have all been foolish, tyrannical, and bigoted in excess; but they were all, or nearly all, extremely lucky in their dynastic and political relations. No royal family in Europe has been so highly favoured by accident and circumstances. This is accounted for, in part, though not entirely, by the circumstance, that most of the Austrian potentates, through lucky accident or judicious choice, had able generals and statesmen in their service, who, using the power acquired by their talents, gained or took upon themselves considerable liberty of action. It is not of such men, however, as Wallenstein or Prince Eugene we wish to speak; we will rather turn to what may be called the curiosities of the Austrian court. Prince Lobkowitz, for instance, prime-minister for a while under Leopold I., is worth glancing at, as a member of the class of officials who have exercised great power in the country.

'Lobkowitz was fond of pleasure, and a master of the art of enjoying it, such as Vienna had never seen before; but unfortunately he was also a slave, fettered by those chains of roses which he forged for himself: women and money-brokers were said to have had the key to all his secrets. Lobkowitz possessed neither virtue nor greatness; but he possessed much gentleness of disposition and a refined taste, which gave him the superiority over all his countrymen. His jovial easy humour imparted to his conversation a singularly fascinating charm; the emperor, who, notwithstanding his own gravity and pompousness, was particularly fond of the society of merry people and merry ministers, was never happy without him. He was full of animal spirits and liveliness, teeming with wit, and always ready with some pretty *bon-mot* or other. A happy knack of intrigue, by means of which he understood how "to push affairs," served him instead of a confirmed habit of business and industry. His keen wit turned everything and everybody into ridicule; not even sparing the emperor, of whom, with a frankness bordering on the most thoughtless indiscretion, he one day said to the Marquis de Gremonville, the French ambassador: "The emperor is not like your king, who does everything himself; but like a statue, which is carried about and placed or moved at convenience."'

Lobkowitz always hated and opposed the Jesuits, and did his utmost to circumvent their schemes of policy. His keen wit had been directed against them in all sorts of scurrilous pamphlets and gross caricatures. The emperor, on the other hand, a weak and superstitious devotee, rather favoured them; and they did not fail to take advantage of his friendly disposition. According to Dr Vehse: 'His treasury was constantly at the very lowest ebb; but whilst the troops, kept for months without their pay, often plundered their own master's provinces, Leopold lavished his bounties on the Jesuits with unsparing hand. Lobkowitz in several instances prevented these foolish gifts, and even had the courage to annul one of the most important by tearing the title-deed in shreds, which would have conferred on the order the whole of the rich county of Glatz, in Silesia..... Even his last will, which was executed in all legal form and publicly read, bore witness to the sarcastic humour with which he loved to lash the "Spanish priests." The introduction was couched in terms of the most piteous and humble contrition; after which, he proceeded to bestow on the reverend fathers, as a token of the love which he always bore to them, and for the gladdening of their hearts, 80,000—here the page ended; when the reader turned the leaf he found—"board-nails for a new building."' Fancy the face of a Jesuit changing from the flush of expectation to the glummest expression of mortified discomposure, on hearing such a bequest read forth in public!

The fall of Lobkowitz as minister was sudden and unanticipated. He was driving at ten o'clock in the morning, on the 17th of October 1674, to his usual audience with the emperor, when he was arrested by a captain of the body-guard, and found himself unceremoniously deprived of all his dignities and honours. The imperial order was to the effect 'that Lobkowitz, being *dismissed* from his offices and honours, should leave, within three days, the court and the imperial capital, and betake himself to his estate of Raudnitz, in Bohemia, where he was to remain in exile without ever absenting himself or corresponding with any one. The cause of all this he should never ask to know: if he dared to disobey, he should forfeit his life and all his property.' During his reverse of fortune, his jovial spirits never failed him. 'He had at Raudnitz a hall got up, one half with princely splendour, and the other half as a miserable hovel. In one half he lived and occupied himself as behoved his former splendid station; in the other, as was suited to his deep fall; and on all the walls he wrote ridiculous or scandalous anecdotes of the lives of his enemies. He died on the 22d of April 1677, at the age of sixty-nine, having received, after the death of the Empress Claudia, for his solace, some marks of favour from the emperor, and the assurance *that he had not deserved any punishment.*'

---

* *Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria.* By Dr E. Vehse. Translated from the German by Franz Demmler. 2 vols. Longman, London. 1856.

In similar style to this, our author sketches most of his courtly and political characters. As a further specimen of the work, and for the purpose of introducing a very singular man, not likely to be much known to our readers, we will extract a paragraph or two from the chapters referring to Prince Kaunitz. He was considered the greatest man in Vienna in the times of Maria Theresa. Kaunitz has been called the Richelieu of Austria; but he performed that character in a less sanguinary style than the French original. He did everything by diplomacy, and was the oracle of all the political intrigues of the eighteenth century. Down to the breaking out of the Revolution in France, he used to be called 'the Driver of the European Coach.' We do not propose to enter into an account of his diplomatic manœuvrings, but simply to take note of some of the main personal features which marked his individuality, and gave its peculiar piquancy to his character.

'Kaunitz,' says Dr Vehse, 'was one of the most singular men who have ever lived. Sprung from an original Slavonic race, he rose like a meteor in the official sky of Austria. In him the ponderous but sterling and steady Austro-German character was, in a most peculiar and original manner, blended with the mercurial versatility of the French man of the world. . . . . . He was, besides, the most remarkable mixture of great and petty qualities. Just as in an almost fabulous degree he had all the foibles of gallantry and vanity, he also was eminently possessed of the very sort of routine and diplomatic skill that was best fitted for the world in which he lived.' During the whole of his life, he paid particular attention to his toilet, which was at all times to him an affair of paramount importance. He was always dressed in good taste, and, on particular occasions, even with magnificence; but he did not much concern himself about conforming to the prescribed regulations of costume. 'From the very beginning of his being in power,' writes Baron Fürst, 'Kaunitz placed himself above the court etiquette. With the Spanish costume he wore white (instead of red) stockings, and made his appearance with a bag to his wig, and with a large muff. Although he had been told to comply with existing customs, he would not always do so. He was everywhere, except when at court, accompanied by a large bull-dog.' His wig was a remarkable article of the tie description, with a profusion of curls, which, to cover every wrinkle on his forehead, ran across it in a zigzag line. He seems to have been the inventor of the fantastic art of powdering, practised also by the famous Prince de Ligne, 'who used to walk to and fro through a double line of servants, each of whom had a different shade of hair-powder, white, blue, yellow, and pink, to throw at his wig, which, after this operation, exhibited what was considered to be the perfection of evenness and colouring.'

Kaunitz was exact and methodical in all his doings. 'In the morning and evening of every day, he arranged his writing-table with the strictest symmetry, putting pens and pencils, piece by piece, parallel to each other; also, whilst dictating to his secretary, he would frequently wipe the dust from the vases, picture-frames, and chests in his room. Every evening he noted down on a paper all that he intended to do on the following day. . . . . Every morning he awoke at nine o'clock, and began to work with his secretaries from eleven to twelve; remaining all the while in bed, as his chamber was also his principal room of business. Even Joseph, when emperor, came to him there. Kaunitz very rarely read or wrote anything himself, but had always some one to read to him, and dictated everything. Whilst listening or speaking, he sat stiff and immovable. Equally stiff and erect was his gait, even in his eightieth year. His manner of saluting was also very characteristic; it was scarcely more than a nod, his friends being at the same time acknowledged with a paternal smile, and all the rest with the air of a protector. He always spoke slowly and deliberately, looking as Charles V. used to do, either upwards or fixedly before him. He never under any circumstances betrayed, either by his gait or by his speech, any inward emotion, however strongly he might feel it. Many who lived with him for years have stated that, like Louis XIV., he had never been seen to laugh.'

Though covered in, as it were, with an outward show of French foppery and affectation, this extraordinary man had in him a most substantial groundwork of sterling German earnestness and solidity. He hated all superficiality in business, and performed well and carefully whatsoever he undertook. 'He not only was capable of thorough-going and intense exertion, but the whole of his life was devoted in reality to deep thought and strenuously sustained work; and all his domestic arrangements, his daily diet, and tender care for his health, were merely intended as means for maintaining in him that ease and freedom of mind which he conceived to be necessary for his graver purposes.'

Some curious traits are given us of the prince's domestic habits, which may be noticed on account of their singularity. He kept a very great house in Vienna, but the company which he entertained were not allowed to interrupt his daily routine, or any way interfere with his personal comfort. 'He every day kept an open table, covers being laid in the earlier part of his career for twelve, afterwards for sixteen or eighteen guests. But as he used to send his invitations only on the same day, and very late, at an hour when most people had accepted elsewhere, it would sometimes happen that only a few persons sat down with him. . . . . The table was most exquisitely supplied; but the guests, according to the statement of the English tourist Swinburne, were expected not to touch certain particular dishes of the dessert which were reserved for the prince's own use. Swinburne asserts that, when he once neglected the warning which had been given on that score, Kaunitz sulked with him for several days. . . . . If the prince accepted an invitation in any other house, his host, whatever might be his rank, had to allow Kaunitz's cook to supply the principal dishes of his master—who, in this respect, went so far as to have the wine, the bread, and even the water sent to him from his own house. Every one submitted to these conditions, as otherwise Kaunitz would not come at all. This peculiarity was not exactly owing to a dread of being poisoned, but to his anxious care for his health, as he was always fearful lest he should eat anything that might disorder his stomach. After the meal, whether at home or dining out, Kaunitz would take from his pocket his famous apparatus for cleansing his mouth, and with the greatest unconcern use it before the whole company for at least a quarter of an hour, during which operation he made all sorts of disagreeable noises. This apparatus consisted of a complete and most varied set of instruments; as, for instance, several small looking-glasses, to examine the teeth back and front, small linen rags, brushes, and other contrivances. Once, when he was preparing to do this at the table of the French ambassador Baron Breteuil, the latter said to his guests: "Levons nous, le prince veut être seul." The prince, who was then left alone, used his instruments in solitude; but from that time he never dined out again.'

It is a singular thing respecting Kaunitz, that he never enjoyed fresh air; he was of opinion that it did not agree with him. His rooms and carriages were accordingly closed from its intrusion; and when, during the most oppressive heat of the dog-days, he sometimes sat for a short time in an arm-chair in his garden, or walked a few steps from his residence to the royal palace, he always carefully covered his mouth with a handkerchief. His humour or infirmity in this respect was well understood and provided for by his imperial mistress. 'When he came to Maria Theresa, who had generally one or more windows open, and who, without any danger to her health, could sit for hours in the strongest draught, all the windows were immediately closed as soon as "the prince" was announced.' Besides his dislike to fresh air, Kaunitz took no exercise, save in the shape of a game at billiards and a brief ride on horseback. His horsemanship was marked by his usual eccentricity. 'Every afternoon, before dinner, he rode three horses, each for the same number of minutes, in the riding-school, which in winter was lighted up with a profusion of lamps. He kept horses from all parts of Europe. Only in the very warmest weather he ventured to take a ride in a bosquet in his palace-garden at Mariahilf. He had different suits of clothes, regulated according to the temperature of the day, to prevent his catching cold. . . . . In all the rooms of his house, thermometers were hung, to regulate the heat of the stoves. . . . . But Kaunitz was never ill, and reached the ripe age of eighty-four years. If ever he was at all indisposed, he cured himself with an electuary which he had brought from Paris, and of which he had a new supply sent to him by every courier.'

With all this fastidious habit, we are told, no one ever understood better than Kaunitz did the art of making life pleasant to himself and to others; no one ever took such anxious care of his life. It seemed as if he thought that, with due caution, he might almost live for ever. He never appears to have concerned himself about the final change which must some day come. 'Whatever could remind him of dying, was to be carefully kept in the background. All the persons usually about him were strictly forbidden to utter in his presence the words "death" and "small-pox." He had not himself been afflicted with this disorder; but he had been shocked by it in the case of the empress. His readers received from him in writing an earnest injunction to eschew the use of those two obnoxious words. The wags would have it that even the "inoculation" of trees was not to be spoken of, because it reminded him of the inoculation of the small-pox. His birthday also was never to be alluded to. When the referendary Von Binder, for fifty years his friend and confidant, died, Xaverius Raidt, the prince's reader, expressed himself in this way: "Baron Binder is no longer to be found." The prince, after some moments' silence, replied: "Est-il mort? Il était cependant assez vieux." Binder was one year and a half younger than Kaunitz. To another of his readers, Secretary Harrer, at that time a man of sixty, he once said: "Mais comment est-il possible, que de jeunes gens, comme vous, oublient des choses pareilles?" The news of the death of Frederick the Great reached him in this way: his reader, with apparent absence of mind, told him that a courier had just arrived from Berlin at the Prussian ambassador's with notifications of King Frederick *William*. Kaunitz sat for some time stiff and motionless in his arm-chair, shewing no sign of having understood the hint. At last he rose, walked slowly through the room, then sat down and said, raising his arms to heaven: "Alas! when will such a king again ennoble the diadem?" When the Emperor Joseph died, the valet returned to Kaunitz a document, which the emperor was to have signed, with the words: "The emperor signs no more." The death of his sister, Countess Questenberg, Kaunitz only knew when he saw his household in mourning. In a like manner, he once remained unacquainted with the recovery of one of his sons from severe illness, until the convalescent came in person to call on him: Kaunitz himself had never been to see him during his illness. To an old aunt of his he once sent from his table one of her favourite dishes—four years after her death!'

But we must leave Kaunitz, and turn to some of the minor anecdotes which are liberally sprinkled throughout the book. Here and there in the two volumes we obtain curious glimpses of court-amusements. When Peter the Great of Russia visited Vienna, in the reign of Leopold I., he was entertained with a grand masquerade called a 'Tavern,' of which we have the following description:—'The emperor personated the landlord, and the empress the landlady of the tavern. The other masks appeared in the dress of the different European or eastern nations; or as gipsies, gardeners, shepherds, peasants of different countries, quacks, brigands, waiters, &c. These characters were supported by the arch-dukes and arch-duchesses, and by the princes then staying at Vienna, including the highest nobility of Austria. One illustrious guest was Prince Eugene, who had just before won the great battle of Zenta; he appeared in the character of a waiter to the imperial tavern-keeper. The emperor and empress, as "mine host and mine hostess," sat at the top of the table; the princes and princesses, counts and countesses, cavaliers and ladies, drew lots for their several places. The company having, after supper, returned to the ball-room, the czar, as a Frisian peasant, danced with indefatigable energy until daylight, all the while singing Russian ditties, and flinging his lady about in the true style of village swains. He was so taken with his partner, the beautiful Countess Johanna Thurn, who, like him, wore the Frisian costume, that he would scarcely allow her to leave his side. At table, the emperor, as "mine host," rose and went up to the Frisian peasant with a magnificent crystal cup, pledging to him the health of the Grand Czar of Muscovy. Peter then took the cup from Leopold's mouth, and said in very fair German: "I know the Czar of Muscovy very well, inside and outside; he is a friend of your imperial majesty, and an enemy of your enemies; and so heartily devoted to the emperor, that, even if there were rank poison in this cup, he would forthwith without demur drink it at your command." With this he drained the tankard, and returned it empty to the emperor, who begged him to accept of it as a present—a request to which the czar at once acceded, assuring his host that as long as he lived his heart and this glass should be at the service of his majesty. Then turning to the king of the Romans, the czar said that "his majesty, being still young, might bear more than his father the emperor;" on the strength of which Peter pledged him in eight successive cups. After this feat, the czar embraced and kissed the king, lifted him up in his arms, and was in high glee.'

During this visit to Vienna, Peter tried to advance his own political objects by all the arts of flattery, and even by bribing ministers. All were not, however, accessible either to his flatteries or his bribes. The privy-councillor Count Strattman, to whom the czar sent a magnificent casket inlaid with lapis lazuli and turquoises, returned it unopened, with the remark: 'Let the czar give it to some other minister who has better deserved of him.' Hearing which, Peter broke out into a laugh, saying: 'A thorough fool, but for once an honest one!'

In concluding our slight notice of these Memoirs, we may say to readers desirous of obtaining a general conception of Austrian history, that they will here find what they wish for. No other book known to us, in relation to the subject, is better fitted for general perusal, or is likely to be so acceptable to so large a number of inquirers. Much of it is of the nature of personal gossip; but the gossip commonly illustrates more important matters; and, considering the unpretending character of the work, we must pronounce it, upon the whole, well deserving of its popularity.

ANOTHER TILT AT THE CROCODILE.

We have recently given from Pliny and Pococke some details of the mode in which the fellahs of the Valley of the Nile were wont to hunt the crocodile; but the famous exploit of Mr Waterton receives confirmation likewise from Mr Gosse in his delightful book upon the natural history of Jamaica,* from which we furnish, with little modification, the following anecdote of the Antilles.

Some time in the spring of 1829 or 1830, but most probably in the latter year, a cayman from the neighbouring lagoons, that used occasionally to poach upon the ducks and ducklings of Lyson's estate in St Thomas in the east, was taken in his prowl, and killed. All sorts of suspicion had been entertained as to the depredator, till the crocodile was one day surprised lounging in one of the ponds after a night's plunder. Downie, the engineer of the plantation, shot at and wounded him with such effect, that he immediately rose out of the pond to regain the morass. It was now that David Brown, an African wainman, came up, and before the reptile could get away, threw himself astride over his back, snatched up his fore-paws in a moment, and held them doubled up. The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout; and though able to move his hind-feet freely, and flap his tail, he could only move in a circle, while the African steadily kept his seat. In this way, a huge reptile eighteen feet long —for so he measured when killed—was held *manu forti* by one man, till Downie reloaded his fowling-piece, and shot him quietly through the brain.

Mr Hill's comments upon this feat of 'noble caymanship' are worthy of extract. 'You will perceive,' he says, 'that this is precisely the feat performed by Mr Waterton. He says his cayman plunged furiously, and lashed the sand with his tail; but that, being near the head, he was out of the reach of the strokes of it, and that the reptile's plunging and striking only made his seat uncomfortable. This seemed really almost all the difficulty in David Brown's case; but as every plunge with him only drove the crocodile's nose into the ground, whereas Mr Waterton's cayman was kept head up by the people tugging at the hook in his throat, that would make his chivalry a more desperate adventure than David Brown's, for *his* beast's efforts to get forward only more effectually set him fast where he was.'

There is another curious passage in Mr Gosse's volume—far too costly a book, unfortunately, to be accessible to any save a small minority of our readers—which throws a singular light on the story, familiar to most people, and by most people regarded as a *blague*, of the dogs lapping the water of the Nile without stopping in their run, so that they may baffle the crocodiles, which are said to have a great predilection for dogs' flesh. It is certainly curious to find a similar belief universal, although in a somewhat exaggerated form, amongst the negroes of the New World. In the Antilles, we are told by Mr Hill, it is held that the voice of the dog will always draw these reptiles from any other kind of prey; and persons who would cross a river without any risk from their attacks, send a scout down the stream to imitate a dog's howl, yelp, or bark, which is no sooner heard by the alligators, than away they all swim to the promising spot, leaving a clear and safe ford for the travellers higher up. Mr Hill further informs us, that instinct has taught the dog to secure himself by a similar expedient, and that when he has to traverse a stretch of water, he boldly goes down the stream, howling and barking. On observing the crocodiles congregating in eager cupidity at the spot, he creeps gently up the banks, and there crosses, leaving the expectants to their meditations.

Now this, it must be confessed, reads rather like a figment of old Goedart, that Munchausen amongst naturalists; but setting aside the alleged *penchant* of the crocodile for the flesh of the dog as improbable, there are satisfactory reasons for believing that he is peculiarly affected by its bark. The well-known habits of the reptile negative the supposition that he exercises any particular choice in his food: he never eats it until it has acquired a very high *fumet*.

'The fishes on which he preys, he probably devours,' as Mr Hill observes, 'immediately after their capture; but all other victims, as soon as they are slain, are torn and mangled, and are left to putrefy limb by limb in the river, or in the sedges adjoining his lurking-place.' Why, then, is he so sensitive to the bark of the dog? Mr Hill will explain.

'I am disposed,' says that curious observer, 'to ascribe this susceptibility to be roused at the canine yelp, to the similarity of that sound to its *own peculiar cry*, under any species of excitement—to the fact that it is the impassioned voice of its young—to the maternal solicitude of the female for its progeny when it hears that voice —and to the ravenous appetite of the male on the same occasion; for, like many of the rapacious animals, the male of this tribe preys upon its own offspring.

'Professor Buckland has discovered in the excrementitious fossils of the plesiosaurus or fish-lizard evidence of a similar rapacious appetite in those extinct animals.

'It is not very clear whether the male parent assists the female in the office of disposing the eggs in the earth; it is much more likely, from the necessity of her after-watchfulness to guard against his reprisals, that he does not. After burying the eggs in the earth, to be there matured by the sun, the female visits from time to time the place in which they are secreted, and, just as the period of hatching is completed, exhibits her attachment to her offspring in the anxiety with which she comes and goes, walks round the nest of her hopes, scratches the fractured shell, and, *by sounds which resemble the bark of a dog*, excites the half-extricated young to struggle forth into life. When she has beheld, with this sort of joy, fear, and anxiety, the last of her offspring quit its broken casement, she leads them forth into the plashy pools away from the river, and among the thick underwood, to avoid the predatory visits of their father. In this season of care and watchfulness, she is ferocious, daring, and morose, guarding with inquietude her young wherever they wander. She turns when they turn, and by whining and grunting shews a particular solicitude to keep them in such pools only as are much too shallow for the resort of the full-grown reptile. . . . . . In this period of their helplessness, the mother feeds them with her masticated food, disgorging it to them as the dog does to its pups. In general, it is rarely seen otherwise than crouching with its belly to the earth, and crawling with a curvilinear motion; but at this time it may be observed firmly standing on its feet. This is the attitude of anger and attack; and its spring is quick—a sort of agile leap, by no means short in distance. During all this time of protection and dependence, is heard the voice by which the young makes its wants known, and the parent assures its offspring of its superintendence. It is the yelping bark of the dog and the whining of the puppy.

'From all these facts, I take it that when the sound of the dog's bark is heard, the caymans press to the spot from which it issues, agitated by two several passions—the females to protect their young, and the males to devour them; and to this, and not to their predilection for the flesh of dogs, are we to ascribe the eagerness with which they scud away, agitated by that voice which in the one case is the thrilling cry of danger, and in the other, the exciting announcement of food.'

---

* *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica.* By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S., &c.; assisted by Richard Hill, Esq., Cor. M.Z.S., London, &c. London. 1851.

ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN.

That distinguished French periodical, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is now publishing a series of interesting articles from the pen of M. Alphonse Esquiros, on the Netherlands and life in Holland. From a late number, we translate his graphic account of the origin of the celebrated University of Leyden.

The foundation of this famous university is connected with the siege which Leyden sustained in the year 1573. The United Provinces had risen against the Spanish domination. Liberty of conscience basely violated, political and religious despotism, the inquisition, and the establishment of arbitrary taxation, had all tended to exasperate the national feelings. 'At this time,' says the historian Hooft, surnamed the Tacitus of Holland, 'all ranks, ages, and sexes were confounded in one general persecution. The gibbet and the wheel did not suffice; the trees which bordered the public roads were laden with corpses, and the flames of the funeral-piles of martyrdom darted upwards to the sky. Scaffolds were erected in every quarter; and the very air became infected with a vapour of death.' Then was seen a spectacle rarely paralleled in the world's history. A few hundred men, pushed to despair—fishermen, shepherds, merchants—banded themselves together to struggle against the crushing oppression of a powerful government, and against armies reputed invincible. Following the example given by other towns of Holland, the inhabitants of Leyden declared themselves in favour of the union of the provinces; but towards the end of October they were attacked and surrounded by the Spaniards. The Prince of Orange wrote directions to the citizens at all hazards to offer resistance. He promised on his part to seek every means of assisting them. 'Hold out for three months,' he said; 'and even if the siege should last longer, do not lose courage. If you persevere, deliverance is certain; but if you surrender, perpetual servitude awaits you.'

The enemy, meanwhile, sought by insidious promises to obtain an entrance into the place. The only reply vouchsafed by the besieged was this Latin verse—

Fistula dulce canit, volucrem dum decipit auceps.*

The defence of the city was intrusted to Janus Douza. The burghers bound themselves by oath to die beneath the ruins of their houses rather than yield. Although in the first instance all the useless mouths had been sent away, famine soon pressed on the city. No bread was to be seen, and provisions of all sorts became every day more scarce. At length grass, leaves, the bark of trees, the skins of the animals which had long since been devoured, even clay, came to be used as nutriment. Pestilence followed famine. Of 16,000 inhabitants, between 6000 and 7000 perished. Everywhere living skeletons were seen burying the dead. The town, defended by shadows, still sustained itself against the fury of the invading army and its own internal divisions. To the soldiers, who shouted to them: 'You are dying of hunger—surrender, and you shall have food,' they answered from the top of the ramparts: 'When our provisions are quite gone, we will eat our left hands, and keep our right to defend our liberty.'

One day, however, a famished crowd presented themselves before the burgomaster of Leyden, Pieter Adriaanszoon van der Werff: they peremptorily demanded either bread or the surrender of the city. 'I have sworn to defend this city,' replied the magistrate, 'and with the help of God, I hope to keep my oath. Bread I have not; but if my body can serve to enable you to continue the struggle, take it, cut it up, and divide it amongst you.' The poor people withdrew in silence.

The fate of Holland hung on the walls of Leyden. All the United Provinces watched the heroic town; but the place was so rigorously blockaded, that it was most difficult to come to its assistance. The Prince of Orange at length resolved to pierce the dikes. It was a desperate measure; nevertheless the old Batavian proverb prevailed—Better a country desolated than a country lost. The whole country was overflowed with water, and the harvests destroyed. The sea, that natural enemy of Holland, came to the help of Leyden; but it came slowly. A north-east wind kept back the waves, on whose crests appeared barks mounted with cannon. These boats, impelled by means of wheels, without either oars or sails, were manned by brave Zeeland seamen, who had almost all been wounded and mutilated in the war of independence. The besieged from the summit of their ramparts could see the flotilla, could even converse with the crews; but the envious flood receded instead of advancing, bearing away their last hope. The enemy, on the other hand, although driven from some advanced positions by the overflowing of the waters, still maintained themselves on the principal dikes. Leyden seemed lost, when the moon becoming full, swelled the tide. The wind changed to the south-west; and one of those violent storms which at ordinary seasons tend so much to endanger the safety of Holland, burst forth on its coasts. The sea, resistless in its might, enlarged the breaches already made in the dikes, and rushed over the land, bearing along on its waves terror, desolation, and—safety. Surprised and submerged, stupified with terror at the noise of the tempest, and the falling of a portion of the walls, the Spaniards tumultuously abandoned their posts, and threw their cannon into the water.

The same tide which enabled them to retreat, bore the Zeeland flotilla, laden with provisions, to the gates of Leyden. A terrible combat—'an *amphibious* fight,' to use the expression of a Dutch historian—ensued, partly on the dikes and partly on board the barks. The sailors triumphed, and entered the town; but amid the joy of deliverance, a sad spectacle met their eyes. Lining both sides of the great canal, crowds of famished creatures were shouting for food. With almost brutal avidity, they seized the loaves and the herrings which were distributed, and many who had hitherto borne up against hunger died of repletion.

The redoubtable army of Spain, beaten, drowned, dispersed over the land by the waters of the sea, had vanished like that of Pharaoh. 'God,' it was said, 'loves Holland now, as He formerly loved Israel.' Disabled by severe illness, the Prince of Orange, surnamed the Silent, had not appeared in person before the walls of Leyden. He was at Delft, and, scarcely recovered, was for the first time attending public worship in one of the churches of that town, when tidings came that the siege was raised. The prince sent a message to the preacher, who immediately, with a loud voice, proclaimed the blessed news. Tears mingled abundantly with the thanksgivings that followed.

Although pestilence still raged in Leyden, William the Silent hastened thither. Surrounded by the citizens, who forgot their sorrows as they thronged to meet him whom they regarded as the living rampart of their reconquered liberty, he asked them whether they would prefer for their city a perpetual exemption from certain taxes, or the foundation of a Protestant university. The burghers of Leyden did not hesitate in their choice: 'A university!' was their unanimous cry. And so, on the 9th of February 1575, was inaugurated with much pomp that edifice destined afterwards to number amongst its students and professors many of the most brilliant geniuses of Europe. The anniversary of the inauguration is still celebrated every year in Leyden.

---

* 'The bird-catcher plays sweetly on the pipe when he beguiles the winged creature.'

SOUTHEY'S 'FAMOUS VICTORY.'

CORRECTED TO THE PRESENT TIME.

It was a summer evening,
  Old Caspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
  Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Katerine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
  Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
  In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Caspar took it from the boy,
  Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
  And with a natural sigh:
''Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,
  For there's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plough,
  The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
  Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Katerine looks up
  With wonder-waiting eyes:
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.'

'The French and English,' Caspar cried,
  'The Russians put to rout;
But what they killed each other for,
  I could not well make out.
At Alma, and in this valley,
They gained a glorious victory.

'My brother lived at Inkermann—
  Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
  And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With *feu d'enfer* Sebastopol
  Was wasted far and wide;
And many thousand Russians there
  In hopeless anguish died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight,
  After the town was won;
For many thousand Russians there
  Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'Great praise the French and English won,
  The Turk and brave Sardine'——
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
  Said little Katerine.
'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he;
'It was a famous victory.

'And everybody praised th' Allies
  Who that stronghold did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
  Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he;
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.

While we send sympathy and aid to the sufferers by these inundations, it were well if we could also impress on them, and other people exposed to the like calamities, that disaster from such a cause will always be now and then occurring, where human habitations are placed in certain situations with respect to rivers. Let it be observed, there is alongside of almost all rivers a flat meadow—called amongst us in Scotland a *haugh*—which is often assumed as building-ground, from the very fact of its being so near the course of the stream, particularly where the stream is navigable, or where a bridge causes confluence of people, or from whatever other cause. Such are the sites of many of our principal British cities, or parts of them, London not excepted, where Southwark and Westminster are almost wholly on that sort of ground. Now, it is a mere tempting of Providence—a solecism—to build on such ground, and simply because it is part of the very river-channel itself. It is the winter or flood course of the river, and absolutely the product of its various inundations in the course of ages. The river every now and then rises under flood, so as to cover that ground, unless artificially confined within its usual channel. Then it is we hear of its filling streets up to the first floor, drowning cellars and kitchens, pressing back sewage-water into houses, sweeping away walls, cottages, &c., and burying gardens under mud and rubbish. The fair, but injudiciously placed city of Perth, undergoes woes of this kind once every few years, and will ever do so, while so much of it lies on the haugh of Tay. Many pleasant towns in France are likewise so situated, and hence the late troubles, which form but an example of what is every now and then experienced in that quarter. The only way wholly to avoid such evils is to build towns on the second platform of ground bordering rivers, and never on the first; or, if they are already on the first platform, and cannot be removed, then an artificial embankment or *levée* may be available. If neither of these expedients is resorted to, let no one be so foolish as complain of the damage produced by inundations, for occasional inundations are only what he may reasonably expect.

BLUE DEVILS.

In an article in the *Journal of Psychological Medicine* on Baron Feuchtersleben's *Principles of Medical Psychology*, shewing how the mind is influenced by a mechanical calling, there is this curious sentence: 'Rösch and Esquirol affirm from observation that indigo-dyers become melancholy; and those who dye scarlet, choleric. Their observation regarding indigo-dyers affords a strong confirmation of the statement of that arch-quack, Paracelsus, who declared blue to be injurious.' This would seem to suggest that our phrase, 'the blue devils,' may derive its origin from a scientific fact.

NOTICE.

All COMMUNICATIONS *for this* JOURNAL *are requested to be addressed, till further notice, to* 47 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by JAMES FRASER, 14 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 133. SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

THE EXTERNALS OF LITERATURE.

THERE are many, no doubt, to whom the artificial refinements in what may be termed the externals of literature, afford no pleasure; to whom a vellum copy, shining in gold and morocco, is no more acceptable than if it had been printed on dingy brown paper and bound in shabby sheepskin. Still, Milton has well said that a book is 'the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life;' and why, then, should not such a treasure be enclosed in a worthy casket?

Dr Dibdin, the celebrated bibliographer, in his easy, enthusiastic manner thus depicts what he considers to be the *beau idéal* of a gentleman's pleasure-apartment, by which appellation the worthy doctor not inappropriately designates a library. Satin-wood bookcases, surmounted by chaste Etruscan vases, should surround the walls, and the floor be covered by a light-blue carpet, embroidered with roses, shaded in brown. The curtains should be in harmony; while a sprinkling of alabaster lamps, marble busts, and a very few choice paintings, complete the scene. Probably the most perfect, at any rate the most famous, apartment of this kind is the Aldine Cabinet in Spencer House, St James's Place, London, the town-residence of Earl Spencer. The walls, panelled with gilded palm-branches, support a semi-circular ceiling, adorned with compartments of gilt roses. The furniture is in keeping, neither too gaudy nor overabundant; yet the contents of a few mahogany bookcases, ranged about the walls, are more valuable than a jew's eye or a king's ransom. One case contains no less than fifty books from the press of the first English printer, Caxton; while its companion is filled with works printed by Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson, in the fifteenth century. The Caxtons alone are reckoned to be worth more than twelve thousand guineas, yet they are not considered to be of sufficient importance to give a name to the apartment; they and their English compeers must hide their diminished heads beside a complete set of Aldines printed on vellum. Another such collection does not exist in the whole world, and never did. Complete sets of works from the press of the three famous Venetians who rejoiced in the name of Aldus, there may be, but not all printed on vellum. In the early days of printing, a very few copies of each work were struck off on vellum, to be given as presents to great men, or to insure a more lasting existence to the book itself. Indeed, even at the present day, where book-connoisseurs are connected, it is not unusual to print a few copies of a new work on vellum, and these are ever sacredly preserved from public profanity in the book-enlightened hands of the cognoscenti. More frequently, for a similar purpose, a few copies are printed on a larger paper than the others, with India proofs of the engravings, if any. As but a few of the Aldines were printed on vellum, it has been only by the independent labours of many book-collectors, extending over a long series of years, that a complete set was ultimately brought together. Their alleged money-value is enormous; and no one will be surprised to learn that their gorgeous bindings are fully commensurate with the extravagant estimation in which they are held.

The earliest books of the ancients were merely scrolls of loose leaves, kept together by being tied up in a cylindrical roll or volume. Subsequently, a sagacious wight, whose name is not preserved by history, conceived the idea of passing a cord through the ends of the leaves; and at last one Phillatius, an Athenian, earned a well-deserved statue from his grateful countrymen by teaching them to glue the edges of the leaves together: many a statue has since been erected for far less service conferred upon mankind. The Roman satirist Catullus gives us a good idea of the best books of his period. Ridiculing a contemporary poet, whose sonnets were trash, though his books were elegant, he says:

His paper is royal, not common or bad;
His wrappers and bosses are totally new;
His sheets, smoothed by pumice, are all ruled with lead,
And bound by a ribbon of rose-coloured hue.

The ribbon, *lorum*, was a thong of soft leather; the bosses, *umbilici*, were ornamental knobs of wood, metal, or ivory, at each end of the roller on which the book was rolled; and the pumice-stone, *pumex*, was used to give the leaves a glossy polish; and it is still an implement of the bookbinder's craft. We also learn from an epigram of Martial, that the Roman books were sprinkled with *cedrium*—an essential oil of cedar—to give them an agreeable smell, and preserve them from worms and insects. The title was written on an oblong piece of fine vellum, which was glued on the outside leaf, in such a position that it would be visible if the book were rolled up. When closed, the whole resembled a mounted map of the present day; and in such guise were the writings of Virgil and Cicero kept in the houses of Rome and Pompeii.

The next step in advance, from books of the preceding description, was gained by an improvement in their principal material. By an improved process of preparing the vellum, it was made capable of receiving writing on both sides; previously, it could only be written on one. It was then trimmed into squares or parallelograms, and folded into double or quadruple folds. This was the first approach to the modern book-form; and the securing it required, constituted the commencement of the modern art of bookbinding.

The earliest known specimen of English bookbinding is a Latin and Saxon psalter of the ninth century, lately in the Stowe Collection. It is rudely stitched with leathern thongs, and clumsily covered with oaken boards, having their corners defended by bosses of brass. But soon after its period, a revival of classical literature, chiefly through the efforts of Lanfranc, gave an onward impetus to the art of bookbinding. Books came into demand, and in all the larger monasteries there was a room termed the *scriptorium*, solely appropriated to the writing and binding of books. Lay-encouragers of learning not unfrequently endowed the scriptorium with estates: to that of the convent of St Edmund's-Bury, there belonged two mills, with other property. The monks who applied themselves to book-making were more respected than their less useful fellows; for, as an old author says, they not only furthered knowledge, but avoided the sin-begetting vice of indolence. Herman, a skilful monkish binder, who came to England at the Conquest, soon rose to be bishop of Salisbury.

The patient zeal of the monkish binders raised their art to a high degree of excellence. Under the reign of Edward III., we read of a book covered with enamelled gold, and clasped with a ruby—having on one side a cross of diamonds, and on the other a *fleur-de-lis*, of the same precious stones; the pendant, or what we would now term the book-mark, was ornamented with white sapphires. The most interesting specimen of the taste and ingenuity of the old conventual scribes and binders still in existence, is the celebrated Bedford Missal, specially prepared for the valiant Duke John of Bedford, uncle of Henry VI., and regent of France, so well known to the readers of Shakspeare. It is ornamented with fifty-nine large miniatures—each occupying nearly a page—and one thousand smaller ones, displayed in brilliant borders of golden foliage, with variegated flowers—the letters are blue and gold. An enthusiastic antiquary and bibliographer has actually published a quarto volume on this very missal alone. But few books of a similar description are extant. Time, the worm, and the furious zeal of the early reformers, not unmixed with cupidity, have left but a few—now worth more than their weight in gold, to be carefully treasured in the great libraries of Europe. One way in which a conventual library was disposed of, is so very curious, as to be worth mention. In 1506, Joyce Rowse, the abbess of Rumsey, sold the books of her convent as waste-paper to purchase ale, a beverage which she and her nuns took great delight in. The scandal became notorious; but the sisterhood consisting exclusively of ladies of high birth, the bishop of the diocese was prevented from interfering till the library was destroyed and the last flagon of book-bought ale tippled.

The richest binding in existence is probably that known to antiquaries as the *Golden Manual of Prayers*, which belonged to Queen Elizabeth. It is bound in solid gold; a representation of the judgment of Solomon is elegantly delineated on one of the covers, the other representing Moses raising the brazen serpent. A loop attached to each cover shews that Elizabeth wore this book suspended by a gold chain from her girdle. This reminds us how the books that were placed in churches, for the benefit of the people, were chained to the reading-desks, on the principle of safe bind, safe find. Nor was the custom peculiar to churches alone; there is an ancient record still in existence which proves that one thousand book-chains were at one time used in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Strangely enough, the invention of printing at first acted detrimentally to the advancement of the art of bookbinding. Gorgeous envelopments, glistening in Genoa velvet, jewels, and gold, were almost necessarily the coexistents of elaborate writing and brilliant illuminations. Books, too, becoming more plentiful, decreased in value, and, as a consequence, were less splendidly bound; so we find that the early printed ones were covered with oaken boards and coarse leather, almost as clumsily as the Saxon psalter of the ninth century already referred to. As Pope says:

> There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn by his side,
> One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.

The first grand improvement, forming the great epoch in the history of modern bookbinding, was the application of morocco; for this the world is indebted to that royal book-collector, Corvinus, king of Hungary. His library, consisting of 50,000 volumes, was the envy and wonder of the world. A small army of workmen was constantly employed in gilding, painting, and binding these books, every one of which was marked with the device of a crow holding a ring in its mouth, the Latin etymon of the name of the royal owner. Corvinus died in 1490, and but a few years afterwards his magnificent library was destroyed and scattered to the winds, when Buda was captured by the Turks under Sultan Solyman II. Not three hundred of the works it contained are now known to be in existence, and most of these are in the Imperial Library at Vienna. One, now in the public library of Brussels, is a Latin *Evangelistarium*, written in letters of gold on the finest vellum. This book, having fallen into the hands of Philip II. of Spain, was long preserved in the Escurial as a sacred relic: it was never shewn to strangers, except in the presence of ecclesiastics and nobles of high rank, who, with heads uncovered and bearing torches, reverentially stood in solemn silence round the golden casket in which it was enclosed.

Corvinus, then, has the credit of introducing morocco; but it was Jean Grolier, treasurer to Francis I. of France, and a munificent patron of learning and the arts, who brought it into fashion. Grolier's vast wealth, and official position as ambassador of France at the courts of Rome and Vienna, afforded him unusual facilities for collecting books, which he caused to be bound in the most tasteful and costly manner. Every volume displayed the liberality of its possessor, for all were lettered with the epigraph, *Grolieri et Amicorum* —Grolier and his friends. A contemporary writer, describing a dinner-party at Grolier's house in Rome, at which Aldus, the celebrated Venetian printer, and men connected with literature, were present, states that, after dinner, Grolier gave to each of his guests a pair of gloves, stuffed full with golden ducats. Grolier's library was scattered at his death, but specimens of his books are still extant in various collections, and are valued at extraordinary prices. A copy of the *Historia Piscium*, by Salvianus, was sold not long since for L.30: the book is not rare, and of no intrinsic value; then why did it fetch so much money? The answer is simple: It was a good specimen of Grolier's beautiful binding. The historian De Thou, and the statesman Colbert, succeeded to the mantle of Grolier in their taste for elegant bindings, and brought morocco into general use. They also introduced the very excellent plan of lettering the title of the book on the back of the volume.

The bookbinders of the seventeenth century in England, were far behind those of France. The best bound English books of that period are covered with dark calf-skin, and embellished with thickly studded gold ornaments on the sides and back. Instead of using a press, the sheets were beaten with a heavy mallet on a large stone, to make them lie close and even. Clement Barksdale, the Cotswold poet, addressing his bookbinder, thus alludes to this practice:

> Has my muse made a fault? Friend, I entreat,
> Before you bind her up, you will her beat;
> Though she 's not loose and wanton, I can tell,
> Unless you beat her, you'll ne'er bind her well.

The early part of the eighteenth century saw the commencement of the Harleian era. Harley, Earl of Oxford, friend of Pope, and favourite of Queen Anne, was a renowned collector of books. Yet, though he was careful to have his books bound neatly and substantially, they display none of the gorgeous taste which made the old French binders so celebrated. The style of binding which characterised his library was an invariable red morocco, with broad gold bands round the edges, and a star or lozenge in the centre of each side. After the death of Harley, the art again retrograded; what was termed university binding—a sober, gray tinted calf, with bands—coming into fashion. Mr Hollis, however, rather eccentrically deviated from the general style of this period. He employed the celebrated artist Pingo to engrave a number of emblematical devices, such as the cap of liberty, the owl of Minerva, the caduceus of Mercury, the wand of Æsculapius. When patriotism animated the pages, a sprinkling of caps of liberty decorated the covers; when wisdom filled the folio, the owl's majestic gravity indicated the seriousness of the subject; while the caduceus of Mercury fitly emblematised the soaring flight of eloquence, and the wand of Æsculapius testified a treatise on the healing art. These freaks of Mr Hollis would lead us to the thousand-and-one eccentricities of bookbinding, were there not worthier matter to fill the page. Suffice it to say, books on hunting have been bound in deer-skin, and an admirer of Mr Fox had his *History* bound in fox-skin; while in the last century, an action at law between Dr W. Hunter, the celebrated anatomist, and his bookbinder, disclosed the startling fact, that the former had employed the latter to bind a medical work on diseases of the skin in the very human cuticle of which it treated.

The greatest practical improvement in the art of bookbinding, during the eighteenth century, was the introduction of what is technically termed the sawn back. This is merely a groove made with a saw in the back of the sheets, to receive the band to which they are sewn. Thus no unsightly projection appears on the back, such as is seen on all bindings of an earlier date. The bookbinders furiously opposed this innovation; but common-sense, as it always will, soon defeated the prejudices of an interested trade.

It was not till 1766 that the star of English bookbinding rose high in the ascendant, through the skill and taste of Roger Payne. This remarkable man first saw the light at Windsor, learned his trade in the classic shades of Eton, and ultimately came to London to push his fortune. There are millions who have never heard of the renowned Roger, but still he was a great man in his way, for all that. Speak to a thorough bibliomaniac of Raphael or Angelo, Canova or Flaxman, Handel or Rossini, and he will irreverently mutter something about daubers of canvas, hewers of marble, or scrapers of catgut; but whisper the magical name of Payne, and his countenance will become radiant with pleasure, and he will exclaim: 'Ah! *he* was, indeed, an artist!' A thorough connoisseur, on entering a large library, will instantly detect a Roger Payne among a thousand other books. He will take the precious volume from the shelf, as carefully as if he were handling his first-born babe; he will gloat over it, as a miser does over his gold; he will expatiate for hours, if you choose to listen to him, on the beauty and peculiar points of the workmanship; and he will return the book to its place with a sigh as profound as that emitted by the unhappy Boabdil when he took his last view of the unrivalled Alhambra and his glorious city of Granada.

The light of Payne was not suffered to linger long under a bushel. His great taste in the choice and judicious application of ornament, soon procured him numerous patrons among the noblest and wealthiest of the land. His favourite colour was an olive morocco, which, from some peculiar theory of his own, he always pertinaciously insisted on terming venetian. But his ornaments were the great beauty of his bindings, from their chaste and classical taste, and the correctness of their execution. In renovating and repairing an ancient black-letter tome, his skill was almost miraculous. His *chef-d'œuvre* is a Glasgow Æschylus, in the library of Earl Spencer: the bill for binding this book is still extant, and its amount is above L.16. Several of his bills are carefully treasured in the hands of collectors, and are genuine curiosities, as they minutely describe the work performed, egotistically extol the abilities of the workman, and contemptuously depreciate the '*usial*' bad binding of other artists. The private account-book of Roger has also been preserved; and from the following entry of one day's expenditure in it, we may safely conclude that the tide of his affairs, however favourable, did not lead to fortune:—'For bacon, one half-penny. For liquor, one shilling.' Sad to say, his conduct was not equal to his abilities; consequently, instead of rising to the position his talents commanded, he, through vicious indulgence, fell and died in the lowest depth of wretchedness and poverty. But Roger did not live in vain. He not only introduced a new and chaste style, but gave a powerful stimulus to the advancement of his trade. After his time, tasteless and unmeaning ornaments were discarded, and a series of highly finished classical and geometrical designs adopted. We can descend the stream of time no further. It would be invidious to speak of the binders of the present day, or even of those whom they have so worthily succeeded. Nor does the art depend upon individual skill so much as formerly, the mighty appliances of machinery having been called to aid. If the covers have been previously prepared, some of the London binders will bind 1000 volumes, in gilt cloth, in the short space of six hours.

An interesting method of embellishing books, known to the initiated by the technical term illustration, cannot be passed over without notice. To illustrate a book, even imperfectly, is the labour of a lifetime, and requires a large fortune, unwearied diligence, and unconquerable patience. An Edinburgh bailie, who delighted in surrounding himself with works of *virtu*, was one day shewing his art-treasures to the well-known antiquary, the Rev. Andrew Small of Edenshead, when the latter drily said: 'Ay, bailie, there will be a grand rouping here some day.' It is ever the same with private collections of books—to the complexion of the roup, the ebony hammer of the glib-tongued auctioneer, they must come at last. So we may certainly calculate, that some time towards the close of the century there will be great excitement at various sale-rooms where book-buyers most do congregate, and there will be notices in the newspapers of the enormous prices which illustrated copies of Macaulay's *History of England* will then command, for that is the work upon which the illustrators of the present day are most busily employed. To give an idea of such employment, we shall describe the usual process of illustration. As the size of Macaulay's *History* will not admit of large prints, and as folding them, as far as it can be avoided, would be objectionable, two copies of the work must be purchased; each leaf must be taken asunder from its fellows, and carefully inlaid—that is, pasted down on the centres of quarto or folio sized leaves of fine blank paper. A moment's consideration will readily shew why two copies are required. When page 1 of the first copy is inlaid, page 2 is lost; but its place is supplied on the opposite side of the leaf by inlaying page 2 of the second copy; and so on, alternate leaves from each, until the work is completed. This, however, is merely a preliminary operation; the more arduous part of the task is to come. To illustrate the book, the portrait of every person mentioned in it, whose portrait has ever been engraved, must be procured. Every place, in like manner, must be represented. Battles, medals, trophies, public rejoicings, even imaginary scenes of historical incidents—of everything, in short, alluded to by Mr Macaulay that has been engraved, the engravings must be obtained at any expense, by hook or by crook, *per fas aut nefas*, and inserted in their appropriate place among the inlaid leaves. In about half a page of the first part of his *History*, Mr Macaulay, speaking of the English pulpit of the period, mentions the names of twenty-two church dignitaries, twelve churches, two universities, and two cathedrals. Engravings of each and every one of these, making in all thirty-eight, are absolutely required to illustrate a half-page of the letter-press. Beside these, engravings of parsonage-houses, armorial-bearings, tombs, and even autograph letters, are admissible. So, when at last the four inlaid volumes of the *History* may require to be bound, they will have swelled to upwards of one hundred volumes. Then a magnificent cabinet will be provided for the whole, and the illustrated Macaulay will be as famous in its day as the illustrated Clarendon, the illustrated Pennant's London, the illustrated Bowyer Bible, or other illustrated works, as well known to book-amateurs as St Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey are at the present time. Illustrators, however, are not popular as a class. They seem to be imbued with the very essence of book-destructiveness. Thousands of fine old volumes, to the disgust and disappointment of numberless readers, have been stripped of their engravings, to supply the insatiable demand of one man. Dr Feriar, not too severely, thus satirises the illustrator:

> He pastes, from injured volumes snipt away,
> His English heads, in chronicled array.
> Torn from their destined page—unworthy meed
> Of knightly counsel and heroic deed.
> Indignant readers seek the image fled,
> And curse the busy fool *who wants a head.*

THE MYSTERIOUS SALUTE.

As I sat in the ladies' room at the Peterborough station, waiting the arrival of the London train, two ladies came in together, whose appearance, though not exactly uncommon, caught my eye. They were nice-looking, and a certain number of years ago must have been pretty. They were not dressed alike, but there was a pervading tone about them alike in both. The large collar, whose antique shape and rich work proclaimed a reverence for the taste of past days; the cool white stockings and sandal-less prunella shoes; the dresses, not too long, of a prevailing gray colour; the brown crape-shawl of the one, and the small white turn-over of the other lady; the Tuscan straw-bonnets, with their primrose and white trimmings, and the black and green veils appended to each; together with the long-shafted parasols without fringe, and the neat little baskets they carried—made it evident that these were what are called 'old maids.'

'Caroline,' said one of them, who appeared the younger of the two, 'we are in capital time. I really begin to think it is less dreadful than we imagined; and if we can only get a nice carriage entirely to ourselves'——

'Ah!' replied Miss Caroline, who acted rather in the character of chaperone to her younger friend—'ah! there is nothing like being in good time. Better wait an hour, Clementina, than be late one minute. I feel quite glad to have brought my knitting; indeed, I never go anywhere without it; and now, that I cannot see very well without glasses, reading is out of the question. You have Dr Gregory's *Letters* there, I see. How different the literary productions of the present day are! Really, the trash young people read now is terrible, when I think how *we* were brought up. But I wish Harriet Spyker would come. I begin to think we ought to take our places.'

Very soon after this, I saw another little lady, apparently about their own standing, bustling about, turning round, looking into corners, behind doors, and into all sorts of impossible places, till suddenly she espied the two friends, and walking briskly up to them, began to talk very fast, answering the inquiries of both ladies in a tone so headlong, and with a manner so lively, that I could hardly refrain from smiling both with pleasure and surprise. This last lady was dressed in a dark-coloured satin gown, with no stiffening or crinoline to lift its clinging folds from her short slight person. She wore a small black lace-shawl, and a white bonnet adorned with an immense purple 'ugly,' as they are too truly called.

'How many seats are in these carriages?' asked the new-comer, after mutual greetings had passed.

'I really do not know,' said Miss Clementina. 'I never travelled but once before in a train, and I cannot say I remember. But, you know, we could easily ask.' So saying, she went leisurely up to a very active, busy official, who was greasing the wheels of the carriages, and said:

'Pray, my good man, can you tell me how many seats there are, and what time we start? Where is the station-clock? Ah! I see; it is quite wrong by my watch, which never either gains or loses.' Then, seeing he paid no sort of attention to her, nor indeed heard her, she remarked: 'It is very badly arranged that there is no information to be had, or any one to refer to at these places.'

'All right, ma'am!' said the man, slamming down the iron lid with great noise, and moving off sharply to another wheel.

'How very rude those men are!' said Miss Caroline, in a condoling voice. 'It is better to manage entirely for ourselves, my dear, than to be exposed to such insults.'

'Ah!' rejoined Miss Clementina, 'how different from the old stage-coach days, when one knew there were four seats inside which any ladies might have for the asking, and when a scream or a handkerchief from the windows would arrest instant attention from the gentlemen.'

'Gentlemen!' exclaimed Miss Caroline. 'One cannot now-a-days tell a gentleman from a grazier or a shop-boy—by the dress, at least; and the young men of the present time are so excessively satirical, and so devoid of that deferential respect, without which, a few years ago, a gentleman would have been shut out from ladies' society altogether.'

'It is so, indeed,' said Miss Spyker briskly; 'and I declare to you, nothing would induce me to travel in the same carriage with one of those fast young men—nothing you could name to me, Caroline.'

Here all three agreed that nothing in the whole world would induce them to do such a thing.

The crowd of passengers now began to thicken, and I therefore took up my book and satchel, and soon established myself comfortably in the far corner of a first-class carriage. I had not been there very long when I saw the three friends approaching—the two first ladies arm in arm, and brisk little Miss Spyker peering into first one carriage, then into another, with a face of great anxiety; at length they stood still before the one I had chosen.

'It is pretty well away from the engine, Caroline,' said Miss Spyker in an encouraging tone of voice.

'And not too near the end of the train either,' said Miss Clementina. 'I think we might venture.'

At this moment, a maid-servant, who followed them, put into the carriage an infinite variety of brown-paper parcels, of every shape and size. A small 'tiger' also came up, armed with three umbrellas, and hung round with bonnet-boxes like a 'bird-cage man,' which he deposited as he best could within. The three ladies then took their seats.

'Thomas,' said Miss Clementina, 'have you seen the luggage safe?'

'Yes, 'um,' said Thomas grinning, and pulling a lock of hair.

'And the two carpet-bags?' said Miss Caroline.

'And the baskets of fruit for Lady M'Gregor?' put in Clementina.

'Two baskets of fruit and the flowers is under this seat, 'um,' said Thomas, holding up the valance of the seat. 'Guard said they'd squash 'em in the van along with heavy luggage.'

'Oh, very well. And, Thomas,' said Miss Caroline, 'don't forget what I said to you about the garden, now: water those two square beds—weed the one on the lawn; and let me find the gravel-walks clean when we return.'

'And mind that we don't find half the roots dug up for weeds, and the rest washed bare, from using that large watering-can. That will do, Jane,' added Miss Clementina to the maid: 'you may go now.'

They now began to arrange their bonnets, settle their parcels, and make foot-stools of sundry little boxes they had brought with them. After a short pause, Miss Caroline said: 'Don't like this at all—it is so very dark.'

'What will it be in the tunnels?' said Miss Clementina in an unhappy voice.

'Caroline,' said Miss Spyker, 'I don't know what you will think of me, but I confess to you'—— Here she dropped her voice, and I only heard the words 'gentleman in the carriage;' but I saw Miss Caroline and Miss Clementina bridle up and draw back, throwing suspicious glances at poor Miss Spyker, who seemed in an embarrassed minority.

Presently Clementina recommenced the conversation. 'I don't in the least know,' said she, 'how we go off, but I begin to feel rather poorly—the engine makes such a terrible noise—one never could be heard screaming.'

'No,' said Miss Spyker; 'and I believe the guards are most inhuman. If you are ever so frightened, or faint, it's of no use: you are locked in, and no more thought of until you reach your journey's end; and *then*, if you don't hear the name of the place, you pass on, of course, for nobody asks you to get out.'

'And *we*,' said Miss Clementina, who began to be very nervous, 'shall never know where to stop. How should we? No one can make out what the people say when they call out the names of the stations, and I am sure we shall miss seeing it written up.'

'I wish anybody we knew very well—of course, if a gentleman, one of a proper and steady age—was coming the same way,' murmured Miss Caroline, descending a little from the exalted position she had previously taken up with regard to Miss Spyker's hinted proposal. 'It is in such cases as these only that one feels quite helpless. O how I wish we were safe at home!'

At this moment an agitated little scream broke from the lips of Miss Spyker.

'What is it? What's the matter? Is it going off?' exclaimed Miss Clementina.

'I think—I really do think that is Mr Smith,' said Miss Spyker, in a nervous manner, looking out of the window as she spoke.

'It certainly is,' said Caroline; 'and, depend upon it, he is going by this train, and there is his servant behind with his carpet-bag. *Do* you think it would be improper to ask him to come in?'

'Oh!' exclaimed Miss Clementina, hoping all the same to be overruled by the other two, 'I am afraid it would be so very forward, and putting ourselves in his way.'

'But,' suggested Miss Spyker briskly, 'if we were to give him the further seat there, all would be filled except one, and with our shawls and umbrellas we might make up a figure in the middle seat opposite Clementina; or else, you see, with two vacant places, we should be so very likely to have intruders. Shall we ask him in, Caroline?'

'O dear,' said Miss Caroline, 'I don't know what to do: what do you think?'

'I really do not see that in such an emergency it would be improper,' remarked Clementina, in a tone vainly endeavouring to seem neutral.

'And I declare,' said little Miss Spyker hurriedly, 'I see two other gentlemen lingering here, close by. Don't you really think we might?—he is so very highly respectable—such a thorough gentleman, and not of the new school.'

'Well, if you dare call out, Harriet.'

'You both really think I may, then?'

'Yes,' said Miss Caroline, 'we do.'

'Then make haste,' faltered Miss Clementina. And what with poking and urging from her friends, and her own fears, with a dread of being too late, Miss Spyker put her head out of the window, and said, in a voice that slightly wavered between anxiety and her sense of the impropriety of the act: 'Mr—Sm-i-ith, Mr Sm-i-ith.' I glanced at the three ladies, and saw they were trembling with the combined emotions of hope, fear, and dread of doing anything bordering on the improper, when the door opened, and Mr Smith appeared.

He was a decidedly elderly gentleman, and wore a gray hat, an ample frockcoat of dark blue, white unmentionables and waistcoat; and an eyeglass in an embossed gold frame hung by a black ribbon from his neck. His face wore an expression of great suavity and benevolence towards the world in general; not remarkable for much talent or mental quickness, but rather indicative of a nature at once bland and obtuse. He raised his hat and bowed as he recognised Miss Spyker, which courtesy was acknowledged by all three in the court-minuet style. Miss Spyker, however, went straight to the point at once, by saying: 'Very well, thank you, sir; and, Mr Smith, *are* you going by this train?'

'Madam,' he replied, 'I contemplate doing so. Can I—can I be so happy as to be of use to any of you ladies?'

'Oh, Mr Smith!' said little Miss Spyker, gaining courage from her success, '*would* you take one of the vacant seats here? We are so—so—so very much'——

'Frightened,' put in Miss Caroline, emerging from her fauteuil.

'Very much frightened, *indeed*,' earnestly repeated Miss Clementina.

'With the greatest pleasure, ladies. You honour me too much. I may have the happiness to be of service to you, perhaps. Allow me, Miss Caroline,' said Mr Smith, calling up the tone and air of one not unused to being what is called 'a lady's man,' as he raised from the floor of the carriage Miss Caroline's knitting, which, in the extremity of her indecision, had fallen to the ground; and stepping in, he was motioned to the furthest compartment near my own window. He was very polite and courteous; but, from the moment of his getting into the carriage, I observed a feeling creeping over the minds of the three maiden ladies, that their terrors had induced them to take a rather desperate and extreme step.

They spoke much in low tones together, and replied distantly, and with a sort of bridling up of the figure when Mr Smith spoke—each appearing to feel it due to the others and to herself, to avoid as much as possible giving any opening for speeches even of common civility, and to treat the poor gentleman much after the fashion of a large house-dog, which it might be dangerous to encourage in any playful gambols, lest it should be difficult in the end to keep him within bounds. Their chief anxiety now appeared to be to fill up the remaining seat in the middle of the carriage, so as to make it look to a casual observer as if it too was occupied. There seemed, indeed, every reason to suppose the plan would succeed. Several people had looked in, as if in search of a seat, and retired under the impression that the carriage was full. The engine was apparently getting under-way, and the platform comparatively empty, when, as they were dressing up this spare fauteuil, the whistle rang shrieking through the station, and they all suddenly collapsed in the most direful state of fright.

'Good—ness me! how shocking!' gasped poor Clementina, whose small experience of railways made everything a source of constant terror and surprise. Miss Caroline sank back prostrated; and little Miss Spyker, with both hands to her ears, rocked herself to and fro in a state of suffering and dismay, talking loud and fast all the time. But at this juncture, every other feeling was lost in astonishment, when a porter looked in, hastily glanced round, detected the transparent *ruse de guerre* of the 'dummy' in the middle seat, and flung the door open, exclaiming:

'Room here, sir—just in time—I'll put your luggage in, sir—all right.' And in there sprang a tall, handsome, bewhiskered and moustached young Guardsman, apparently in the extremity of 'saving the train,' and in a great state of excitement, caused by the uncertainty of the last few moments. Here was a pretty business! The feelings of the three ladies for a moment overpowered them, and they sat in silence, fixing looks of blank dismay on each other. Things were unfortunately managed, certainly. In their anxiety to keep Mr Smith at a respectful distance, they had so contrived that now the young Guardsman filled up their cherished vacancy. He was in the very midst of them: Miss Caroline on his right hand, and Miss Clementina and Miss Spyker immediately opposite. The involuntary shrinking into the depths of the carriage, the glances eloquent of feeling, were the first signs of their returning powers of mind. Miss Spyker pulled her blue 'ugly' more completely over her brow, and all three began to look out of the window with determined curiosity at the two bare brown banks of earth which now rose on either side above the train. I really felt for poor Clementina, who appeared to be growing quite giddy from the sameness of the view and the speed with which we passed along. At length she resolutely shut her eyes, as if, inside and out, nothing but objects of distraction met her sight.

We had not been on the move more than a few minutes, when I observed the young Guardsman looking at his fair fellow-travellers with an expression by no means consonant with the air of imperturbable gravity through which it shone. I saw he tried to catch the eye of the quiet gentlewoman in the corner, but I resolutely looked out of the window, though not, I fear, before he detected the shadow of a smile at the corner of my lip.

Mr Smith, glancing over the top of the newspaper which in self-defence he had unfolded, saw, despite his obtuseness, that something was amiss: the distressed looks of the three maiden-friends shewed their mental perturbation; and not knowing exactly what to do under the circumstances, he began, half-absently, to survey the dress and general appearance of the new-comer, from the boots upwards, with an eye from which he strove to banish its usual benign expression. He appeared, however, very much taken aback on perceiving, when he had gradually arrived at the face of the young officer, that his eye was fixed upon him with a meaning he could not quite make out; and he was betrayed involuntarily into saying: 'Did you address me, sir?'

'O dear, no, sir—not at all,' said the Guardsman with a smile.

At the sound of the gruff voices of the gentlemen, the three friends whisked round, with difficulty suppressing their emotion. Miss Clementina, who was the most nervous, began to tremble violently, and turned still paler than she was by nature. Evidently, the least they anticipated was the preliminaries of a duel.

'Will you exchange papers, sir?' said the Guardsman; at which Mr Smith bowed, and waved his paper in the air with a nervous flourish, which sent the corner of it nearly into the open mouth of the stricken Caroline, whose features were in an unnatural state of extension from the incidents of the last few moments. Both gentlemen then subsiding into silence, the ladies began to grow calm, the dreaded *vis-à-vis* offering no further cause for fear, and becoming apparently very passive and harmless over his paper. In the course of time they ventured to get up a little slow formal conversation with Mr Smith, whom, with a natural revulsion of feeling, they seemed to regard more benignantly than ever, looking upon him now in the light of a safeguard.

'Beautiful weather for the country,' faltered Miss Spyker, always the most alert of the three.

'Superb indeed,' replied Mr Smith blandly.

'Dreadful mode of travelling this,' ventured Miss Clementina. 'Ah! Mr Smith, how different from the stage-coach days *we* remember! One could see the country then.'

'I remember our drive from London to Ascot,' said Mr Smith, in the voice of one calling up, not unmoved, some thrilling memory of the past—'when the speed at which we are now going would have seemed slow to the pace we drove that day. It might,' he went on in a lower tone, glancing at Miss Clementina as he spoke—'it might have been the *society*—it might have been the scenery.'

Miss Clementina here grew very rosy, and said: 'She thought the more entirely such recollections were considered as *past*, the better.' Miss Spyker came to the rescue.

'Mr Smith, have you a Bradshaw?'

'I am sorry to say I have not, madam; but perhaps my memory may serve your purpose. I have travelled on this line often—though not,' he added with a bow, 'under circumstances equally agreeable.'

Here again came a little bridling, and an involuntary glance of meaning at each other.

'Can you tell me the name of the station you want, Miss Spyker?' resumed Mr Smith more gravely.

'I only wanted to know whereabouts the tunnels are?' she replied, apparently impressed with a conviction that they were marked in the publication she had asked for.

'I am sorry to say there are three tunnels very near each other,' said Mr Smith, with the air of one who desires to make the best of unpleasing intelligence; 'but they are only a few minutes long—it is soon over; and I think,' added he, looking out of the window, and very suddenly looking in again, 'we are now on the point of'——

At this juncture the whistle sounded; I hastily drew up my window, and the young Guardsman drew up the further one. The sudden change from light to darkness made the faint glimmer of the lamp—which seemed to be disarranged at anyrate—invisible; and a moment of breathless silence ensued, for the rushing noise of the train was deadened by the closed windows. It was at this instant that a loud chirping sound within the carriage was heard, as of some one bestowing a hearty and unrepelled salute! Who can paint the consternation of the three ladies, as we emerged blinded, dazzled, bewildered, from the tunnel?

It was evident each, bridling up with virtuous indignation, regarded the others as concerned in the guilt; but if any one excited more suspicion than another, it certainly was Miss Clementina. Her near neighbourhood to Mr Smith, his tender allusion to bygone days, and the fact that her bonnet was in a state of derangement the most unbecoming, all contributed to this impression. She, poor soul, feeling her perfect innocence, looked first at her friend Caroline, who with a confused and scared aspect sat bolt upright before her. She, very unfortunately, had for her neighbour the Guardsman; but he appeared sleepily unconscious of what was passing. Nor did Miss Spyker escape—her bonnet and 'ugly' were decidedly not *comme il faut*—for, in her anxiety to shut her eyes and stop her ears, she had given an involuntary jerk to the ugly, thereby imparting a wildness to her general appearance, which was considerably heightened by her manner.

But if each lady regarded the others thus, their feelings could not amount to more than suspicion. But Mr Smith! that *he* was guilty was only too evident, if only from his embarrassment; while the quiet young officer, who for some time past had apparently been slumbering, never attracted their suspicions for a moment.

They were still fluttered by the strange incident, when we plunged into another tunnel; and again the same chirping sound was heard—in fact, an unmistakable kiss—louder and more hearty than before; and we shot into daylight once more in a state of agitation more terrible than ever.

That Mr Smith had had the daring impertinence to salute one of the three ladies whom he was bound by every sentiment of honour to protect, admitted no doubt; and indeed that gentleman himself seemed to feel his culpability, for he evidently shrank under the indignant eyes of his fair neighbours, and seemed perfectly paralysed in mind and body. The paper had fallen on his knee, his hat was awry; every particle of expression had vanished from his face, and his hands hung powerless by his sides.

The slackening of our pace now shewed that we were close to some station. The train stopped a moment, and an unearthly cry from the officials without announced the name of the place, which to this day I have never ascertained; and the young Guardsman, having probably reached his destination, clapped his handkerchief suddenly to his flushed face, sprang from the carriage, and was out of sight in a moment.

During the rest of the journey, not a word was spoken. Miss Caroline tried to knit, but signally failed, to the great damage of her work; Miss Spyker pursed up her mouth, and looked out of the window; while Clementina was absorbed in Dr Gregory's *Letters*, holding the volume, as I observed, upside down. Mr Smith was speechless, and remained like one under the influence of mesmerism for many miles.

By and by, I found that I was very near the end of my own journey; I began therefore to collect my wrappings, when I heard Miss Caroline and Miss Clementina whispering to the effect that 'if'—and they nodded in my direction—'got out, they dared not stay alone with Mr Smith after what had happened.' At this moment, he too observed that we approached the Barnet station; and when the train stopped, whether he really had originally intended to get out there, or was now going to wait for the next train in self-defence, I cannot tell; but he was in such haste to have the door opened, that I was quite afraid he was about to break the railway laws, and get himself into custody for leaping upon the platform while the train was still in motion. He, however, turned round respectfully and timidly, but with the look of an injured man, and raised his hat in token of farewell, which courtesy was received in the most chilling manner by the three ladies, who immediately looked another way.

I then got out myself, and watching the train as it moved out of sight, I saw Mr Smith and his servant, who appeared mutually surprised at finding themselves there—the man's countenance seeming to express: 'Do you think, sir, you're perfectly in your right senses, getting out at this here place, where you know nobody, and have nothing to do?' When I turned away, and got up into the town, I saw the Guardsman talking to some friends; he was laughing violently, and, as I passed, kissed the back of his hand with a smack that reminded me of the mysterious sound in the railway-carriage.

NATURE'S MIMICRIES.*

THE self-imitativeness of nature was a favourite subject of speculation with the philosophers of the seventeenth century. By the wisest of them, the wildest exaggerations and most palpable impostures were greedily devoured. A wonderful hen, with a nose, mouth, chin, forehead, eyes, whiskers, and moustaches, perfectly resembling the 'human face divine;' an equally wonderful turnip, similarly fashioned, and ornamented besides with a crown of foliage; a radish with the ruffled wrist, thumb, and fingers of a man; a pig with the face of a woman; a willow which resembled a crosier; an ambitious polypodium, aping the figure of the 'bird of Jove'—these, and a thousand marvels such as these, divided, with the discoveries of Newton and Leibnitz, the attention of the greatest of their contemporaries. The Philosophical Transactions of Britain, the Collectanea of the Academia Naturæ Medico-Physica of Germany, are full of such 'lying wonders.' But the strange mania had its day: it died, as all such manias die, of exaggeration; and to our own days was left the task of regarding in their true light these singular displays of the mimic faculty, not the least curious of the many curious freaks of which nature is so prodigal.

'No person,' remarks one to whom nature in all her aspects seems to have been wonderfully familiar—'no person who has been much amid mountain scenery, particularly in rocky districts, can have failed to remark the striking imitations of the human form, or of some of its members, which, by their uncommon aspect, thrust themselves into notice. It may be a giant hand which protrudes in a broad welcome from the rough crag, or a headless trunk, or a mutilated face with wild and savage features; or the scenery will picture out a fortified town with massive walls—turrets, spires, and monumental columns looming in the distance; or great animals, of colossal magnitude and uncouth form, will appear scattered about, the sentinels of the dreary fortress.' In such curiosities, Sark, amongst the Channel Islands, and Skye, amongst the Western Islands, are peculiarly rich. Dr Macculloch, whom few will suspect of poetical exaggeration, tells us, in his tour among the Hebrides, that at the extremity of the point of Aird in the latter island, there is a most striking imitation of a bust. 'No aid from the imagination,' he says, 'is wanting to see a very perfect bust in profile, executed in a very grand and pure antique manner, and occupying the whole face of the cliff, which is here at least sixty feet high. The style is that of a river-god; and adding the grandeur of the design to the magnitude of the object, and to its position as rising out of the sea, the effect, instead of being ludicrous, is really fine.' A very curious double coincidence is still, we believe, to be seen on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh. Immediately beneath the monument to Nelson is a deep precipice, which, when viewed laterally from a little distance, presents a profile well proportioned, and singularly clear in its outline, which bears a tolerable resemblance to the immortal hero himself. Opposite the Calton Hill to the south, Arthur's Seat, when viewed from a favourable position either in the east or west, bears a very remarkable resemblance to a couchant lion, watching in grim repose over the city beneath. A strange-looking mass of stone on the roadside, about twelve miles from Carnarvon, bears so remarkable a likeness to the younger Pitt, that it has received from the country people the name of 'Pitt's Head.' The nose particularly, we are told, resembles Pitt's nose, and traces of other features are discernible in the eyes, eyebrows, and general form of the head. In the Black Forest, according to Zeiler, there is a rock so like a monk shrouded in his cowl, that the resemblance is recognisable at a glance by every traveller. A similar rock in the island of Malta is known as Il Fratre Imprecato, because it accurately resembles a friar hanging by the neck—so, at least, says the Jesuit Athanasius Kircher. Lively representations of sheep, camels, horses, and other animals were pointed out by the peasants to the missionaries Huc and Gabet on different rocks in the western parts of Tatary. Every one has heard of the mountain in New Hampshire, in the United States, called the Profile Mountain. It forms one of a range known as the White Mountains, and, being about 1000 feet in height, is a conspicuous object from the road between Plymouth and Jamaica. The Profile Mountain has been thus described: 'The side upon which the profile is visible is precipitous; the other is wooded, and rises with a gentle ascent: the rock is of brown granite. At the upper part of the precipitous side, the outline of the human countenance is very remarkable: it is that of an Ethiop, and possesses a low hanging brow, a deep-set eye, a flat nose, and a prominent mouth. The chin is also clearly defined, and rests upon a large bank of débris forming the lower half of the mountain, in some measure corresponding to the chest of the colossal being.'

---

* In No. 139, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, there was a paper on this subject, but confined to 'Vegetable Mimicries.'

Man has imitated the works of nature in 'portions of the orders of architecture,' 'and in an infinity of the decorations, utensils, weapons, &c., of all ages.' It is no less true that there are some of the works of man, especially in the department of architecture, which have, so to speak, their mimicries in nature. In the district of Sleat, on the east coast of the Isle of Skye, between the house of Tormore and Sleat Point, a natural arch festooned with sea-weeds springs from the seething billows to astonish the beholder with its majestic proportions, and to recur again and again in after-years to his recollection with peculiar vividness.* On the north-east coast of the same island, long series of colonnades are formed by combinations of natural pillars, with wonderful effects. Macculloch mentions one of these clusters as commencing below sea-mark, and being surmounted by pillars in diminishing numbers to the height of 200 feet, until the mass forms a splendid pyramid of super-imposed columns, presenting, in particular positions, its narrow edge against the sky, and looking as if the architect had suddenly stopped in the execution of some portico or colonnade of gigantic dimensions. Another cluster reminded him of the famous temple of the Sibyl. Staffa, however, presents a still nobler analogue of Grecian architecture. Of this island, the wonder and delight of tourists, it has been said, that 'were the temple of nature a material existence on earth, Staffa would be its site.' The famous pinnacle of the Pote Storr, 160 feet high, is a well-known imitation of a Gothic steeple; and all the appearance of a Gothic building, with a number of arches, is presented in that strange mass of rock, called the 'Souffleur,' in the island of Mauritius, which, projecting far into the sea, has been undermined in every direction by the heavy swell of the Indian Ocean.

Trap rocks often form themselves into long mural lines, resemblances of turrets and ruined strongholds, all so artificial in appearance, as, when viewed from a little distance, to require some effort of the mind to reject the supposition that they are the works of the hands of men. Sandstone rocks, also, are occasionally found as regularly laid block by block, and divided into as regular divisions, as they could be were they the work of the mason. Some rocks of a heterogeneous composition become, on exposure to the weather, unequally affected by it, the softer portions being worn away, while the hard parts stand out in relief. The effect of this circumstance is sometimes curiously picturesque; all sorts of grotesque designs become depicted upon the face of the rocks, many of which equal, as well as imitate, the highest art of the engraver. Of these natural etchings, Roslin Castle furnishes some exceedingly striking and beautiful illustrations; and Macculloch, in the work so often quoted, asserts that he has seen the face of a cliff so ornamented by the pencil of nature, that it had all the appearance of a work of art.

Who that has visited a spar or stalactitic cave, can ever forget the architectural ornaments of exquisite sculpture so lavishly displayed upon its walls? Even the most delicate and difficult works of man's taste find there an imitation in nature. A natural cascade of alabaster flowing into an alabaster lake, and a richly fretted Gothic roof, with elegant pendent corbels, characterise the Franconian cavern known as Forster's Höhle. The grotto of Antiparos was vulgarly believed to be the residence of an enormous giant, who was eternally seated at its mouth. 'The myth,' says a writer already quoted, 'took its rise from the fact of a monstrous concretion, somewhat resembling the human form, occupying the entrance of the cave. After passing the grim figure, the wonders of his palace unfold themselves: exquisite ornaments are seen covering the walls and decking the roof; while a little beyond, the stalactites have assumed the shapes of trees and shrubs, comparable, without hyperbole, as Magni relates, to a petrified grove, some of the trees being white, some green, and all receding in the perspective.' Not less interesting than its classic rival of Antiparos is the well known spar-cave of Strathaird, in the Isle of Skye. Ornaments of beautiful filigree-work and lace-work, and gorgeous pendants here drop from the ceiling, which, in the delicacy of their execution, and in the purity of their taste, may well bear comparison with the most exquisite productions of human art.

Mr Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, has a short essay on cameos, which contains several curious instances of the self-imitativeness of nature. 'I have seen a large collection' [of cameos], he says, 'many certainly untouched by art. One stone appears like a perfect cameo of a Minerva's head; another shews an old man's head, beautiful as if the hand of Raphael had designed it.' Some stones which are translucent are, according to the same authority, occasionally veined in a manner so as to produce the portrait—the deeper coloured veins penetrating the substance, and thereby manifesting the impossibility of the likeness having been produced by art. Pliny relates that King Pyrrhus possessed a gem 'wherein was a vein representing Apollo playing on his harp in the middle of the choir of the Nine Muses'—an assertion which Mardebanus corroborates in the following doggrel:—

---

* Macculloch does not mention this arch, which was frequently visited by the writer in the autumn of 1837.

> Pyrrhus his ring an agate had so fine
> It held engraven all the Muses nine;
> Apollo standing in the tuneful choir,
> And sweetly touching his melodious lyre.

Pancirolli tells us that he had a similar gem which displayed deep under its glossy surface a lamb with a cross over its shoulder. We have the authority of Disraeli for stating that there is in the British Museum a black stone upon which is traced, and by no human hand, a most striking portrait of the poet Chaucer —a stone which is rivalled by the famous agate preserved at Pisa, which contains the image of St Antony in the desert, seated by the brink of a stream, and holding in his hand a little bell. Some of our readers will probably remember the Chinese Collection exhibited in London in 1848. Amongst other curiosities of great value contained in that interesting collection, were several very remarkable specimens of marble, 'some of which,' we are told, 'were framed as curiosities for a Chinaman's museum, and represented landscapes with the detail of river, hill, shrub, and tree; on earth, two or three monsters opening their mouths and looking up; and in air, a unique description of bird making a horrid attempt at flying.' That these grotesque developments were wholly natural is not impossible; but we confess to entertaining grave doubts as to their genuineness, when we remember how much our skilful Celestial friends delight in the monstrous.

Before quitting this part of our subject, we will quote, from a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*, an instance of the credulity which the philosophers of the seventeenth century evinced in all matters relating to coincidences of form. 'A Dr Tuder,' says the author, 'writing in 1670, very gravely informs us that the island of Malta abounds with stones imitating the eyes and tongue of a serpent; others resembling the liver, heart, spleen, and ribs. A little examination of the paper, and of the engraving which accompanies it, reveals the truth to be that these wonderful productions were simply fossil remains! The viper's tongue is the fossilised tooth of some carnivorous animal. Malta! vipers! how were these wonderful objects to be accounted for? The association of ideas supplied the answer. These were relics left as a perpetual memorial of the viper which the great apostle of the Gentiles shook from his hand into the fire!'

It would be easy to enumerate many mineral substances which have received their names from the resemblance they bear to different objects in nature; such, for example, are the gooseberry-garnet, the asparagus-stone, the cinnamon-stone, the liver-ore, the blood-stone, the ice-spar, the satin-spar. A variety of tin, in whose brown and yellow layers the Cornish miner detects a likeness to the toad's eye, bears that name in commerce. The most delicate wool and the softest cotton and silk have their analogues in several ores and in some beautiful zeolites. The variety of antimony known as the plumose has much the appearance of feathers; and a certain leaf-stripped shrub has a perfect counterpart in the *Arbor Dianæ*, or lead-tree, of the school-boy.

Leaving the inorganic kingdom, we shall discover analogies of form not less remarkable in the animal world. Among the feathered tribes there is a beautiful Australian bird called the *Mœnura superba*, or lyre-tail, which displays in its caudal feathers a wonderfully close imitation of an ancient Greek lyre. The margin of the lyre is formed by two feathers on each side, which are broad, and curve into scrolls at the upper end, while a number of thin, delicate, wire-like ones represent the strings. 'This unhappy bird finds the truth, that extraordinary beauty is one of the most dangerous possessions, fully confirmed: for the sake of its tail, it is shot and hunted down without mercy, and will very probably soon be extirpated. The tails are sold at Sydney for from twenty to thirty shillings the pair.' A denizen of the Canadian forests, which Mrs Jameson mentions in her tour as frequently thrusting itself on her notice, is called the Soldier of the Woods from the military cut of its scarlet bravery. Besides these, a long list of birds might be catalogued as belonging to our subject—some with bills resembling spoons, others boats, some with ruffs, some with beards, and others with formidable helmed heads. But we refrain, contenting ourselves with a mere reference to the peacock's tail, and the classic fable attached to it, as too self-suggestive an instance to endure expatiation.

Amongst reptiles, we shall note but three species as displaying the analogies of which we are in search. The first we shall mention is the *chlamydosaurus*, or frilled agama-snake, with a ruff like that known as Queen Elizabeth's, which it elevates with becoming prudery when it is excited. Another is the Indian species called the spectacle-snake, from a yellow spot, resembling a pair of spectacles, on the back of its neck. The species is quite harmless. The third and last is the basilisk, whose head, shaped like a mitre, was by our older naturalists depicted as reposing under the undeniable semblance of a kingly crown. A species of adder resembling the basilisk is, from this circumstance, as we may shew on a future occasion, a favourite subject of moralisation with the northern fabulists.

Insects, beyond all other orders of animated creatures, present the most startling instances of coincidence of form; and pre-eminent amongst insects we must place the three tropical genera *locusta*, *mantis*, and *phasma*. Of the mantis or praying insect, we have elsewhere spoken at length.* To the other two orders, the walking-leaf or phyllo-morphous insects belong. 'The limbs of these curious creatures are concealed by lamina of thin tissue, so tinted as to wear the precise aspect of leaves; and the resemblance is heightened by the veins which traverse them, just as in the case of real leaves.' In the *Naturalist's Library*, where some admirable drawings of these insects will be found, some are depicted green, some brown, and some as having fallen into the 'yellow sere;' while, more curious still, some look as if they had been half devoured by insects. In the entomological collection at the British Museum, several beautiful specimens are preserved; and there was lately to be seen alive in the Botanical Gardens at Edinburgh another, which belonged, if we remember aright, to the species known as the 'myrtle leaf.'

Mr Gosse relates an anecdote of a naturalist at the Cape, who, on one of his excursions, saw at his feet some withered leaves whose tints pleased his eye; and he put forth his hand to take them up. Conceive his astonishment to behold them all take to their legs and run away! He succeeded in seizing one of them, however, and discovered it to be an insect.

To come nearer home. Several varieties of imitative insects are indigenous to Britain, and are the plague of our gardens. Kirby and Spence tell an amusing story of a gardener, who observing, as he thought, a dry twig on a tree, broke it away, and found it a wriggling living caterpillar in his hand. Some species of the *lepidoptera*, and the species known as the *Bombyx quercifolia*, simulate dead leaves, and, clinging to the branches, are wholly undistinguishable from the natural sprays.

Insects in the pupa state were to the older naturalists what the beauties of the court of our latest George were to the skilful and courtly Lawrence. Wonderful limners, in truth, were these venerable philosophers, and wonderful are the insect *icons* they have bequeathed us—human heads in miniature; some with Roman noses, some with features of true Egyptian cast, and one like an old lady in a cap.* Then, in more recent times, we have the *Scarabœus manopus*, or kangaroo-beetle, depicted *con amore* by Mr Westwood. Half beetle, half kangaroo, with the peculiarly formed hinder-legs of the animal reproduced in miniature in the insect, this singular-looking creature has in its attempted marsupial mimicry an appearance irresistibly grotesque. Then we have the rhinoceros and elephant beetles, the former 'with a process comparable to the tusk' of the formidable brute whence the insect has its name; the ferocious stag-beetle, with its long and antler-like jaws; the strange insects called the 'walking-sticks;' the 'death's-head' hawk-moth, with the effigies of a grinning skull between its shoulders; and many spectre-like insects, 'well calculated to intimidate all assailants by the very frightfulness of their aspect.' But we must pass to another portion of our subject.

---

* See *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, vol. xi., p. 367.

There is a pretty little West Indian fish called by the negroes the sand-gootoo, from the habit of hiding itself occasionally in the sand, whose shifts, by no means confined to this operation, prove that in dexterous hands the feat of the bottle-conjuror is no longer a romance. Mr Gosse, in his most interesting volume, *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica*, gives us the following details of the mode by which nature endeavours to secure the safety of this curious little creature:—'In endeavouring to capture some of these little fishes, a curious habit came to my knowledge. Having in my hand a gauze insect-net, I clapped it over a gootoo beginning to hide itself in the sand. I felt sure that I had it, but my servant could not feel it with his hand through the gauze, as I held the ring tightly down upon the bottom of the shallow water. Presently I saw, emerging from under the edge of the ring, an object that in size, form, and colour looked exactly like a hen's egg. The lad instantly seized it, telling me that it was the fish; and as he held it up, I saw with surprise . . . that it was as tense as a blown bladder; and it was with difficulty that I could force it into a wide-mouthed pickle-bottle of sea-water, for it filled the neck like a cork. The instant, however, it touched the water in the bottle, it resumed its ordinary appearance, and the change of form was like the effect of magic.'

The name of *pesci-preti*, or priest-fish—the *Uranoscopus hemerocœtus*, or star-gazer of naturalists—is given to a hideous finned fright which haunts the waters of the Mediterranean. In general figure and contour it resembles the tadpole; and when we add that it has a pair of very malign, unpriestly, glaring eyes, misdirected *upwards*—a broad gutter of a mouth placed immediately below the orbits—a long vermicular process for inveigling unwary fish—and two sharp spines bristling on the shoulders, the reader will have a tolerable idea of the repulsive exterior of this sanctified *callionymus*. The *Squalus zygœna*, or hammer-fish, derives its name from its singular transverse head, at the opposite extremities of which are situated two very salient yellow eyes, which, from their position, command a very extensive range of vision. An enormous pair of fins, which, stretching out from either side of the body, offer a striking resemblance to a pair of wide-spread wings—a detached head terminating in a porrect process like a beak—and a large pair of piercing bright eyes, have procured for a member of the skate family the name of the sea-eagle. The *lophius*, or sea-frog, like a gigantic tadpole blown out to the size of a porpoise, with an immense head, and a mouth extending on either side beyond the width of the body, presents no doubtful prototype of those open-mouthed chimeras, the old bones, spring-devils, befanos, croc-mitaines, bric-à-bracs, &c., which people our national nurseries. To these may be added the sea-horse, the bull-head, the sea-scorpion, the sea-butterfly, the saw-fish, the sun-fish, and the coffin-fish—with which latter nondescript we close our catalogue of fish analogies.

Amongst those *orchidaceœ* of the zoological kingdom, the *testacea*, we find many wonderful coincidences of form. A curious variety of shell has received the name of *harpa*, from the transverse bars with which it is marked resembling the strings of a harp. The *porcellaina*, or pig-cowrie, resembles, or is supposed to resemble, a scored pig, and is said to have formed an important ingredient in the manufacture of 'porcelain.' One very pretty shell, the *bullina*, is like a rosebud; another, the *cassidea*, resembles a helmet; a third and fourth, the *struthiolaria* and the *aporrhais*, respectively simulate the foot of an ostrich and the foot of a pelican; a fifth bears no remote similitude to the ear; while a score of others more or less imitate the different kinds of fruit—olives, strawberries, apples, melons, oranges, dates, &c.

Many striking analogies are also found amongst the corals. Some resemble petrified Christmas-puddings; one, the *caryophylla*, 'has the singular aspect of the sprig of a tree, the ends of the branches being tipped with clove buds;' and another, the *Gorgonia flabellum*, or sea-fan, is too often seen in our drawing-rooms to require further notice. The most remarkable of all, however, is the *Meandrina cerebriformis*, or brain-stone. So nearly does this coral approximate in external form, in its convolutions, and even in its semi-pinkish colour, to the human brain, as to have given rise to many extraordinary speculations amongst visionary naturalists.

In Dr Mantell's work upon geology, there is an excellent representation of that marvel of the early ocean, the 'lily encrinite.' Another of those very extraordinary fossils, the pear-encrinite of the oolitic limestone, bears the appearance of a very diminutive palm-tree. Nor has their ancestral glory altogether departed from the *comatula*, the modern representatives of the fossilised encrinites. Instead of lilies and palms, however, they represent wigs: they are the sea-wigs of our popular literature.

If we cannot be said to have exhausted our subject, we must, at least, have pretty nearly exhausted the reader's patience; we therefore draw to a close, not, however, without recognising, in some of the strange coincidences of form we have been considering, one of those defensory provisions with which the Creator has endowed many of His otherwise most defenceless creatures.

THE LAIRD OF GORDONSTOWN.

Far down in the stormy north, on the Morayshire coast, and at a part of that coast where huge rocks, 200 feet in perpendicular height, are lashed by the German Ocean, stands the fine old mansion of Gordonstown, now with its lands passed into the possession of the Gordon Cumming family, but one of whose former proprietors, Sir Robert Gordon, and his strange doings, are still the theme of many a wonderful legend. And certainly no man ever better understood the art of profiting by the strong, and it would seem ineradicable, superstition pervading more or less all classes in the north of Scotland. Indeed, we cannot but regret that Sir Robert in his latter days did not, like another Barnum, become his own confessor, and do for superstition what the other did for its parent credulity; for we should then have had stories as simple in their origin, and as incredibly successful in the carrying out, as the Feejee mermaid, the woolly horse, or Washington's nurse.

---

* These are all to be seen in Goedart.

The appearance of the old stately mansion of Gordonstown, a massive frowning pile, is well calculated to strike with awe stronger minds than those of the peasantry of Sir Robert's time; and even in the present day, superstition looks round its shoulder, and lowers its tone, and whispers the mysterious tale with as much zest as if it still loved to be duped, and were not in full possession of the solution of the mystery. Sir Robert had dealings with the Evil One: this was the grand admitted fact, the full faith in which he so effectually encouraged, that none of the people around would venture near the place after nightfall. Some believed that if ever he went beyond the dreaded walls, he had the power of becoming invisible; others said he might have a body, or he might not; if he had, the features were of dire and stern aspect, and his slightest glance brought you under the influence of the evil eye; and if one of the old gates so much as creaked on its hinges, suggesting the possibility that he might be coming forth, the whole neighbourhood took to flight. Those who believed in his bodily presence—as distinguished from others who regarded him as the invisible power that caused strange unearthly noises to be heard, that prevented the grocer's wife's bees from swarming, and laid the beadle's little boy mortally sick of small-pox—were all agreed on one grand distinguishing peculiarity, which was, that he had no shadow; and as to his losing it, the legend runs thus: —Sir Robert, with others of the same class, was in the habit of attending the school of black arts, where it was a perquisite of the devil to keep every year the last that came out of the school-door. On one occasion, Sir Robert happened to be the last, and when his black majesty was about to seize him, he told him to take the one behind him; so he caught hold of Sir Robert's shadow, who thus 'cheated the deil,' but was ever afterwards a shadowless man.

The sun he might shine in the east or the wast,
But Sir Robert's wee body nae shadow could cast;
Langsyne had he lost it in far foreign parts,
When he cheated the deil in the school o' black arts.

The house of Gordonstown is in good repair, some of the apartments magnificent. Leaving the modern suite, and descending a little lower on the west end, you come to a landing-place midway down a narrow stone-stair, where one of the flags is movable, and when raised, discloses a place built like a draw-well, where, it is said, a lady was starved to death. On descending another flight, you come to a square subterranean dungeon, where those who had not the good-fortune to please the laird were deposited, and the water let in on them till they were drowned. Near this dungeon was a smith's forge, where agricultural implements were mended, it was believed, by supernatural agency; for these were left by their owners at a certain place outside before dark, and when they returned for them in the morning, they found all mended, and ready for work. The whole of the under-floor of the house is arched over, and there are long dark passages running in all directions, having trap-doors concealed in the walls. In one of these passages you come to a cellar-door, long the crowning mystery and horror of the house, for over it was written in large characters the word 'Pestilence;' and it was confidently believed, that whoever should even approach the dreaded door was sure to fall a victim to some dreadful disease. Some declared that they heard low piteous moanings from within at the midnight hour; others saw the ghosts of the victims hurrying to and fro with frantic gestures in the twilight; while all agreed that it was impossible to approach the place with safety, owing to the noisome air from so many dead bodies being heaped together in so small a space.

Having now given the legendary view of so famous a character, we now proceed to the true story of Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstown, who was the second son of the Earl of Sutherland, and a man of uncommon genius. He was partly educated in Italy, and had travelled much. He was made the first baronet of Nova Scotia in 1625, and was a privy-councillor in Charles I.'s time. In his knowledge of art and science he was far in advance of his age, and hence his reputation as a dealer in the black arts. He was much given to chemical analysis, and is said to have sat seven years over the fire of his forge until he created a salamander, out of which animal he tortured unearthly secrets: but here again we are lapsing into the legendary. The truth is, Sir Robert was a great smuggler, and he encouraged the wildest stories about himself, and made use and profit of the national superstition to keep off dangerous intruders. At the base of the high cliffs already mentioned are some fine bays, in one of which he used to land his contraband goods; and in the rock opposite this bay is the mouth of a subterranean passage which formerly existed extending from the shore to the house; and inside the passage is a two-stalled stable cut out of the solid rock, still called Sir Robert's stable, where he used to put up his horses while doing business with his French or Dutch friends.

He worked himself in the smith's forge, mending the implements of husbandry, and encouraged the belief in supernatural agency by the mystery of the place where they were laid down, the dark hour, and the celerity of the work. Some large coppers he made use of are still in the house, one of unusually great size just as he left it, and the trap-doors are seen to be so arranged in the passages that he might escape at any time if surprised. What we have called the crowning mystery, however, was only a few years ago cleared up; and it does seem almost incredible that nearly 200 years should have passed away—for Sir Robert died in 1656—before the adventure was attempted. At length the last proprietor, whose curiosity overcame his superstition, caused the door to be broken open, and to the mingled amazement and diversion of those who were present were discovered the familiar spirits of the wizard—brandy and gin piled up in rich stores, choice fruits of the smuggling transactions of the facetious laird; and we have heard from persons who have partaken of the precious liquors, amusing stories of the jolly doings which followed the discovery of the treasures.

The people tell of his driving over the loch of Spynie—a loch on the estate—in a coach and four. There was ice on the loch:

But so tender that ice that it maunna be pressed,
For it yields to the wecht o' the waterfowl's breast.
But what cares Sir Robert for the ice or the hour?
He's out on the loch in his chariot an' four;
An' it cracks, an' it rattles, but daurna gang down—
Sic power hath Sir Robert o' Gordonstown!

The safety of the party was to depend on their passing without looking round till they reached the other side, for they were pursued by a legion of witches bent on their destruction. When just about over, the coachman, in his terror, looked round, and down went the hind-wheels, and there the forders stuck, one foot on dry land, and the other in the water. In this perilous situation, they were relieved by a friendly spirit in the shape of a corbie (crow), with the eye of a snake, who put the witches to flight.

But wha is that corbie, wi' Beelzie's ain frown?
'Tis a friend o' Sir Robert o' Gordonstown!

The belief is still rife among the people that Sir Robert never died, but that the devil ran away with him bodily in the end, he having sold himself to Satan many years before for a consideration. The legend tells of the Evil One coming to claim his own, mounted on a jet-black horse, with two black hounds at his heels; and how he was seen riding off with the body of Sir Robert across his saddle-bow, one hound hanging on his throat and another on his thigh.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

THE WHITE AND SHELL FISHERY.

It is only by a series of visits to such a market as that of Billingsgate, or by an inspection of the ledgers of such a salesman as Mr Saunders, late of Thames Street, that we can obtain even an idea of the vast quantity of fish required for the supply of London alone; and as we know that all the towns in the three kingdoms are more or less dependent on the sea for a substantial part of their food-supplies, we may try to sum up the total quantity of nourishment we derive from this prolific source; but after all, even if we were to double or treble the amount, the sum-total we arrive at will be but a shadow of what it might be. The harvest of the sea, with proper implements, and the necessary organisation to gather it, has no limit. Why, one herring alone, says an eminent naturalist, if suffered to multiply unmolested and undiminished for twenty years, would shew a progeny greater in bulk than ten such globes as that we exist upon. Ireland, which has been for so many years the chief difficulty of the British government, abounds with what we may term unwrought mines of fish—gold-pits, which require but to be opened up with vigour to prove a Dorado to the country.

For the better exposition of this branch of our subject, it will be necessary to divide it into three divisions, the first being the cod and haddock fishery.

We must visit Newfoundland, if we have a desire to see the most extensive cod-fishery in the world; but it is to the fisheries of our own country we wish for the present to direct attention. The cod-fish is found in abundance on the shores of Britain and off the coast of Ireland. We have the authority of practical men for stating that the supply is unlimited. Vessels go to great distances to fish for cod and other white fish, which are to be found in every sea but the Mediterranean. In Scotland, the Orkney and Shetland Islands are the principal seats of this fishery; and it is from these islands, and from Stornoway and some other stations, we obtain the greatest quantity of fish. Cod abounds also along the coasts of England, on the celebrated Dogger Bank, the Well Bank, and off the Norfolk and Lincolnshire coasts, where formerly it was not found—very likely from not being sought for. The fish are carried to the London markets from the Orkneys, and other distant fishing-stations, in schooner-vessels containing wells, to keep them alive and fresh. But great quantities of white fish are also forwarded to London and other markets by railway, packed in ice. The total supply drawn from the British seas may be estimated by the fact that 4,000,000 of cod-fish are got from the north alone.

The mode of curing as practised in Scotland differs from that of Newfoundland, and is as follows:—The fish are usually killed and cleaned as soon as taken, which is done by hand-line, with hooks. When brought on shore, they are opened up from head to tail, and a portion of the backbone is cut out. They are then carefully washed and purified from blood with copious libations of clean salt-water. After being drained, which is the next process, they are laid down in a long vat, in alternate rows of fish and salt, heavy weights being placed upon the layers to keep them under the action of the pickle. After a time, they are taken out of the vat, again washed and brushed, and gathered into little heaps to drain. This being effected, they are spread out individually to 'pine' by exposure to the sun and air. Next they are built into heaps called steeples, to await the appearance of what is technically called the *bloom*, a whitish substance which comes out on the fish. This completes the business. In Yorkshire, the curers improve on this plan, by placing the fish on wooden erections made of cross-bars, which admits of their drying much sooner, keeps them cleaner, and obviates numerous accidents which occur to those dried on the ground.

Great quantities of haddocks, also, are caught both on the English and Scottish coasts. These fish are either forwarded to market direct in a fresh state, or, as in Scotland, put through a process of cure called smoking, and brought into the market as *Finnans*, in which shape vast supplies of the fish are sent from the northern fishing-villages to the manufacturing towns of England. The mode of capture is by lines similar to those employed in the cod-fishery, and portions are also got by means of the trawl-net. This fish is plentiful, and forms an excellent article of diet. The haddocks of best quality are found in Dublin Bay, and on the Nymph Bank. Plentiful supplies are likewise obtained on the shores of the eastern counties of England. 'The commerce in this description of fish has greatly increased in Scotland,' says a recent writer, 'many having embarked in it on a large scale, by erecting extensive curing-houses, and purchasing haddocks from numerous captors, who confine themselves almost solely to this department of fishing. The whole process, when performed upon the smaller scale, and by the country-people, takes only a few hours; so that fish caught in the evening may be in a market many miles distant on the morning of the following day. The real Finnans are generally small, and of a pleasant pale-yellow colour; but larger fish are cured at the great commercial stations, and in a way intended to admit of their being sent to a longer distance, and keeping for a longer time.' In Edinburgh, it may be mentioned that the price of haddocks and other fish has more than doubled itself within the last few years. Ten years ago, the fishwife would bring the supply to your door a distance of three miles, and sell at the rate of about a fraction more than a half-penny per pound-weight. The advance in price is no doubt attributable to the facilities of carriage afforded by our railways, and the consequent demand of a greatly enlarged field, with which the supply does not keep pace.

We may now devote a few sentences to an account of the capture of flat fish. There is a very great variety of this kind of fish, most of which are eligible to a place on the dining-table. They are mostly taken by means of the trawl-net, which is much used in the English fisheries. The flat fish most esteemed for the table are halibut, turbot, skate, soles, and flounders; plaice, dabs, &c., we may pass without notice. The halibut has been known to attain to enormous size, some having been caught of the weight of 600 pounds. In its flavour, the halibut is little inferior to that of the real turbot, which it so much resembles. At certain seasons, commencing in April, it is plentiful in the Scottish fish-markets, and can be had wonderfully cheap. The aldermanic turbot is said to be the best flavoured of all the flat-fish family. 'It is thought, we are told, to be the rhombus of the ancient Romans. A specimen of enormous size was taken in the reign of Domitian, who ordained a Senatus Consultum to devise the best mode of bringing it to table.' Turbot is obtained principally by trawling, but also by line-fishing. Vast stores of it are found in the silver-pits between the Dogger and Well Banks, where hundreds of vessels may be found profitably engaged in its capture. Our London and home markets are also largely supplied by the Dutch fisheries, which commence early in the spring-season; and neither the Scottish nor English pursue the fishery with the same success as our enterprising neighbours from Holland. As the year advances, the fish migrate to the north, where deeper water is obtained, and where the line must be resorted to. The fishery terminates about the beginning of autumn. The coasts of Devonshire, and off Dover towards the French side, are all productive places for the taking of these kinds of fish. Soles might be obtained in enormous quantities, were the best fishing-ground selected and some pains taken to secure them. At present, it is mostly from the English coast we derive our supplies. Soles have been caught of the great weight of nine pounds, and very frequently of five pounds' weight. Skate-fishing, much followed in the north, is just similar to the other kinds of trawl-fishing we have endeavoured to describe; the great misfortune is, that none of the branches are prosecuted with vigour. A large amount of additional capital could be profitably invested in reaping our sea-harvests, which would give useful and remunerative employment to thousands of our population.

The sprat-harvest, and the mackerel and pilchard fisheries, are all of them highly productive, yielding, for a small outlay of capital, immense quantities of palatable food: mackerel are caught in the same manner as herring, only the net is of a larger kind, and has some trifling modifications. This fish is also, like the herring, found in great shoals; and indeed in some seasons the supply has been so large as to exceed greatly the demand. When we state that the average consumption per annum of this fish, in London alone, amounts to nearly 25,000,000—averaging one pound-weight each—our readers will be able to form some idea of the total quantity of food yielded to us from this one species. The flavour of the fish is best in May and June, and, to be eaten in perfection, it must be very fresh; it must, in fact, be 'new drawn from the sea.' Great bustle and activity prevail at the fishing-stations during the mackerel season; but as there are very few of this fish cured, the scene differs from that which is seen at the time of the herring-fishery, especially in Scotland. Particular years are marked in the memory of fishermen as being more productive than others: 1808, 1821, 1833, 1834, and 1847 (we think) are marked years for the abundance of their supplies. One Sunday morning in March 1833, four boats at Hastings caught upwards of 10,000 fish! Sixteen boats have been known to catch fish to the value of nearly L.6000. As illustrating the fluctuations of value caused by the scarcity or plentifulness of the article, we may note that the price of mackerel has been known to range from 7s. each to eighty for 1s.—a striking contrast, which will recall Covent Garden stories of green pease at a guinea the ounce, or 1s. a pea!

The pilchard, which is an important member of the herring family, demands a brief notice. Picturesque sketches of the pilchard-fishery have often been written. It is pursued chiefly on the coast of Cornwall, and this fish is taken there, and at various other places on the English coast, from July till October. They are caught both by drift-nets and seine-nets, and 'the number of fish taken by a drift-boat in a night's fishing varies exceedingly; from 5000 to 10,000 is considered moderate: it often amounts to 20,000. For the season's fishing, about 150,000 fish would be deemed favourable.' The pilchard is sometimes incredibly abundant, and as many as 2200 hogsheads have been taken in one night. The hogshead contains about 3000, and fish sufficient to fill 10,000 of these measures have been brought into one port in a single day. Thirty millions of one kind of fish!—a striking example of what the sea can do in the way of contributing to the food of mankind. The shoals of pilchards are discovered advancing from the rocky cliffs by the dark shadow they produce on the water. Look-outs are stationed to give notice of the route taken by the shoal, and, armed with a branch to use for the purpose of signals, it is in a great measure by their exertions in directing the boats that the shoal is surrounded by the nets, and hauled near the shore; when a new set of boats and men are ready to dig the fish out of the compact mass enclosed in the seine, and carry them ashore to be sold and cured, and in due time exported to the shores of the Mediterranean. The capital employed in gathering this portion of the harvest of the sea is very considerable, having been estimated at L.600,000. One of our naturalists says: 'As an object of adventure, the pilchard-fishery is popular in Cornwall; and beyond a doubt, the community is greatly benefited by it. Yet it frequently happens that the success is partial, and the price is low; but when there is a profit, it is commonly considerable, and in this lottery every one is led by the hope of being among the fortunate.'

The sprat, or garvie, is a little fish, about six inches long, and was at one time supposed to be the young of the herring. Although not so valuable as that fish, the unbounded quantities in which it is taken, and the cheap rate at which they are sold, render it an object of decided interest to the poorer classes of the community. Notwithstanding the immense supplies of this fish which can be disposed of in London, it has been so plentiful in some years as to necessitate the sale of large quantities to farmers for manure. 'In the winter of 1829–30, sprats were particularly abundant; barge-loads, containing from 1000 to 1500 bushels, bought at 6d. a bushel, were sent up the Medway as far as Maidstone to manure the hop-grounds.' There has been a great change in the mode of bringing fish to market since 1830; and if we may judge from the account given in a recent description of Billingsgate, of the immense quantities of sprats which are there disposed of and conveyed in the course of an hour or two to the outermost corners of London, we may safely indulge in the hope that it will never again be necessary to dispose of valuable food-stuff as manure for the land.

A word now as to eels. We have a vivid recollection of having at one time guarded with watchful tenderness a large hair plucked from the tail of a stallion, and carefully placed in an earthen vessel among pure spring-water, in the expectation of some fine morning being called upon to hail it as an eel. Indeed, so determined were we on this point, that before submitting to have it thrown away, we actually fancied that, like the tail of the lion on Northumberland House, it moved. This is only one of the many curious ideas which are entertained as to the origin of this serpent-like fish. Another is, that if we cut up two turfs, covered with May-dew, and, laying one on the other, expose them for a time to the heat of the sun, in a few hours there will spring from them an infinite quantity of eels. But no matter how they originate—which is much in the same way as other fish—they form a valuable description of food, the flesh being excellent; and being prolific, the supply is almost unlimited, if sufficient care were only taken to obtain it. It is the Dutch to whom the eel-pie bakers of the great metropolis look for their supplies; and they are brought over in great quantities from Holland to the Thames in welled vessels, where, of course, a ready market is at once obtained for them. Great quantities, however, are caught in this country, and we are told that the supply might be doubled by a little ingenuity in their capture. They are principally dug for at present with eel-forks, and are found imbedded in the soft soil of harbours, and in those river-channels which are occasionally left dry by the tide for a few hours daily. In such places, buried about a foot and a half deep in the mud, and mostly near to land-drains, or other courses which empty their waters into these rivers, plentiful supplies can be had. It may be mentioned, as an indication of the prolific nature of this fish, that when the young ones are ascending a fresh-water river from the sea, the shoals have been known to pass a given point at the rate of 1600 per minute; and this passage has been known to proceed uninterruptedly for four consecutive days. That would give 1,152,000 eels per day, or a total for the four days and nights of upwards of 9,000,000 of fish on one river alone. No necessity, one would suppose, to be obliged to the Dutch to fill our eel-pies for us. If such be the number ascending the Thames, can any person calculate what is likely to be the total number in the whole of the rivers of Great Britain?

In his interesting publication on *London Labour and the London Poor*, Mr Mayhew gives the following statement of the yearly quantity of shell-fish consumed in London:—'Oysters, 495,896,000; lobsters (1 pound each), 1,200,000; crabs (1 pound each), 600,000; shrimps, 498,428,648; whelks, 4,943,200; mussels, 50,400,000; cockles, 67,392,000; periwinkles, 304,000,000.' The above statement is a sufficient index as to the demand for the crustacean tribe. And yet how small a portion of the population are enabled to enjoy such a luxury, considering the limited supply and consequent dearness of the article! Many of the inhabitants of London and other large cities have never in their lives tasted fresh fish; and even shrimps are luxuries which the genuine Londoner, in the absence of lobster-salad, and having no chance of a feast of natives, thinks unrivalled.

The oyster, it is well known, is in season only in certain months of the year, commencing in August, and terminating about the end of April. Capital oysters can be had frequently in Edinburgh at the rate of 1s. per hundred. They are of course much dearer in London and in inland towns and cities, where the cost is increased by railway carriage. As the oyster can be removed from one site to another, it is thought that if proper means were adopted, a still more abundant supply of this favourite dainty might be obtained. We understand that beds have been formed for the supply of the great metropolis on various parts of the south coast, as well as at the mouth of the Thames. These, we believe, are worked by companies, and are found to pay. Could some plan like this not be adopted in the north? And would it not be remunerative to send large supplies to the inland towns of the kingdom?

Lobsters have come now to be in such great demand as to lead to their importation from Norway in countless thousands. By some expenditure of capital, the Irish coasts might be made to yield a good return in lobsters. We borrow the following account of their capture from a work on the Irish fisheries:—'They are taken out of the clefts and holes in the rocks with a gaff, which has a small handle made of ash, about five feet long, and two and a half inches in circumference, to the end of which is attached, with a socket, a light piece of iron about eighteen inches long, and as thick as the shank of a tobacco-pipe, with a hook formed at the end of it: fishing for them in deep water, they are caught in a lobster-pot made of long briers worked into a basket of precisely the same shape, and on the same principle as the circular-wire mouse or rat trap. These are used all along the Irish coast; they are baited inside with pieces of fish cut up into small squares, and hung along the inside of the lobster-pot. The English pots are made of four or more hoops, tied, at equal distances, on spars about four feet long; there is a strong netting put over this, with two entrances into it, one at either end. This is thought a much better plan, as it is impossible for anything to get through the netting, and the fish can see the bait much easier. Immense numbers of lobsters might be obtained on the Irish coasts, and could easily be kept alive in little ponds of salt-water until an opportunity offers of sending them to market.'

We trust that the attention of practical people may be speedily drawn to the prolific food-stores contained in our seas and firths; we are sure it requires only enterprise and management, with a judicious expenditure of capital, to make them available. When we find how eager the mercantile man is to obtain a good investment for his money, and how readily he will risk his thousands on any popular bubble of the day, it is astonishing to think that so practical a subject as the one we have been endeavouring to illustrate should not, long ere this, have received a greater amount of attention. 'The fishermen often see the creeks along the west coast of Ireland crammed with fine fish, when they could take tons of them at a haul or shot with a deep seine or drift net; but, when caught, they would be useless to them, as they could not either salt or sell them. . . . . Herrings have had to be sold on the coast of Donegal for tenpence per thousand. . . . . There are not hands enough here (Ireland) to take a tithe of the fish that could be had; and even if they were captured, there is no salt to cure them, and the market to sell them is far away, with no means of carriage.' So says Mr Brabazon, a writer on the subject, who is supported by the other authorities whom we have consulted. The field of enterprise which might be opened up in connection with the Irish fisheries, would give employment to thousands of the population, and be a great means of conferring wealth and happiness on that country.

We again repeat the great fact, that in gathering the harvest of the sea, there is wanted only the wages of the labourer and the expense of providing the necessary implements; man incurs no costly outlay for seed, or for the trouble of sowing it; no lavish sums of money have to be expended for the purchase of guano or other manures; there is no holding on for market—no seasons of blight, no failure from disease, no deterioration from the passing storm; all that is wanted is the necessary enterprise and organisation to secure the manifold food advantages which the sea most certainly affords. Steam-transit to most parts of the country can now be found; and in a few hours after it reaches the harbour, the produce of the fishing-boat can be distributed to the most distant corners of the land, and absorbed at once into the commissariat of this populous empire. The present fishing-system, however, is so rude and imperfect, as not to be able to supply more than one-third of the demand; but it is only our want of enterprise, and our deficiencies in the means of capture and cure, that make this limit. Nature has provided in the bosom of the great deep boundless stores of the most luxurious food, and man has but to put forth his hand, and it is his.

THE ARSENIC-EATING QUESTION.

Mr Boner's papers on this subject* have attracted the attention—by no means favourable—of the scientific world; and among others, Mr Robert Hunt has most warmly remonstrated, and Dr Thomas Inman of Liverpool has either explained away or denied the facts mentioned by our contributor. These facts, our readers may remember, are chiefly—that there is a practice of eating arsenic in small doses in Styria and other parts of Europe; that the people indulging in the drug believe it produces a blooming complexion, a brilliant eye, and an appearance of embonpoint; that it is dangerous to take it at any other time than the increase of the moon; that the dose, beginning with half a grain, may be increased to several grains; and that symptoms of poisoning appear when the practice is given up. As for the amount of the dose, Dr Inman remarks, that as it is stated to be procured by the 'Styrian peasantry from hucksters, herbalists, &c.,' the probability is, that it may in reality contain only a moderate percentage of arsenious acid; and on this point—the strength of the dose—and its effect upon the personal appearance, he makes the following statement:—

---

* See No. 110, page 90.

'The human being will bear a certain very small quantity of arsenic without any marked effect; in an adult the tenth of a grain per day is the limit. After this has been continued about ten days or a fortnight (a time equal to the "increase of the moon"), the body is saturated, and certain symptoms follow, amongst which are "*swelling of the face and a mild inflammation of the eye*"—(the blooming complexion, appearance of embonpoint, and the brilliant eye of the Styrian peasantry!) When this appearance is noticed, the careful physician always suspends the use of the drug; knowing that to continue it will be attended with danger. Without understanding the reason, the peasant does the same, for he suspends arsenic-eating while the moon wanes.

'Experience has shewn that a fortnight only is requisite to discharge arsenic from the body. By leaving, therefore, an interval of some fourteen days between one set of doses and another, the peasant always begins *de novo.* When you consider the stress laid by the Styrians upon a fortnightly suspension of the drug, it is easy to believe that the notion "that the symptoms of poisoning come on when the practice is altogether given up," has no foundation in fact.'

This seems sufficiently satisfactory to persons who, like ourselves, have no pretensions to a knowledge of the subject; but it may be remarked, that a description of the medical use of opium in this country would not be considered a refutation of the extraordinary facts related of the practice of eating that poison in China and Turkey. At the same time, there is doubtless a great difference in the nature of the two substances, the one being more immediately deadly than the other. But when Dr Inman proceeds to say that the notion of the drug strengthening the wind of the chamois-hunter when ascending a height must be quite illusory, *because* the quantity he takes is 'too small to have any appreciable effect,' we demur to the argument. The quantity mentioned by Mr Boner, supposing it to be pure, is declared preposterously great, while if impure, the relative amount of the adulteration is wholly unknown to either party. On the other hand, the necessity supposed by Mr Boner to exist for persisting in the use of the drug after it has been once fairly begun, appears inconsistent with his statement that a fortnight must intervene between each course—during which fortnight, according to Dr Inman, the poison vanishes altogether from the body. The sleekness of the horses to which arsenic has been administered, is accounted for by the medical critic by its being the property of the drug to make the hair fall off; Dr Inman supposing that it is only the long hairs that perish, while there continues a constant growth of young and smaller ones.

'If any of your readers,' concludes Dr Inman, 'still feel disposed to try the effects of arsenic, let me give them the following cautions:—To use only a preparation whose real strength they know; Fowler's solution contains the $\frac{1}{120}$th of a grain in every drop. Very few, indeed, can bear to take five drops three times in a day. It is best borne on a full stomach. It soon produces griping, sickness, and purging. It is well to remember the Styrian rule, and invariably suspend its use every alternate fortnight. The dose cannot be increased indefinitely or with impunity. When once the full dose which can be borne is ascertained, it is better to begin with that, and go on diminishing it to the end of the fortnight, than to begin with a small dose, and go on increasing it daily. Lastly, let me urge upon all who adopt the Styrian system, to make some written memorandum that they have done so, lest, *in case of accident*, some of their friends may be hanged in mistake.'

The use of arsenic as described by Dr Tschudi and Mr Boner is well known in various continental countries, although nobody, perhaps, is aware of the quantity of arsenious acid contained in the dose; and in England the information was widely spread by newspaper paragraphs before we mentioned the subject at all. Since it is impossible, therefore, to conceal the fact of the poison being eaten, the closer investigation the question receives the better. The notion that investigation is dangerous inasmuch as it is 'likely to put the thing in people's heads,' proceeds, obviously, from mere mistake. Arsenic is not consumed, like opium or alcohol, for the sake of the sensation it produces; it causes no exhilaration or intoxication—no bewildering of the judgment; it is swallowed merely as a medicine, that it may bring about certain results; and if, as Dr Inman tells us, it has no such power, the experiment would not be repeated. A *course* of arsenic is not in question as an experiment, for the result is said to be produced at once: you give a horse, for instance, a dose at the bottom of the hill, that he may be in good enough wind to get easily to the top. We consider, therefore, Dr Inman's concluding paragraph, relative to the proper dose, the most important part of his communication, as it may serve to keep out of mischief those silly or curious persons who might be tempted to tamper with so dangerous a drug merely to try whether it would not improve their complexions.

FORMAL AS CONTRASTED WITH PRIVATE HISTORY.

In Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of his Own Time*, there is an anecdote of Lord Hermand delivering himself in rather queer terms at the trial of a gentleman of Glasgow for the murder of his friend, the fact being, that the two had quarrelled in a drunken bout, and the one had knocked down the other, with scarcely any consciousness of what he was doing. The eccentric judge, who had a respect for drinking, is described as expressing himself thus: 'We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him!—after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my Laards, if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he is sober?'

We have had the curiosity to look up the account of this trial given in what Lord Cockburn calls the *doited Scots Magazine*, and there we find Lord Hermand's remarks previous to sentence thus reported: 'This case had excited great interest, and had occasioned a long trial, but the evidence had not amounted to anything like murder. It was in many parts contradictory, and no person had seen the fatal blow given. It also appeared that there was no malice in the case, as the parties were in habits of intimate friendship. The quarrel rose from excess of intoxication on the part of the unfortunate gentleman at the bar, and he hoped, for his own sake, *he would never allow himself to indulge in the use of fermented liquors.* He thought the verdict of the jury proper, and also their recommendation; and for that reason he would propose that the pannel should be confined in the tolbooth of Glasgow for the space of six months.'

The difference between the two statements seems too great to be accounted for by variance of reporting, and we conjecture that Lord Cockburn must have set down some private and jocular remarks of Lord Hermand on the case.

There is another justiciary anecdote touched on by Lord Cockburn, but only to correct the erroneous account of the same incident previously given by Mr Lockhart in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*. It is, as now re-stated by Lord Cockburn, to the effect that Lord Kames, having occasion to preside at the trial of one Matthew Hay, with whom in former days he had been accustomed to play at chess, said half-aside on the return of the verdict, 'That's check-mate to you, Matthew!' Here also, we suspect, that memory has played the narrator some trick. Matthew Hay, described as 'farmer in the Holms of Dundonald,' was tried at Ayr in September 1780, for administering arsenic in a pot of *sowens* to a neighbouring farmer's family, for the purpose of making away with one of the daughters, Elizabeth Wilson, then about to bear a child, of which he was the father. The farmer and his wife both died, and a daughter, different from the above, lost the use of her limbs. The same doited *Scots Magazine* says: 'On receiving sentence, the pannel [culprit] was greatly affected; but after recovering himself, he addressed the judges, protesting his innocence in strong terms, and saying that a visible judgment would be seen on Elizabeth and Margaret Wilson. The judges heard him with patience, and Lord Kames addressed him, saying, that God and his own conscience best knew his innocence or guilt; that he had got a fair trial, and was now condemned by the laws of his country; and concluded with exhorting him to employ the short time he had to live in making his peace with Heaven, and in preparing himself to appear before the just judge of heaven and earth.'

It is difficult to suppose that Lord Kames would connect with such an admonition as this a jest such as has been stated; but we can readily understand his making such an observation in the inn after dinner. On the other hand, if we are to assume that such words did fall from Lord Hermand in the one case, and Lord Kames in the other, while on the seat of judgment, is there not something very amusing in the success with which the reporter has made all smooth in the printed accounts?

PUBLIC MOURNING IN CHINA.

The testament of one of the late emperor's wives, who died last August, having been submitted to the Board of Rites, that body reported to the reigning emperor thus: The testament of the Great Empress has been printed on yellow paper, according to law, and copies thereof transmitted to the Board of War, to be forwarded to each board and bureau, to the Manchu, and Mangolian Yamuns, &c. On the arrival of the document at its destination, the civil and military officers, together with the elders and gentry of the place, shall remove the buttons from their caps, and proceed in plain attire to the outskirts of the city, and receive it kneeling, and bear it respectfully to the Yamun. Where three prostrations and nine knocks of the forehead on the ground shall be made [before a tablet of the deceased], and where the said officers shall attend, kneeling to the reading; then rise and weep aloud, and repeat the prostrations and knockings of the head [after filing the document]. They shall night and morning, for three successive days, make the three prostrations and nine-head knockings, and weep aloud in the Temple of Longevity [before her tablet]. The mandarins and their wives shall go into mourning for twenty-seven days; there shall be no marriages nor music amongst officials for the space of one hundred days. Nor shall the sound of music be heard among them, other than on marriage occasions, until they are officially informed that the tomb has been completed. There shall be no marriages amongst the people for the space of one month.

EXECUTION OF YOUNG GIRLS BY THE CARTFUL.

Rogers, in his *Table-talk*, has horrified the public by this reminiscence: 'When I was a lad, I recollect seeing a whole cartful of young girls, in dresses of various colours, *on their way to be executed* at Tyburn. They had been condemned, on one indictment, for having been concerned in—that is, perhaps, for having been spectators of—the burning of some houses during Lord George Gordon's riots. It was quite horrible.' Horrible indeed! But a writer in *Notes and Queries* mentions, that in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1780 it is stated that only two women were executed, who had been active in pulling down the house of a publican. These were two out of twenty-one persons, the whole number, according to Lord Stanhope's *History of England*, left for execution: all of them the most active of the rioters. Rogers's cartful of young girls were probably on their way to enjoy the spectacle.

HEALING FOR THE SICK.

O LIFE! with thy large aims and petty strivings,
Thy graver purpose that but ill hath sped,
Thy plenteous sowings, and thy small derivings,
Thy feasts at which the spirit is not fed—
Hast thou no sleep that lays a kind cool palm
On aching brows, and bids the breast be calm,
Until death's shadow crosses our repose,
And sighs good-night as the faint eyelids close?

To some fair chamber with bright glimpse of skies,
In hearing of the sweet rejoicing leaves,
With tender lights from those green tapestries
Which the quaint ivy o'er the window weaves;
Or where four walls look grimly on the streets,
On roof-tiles where a parching sunshine beats,
And swoons beneath the never-lifting haze
That creeps along the city's dusky ways—

The Envoy comes, a twilight in his face!
Is he an angel wrapt about with cloud?
Are those veiled features touched with heavenly grace?
Or is't some demon in a dead man's shroud?
In that dream-world of languor where he lies,
So populous with ghostly phantasies,
The sick man knows not, for his sense is dim;
He only feels those eyes are watching him.

Look up! thy tasks are over, and the fires
Of sunset smoulder in the cloudy west;
The tumult of the sultry day expires;
Care's ragged wings are folden to their rest.
I come to lead thee from this land of dreams,
The circle of this pale sun's watery beams,
To broader, fuller light than thou hast known,
Up to the steps of the eternal Throne.

I cross thy threshold—not as comes the thief;
I give thee what thy penury has lacked;
I give thy nobler will the craved relief,
Force to aspire, and energy to act.
Nay, shudder not, nor fear some phantom's grasp;
These friendly hands a brimming chalice clasp;
Here, in a golden cup, I bring thee wine
Pressed from immortal grapes—a draught divine!

E. D. C.

INVULNERABILITY OF POETS.

The true poet is not one whit to be pitied, and he is apt to laugh in his sleeve when any misguided sympathiser whines over his wrongs. Even when utilitarians sit in judgment on him, and pronounce him and his art useless, he hears the sentence with such a hard derision, such a broad, deep, comprehensive, and merciless contempt of the unhappy Pharisees who pronounce it, that he is rather to be chidden than condoled with.—*Currer Bell.*

A GOLDEN SAYING.

John Knox, in his *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, remarks it as an opinion entertained by some, 'that *men subject to the counsel and empire of their wives, were unworthy of all public office.*'

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by JAMES FRASER, 14 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 134. SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856. PRICE 1½d.

ESTIMATES.

No one denies that all men are alike in the eye of the law, and ought to be so. In man's religious aspect, no distinctions are admitted. It is everywhere amongst enlightened men felt to be right that the characters of humanity should be viewed with respect, in however rude or humble vessels they may appear. In all of these grander considerations, men stand on a perfect level. At the same time, in the practical affairs of the world, we invariably see an inequality assumed and acted on. The poor man has never been anywhere of much account. He who governs the purse has always been held as the rightful ruler of much besides. The able and judicious man everywhere acquires a predominating influence. Even the distinction of an ancestry in these respects gives an ascendancy, though the present generation may have little to boast of. Thus, the professed doctrines of equality are overruled to some extent by what appear as conventional ideas and practices of a contrary tenor. We yield obedience to the latter—cannot apparently help doing so—and yet there is a constant disposition to rebel against them, as something wanting a right warrant in the world, and which has usurped the place of the true rule. Every now and then there is an insurrectionary flourish against social distinctions; and on their account, many seem to live in a state of continual discontent, as forced to give a reverence where none is due.

There are many things, however, that have a rectitude in them, though we cannot readily tell where it lies, and the world is sometimes more wise in its actions than in its professions. When we divest ourselves of the prejudices arising from our own special positions, it is not difficult to see a general justice in the different degrees of consideration we actually—while perhaps professing otherwise—assign to each other. This justice, indeed, proceeds on the assumed fact, that man is a being destined to seek out and esteem what is useful to him in the external frame of things, and who may allowably do so, seeing that, to all appearance, his Creator has so willed.

The one fundamental principle in the case is simply a measure of the usefulness of individuals to the rest. What part do you take in the great frame of industrial operations? Are you a mere unit in some extensive body, contributing your mechanical strength, and little else, to the general benefit? Is your function some simple one, calling for only the most ordinary faculties, and which, consequently, anybody could perform as well as yourself? Then you must be content to rank humbly in the eyes of the community; while, of course, in your humanity, in your citizenship, in your religious aspect, not less the peer of all. Have you, on the other hand, talent, knowledge, and skill which you make largely applicable to the supply of the wants or gratification of the tastes of your fellow-creatures?—then assuredly you will be placed comparatively high, and may reasonably be said to deserve to be so. Were there not, indeed, a fair claim to superior estimation on these accounts, how could it be expected that men should take the trouble of cultivating their faculties for special useful ends, as society everywhere encourages them to do, under a sense of its being needful? The fact is, we require men of talents and high culture for certain purposes important to us, and we cannot help appreciating what it gratifies us to obtain.

It is a proposition not less sound, though human pride can scarcely be brought to accept it, that realised means—money—while not in the least adding to the inherent dignity of the human being, confers an importance equal to that of natural endowment, as far as those who assign the importance are concerned. The man who has but himself, his sinews or his brain, to contribute to the general stock, and who gives *that*, does well, and is entitled to be fairly esteemed accordingly. But see what it is to have, besides this, some realised means! Were there a shipwrecked party on a desolate coast, most of them with only a few trifling articles of their property saved from the wreck, but one with a barrel of meat; this man with the barrel of meat would of course become the most important man of the company, because he had that which could enable the rest and himself to work at whatever was necessary for giving immediate comfort or providing for ultimate relief. This is but the extreme form of the use of realised wealth in general. It may be defined as an extension of the natural means by which men obtain what supports and gratifies them. It is something in addition to the naked personal energies. By it men are enabled to undertake and accomplish works for general advantage, such as they never could have attempted with their brains and hands alone. And as it allows of actual labour being spared, and causes work to be done more cheaply than it could be by the unassisted natural powers, no wonder that it is esteemed as an important thing in the world. Under the name of capital, indeed, we often hear it cried out upon—because it often happens that men put themselves into an attitude of competitive antagonism towards it, and get hurt in the vain struggle, instead of entering into its economy as allies, in which case they would find it their friend. We here see but the expression of an immediate inconvenience. The immense benefits conferred upon all, even ultimately upon the out-cheapened labourer, by capital, assert themselves in the judgment of mankind, and the several individuals who possess it, are, each in his various degree, according to the amount of his share, irresistibly esteemed on its account. Let crotchety thinkers say as they will, let men under personal feelings declaim as they may about what no one disputes, the fundamental equality of all, the mass will act out this truth, and simply because they cannot exempt themselves from its influence.

And there is, after all, a justice in it. The origin of wealth is in a moral feeling—self-denial. 'Here is something I will not consume or throw away—I will take care of it, store it up for the future use of myself or others.' The man who first said and acted thus, laid the foundation of a virtue upon earth. Every one who now acts thus, within reasonable bounds, is advancing in the scale of moral being. The savings of each man are a diffusive blessing to all, and therefore, in so far, frugality is a thing which all may and ought to applaud. The opposite—in whatever form or degree it may appear—is of course a vice. It is so because it tends to the destruction of a thing on which general comfort and happiness depend. This is a view in direct opposition to the popular one, which, in sheer ignorance, or from the experience of certain miserable but immediate benefits, approves of, or at least apologises for, the dissipation of wealth. The great multitude of the unendowed are also apt to feel it as an unpleasant doctrine. Very natural; but those who have had opportunities of saving, and have not, should be told that they have omitted to realise a merit, and really cannot justly be esteemed on a par with those who have acted otherwise. There may be other merits in their case; and no one disrespects humanity in their persons. But if all had acted like them all along, there could have been no cultivation of the soil worth speaking of; no great manufactories, by their economy of labour extending to all the benefits which once only the few enjoyed; no public works for general benefit; no large population; no political force or power; and our condition, man for man, must have been comparatively wretched. It would be well if public instructors would speak more candidly and truthfully on these points. As matters stand, one would suppose there was a perverse disposition in many quarters to run down classes of men in the very proportion in which their particular forms of industry are practised with the result of a diffusive benefit to the community.

There are of course various anomalies to be allowed for—as wealth in the hands of worthless and selfish men; wealth used oppressively towards the poor; wealth sought for and used merely as a means of sensual indulgence and the gratification of vanity; wealth laid up in inutility by the miser (though banks have pretty nearly put an end to this mistake); and so forth. But look simply at wealth with a regard to its general usefulness amongst mankind, even including those who are not its possessors, and we must come to admit that, while it cannot in the slightest degree affect any of the fundamental natural rights of men, it may not quite unreasonably confer some external distinction.

It is to be hoped that these remarks, loose and imperfect as they are, will help to bring the professed ideas of some people into an improved harmony with their practice in regard to social inequalities. We seek not to exalt any of these adventitious distinctions, but only to penetrate if possible to their foundations. The poet delights to assert the natural dignity of manhood, and to cheer the poor and lowly in all their struggles with the social problems surrounding them. Let it ever be so. The divine glowingly dwells on the words which assure the humble that heaven is equally open to them as to the great and proud of the world. Who can but respond to so noble a doctrine? The sole object on the present occasion is to explain how the actual estimates of men in the world arise, and to shew that in their regard to the Useful they have a basis in which universal humanity is interested.

A NIGHT OF IT.

I HAVE a very lively remembrance of the time when I regarded it as a nuisance to be obliged to go to bed, a thing to be shirked, resisted, and avoided, or at anyrate postponed to the latest moment—when to be sent off to bed prematurely was a punishment too odious to be borne submissively, and when to be allowed to sit up till ten or eleven at night was one of the greatest delights of my life, and a rare reward for exceeding good conduct. Those were the days when I was happy, and didn't know it. Since then, besides having at times 'strange bedfellows,' according to the well-known proverb, I have had no end of experience in beds and bedding in the course of my wanderings among my fellow-men. I have slept on beds of down, beneath canopies of silk, and curtained with damask inwrought with gold; and I have slept just as soundly on beds of heather, with my face within a yard of the sheiling's mossy roof—the shepherd's colly snorting at my feet. I have rolled luxuriously on wind-beds of caoutchouc and water-beds of ditto; and I have rolled without any luxury at all on the bare boards of an evil-smelling caravansary; and I have slept between wind and water on board ship, to the lullaby of the waves knocking all night at my tympanum with the pertinacity of an undertaker's man at a coffin. When I launched in the world on my own account, I went up the Rhine to dissipate a little money I had to begin with, and there, among the bashful Germans, I slept *between* beds of down; and when the money had all vanished, I came back to a straw-mattress in a London garret, thankful that I had made so good a use of my fortune, and, by spending it at once, saved it from the fangs of the sharks and sharpers around me. In subsequent years, I have wandered to and fro on the earth, and seen some ups and downs, and divers sorts of sleeping-places—now lord of a couch where vexed royalty might have forgotten its cares, now fighting for a share of a hayloft. I have enjoyed the best bed in the inn's best room for less than the value of a shilling; and I have been asked a guinea for permission to lie on the dirty boards under a dining-table. I have slept with Dane and Norwegian, with Spaniard, Hungarian, and Turk, with the Moor and the Bedouin; and in my dear native land I have slept with Duke Humphrey in my boots. I am able to comprehend the mysteries of all manner of shake-downs, and can perfectly understand how a bed may be extemporised in a moment, or occupy a council of upholsterers in deliberation for a whole month.

But somehow, whether it is that I have at length cut my wise teeth, I have latterly become sensible, almost learned on the score of east winds, atmospheric changes, air-draughts, and rheumatic twinges; and especially in regard to the mischief resulting to the animal economy from protracted vigils. One consequence of this new class of perceptions is a disinclination for irregular experiments in the matter of sleeping, and a growing regard for the four-poster as a reverend institution having claims to our respect and veneration. I no longer shirk my dormitory, but enter it with a feeling of thankfulness, as a sacred retreat from which, if possible, the cares of the world are to be shut out, and the mind, as well as the wearied frame, shall find the repose it needs. When, therefore, Bob Binks the pot-boy, after lugging about his travelling-gallery of foaming porter till near midnight, talks of 'taking a downer,' or of 'going in for the horizontal,' he dishonours my idea of the tranquil rest I covet, and his levity in a manner blasphemes 'tired

Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' which is the greatest earthly blessing the Creator has bestowed upon man, and the only one which reduces all mankind to the same equal level.

These reflections are but the preface to an event—I might perhaps call it a disaster—which befell me very lately. Thus it was:

My better-half—for I have settled down into a sober Benedict for the last dozen years—had, according to a regular instinct which directs her movements every summer, gone off with the two children to a watering-place on the south-east coast. At the small expense of some five guineas extra per week to the housekeeping charges, she had profited, and so had Charlie and Bell, amazingly by the change of air and scene during their month's holiday. But she had made up her mind, from some woman's motive or other, that she would not return until I came to fetch her; and accordingly I had to go. My neighbour Brown had sent his young wife to the same place, and we agreed to run down together by the Saturday-afternoon boat, to dine and enjoy the day quietly together on Sunday, and to bring the ladies home together on the following Monday. I made haste to get my business forward on Saturday morning, and at three o'clock stepped on board the steamer at the Custom-house wharf, just as she was on the point of sailing. It happened that besides Brown, there was Smith with Robinson's pretty sister, and two other ladies from Our Terrace, whom I had known by sight these ten years, and to whom I had now for the first time to be introduced. They were exceedingly agreeable; and we made a very merry party, dining in the cabin in high spirits, and gossiping on deck with much laughter and all the wit we could muster. The sun shed a temperate heat, and the fresh breeze that blew up the river rendered the passage delightful. About seven we had finished our cigars and said most of our good things, and conversation began to flag a little; but Smith proposed tea, and down we went into the cabin, and voting Miss Robinson to the post of honour, received from her fair hands a few cups of the fragrant beverage. Candles had been lighted during tea; and when, that brief repast ended, we returned to the deck, it was to a far different scene from that we had so lately quitted. The sun had gone down behind a long black cloud, that lay like a bar of iron upon the western horizon. We had left the river behind us, and were entering the wide firth where already the Nore-light was glimmering in the distance. The open sea was of the hue of deep indigo, sparsely spotted with snow-flakes; the wind had freshened, and blew, as the sailors said, 'dead ahead;' and the boat had taken to lurching, pitching, and rolling about in a manner which, though it was rather agreeable to me than otherwise, was the reverse of agreeable to the ladies, and in a few minutes charged their fair faces with a dismally haggard expression and the most ghostly hues. The further we went the rougher it grew. Soon the sea burst over the bulwarks, and came cascading on the deck, and, as if that was not enough, down went the bow of the vessel under a black wave, and plunged the fore-cabin passengers ankle-deep in brine. Suddenly there was a wail of fifty female voices calling for the steward, which was followed by the odious apparition of basins, pails, and continents of every description, which these accents of despair always evoke, and which always make matters worse. Our three ladies sunk resignedly on a seat against the paddle-box, looking unutterable things. What became of Brown, I didn't know. He disappeared mysteriously when he saw the vessel in the act of ducking, and did not shew again. Smith was valiant, as became him. He lit another cigar, and, seating himself on a coil of rope, declared the motion of the boat was charming, delightful, and bade the ladies be under no alarm—he would guarantee their perfect safety. The next minute, his cigar, falling from his lips, went out with a hiss on the sodden deck, and he was in no condition to reply to any question that could be put to him. What was more, the man grew savage when spoken to, would not be moved, and insisted on being left alone in the position he had taken up, where every wave we shipped drenched him through. The ladies grew worse, and here was I burdened with their entire management. Luckily, by means of a small bribe, I succeeded in interesting the stewardess in their behalf, and got them laid upon their backs in the baggage-cabin among the wrappers and carpet-bags.

Meanwhile, we made but slow progress, with the wind, which seemed to threaten a gale, right in our teeth. The paddles made a mighty fuss, but the vessel made a personal enemy of every wave, and cut her way through them all, instead of mounting over them. Luckily, the boat would call at H—— before proceeding round the foreland, and I went in search of Brown to consult him on the propriety of landing there for the sake of the ladies. I found him in the cabin, where he had flown to the brandy-bottle as a refuge from sea-sickness. The brandy, however, had got into his head, and he spoke with more dignity and less clearness than usual, but, as I conjectured, in favour of my project. By this time I felt we were getting into quiet water, and on going on deck saw that we were approaching the long pier. We were soon made fast to the landing-place, and then it appeared that well-nigh everybody on board had made up their minds to land at H—— in preference to the chance of encountering a gale in rounding the foreland, where the sea, like an angry mastiff, was growling and shewing its white teeth.

When the rough motion ceased, the ladies recovered sufficiently to be able to walk, and Brown came forth quite gay and talkative, but a little flighty and incoherent; but Smith, who was like a bundle of sea-weed newly fished up, had to be hoisted on to the pier, and dragged to the town, hanging over the shoulders of two men. It was past ten o'clock when we left the boat, and nearly eleven when we reached the hotel, where we got refreshment for the ladies, and had poor Smith put to bed. We had finished supper, and were discussing a glass of grog by way of night-cap, when the landlord made his appearance with the startling intelligence that his beds were all engaged, and he should not be able to accommodate the two gentlemen of our party. Brown seized his hat, thrust out his hand, and shouting 'Good-night,' vanished in an instant. It seems he knew the land better than I, and rushed off thus unceremoniously to secure the best chance. With more seemly deliberation, I bade the ladies farewell, and taking my carpet-bag, set out in search of a resting-place. The town lay along the coast a few yards from highwater-mark; but on casting my eyes round the whole margin of the bay, I could see but a single light burning—save in the house I had just left—and that seemed at least a mile off. There was no time to be lost. I made across the shingle for the light, and in a quarter of an hour came up to it. It proceeded from a roadside inn at the extremity of the town, and the landlord was in the act of shutting up as I approached. On my asking for a bed, he shook his head, assuring me that if he had had a score of beds he could have filled them all, and that he was full to overflowing. As he spoke, he seemed to suspect that I should take his house by assault, for he drew the half-door to, bolted it, and talked to me over it: Didn't think there was a bed to be had in the town—never were many—few people came there except by stress of weather; and landlords couldn't be expected to find accommodation that was only wanted two or three times in a season. The man was evidently sore on the subject, and enjoyed the predicament I was in.

To cut short his pleasure, I turned my back upon him, and set off again in the direction I had come. When he had closed his door with an audible chuckle, he left me in total solitude and darkness. The only object visible was the dim edge of white foam from the billows, as they heaved lazily into the landlocked bay, and dashed heavily on the beach. This white line served me for a guide, and by it I traced my way back to the hotel, where a few lights yet blinked in the upper chambers; but all was mute and still. I was unwilling to give up all hopes of a bed, and resolved to push the search in another direction. At the back of the long straggling line of houses fronting the sea lay a few retired streets, in which at far intervals a light twinkled here and there; these were, however, either street-lamps or the tapers of night-watchers upon whom I could not intrude. I wandered through all the thoroughfares backwards and forwards to no purpose—not a sound could I hear but the splash of the breakers re-echoed from the dull walls and the far-off murmur of the sea. I grew weary of my carpet-bag, which from fifteen pounds had within the last hour grown to weigh at least fifty, and I was sick of lugging it about. There were a good many half-built houses in some unfinished streets; they had no glass in their windows, which stared blankly out into the darkness. By degrees my vision adapted itself to the gloom, and I was able to penetrate the blackness of the night. I saw the shell of a house which had no door, and, groping my way into it, contrived to bury the odious bag in a heap of shavings on the basement floor. I don't know what made me feel as if I had been robbing the house instead of furnishing it; but I lurked like a guilty thing beneath the rafters when the deed was done, and peered out on all sides before I made my exit, to see that I was not observed. I was just about to step again into the lone street, when I heard the sound of footsteps plodding mechanically along. I withdrew into the gloom, and seating myself on a beam, waited for the passer-by. He was in no hurry, but at a pace slower than the funereal, came gradually into view. A queer apparition he was. Six feet in height, and enveloped in a serge-coat reaching to his heels, he had a dozen pendulous capes round his shoulders, and a huge cocked-hat upon his head. In his right hand he carried an unsheathed cutlass, which, as his arms were folded, lay like a baby reclining on his shoulder. The brass but-ends of a couple of pistols peered out above the blade, and by a girdle round his waist hung a colossal rattle. I saw all this by the light of a lamp that shone direct upon his path. I thought of hailing the guardian of the night, and soliciting his counsel; but the view of his countenance as he came on into the light deterred me from the venture. He was the very man to put a bullet through you, or cut you down with his cutlass first, and to seek a reason for it afterwards—at least if I have any skill in physiognomy. So I sat still where I was, and waited for him to pass; but it seemed that he didn't want to pass: the upper bar of the railing opposite to my hiding-place was broken off, and the lower bar presented a seat, of which the watchman deliberately took possession. Then he unfolded his arms, rested the sword against the rail, with the hilt ready for his hand, and unbuttoning his coat, took out of his breast-pocket a palpable physic-bottle gauged in doses, and held it up to the light, measuring off his libation with his thumb-nail. His little fishy eyes sparkled with anticipation; but before he drank, he pulled forth a crust of bread and cheese, and before he ate, he growled forth an ejaculation, which was not a grace before meat. He then took a sip of the bottle, and was in the act of cramming the crust into his mouth, when, with a clang like that of a Brobdignag sheep-bell, the town-clock struck one.

The guardian of the night dropped his crust, started to his feet, and, putting both fists to his mouth, roared through them: 'Past one o'clock!' Then he turned round, and sent the same information, variously flavoured, to the four different points of the compass, and, picking up his crust, again turned to the consummation of his repast. It was soon ended, not, however, without sundry growling expletives and expressions of discontent.

He moved on in process of time, and, noting the route he took, I walked off in a contrary direction, having my own reasons for distrusting his prudence in the management of his weapons, in case I should have the misfortune to fall in with him. My way led me along the back of the town, and as I left that behind me, I found myself gradually ascending a gentle slope that rose towards some high lands in the distance. The night was beautiful, but, for the season, intensely cold, and I had to walk briskly to prevent my blood from stagnating. The wintry darkness of the night had disappeared—the black-cloud curtain had been torn into shreds by the wind, which yet blew boisterously, and chased the ragged remnants of the storm-canopy across the clear star-lighted sky. I walked on against the wind till I was tired and giddy, and till I had gained an elevation of some 200 feet above the water. I stopped for a few moments under the lee of a projecting bank, thoroughly fatigued, and sat down upon a stone. A drowsiness almost irresistible seized me, and had I stayed there two minutes, I should have fallen into a sound sleep. That, I knew, would never do, and starting up, I ran down the hill again, in spite of my fatigue, and, gaining the beach, bathed my face in the brine with a view of getting rid of the sleepy feeling. It would not do—the more I resisted it, the more it mastered me; I would not, however, sit down, but choosing a comparatively even space upon the shingle, paced it, as in times past I have often done the deck of a ship, for a weary hour or more. My belief is, that I actually fell asleep several times during this process, for I caught myself stumbling more than once, and had two distinct dreams of riding aloft in the air. It must have been near three o'clock, when, having got the better of the drowsiness, I ascended a high bank at the back of some fishermen's huts that overlooked the bay. I fancied that a slight gray tint was stealing over the water, and at a quarter of a mile's distance I caught sight of a little fleet of fishing-boats that lay moored in the offing, and could distinctly hear the creaking of their cordage, and the lap-lap-lap of the water against their sides. While looking out on the rippled expanse of the bay, a sudden flash, accompanied by no sound, shone over a small space of its surface, and I was aware of a boat noiselessly pulled by two men across the bay at the distance of three or four furlongs from the shore. I watched the boat for several minutes, until at last it disappeared in the shadow of the headland to the right, whence, shortly after, I fancied that I heard the sound of voices borne onward by the breeze.

It now grew dismally cold—sure herald of the dawn. My watch told me it was near four o'clock, and I had again to bestir my weary limbs to avoid the chance—in my case, almost the certainty—of a chill that should confine me to my chamber. I looked round mechanically for a shelter; and there, a little to the right, not far from the huts of the fishermen, stood a group of bathing-machines, high and dry on the beach. If I could get into one of them, I should be satisfied. I was soon among them, trying their locks and fastenings; the front-doors of all were securely closed; but, O fortunate chance! though all were duly padlocked behind, one of them had a pair of leathern hinges, which could not resist the application of my knife. In three minutes I was snugly ensconced within; and in three more, stretched on the bench, with the carpets coiled up for a pillow, I was as fast locked in slumber as the weariest mortal could wish to be.

It must have been past six, when the grinding motion of the machine awoke me. The tide had come up during my sleep, and the owner of the machines was hauling them up the slope, in readiness for the morning-bathers. He was not a little astonished when, pushing back the bolt of the lock, I looked out, minus my coat and neckcloth, and hailed him. But I assumed extraordinary vigour and briskness, and rated him for being late, and compelling me to effect a forcible entry into his machine. I bathed—satisfied the man with an extra sixpence for the damage I had done him, and walking back to the town, recovered my carpet-bag before any one was abroad. Smith not being in a condition to appear at breakfast, and Brown being unable to proceed from derangement of head and stomach, I bade the party at the hotel farewell, and taking the first omnibus to the nearest station, reached my wife and children just as they were setting out together to the morning-service. Now, I consider this an adventure worth relating, and one got through upon the whole with fair courage and energy. Only fancy the town a wood in a distant country, and the policeman an Indian—neither of these so unpleasant or so formidable as my experiences—and you will allow me the honours, I flatter myself, of an enterprising traveller. *My* story, besides, is true; and I have not attempted to heighten it by describing the subsequent embarrassment I felt under the eyes and questions of my travelling-companions—for it would never have done to let it be known at Our Terrace that a man so particular about his bed, and his dignity likewise, had no bed to go to. To this hour, as the idea strikes my wife, she asks suddenly: '*Where*, did you say, you slept that night?'

THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.*

Even in these days of travelling, when many run to and fro, and, on their return home, increase the knowledge of their friends by publishing all they have seen and heard, there may still be some to whom the title of our paper may present no definite idea; nor might the further information, that the Red River settlement was the southernmost part of Rupert's Land, entirely enlighten their minds, since lately we heard a gentleman of at least ordinary attainments surmise that if this very region existed at all, it was at the best 'only an island *somewhere;*' adding a faint hope—that degree of hope which is only one remove from despair—that the bishop of Rupert's Land might know where his diocese was situated!

When, in 1670, Charles II. granted to the Hudson's Bay Company a charter, by the terms of which they became 'absolute lords and proprietors of the soil, with exclusive rights of trade,' the territory thus granted, which includes all the country the waters of which run into Hudson's Bay, received the name of Rupert's Land, in remembrance of that princely cousin who, as warrior and statesman, in science and in art, was equally distinguished. In the year 1811, in the exercise of their chartered rights, the Company sold to Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, a tract of land, which, commencing on the western shores of Lake Winnipeg, exactly in the parallel of London, and extending to the Lake Winnipegoos, westward, runs southward to the international line between the American and British territories. Red River, one of the feeders of Lake Winnipeg, is within this grant; and from that lake to Pembina, Lord Selkirk determined to place his colony, the good-will of the native Indians being purchased by the annual quit-rent of 200 pounds of tobacco, paid to the chiefs of the Saulteaux and Cree tribes. The motives of his lordship for founding a colony in this 'isolated spot, distant 700 miles from the nearest seaport, and that port blockaded by solid ice for ten months of the year,' were the benevolent ones of forming a society of the Company's old servants, who, assisted by some emigrants sent out by him, should make a centre from which might radiate instruction, religious and secular, to the Indians and the half-breeds, 'and act as pioneers in the wilderness, who might open otherwise inaccessible paths to the spread of the gospel.' Those of our readers who may remember the manly, straightforward narrative which Mr Ross gave of his adventures as a 'fur-hunter of the far west, and on the Colombia River,' and the simplicity with which he related deeds of bravery, suffering, and endurance, which in another field would have stamped him a hero, will gladly follow him to his chosen home in the Red River Colony, where, after successive faithful service under the Astor, the North-west, and the Hudson's Bay Company, he has settled on a grant of land made in acknowledgment of many years' exertions. More than forty years, we gather, has been the term of his acquaintance with the western regions. Few local advantages exist to attract the emigrant. 'The river runs through the centre of the colony, from south to north; the west side is one continued level plain, interspersed with only a few shrubs and bushes to diversify the monotony of a bleak and open sea of plain. On the east, the landscape is more varied with hill and dale, and skirted at no great distance by what is called the pine-hills, covered with timber, and running parallel to the river all the way. With the exception of this moderately elevated ridge, all the other parts are low, level, marshy, and wooded. The banks of the river are low on both sides. Deep snows, intense cold, and stormy winds, characterise its seven months' winter. The range of the thermometer is from 49 degrees below zero, in winter, to 105 degrees in the shade in the summer.' The buffalo has disappeared, but wolves still inflict much mischief; we shall therefore appreciate more highly the courage and endurance of the Scottish emigrants, the 'first brigade' of whom arrived in 1812. Within a few hours of their arrival, they were opposed by a band of painted mounted warriors, emissaries of the North-western Company, who regarded the new colonists as enemies. In risk of perishing for lack of food, they bought the escort of some half-breeds towards Pembina, by the sacrifice of their little household treasures, the gun borne by a parent at Culloden, or the wedding-ring from the wife's finger. They passed the winter under tents, Indian fashion, joining in the chase with their hosts, thereby fostering kind and generous feeling between the two races.

In May 1813, they returned to the Red River, to commence the labours of agriculture—'their only dependence for food being a harsh tasteless wild-parsnip, and a plant called by our people *fat-hen*, which, whether raw or boiled, they devoured without salt.' The small quantity of seed-corn which they sowed yielded an abundant return; to save it, they resolved to winter at Pembina again, where they found their former hosts cold, and even hostile. Many had to barter their clothing for food, and returned to the colony frostbitten, naked, and discouraged. A well-meant injunction against any productions, whether flesh or vegetable, being taken out of the colony, acted most prejudicially against them, the North-westers being much inconvenienced by the prohibition. The following year they invaded the colony, burnt buildings, wounded several persons, made Governor M'Donell prisoner, and ultimately drove the whole body of colonists forth, burning their dwellings to ashes. The

---

* *The Red River Settlement, its Rise, Progress, and Present State; with some Account of the Native Races, and its General History to the Present Day.* By Alexander Ross, author of *Fur-hunters of the Far West*, &c. 8vo. London: Smith and Elder. 1856.

Hudson's Bay Company here interposed, and brought back the emigrants from the place to which they had been banished, 300 miles off. In the autumn, another body of emigrants arrived. The conditions on which the party were induced to seek this home in the wilderness were, firstly, they were to enjoy the services of a minister of religion of their own persuasion; secondly, each settler was to receive 200 acres of land at 5s. an acre, payable in produce. This payment was remitted in consideration of their severe trials. Thirdly, they were to have a market in the colony for all their produce; and, lastly, to enjoy all the privileges of British subjects.

Small hope was there at present of any rights being enjoyed by the hapless emigrants; they were obliged to disperse in every direction to maintain life; harassed by the open enmity of the North-west Company, and in greater danger from their false friendship. These came to them speaking in Gaelic! The music of their native tongue was for the time irresistible. Still, after battling through the winter, next spring found the whole party reassembled in the colony, and every hand toiling to get seed into the ground. But the North-west party was again upon them, and on the fatal 19th of June, the flower of the Red River colony was slain. The governor-in-chief was among the victims, and only by the generosity and personal devotion of Mr Grant, who headed the hostile party, the remnant was saved. Again homeless and exiles, they found shelter once more at Norway House. Lord Selkirk being at the time on his way to visit his infant colony, seized on the head-quarters of the North-west, by way of retaliation, and, in reparation to those who had lost their all, assigned lots of land in free socage, marking off two lots respectively for a church and school-house. 'Killdonan' was the name assigned to the parish, derived from the name of the parish in Sutherland from which the greater part of the settlers had emigrated. The colonists now set to work heart and hand, and Lord Selkirk took his final leave of them. Although the results of harvest were abundant, they again resolved to economise their harvests for seed, by retiring to Pembina to chase; but thence they were obliged to extend their journey far into the open plains, themselves and their starving families exposed day and night to the fierce storms of a Hudson's winter. On the eve of Christmas-day, when reduced to the last gasp, they reached an Indian-camp, where they were kindly received. It was a winter of unusual privation; and the Scotch having nothing else to offer, 'they became the drudges of the camp, the slaves of the slave, servants of the savages.' The year 1818, which found them again in the colony, was one of unusual hardship, the fish, fruits, and herbs of the wild region having failed; and their crowning loss was in the forcible abduction of Mr Sutherland, who, being an elder of the kirk, had privilege, in the absence of a minister, to baptise and marry, and was their chief religious consoler, and respected as such by all who knew him. Still, labour advanced, the crop looked healthy and vigorous, when, just as the corn was in ear, and the barley almost ripe, a cloud of grasshoppers fell like a heavy shower of snow on the devoted colony. Every vegetable product of the soil was destroyed, except a few ears of half-ripe barley, gathered in the women's aprons. At this juncture, their vexations were complicated by the arrival of some French families, headed by two priests, one of whom is still in the colony, as Roman Catholic bishop. To Pembina they again fled. The next year, 1819, was blighted by the larvæ left by the grasshoppers of the preceding year: they stripped each leaf as it appeared, poisoned the waters, extinguished the fires, and the stench of the dead was worse than the ravages of the living. Even Scottish patience waxed low, and there was great risk of their taking wholly to a savage life; but the desire to make for their children a *home* predominated. Some men were sent, on snow-shoes, several hundred miles to purchase seed-corn; making their way back in flat-bottomed boats with 250 bushels in June 1820. Since then, Red River has not been without grain for seed, and the possibility of communication between the colony and the Mississippi by boats during high-water was ascertained.

The year 1821 brought a turn in fortune for our colonists, by the coalition between the rival companies; the poor Indians also benefited, as the inducement to stimulate their passions in the cause of one or the other party was at an end. This, too, was the last year of annoyance from grasshoppers; but the disappointment of their long-promised minister was turned to heart-burning by the arrival of a Church of England missionary. 'Save me from my friends!' might have been the cry from the Red River; for, kindly as their especial patron, Lord Selkirk, proved himself, expending altogether L.85,000 on his colony, and forward as the company was to form and assist any plans for aiding it, yet all were so inappropriate, that nothing but loss and vexation ensued. For instance, a 'buffalo wool-company' was devised, a staff of superintendents sent out, clerks, operatives, and co-operatives—such as curriers, skinners, wool-dressers, teasers, &c. The only results, beyond diverting the population from the wholesome pursuits of agriculture, were the production of some yards of cloth—costing in the colony L.2, 10s. per yard, and fetching in England 4s. 6d.!—and the useless expenditure of L.6500. Whether as a consequence, or merely as a coincidence, we may notice the first arrival of a herd of cattle, which proved a great boon to the colony, and were eagerly purchased. A model farm and dairy were also established on an extravagant scale, while there was neither ox to plough nor cow to milk! A few years witnessed the ruin of this project. A water-mill was sent out, but no one could set it up; it was reshipped to England; and after ten years, a mill-wright sent over expressly, set it up—after an expenditure of L.1500. A fulling-mill was erected, when the colony did not produce as much wool as would furnish it with socks and mittens. An attempt being resolved on to introduce sheep-farming on a large scale, some gentlemen were sent south to purchase; they went as far as Kentucky, unmindful that the sheep must be driven all this way—many hundred miles. The poor creatures sank under the hardships of the journey, having sometimes to push their way through dense thorny grass. It was necessary to slaughter them daily by scores, and 1200 dead sheep marked the course they had taken. Then followed a 'tallow company,' and 473 head of cattle were branded T. C., and sent into the prairie under the care of two herdsmen. When the winter set in, they were slightly sheltered, lightly fed; they became too numbed and weak to seek for food, the wolves preyed on them, aiding starvation in reducing their numbers; and in two years the company gave up with considerable loss. The classes of emigrants who from time to time were brought in to the original Highlanders, were little calculated to aid. A body of disbanded German soldiers were the first—good boon-companions, but quarrelsome and idle. A party of Swiss, chiefly watchmakers and pastry-cooks, were good in themselves, but wholly unfit for the position, and, retaining their mountain pride, they nearly suffered starvation before seeking relief. French Canadians and half-breeds poured in from the north, more half-breeds and Indians from other quarters, producing a painful deterioration in the habits of the younger Scottish emigrants, whose parents felt with grief that they who were the foundation, the stay of the colony, were alone neglected in religious matters, while there was an ample staff of clergymen of the Anglican and Romish Churches.

The year 1826 was marked by fearful natural calamities. The snow-storms set in with great severity and unusual suddenness, killing the hunters' horses, and driving the buffalo beyond human reach. Inevitable famine followed; the scattered parties did not know where to find each other; some never were found. Whole families, huddling together for warmth, were frozen into one mass of ice; others were found in a state of wild delirium. One poor woman, with her child on her back, sunk when near help; she must have travelled at least 125 miles in three days. Every hand that could give help was open and extended; but other ills were awaiting them. The snows were from three to five feet deep, the ice five feet seven inches thick; and when in the early spring the water began to flow, alarm was felt. On the 2d of May, the water rose nine feet; on the 4th, it overspread the banks of the river, and so rapid was its rise, so level the country, that the settlers fled for dear life, frequently with only the clothes on their backs. The company's servants and the humane governor did good service with their boats in saving life; but hardly a building was left standing. 'Many houses drifted along whole; in some were seen dogs, howling franticly, and cats jumping wildly from side to side. The most singular spectacle was a house in flames, drifting along in the night, the one half immersed in water, the other furiously burning.' This favourable opportunity for freebooting was embraced by the German soldiers, who sold the poor colonists their own cattle as beef! It was not till the 15th of June they could approach the sites of their old houses. The Swiss and German emigrants quitted the colony after this disaster. Orkneymen took their places, and the Scotch began the world anew for the fourth time in Red River. In less than four years, 204 houses had been erected, barns built beyond the highest flood-mark, and most favourable crops ensued from the flooding of the land.

We may here introduce an account of the short but glorious summer of this region. 'A stranger entering Red River in June, would be dazzled at the prospect around him. June, July, and August are the imposing months, when nature appears luxuriant in the extreme. The unbounded pasture, cattle grazing everywhere without restraint, the crops waving in the wind, every species of vegetation rich in blossom, and fertile as imagination itself. . . . The summer picture of this colony is truly delightful and enchanting, but like others of the same kind, after the first burst of admiration, the sensation of viewing the same objects over and over again, and one day's ride, exhausts the store of novelty.' Dearly must the traveller pay for a step beyond the public road, 'the blood-thirsty mosquitoes rising in clouds at every step.' In July, the horse-fly, or *bull-dog*, adds its goads; and when these disappear, the house-fly takes their place, filling the houses, spoiling the furniture, and not only attacking the hands and face, but stunning the ears by its perpetual buzz. Where the fine weather is so brief, all agricultural occupations are unavoidably done in haste; and as, unfortunately, the seed-time and one of the hunting-seasons coincide, the difficulty is complicated. The general desultory habits of the majority of the population, who are content to borrow all they need when proceeding to hunt, and then recklessly exhaust the proceeds of the chase, with little regard for their creditors, act as a perpetual drain on the industrious settler. Tea and tobacco the half-breeds must have, if hunger and nakedness to themselves and families be the result. Forty-two pounds of tea per head was the consumption, during seven months only, of a party of this description; and little children will alternately suck at the breast and the pipe.

Evidences of advancing civilisation, shewn by the erection of a court-house and jail, and on one occasion by the execution of an Indian for murder, gradually appeared; but the appointment of a lawyer, a paid servant of the company, under the title of Recorder of Rupert Land, and placed as a judge in Red River, gave little satisfaction. The colony had been retransferred to the company by Lord Selkirk's executors, and the usual jealousy between the governed and the governors was at work, although the latter seem to have been zealous in their wishes and endeavours to benefit their subjects. Each decade of years had been marked by some public misfortune, and 1846 brought the new visitation of pestilence. Dysentery, first breaking out among the Indians, rapidly spread through the population, until one-sixteenth of the whole were laid low; many entire families were swept away from this hitherto healthy district; and in 1852, the decennial visitation was anticipated by another flood, causing the river to spread for six miles beyond either bank for a distance of fourteen miles, and engulfing the labours of twenty-six years!

In the preceding year, the 'long vexed question' of a Presbyterian minister was happily ended for the Scotch, by the arrival of the Rev. J. Black, sent by the Free Kirk of Scotland. As for the conversion of the Indians, Mr Ross is of opinion that the farmer must be the first missionary. While the Indian's predatory and restless habits continue, he will be likely to forget during the hunt the instructions of the preceding months; the excitement of drinking must supply the excitement of the chase. When fixed by farming occupations to the soil, and isolated from evil European influences—for the red man is as ready to adopt the vices of civilisation as he is slow to learn its virtues—the 'good seed of the word' may have time not only to take root, but to spring up and bear abundant fruit.

How dear their adopted home is to the settlers, we will express in the words of the writer, who, after telling us of the rapidity and liberality with which 'the smallest community in the colony' built up their church and manse, endowing their minister with the stipend of L.100 per annum, the company adding L.50, adds: 'The people of Red River possess singular advantages and incitements to self-support. Their salt, their soap, their sugar, their leather, is supplied by the colony. They have no land-tax, no landlord, no rent-days, nor dues of any kind either to church or state. Every shilling they earn is their own. With the exception of iron, all their essentials are within their grasp every day in the year; and as for luxuries, they are easily procured by labour at their very door. No farmers in the world, on a small scale, no settlement or colony of agriculturists, can be pronounced so happy, independent, and comfortable as those in Red River.' Among so mixed a population, where every shade of political opinion in the surrounding communities is reflected in many minds, there must always be a certain degree of commotion and unrest; but the sober-minded agree that, if their present mode of government be plainly carried out, they could make no change for the better. The neighbourhood of St Peter's, the capital of the new state of Minnesota, is their chief temptation and attraction; but though they may flit for a time to that land, yet they returned from the sky-coloured water to their own ruder home. The red men who still are found among them are not of the poetical type of Indians; yet, excepting perhaps the Saulteaux, they are kind and gentle, unless their interest lies the other way. Their honesty stands out remarkably, although the penal code is of the lightest nature.

We may fitly conclude with the words of a visitor to this interesting district. 'I have travelled much in my time, and seen many countries; but under all circumstances, I have seen no part of the world where the poor man enjoys so many privileges, and is more happy and independent, than in Red River. . . . . . Judging from what I have seen, you seem to live almost without laws, and yet enjoy in that primeval condition more real happiness, comfort, and contentment than any other people I ever saw.'

THE GREAT EASTERN STEAM-SHIP.

The grand destructives of nature are the winds and the waves; their appointed business is breaking, grinding, and pulverising. Even the adamant-like rock of the sea-shore is changed by their pertinacious effort into incoherent and almost impalpable sand. But the power they can exert in their lawful task has, nevertheless, a narrow and well-defined limit, which appears really to have been set within that of the antagonistic capacities of human ingenuity. Science can now accomplish what Canute of old shrunk from attempting. This fact was practically illustrated so soon as breakwater barriers and light-houses had been reared amidst the storm-surf of the ocean, which could stand firm while the violence of the hurricane raged remorselessly around them.

But is there anything in the mere necessities of buoyancy which tends to reverse this state of affairs? Is there any sufficient reason why floating-ships must occasionally be abandoned to the spirit of the ocean-storm, when claimed as its holocausts? So long as men were true to early tradition, and built their vessels of wood, there could be no doubt the winds and the waves must often prove to be too much for the resisting capabilities of the structure. Beams and planks could only be procured of a certain thickness, and these could only be attached together with a very limited amount of tenacity. The strongest mass of timber man could frame proved to be as frail as a match in the hand of the tempest. When, however, abandoning these early traditions, shipwrights turned from the forest to seek their material in the mine—when they deserted wood for iron, and took to the hammer and the anvil in the place of the auger and the adze, the case was altogether changed. By the aid of the steam-hammer, ribs and plates can be forged of any dimensions and of any strength; and by the employment of red-hot rivets, these plates and ribs may be so attached together, that the lines of union have actually as much strength as if composed of solid material. The soundness of the work may be tested, too, at every stage by the Titanic wrench of the hydraulic-press, until perfect assurance is attained that no weak places are left in the fabric through accident. The first attempts at this novel kind of naval architecture, which was to endow dense iron with the properties of cork, proved to be failures in a great degree, as was to be anticipated. As in all other walks of art, it seemed that a certain degree of practice and experience was essential to perfection. It has generally been conceived that the ill-fated *President* steam-ship snapped across some Atlantic wave, as a match might be snapped between the fingers; the still more gigantic *Great Western*, *Himalaya*, *Atrato*, and *Persia* have, however, since that unfortunate accident, continued to plough their ways in safety through the ocean storms. The *Great Britain* lay for months among the breakers of the rock-bound coast of Ireland, and yet finally floated off unscathed, to render good service to the British government as a transport in time of need. The grand experiment of the cyclopean order of naval architecture is, however, in preparation, and shortly to be put to the test. The Great Eastern Steam-navigation Company have for some time been engaged in building an iron ship upon a scale, both as regards absolute dimensions and strength of material, that will at once change all its leviathan predecessors into pigmies.

This future monarch of the leviathans is now so far advanced towards completion, being within thirteen months of its watery berth, that it has become a very interesting object. It stands upon the banks of the Thames, at Millwall, just opposite to Deptford. About 120 feet of the hull and deck are entirely finished in the midships; 200 feet more each way, towards the bows and stern, have a skeleton of inner plates attached together, so that the general form and character of the structure are thus far obvious to the eye; but other seventy feet of both bows and stern remain yet 'baseless fabrics' of vision that the imagination has to fill up. Nevertheless, when the observer approaches the monster ark from the Horseferry Road, to which he is conveyed by the Blackwall Railway, he sees before him a huge wall surmounted by sheers and other mechanical appliances for raising heavy weights, and stretching to a greater extent from left to right than the entire length of Ely Cathedral, being also within about ten feet of the height of that building! The first thought that arises to the mind on the contemplation of this vast structure is—if even it be happily floated upon the wave, how is its course ever to be controlled and directed? What human arm or arms will ever be able to wield and guide it? Who shall put the bridle round its mighty neck, and govern its movements with the rein?

Upon coming up close to the side of this iron monster on the strand, where it is growing under its laws of iron crystallisation, the ruling idea of its design at once becomes apparent. Along the middle portion, a slightly curved surface of iron, made up of plates studded with rivet-heads, is presented to the eye. This is all smooth and neat, and finished off with paint of a pale leaden hue. Further on, the shell is ragged and rusty, and without its external layer. This ship differs from all other vessels hitherto contrived, in having a double hull. There is an inner shell of plate-iron, two feet nine inches from the outer one, and these two shells are connected by strong intermediate ribs of iron, two feet nine inches broad and sixty feet long. In the lower part of the hull these ribs are two feet nine inches apart; but they are further asunder in the higher portion of the vessel, where less strength is required. The hull is thus really of a cellular construction. It is composed of a very great number of long chambers, wide enough for men to creep along in, between the inner and outer walls. These chambers are each bounded above and below by the connecting ribs, within and without by the double walls of the hull, and at each end by cross partitions, to be more particularly alluded to presently. If, in consequence of any accident, the outer shell of the vessel were broken or torn when the ship is afloat, the water would rush in, and find itself in one of these chambers; but it would then come into contact with another shell of equal strength with the external one, which would effectually exclude it from the true interior of the vessel. There could be no access to this interior unless the strong ribs and the second inner shell were also broken away; even then, the water would still find itself entangled in new arrangements, intended to limit its powers of mischief, and no very great harm would result. But these arrangements will be best understood by glancing at them from another point of view.

Access to the upper-deck is gained by means of a broad wooden staircase, which doubles again and again upon itself, until the highest part of the iron shell is reached. A broad level platform of iron, exactly like the outer surface of the hull, and formed of rivet-studded plates, then extends beneath the feet. This platform is double, or cellular, like the hull already described. At the two extremities, fore and aft, the inner shell is seen extending further than the outer one, with some of its plates hanging fringe-like and shaking over the vacant abyss, just temporarily attached to their neighbours by nuts and screws, which are soon to be replaced by rivets. This deck has been planned to be of such strength, that if it were taken up by its two extremities when it is completed, and the entire weight the vessel is ever to carry were hung upon its middle, it would sustain the whole by its unaided powers of resistance. The cellular hull is carried only about eight feet above what will be the water-line when the completed vessel is immersed and heavily laden. Then it runs up as a single hull, until it is attached above to the cellular deck.

The upper-deck runs flush and clear from stem to stern for a breadth of about twenty feet on either side, thus affording two magnificent promenades for the passengers just within the bulwarks. These promenades will be each rather more than the eighth part of a mile long. Four turns up and down either of them would exceed a mile by 256 feet. The vessel, when launched, will be more than as long again as the steam-ship *Great Britain;* it will be nearly three times as long as the line-of-battle ship the *Duke of Wellington*, and nearly as long again as the *Himalaya;* eighty-eight feet more would make it as long again as the *Persia*, at present the longest vessel afloat upon the ocean.

Between the two side-promenades of the deck there are several quadrangular openings, edged with low iron bulwarks, and looking down into the deep recesses of the structure. These openings are forty-two feet wide, and nearly sixty feet long, and there are deck-gangways, connecting the side-promenades, between each of them. Into these spaces the sky-lights of the large saloons for passengers will ultimately be fixed. Now, the observer on the deck looks down through them into the great cavities of the vessel, and vast indeed these cavities are. There are strong partition-walls of iron passing across from side to side of the long interior, at intervals of sixty feet. In one case only, the partitions are eighty feet asunder. These walls are constructed of strong iron plates riveted together so as to be entirely water-tight everywhere from top to bottom. The spaces between now look like large square tanks or wells. Into each of these tanks, an upper and a lower saloon, sixty or eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and as lofty as the most commodious drawing-room, are to be inserted, with a complete appendage of kitchens, offices, and bed-cabins ranging along their sides. Every one of these systems of saloons and cabins will be entirely distinct from all its neighbours, and there will be no access from one to the other, excepting by openings situated high up near the deck. In this way, even if the water should effect an entrance into one of these compartments, it will remain imprisoned there, and all the other compartments will be as safe as before, and sufficient in themselves to keep the vessel floating above the waves. In all, there will be eleven distinct water-tight compartments in the ship, besides the almost innumerable water-tight chambers contained between the shells of the hull and of the decks. It is the transverse partition-walls of the interior that constitute, by their continuance, the ends of these sixty feet long chambers. By means of all these partitions, small and large, with the addition of horizontal decks planted wherever floors and ceilings are required, the structure will be made inconceivably strong, just as the bones of animals are by the cancellated arrangement of their substance. Since the double-chambered deck alone has strength enough to bear the entire weight ever to be trusted in the ship, if it were used as a simple beam, it is anticipated that this multiplication of internal braces and supports will be sufficient to enable the hollow hull to resist, as a whole, very much more violence, and much heavier strains, than the elements can ever inflict upon it. But besides this, the water-tight character of the numerous compartments would necessitate that several of them should be broken into simultaneously before the vessel could be sunk in the sea. The fair probability is, that the gigantic ship might be stranded upon rocks amidst breakers for months, without being broken up; and that if, after such adversity, it were ultimately floated off into deep water, with holes even through several parts of its double hull, it would still swim with only a foot or two of deeper immersion, a yet navigable and manageable whole. It could not sink to the bottom until water enough had found its way into the internal chambers to make the entire mass a little heavier than an equal bulk of the saline fluid.

The huge iron fabric now stands upon 1500 piles driven deep into the loose ground. It is reared up from these three or four feet by a forest of wooden pillars, which allow workmen and curious visitors to pass on among them by stooping. Upon arriving under the centre of the mass, it is obvious that there is no keel, properly so called: a flat keel-plate of iron, about two feet wide and *one inch* thick, runs the entire length from stem to stern. This is the base upon which all the rest is reared, plates and girders alike. It is the stoutest planking in the structure. The bottom and sides ascending immediately from this are made of plates three-quarters of an inch thick; the thinnest plates, planted above, where less strain will fall, are half an inch thick; the underlying girders and beams being of course considerably more massive. The entire fabric is built from below upwards, by adding plank and girder to plank and girder. The several parts are attached together by rivets about an inch in diameter. When the observer stands outside during the riveting-work, he sees all at once a little flaming star appear on the iron side; it is a blazing rivet, almost at a white heat, thrust through from within. Immediately two sturdy workmen attack it with alternate strokes of the hammer, until the red projecting peg is changed into a flat black button—a transmutation that is effected in less than a minute. Every distinct plate is moulded beforehand to the exact shape required by the situation it is to occupy. In a large shed close by, a full-sized section of one-half of the midships' hull is sketched out by lines upon the floor, and other lines of different colours are traced within the space included in these, in apparently inextricable confusion. These are all, however, gauges for the dimensions of the several parts of the structure, laid down upon mathematical principles, and perfectly intelligible to the initiated. Wooden moulds are first prepared from these gauges, and then the iron plates and ribs are accurately fashioned to correspond with the moulds.

THE GREAT EASTERN AFLOAT.

Some very curious considerations arise out of the gigantic proportions of this leviathan vessel. All the centre and upper part of the interior space will be appropriated to the accommodation of passengers; and the lower part, beneath the water-line, and the fore and aft parts, will be given up to machinery and merchandise. Besides the working-crew of 400 men, there will be room for 4000 passengers—800 first class in regard to accommodation, 2000 second class, and the rest third class. In addition to this, there will be space for 5000 tons of merchandise, and stowage for enough coal to steam the ponderous ship, with her live and dead freight, entirely round the world. When it is launched—an operation which will be effected sideways, and probably under the agency of hydraulic power—with all its working parts fixed in position, it will weigh 12,000 tons, and will sink eighteen feet into the water. When its entire burden is placed in it, it will weigh about 27,000 tons, and, wonderful to say, on account of its extraordinary length, it will not then draw more than twenty-eight feet of water, which does not exceed the draught of the heaviest line-of-battle ships by more than a couple of feet. Its tonnage will nevertheless be more than six times greater than that of the heaviest line-of-battle ship of the British fleet.

The entire breadth from side to side will be 83 feet, and the extreme depth from deck to keel-plate, 60 feet.

But how is this wonderful floating mass of so many thousands of tons to be driven through the water? It will have seven masts, and canvas wings containing between 6000 and 7000 square feet of surface expanded from them to catch the breeze. These, however, will be of very little use practically, on account of the ambitious views of the projectors, who require that the vessel shall fly along over the water with a speed greater than that of the wind, unless when blowing with the force of a hurricane. The design is, that it shall be moved by steam, and that the steam shall work a pair of vast paddles, each fifty-six feet across, and a screw twenty-four feet across, at the same time. The fans of the screw will be attached to a shaft 160 feet long, and containing sixty tons of metal in itself. This will be whirled round by a power equivalent to the strength of nearly 2000 horses, and each paddle will be turned by the power of another 1000. The bows of the ship will be a perpendicular line, as sharp almost as the edge of a knife, and this line will diverge backwards into the sides almost imperceptibly. Lying by the end of the leviathan, and at present stopping its forward growth, there is a small steam-ship built upon exactly the same model, intended for the Brighton and Dieppe station. Upon passing under the forepart of the keel of this miniature, and looking up, the extraordinary capacity of the model for cleaving the water becomes immediately conspicuous. For many feet backwards, the structure seems to have no internal width to separate its sides. It is calculated that a sharp long wedge of this kind, impelled by the force of nearly 4000 horses, and extending its length on the water along a distance of nearly 700 feet, will pass through it with the speed of twenty miles an hour. This would be amply sufficient to enable it to make the voyage to India, round the Cape of Good Hope, in thirty days, or to Australia in thirty-three days. The proposed branch-line of steamers from the overland Indian route to Australia, by Diego Garcia and King George's Sound, would require at least ten days more.

The engines of the leviathan are to lie at the bottom of the hull, surrounded by coal-bunkers of enormous capacity; the engine-room for the service of the paddles will be near the middle of the keel; that for the screw-service will be nearer to the stern. Two water-tight iron tunnels will pass through the intervening partition-walls from one to the other, to allow the ready passage of the engineers, without their being constrained to ascend to the upper-deck for the purpose. A strong roof of iron plate will entirely separate the working part of the ship from the habitable part above.

So much for the motive arrangements. But how is the vast mass to be held still, when it is required that it shall not move? The power both of winds and currents upon it will of course be large in proportion to the greatness of its bulk, and consequently the apparatus that is designed to effect its mooring must be of the most colossal dimensions and strength. The anchors alone will weigh fifty-five tons, and there will be 200 tons of capstans, cables, and warps connected with them. These ponderous implements obviously could not be wielded by human hands, and accordingly steam-sailors will be prepared to do what the flesh-and-blood sailors would not be able to accomplish. There will be journeymen steam-engines stationed conveniently for effecting the anchoring and weighing, and indeed for performing many other services ordinarily carried on by the crew. Possibly there will even be steam-steersmen for the guidance of the mass. It is on account of this supplementary and subsidiary steam-service that only 400 men will be needed to work so vast a ship.

Once, again, how will the winds and the waves affect this leviathan mass, when they chance to be in their surly and ungenial moods? A connected mass of 27,000 tons is not as easily heaved as a cork or a cockle-shell; but the storm-winds and the storm-waves of the open ocean have a tremendous power. What will they do, then, with this stupendous morsel, when they have it fairly within their clutches? The heaviest hurricane-wind blows with a force that would act upon a square foot of resisting surface with a pressure equivalent to a weight of forty pounds. Such a wind could only heel the leviathan, with its full load, out of the perpendicular to the extent of six inches, even if it struck it quite on the side! The waves of a fresh sea run about 100 feet long; those of a moderate gale are 300 feet long. Of such, the leviathan would take three at once, and would preserve the while almost an even keel. The highest storm-waves ever seen on the wide and deep ocean are only 28 feet high from trough to crest, and 600 feet long from trough to trough. Of such, the leviathan would still take two at a time, when the crest of one was near to the bow, and the crest of the other near to the stern. Under the most unfavourable circumstances, such waves would not disturb the horizontal equilibrium of the deck-line to the extent of more than five degrees.

The leviathan being a ship, will of course require a long-boat, like all other ships, to land passengers and render other odd services in the messenger-line. This long-boat will be hung somewhere over the side, ready to be lowered down into the water by the steam-sailors whenever required; and it will be very long indeed —more than 100 feet. It will be as large as a Thames river-steamer or one of the gun-boat flotilla, and will be, in fact, a steamer itself, having engines and a screw-propeller on board, always ready for use.

The captain of the leviathan will have a cabin for himself, situated conveniently near the centre of his domains, on the mid-deck, and between the huge paddle-boxes. But placed here, like a spider lurking in the centre of its web with outstretched attentive feelers, he will have to use his telescope to see what is going on at the bows and stern; and the old contrivance for issuing orders, the speaking-trumpet, will be altogether out of date, and valueless in his hands. His voice, even with this aid, would hardly be heard half-way to the stern. He will have to signal his directions to his officers by semaphore arms by day, and by coloured lamps at night. He will also have electric-telegraphs ramifying to the engine-rooms, and to other places to which it may be necessary that his instructions should be instantaneously communicated. The compasses will be placed aloft on a staging reared forty feet above the deck, to remove them from the disturbing influences inherent in the vast masses of iron below; and it is proposed that strong shadows of the needles shall be cast down a tube, so that the steersmen may at once watch these shadows, and so follow directly the movements of the compasses, as they traverse. It is also purposed to carry a perpetual moonlight diffused around the ship, emanating from an electric-light planted on the foremast-head.

Up to the present time, L.350,000 have been expended upon this wonderful construction, and by the time the vessel is ready for sea this sum will have been augmented into nearly L.800,000. It will, however, be readily understood that there is a fair capacity in the vast vessel for yielding a revenue ample enough to render the undertaking a commercial success, notwithstanding this great cost, when it is borne in mind that if the fares, for a single outward or homeward passage to India or Australia for the three several classes, be fixed only at L.65, L.35, and L.25 respectively, the passage-money alone for the voyage out and home would amount collectively to something beyond L.300,000, if all the berths were occupied. It is an interesting fact that naval engineers fix the amount of tonnage required in a steam-vessel designed for any particular voyage by a very simple standard: they consider that one ton of burden is needed for every mile to be traversed; hence it is that this vast steam-ship has been made capable of carrying 25,000 tons. It is intended to go in every voyage 25,000 miles—that is, a distance equal in extent to the circumference of the world. It is estimated that this great vessel, with 5000 tons of merchandise, and her complement of 4400 living beings, would still be able to store enough coal for her consumption during a complete circumnavigation, or a voyage out and home. But it is also hoped that at some future time it may be found possible to procure the quantity of fuel required for the homeward passage from some eastern source of supply, because the capacity for merchandise would be thereby doubled at once.

THE BABY-STEALER OF THE NUNDYDROOG.

'I WAS a very lively girl of eighteen when, left an orphan, I gladly accepted the protection offered me by your father, then many years in the civil service of the East India Company, in the Madras presidency. He was, as you know, my step-brother, many years my senior; and my recollections of him were faint. But your dear mother, to whom he had not long been united, was the friend of my youth; and when, shortly before, she accompanied her parents to India, I little thought how soon we should be joined by even closer ties than those of friendship—that is to say, if any can be closer. I had no regrets at leaving home. I never had had a lover, was by no means of a sentimental or tender nature; nor, indeed, had any strong claims upon my affections, for I was left without the privileges of independence, and was preserved by your father from having to provide myself, as best I could, with a home—such a home as is found in return for services of mind or body. Welcome and kindness were what I encountered at Madras, and there I resided a year most happily. At the end of that time, my brother was appointed to a station "up country," where his duties were important, and involved frequent journeyings to and fro amongst the towns, villages, and hamlets of the district he was in charge of. Our head-quarters, however, were at Nundydroog—then, as now, a wild and mountainous place, where we had little society, and seldom wished for more than we found. We were all equally tired of the gaieties and pseudo-pleasures of Madras and St Thomas's Mount, and our domestic and other tastes were more than usually congenial. Nundydroog has since acquired a bad repute in sanitary records; but though it certainly was not fever-proof, we were all blessed with health; and perhaps the energy with which we strove against that lounging, lazy langour so apt to attack and subdue the British in India, may have counteracted all tendencies to disease. At Nundydroog, when your sister Thea was three years old, *you* were born, and became a very acceptable interruption to my studies of the botany of the East, the Hindostanee language, and occasionally of a science that is generally proscribed to the fair sex—a proficiency in the use of a fowling-piece. Your father was a resolute "hunter of the woods," and seeing that my tastes were of a stamp somewhat adventurous, by no means discouraged me; indeed, he was pleased to have me for his companion on many occasions where female society is little courted; and our explorations of tracts very rarely visited by Europeans extended for many miles around. Sometimes we were joined by others; sometimes picnics were formed; but on those occasions we felt that our gratification was diminished, and I in particular was sensible of a *gêne* which was almost insupportable. Your mother, less hardy—I will not say less "masculine," for a masculine woman is still worse than an effeminate man—joined not in our sporting recreations; but she enjoyed, above all things, our recitals of them; and then her botanical knowledge was superior to mine, whilst her music, her books, and drawings always rendered our hours at home delightful. You have seen my hortus siccus with your mother's drawings, my dear Cuthbert; and as you have a turn for botany yourself, and are about to be *lancé* amongst those Indian jungles where you were born, but which you have not seen since you were six years old, you can guess that to me there could be few things more pleasant than such a life as we led'——

'And where was Uncle Allan at that time?' interrupted Thea.

'My dear, I have told you I had no lovers *then*. You may take my word for it, that before I married your uncle, I had a lover; and I never had but one. You shall hear of him in due season'——

'Aunt Rosa,' interrupted I, in my turn, 'is it really true that you once killed a tiger?'

'Yes, my dear, and there was a man in his mouth. But I have no time to tell of that just at present. I mean to confine myself to a short account of an adventure that befell you when you were newly weaned, and which I shall term a contribution to your cradle-history. If it involve a few pencillings of the woods and wilds in which it occurred, it is because you like to hear of such things; and sometimes a slight acquaintance with the flora of the East may turn to practical benefit. I know an officer who served during the *old* Burmese war, at a time when the army were actually growing diseased through the want of vegetable diet—rice being the only substitute for garden produce—whose botanical knowledge taught him the use of perfectly wholesome and nutritious plants employed by the poor natives as food, but utterly ignored by the British stranger. His brother-officers, who began by contemning what they called "his weeds," ended by gladly sharing in the feast of wild-greens, beans of the woods, and roots of the field, he and his sagacious Madras domestic served up to them with their salt-beef, tough buffalo, or sickening old pork messes; and the result was beneficial to health.

'But to return. Nundydroog is a strong hill-fort in the dominions of the Mysore rajah. The mountain on which it is built is some 1700 feet high, inaccessible on all sides but one. A havaldar's guard constituted all the force of the upper fort; but at the foot were barracks, now occupied by one regiment of native infantry; the bungalows of the officers and our own mansion being scattered about amidst gardens and groves by no means void of a certain wild silvan beauty. The country on our side of the *droog*, or hill, was fertile and cultivated, though every field and hut were neighboured by partial jungle; whilst behind the mountain, extended rocky dingles, deep woods, and vast prairies—though that is not an Eastern word—where occasional flocks of the hairy sheep of Hindostan were tended by their keepers; or here and there a patch of arable-land employed a lonely ryot and his family during a portion of the year. Two several rivers have their rise in those mountains, and on the banks of one of them rose our comfortable bungalow. Now, we had a fancy, during the cool season, to make an excursion behind the hill-fort in search of the source of this river, the Pennar, which was said to issue from the heights of Chinraycondah—an extension, on a lower scale, of the Nundydroog range; and as we knew there was good shooting in that quarter, and a hamlet where milk and eggs could be purchased, we anticipated a few days of pleasure, more particularly as we had never penetrated so far, and resolved to confine our picnic entirely to ourselves. The distance of the hamlet fixed upon as our resting-place was only twelve miles; and though the only road was of the roughest and narrowest, we knew there would be no difficulty in getting tents, and a few necessaries in the upholstery line, &c., conveyed there. Your mother was delicate, and therefore a palanquin should be at her and your disposal, whilst your father and I formed the cavalry escort. Suffice it, we found the journey somewhat more difficult than we had imagined; and darkness was beginning to give the woods a night-covering ere we reached our little encampment at Narsingpell; but as everything had been forwarded several hours before we started, all was ready, all comfortable; and though silvan explorations were interdicted for that day, we had quite a little *festa* of enjoyment in the idea of having achieved so important a feat—penetrating into unknown regions, and fearless, as well we might be, of night-attacks from tiger, Thug, or other enemy human or animal. The hamlet contained not more than twenty huts; and if our presence caused some wonder, it was no doubt quickly dispelled when the peaceful and gentle inhabitants were told that it was only upon a hunting-frolic, and not upon duty, the Collector Sahib had come with his *butch-kutch* (family).

'Next morning, then, before any other was stirring, I stole forth just as the first colourings of light came fluttering in, bird-like, amongst the trees near which we were pitched. A green and gentle declivity sloped down to the river, here a narrow and shallow stream, through which I meant to make my way before the day was many minutes older. There was a foreground across it, so clear from either brush or cultivation, that it had the appearance of a gentleman's park in a lovely English county; and taking off my slippers, I soon forded the knee-deep water, already glittering beneath the increasing dawn. As I gazed at the contrast between the light stream and the dark distant background of jungle, I could have fancied that golden arrows tipped with lightning were being launched by some invisible hand into the mysterious obscurity. Birds were up and merry as I reached the tempting glade where I had determined to collect a perfect *bostan*, or flower-bed, wherewithal to gift my friends on my return. There was no lack of flowers, of all imaginable colours; and scattered round were some beautiful trees, a few of which I will briefly describe. First, there was a clump of mangoes; one tree was a complete flush of bloom, making a superb picture; the young leaves, which are of a purplish green—as though an emerald and amethyst had been interfused into each other—contrasted finely with the foliage of the last season, which was of a sombre red, not unlike the colour that enriches the floating dulse-weed of our sea-coast. The blossoms, yellow as topaz, diffused a rich and almost too powerful aroma, evidently attractive to the insect race, for they hummed about them in myriads. Second in beauty were many trees of the *Butea frondosa*, that drop their dark-green leaves when the season of flowering draws near; and now the black branches were one scarlet blaze of glorious blossom. The petals are of a deep orange-red, immersed in calyxes soft and shining as jet-black velvet; and the show they made amongst the other trees was pre-eminently lovely. There were also clumps of tamarind, and of *Strychnos potatorum* in berry; and those whity-yellow berries are useful in refining and clearing the muddiest water.

'Presently came lowing cattle to their morning meal from the hamlet, so that life was not wanting to the picture. Wanting, in truth, it was not from the first, since water is the life of landscape; and the animation imparted by its vitality of motion and sound filled me with delight, as I turned from the bubbling waters to the hills of Nundydroog in the distance, above which now rose the sun, seeming to send down the jutting crags, as by a ladder, a brilliant army of rays, that soon reminded me of the wisdom of retracing my steps.

'A dark little urchin, with bright eyes, gazed wonderingly at me as, slippers in hand, I prepared to recross the stream. "Dekho!" cried he, pointing over to the spot I had just left—"Dekho!" (Behold); and suddenly there was a rush and a shrill screech behind me; and looking back, I beheld a large hideous ape chattering and *rampauging*, as we say in Scotland, on the bank, ready, as it seemed, to pursue me with hostile intent. I took heart, however, when the little cow-herd, beginning to laugh, pelted the creature away. "Poorana dewul sé bandar aiahie"—(It is a monkey from the old pagoda); and on inquiry, he told me that some few miles distant, near the Gooty road, there was a very ancient pagoda, which, though long abandoned by human worshippers, was frequented by a colony of large apes, held very sacred by the Hindoo *Boottpurists* (idolaters of stones), as my small Mohammedan informant called them.

'I need not tell you of the admiration my nosegay received, or of the laughter my monkey-adventure excited; but I was pleased to find that the old pagoda was known by report to my brother, who deemed it worthy of a visit. Neither need I tell you how happily we spent a few days where we were, but proceed at once to that portion of my recital which more especially pertains to you. The monkey-dewul was a few miles out of our return route, but that mattered not, as it was nearer to Nundydroog. Here, then, we found ourselves one day, pitched at some distance from the ruin, to avoid monkey-intrusion. As there was no hamlet here, we had brought all that was necessary to make us comfortable for a day or two; and our train of camp-followers was increased by an aspirant for pagehood in little Hyder Khan, the cow-boy, who had professed a strong attachment for myself. It was a delicious cool afternoon on which we repaired with our sketching materials to take separate views of the pagoda, which we found to be one of those edifices that betray a mixture of Hindoo and Moorish architecture so common in certain districts of India; or, perhaps, they are buildings whose origin is guessed at from Jewish and Egyptian traditions. It was, in its state of robust dilapidation (so to speak), worthy of abler artists; and the creeping-plants with which some of its prominent buttresses were clothed, whilst other portions gaped hungrily in stony gloominess, bare and bold, made it quite a feature amidst the grassy hillocks that surrounded it. Your father had stolen off with his gun; your mother was seated in front of the temple, already busy; while the ayah, with her little charge—yourself, Cuthbert—accompanied me to the rear, where a magnificent banyan-tree, now covered with red *mosaic* figs, called for pictorial illustration at my hands. Hyder was ostensibly our guardian; but as hitherto few monkeys had shewn themselves, we began to suppose they had gone, like ourselves, on a picnic; so he wandered about, collecting berries in the skirts of the jungle, which here extended close to the pagoda. How time passes when one is thoroughly absorbed in a favourite pursuit, you may some day know. I forgot everything; and though a sort of consciousness of great silence around struck me, I did not think of looking to inquire why ayah and baby were so quiet.

'The quiet, if natural, was broken by a scream so unnaturally fierce and shrill, that for a minute I was too terrified to look whence it came. When I did look, I beheld the ayah, still shrieking, in pursuit of what at first I believed to be a human being. Where is the child? I could not see it; and in another moment flashed the terrible conviction on me of the whole truth. I rushed franticly after the ayah, and as she fell lifeless across my path, I neither stayed to pity nor to help her, for there before me, but a few long paces, was a hideous ape—you in its arms—and I was convinced it was the identical ape of the river. The creature, in seeming enjoyment, kept at a certain pace from me, still making into the jungle; and the faster I followed, the more speedily it trotted on; whilst at last broke out your piteous little voice, almost maddening me. On and on I went—still through woods that began to thicken, so that twilight was around me. Every device I could hit on to arrest the steps of the malignant creature, failed to have any other effect than to elicit a discordant chatter; and when at last, completely fatigued, almost fainting, I lost sight of it in a dense thicket which I had not strength to penetrate, I fairly gave way, and lying on the ground, cried bitterly; oh, more bitterly than I have ever done since.

'But I gave not way to the nervous hysteria that threatened me. I felt that in this matter there was nothing more that *I* could do, and as I prayed for that higher Help which I knew could do all, my spirit became calmer, and I arose, determined as best I could to extricate myself from the jungle. I knew not wh[illegible] course to take—all were alike to me—but none were [illegible] dense as that which led into the copse, amidst which the ape had disappeared, from which, indeed, no sounds now proceeded save the monotonous and plaintive coo of the wood-pigeon. I took then what seemed the least intricate track, where path was none, and ere many minutes, came upon opener glades, with more grass than trees, and to my joy beheld that the sun was not yet below the horizon. This gave me courage, and I hastened on and on, till at length the red and golden trail of the set of sun was all that remained of day. Then I quivered at the idea of being benighted there, and stopped for a moment to reflect. A sound struck on my ears—a faint cry—not the coo of the dove, nor the guttural call of the quail, nor the bark of the jackal. Again! Surely it is a child's voice; or is the echo of my little nephew's murmurs still in my ears? No! for then follows the cackling chatter of the monkey, and a thrill of hope made my blood circulate. I resolved to conceal myself, to watch an opportunity, and, ere the creature detected me, snatch the infant from its grasp, at all risks. I crept behind a thick bush, and, presently, still carrying you, almost as expertly as your ayah might have done, the monkey appeared. In advance of the line it took was a grassy hollow, some paces from the shrubs that screened me. To this it betook itself, and laying its burden on the ground, went through a series of grotesque antics, which, under other circumstances, might have diverted me, but now terrified me as to their issue. Your complete silence heightened my fears; had the animal strangled you, or was it about to destroy you? Presently, still keeping so close to you that I hesitated about rushing out upon it until affairs went more favourably, it began to pluck up the grass, as if in search of roots. At that moment, I [illegible]e aware that another actor had entered on the [illegible] direct line from me, and beyond the hollow, p[illegible] some dozen of paces, stood a thick low tree, its trunk visible, but its root clothed in foliage. It was the *goolur*, or wild-fig, and in the twilight its branches shewed crimson with its studs of vermilion fruit, dead ripe. A movement amongst the lower umbrage arrested my gaze, and I could perceive the crouching shape of some living creature, some dangerous animal perhaps, or was it another monkey? A rustle of leaves interrupted the labours of the child-stealer, and, skipping about, he ran towards the fig-tree, as if to examine it. Beholding nothing, I suppose, but the fruit, he instantly applied himself to satisfy his hunger, apparently forgetting his former occupation. Now, I thought, was the time for an exertion to be made; but, as I moved, a rotten stick on which I trod made a noise, which instantly attracted the vigilant creature's notice, and turning his back to the tree, he stood listening, as he gazed towards the spot where I watched. At that juncture, to my inexpressible astonishment, two tiny paws—were they hands?—were protruded from the fig-tree, and ere the most startled heart could beat once, out sprang around the monkey's neck a noose of cord. And lo! screaming and struggling with hideous contortions, with vain efforts to free himself, the creature dashed about in agony. With a spring I reached you where you lay, indeed senseless, but not dead, and held you to my heart.

'Who is it who stands beside me, pointing to the ape, bound firmly by the strangling cord to the trunk of the tree? Ah! my little page Hyder! bravely have you done! and, but for this dear babe upon my breast, I could have taken him in my arms and thanked him with many kisses. Amazed he was to find me there; but when by degrees you began to recover, and I found you still alive, and, barring scratches and scars whence blood had freely flowed, seemingly unhurt, great was our joy in that dark hour. Hyder plucked the ripe figs, and they served to moisten your dry lips and to refresh us; and then he told me how he strayed away to gather fruit, when the cries of the ayah had reached his ears. He heard from her what had happened, and instantly made for a part of the woods where he knew the monkeys often come to dig up the roots of a plant of which they are fond, and which grew abundantly only in the place I have called the "grassy hollow." I may as well tell you that this plant was a species of wild-yam —the *Dioscorea bulbifera*, by no means despicable fare for man or monkey. Hyder's cow-boy belongings of a tether became useful in his pagedom novitiate; but when he assured me I must have travelled five miles, I doubted how I could manage to reach the pagoda, so tired and upset was I.

'It was almost quite dark, as we came upon a good beaten track—the Gooty road, Hyder told me. I sat down to rest awhile, and pleased was I to find my charge quietly sleeping in my lap. "Dekho, Beebee sahib! palkee atee hie Gooty say!"—(Look, lady, a palanquin is coming from Gooty!) And in truth a flash of distant lights is in my eyes, a sound of humming voices in my ears—a palanquin with its full complement of bearers and torches, and the loud but not unpleasing chorus of their song. Before half an hour they had come up to us; and when Hyder hailed them, great was their wonder on hearing what had occurred, of which they immediately informed their slumbering freight.

'I have little more to say, my dear. The gentleman, whom they were conveying to Madras, was soon beside us; he was quite a stranger to me, but insisted on my taking his place with you in the palkee, and on accompanying us to the pagoda, where I need not describe the warmth of welcome that awaited us, for your poor mother was in a state of distraction, and your father had only just returned after a vain search in quest of us.'

'Dear Aunt Rosa, who was the kind gentleman?'

'My dear, there he is on the sofa: it was your Uncle Allan.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The Royal Society have accepted the terms offered by government; and, during the long vacation, measures will be taken for their removal from their present acceptable quarters in Somerset House, to those which are thought to be still more acceptable in Burlington House. Opinions are, however, divided as to the desirableness of the change. A not inconsiderable minority of the society consider their present location to be essentially the best—with situation, old associations, and independence of possession all in its favour. On the other hand, it is argued that science may be greatly promoted by the juxtaposition under one roof of a number of the scientific societies. And there is a hope that government will build a large palatial edifice on the spacious Burlingtonian premises, whereby that principle may be practically carried out, and the several scientific corporations comfortably niched around the Royal, which is always to remain the centre of attraction. So we may look forward to seeing the Royal, the Linnæan, and the Chemical Societies holding their meetings in the not particularly elegant edifice in Piccadilly next winter, as an instalment of juxtaposition, while waiting for the anticipated palace. At present, indeed, the Antiquaries and the Astronomical and Geological Societies are lodged in Somerset House, in one wing with the Royal. But government wants all the rooms it can get for the Inland Revenue—vulgarly the Excise—and so science must give way.

The university of London, which has been for some time lodged in Burlington House, is still to have quarters there in the east wing; and the west wing is to be converted into a spacious hall, in which the examinations of students will be held; and the Royal Society will hang their noteworthy collection of portraits—philosophers, savans, and nobles—on the walls, and use it for their evening meetings. As regards the substantial advantages of the removal, those of the Royal Society are prospective only; while the Linnæan and Chemical Societies will be essentially benefited, inasmuch as they will both save the heavy rents they pay for their present premises. The Linnæans will at once resume the publication of their *Transactions*, which was suspended some time ago from want of funds. So here is one important benefit. We shall keep our readers informed of such others as may accrue, for this is a subject in which the interests of science are materially involved.

The last published part of the *Quarterly Journal* of the Geological Society contains valuable information of recent progress in geological science. Professor Sedgwick has completed his *Synopsis*, a work which gives an able classification of our palæozoic rocks. Mr Peach has done good service by his re-examination of the northernmost counties of Scotland, and Mr Slimon by his discovery of 'upper silurian rocks and fossils' in Lanarkshire. Mr Babbage has read a paper 'On the Action of Ocean-currents in the Formation of the Strata of the Earth;' and we have new facts and views concerning the action of ice, and of estuaries in altering the surface of a country; and much also that may lead to practical results as regards the supply of minerals or of water. Government promise to continue the Ordnance Geological Survey; and we are told, that 'during the past year, under the able superintendence of Professor Ramsay, no less than 610 square miles in Sussex and Hampshire have been for the first time accurately surveyed.' As the surveyors come nearer London, we shall doubtless get to know more about the perennial springs said to exist in the strata around the metropolis.

The successful working of the School of Mines demonstrates that a scientific department *can* flourish in the hands of government. The director-general, Sir Roderick Murchison, is applied to—so states the Report—'when the Admiralty require information respecting the wear and tear of our coasts, and the consequent impediments to navigation—when the Foreign Secretary desires to obtain reports on coal and other minerals from the seat of war—when the colonial minister is in want of proper mineral surveyors to explore the West India Islands and other colonies—or when the Home Secretary calls for reports on, and analyses of our British ores, particularly of iron.' Add to these facts the classes opened for students, the lectures, the well-stored museum, and the books and maps published by the establishment, and we see that it will be the students' fault if geology, mineralogy, and the attendant sciences do not prosper.

Turning to Ireland, we are informed that the survey there is actively carried on under Mr Jukes, and 'good progress is making in delineating the rugged, broken, and almost inaccessible coasts of Cork and Kerry.' Lord Talbot de Malahide in his anniversary address to the Geological Society of Dublin, calling attention to Professor King's discovery that certain deposits in county Tyrone belong to the Permian and not to the New Red period, remarks, 'it is a discovery which may lead to the most important results with reference to the working of our coal-mines.' And there is reason to believe that a deposit of kaolin, or China clay, has been found, which, if not so good as that of Cornwall, may still become a valuable article of export to Staffordshire. His lordship recommends that more attention should be paid to that [illegible] of marble and other building-materials in Ire[illegible] and not less to the bogs, which have been too little studied. 'Monographs of these,' he remarks, 'made by competent persons, would, in my opinion, be of the greatest practical importance.'

The astronomer-royal in his annual address to the Board of Visitors recommends that the observatory at Greenwich should be equipped with an equatorial telescope, and mentions a 13-inch object-glass by Merz as a desirable acquisition for the purpose; the whole cost to be about L.2000. The observatory still maintains its pre-eminence for meridional and lunar observations, and the magnetical and meteorological observations are kept up with praiseworthy diligence. The galvanic method of recording transits succeeds to perfection; and the distribution of time-signals to different parts of the kingdom is continued, and promises to develop itself into an important branch of commercial astronomy. Two noteworthy facts are mentioned in the Report: one is, that the hill on which the observatory stands is in a state of tremor, whereby the trough of mercury in which stars are observed by reflection, is so much agitated as to make observation impossible. To overcome the difficulty, a well ten feet deep was dug, and filled with 'incoherent rubbish,' on which the trough was placed, resting on stages suspended by strips of caoutchouc, 'leaving the image practically,' as Mr Airy says, 'almost perfect.' The other is, that fluctuations were found to occur in the zero of the altazimuth circle, and simultaneously with a sudden and marked change of atmospheric temperature—a phenomenon which the astronomer-royal cannot account for, 'except by supposing that in sudden atmospheric changes the gravel rock of Greenwich Hill does suddenly change its position.'

From Australia we hear that commercial astr[illegible] has been turned to useful account in the [illegible] Victoria. A time-ball erected on Gellibrand[illegible]s visible to the shipping in Hobson's Bay, an[illegible]ll is connected by telegraph with another at Melbourne, and was to be brought into communication with others at Geelong and Port Phillip Heads. An attempt had been made, and successfully, to give the time at night, for the advantage of such captains as were busy on shore during the day. The light of the light-house was hidden at two minutes to eight, and suddenly shewn at eight. The legislative council had voted a sum of L.2500 for building an observatory at Williamstown, and an appropriation of L.700 was made for astronomical instruments.

In connection with astronomy, we may mention that the shipmasters of the Tyne have memorialised the Admiralty for a system of regulations that shall prevent collisions at sea. The constant and universal bright light, they say, does not answer the purpose, and they suggest that vessels on the starboard tack shall shew a green light; vessels on the port tack, a red light; and vessels with the wind free, a common bright light. Steam-vessels should be required to answer signals and get out of the way of sailing-vessels; and ships at anchor should shew a yellow light. Sounds to be used in foggy weather—a certain number of distinct sounds to indicate the tack the vessel is on, or if before the wind or at anchor. Seeing that four years' repeal of the navigation-laws have rather helped to crowd the sea with vessels than to destroy commerce, as was predicted, it is doubtless desirable that some effectual system of signals should be brought into use.

The Society of Arts have celebrated their one hundred and second anniversary with a dinner at the Crystal Palace. Their examination of candidates from Mechanics' Institutes has proved satisfactory: of the fifty-two who appeared, only two were deficient in ability to spell correctly, and some of them exhibited an amount of knowledge that would have put many a university graduate to shame. — The Scandinavian Society of Naturalists have sent invitations to British savans to attend their seventh meeting, to be held at Christiania; and the American Association for the Advancement of Science have announced their meeting, with promise of something important.—The Geographical Society have had further information and discussion on communications across the Isthmus of Panama; and some earnest talk on the propriety of sending one or two stout steam-vessels every year to see what is going on in the Arctic regions, and watch for any chance of discovering relics of Franklin. —Dr Rae is to have the L.10,000 for the news he brought of the lost party.—The last accounts from Hawaii inform us that the town of Hilo has been spared the long threatened volcanic danger: Mauna Loa had been more than one hundred days in eruption, and the stream of lava, including its windings, measured sixty-five miles in length.—The Arundel Society have published their seventh annual volume, relating chiefly to ancient ivory-carvings.—And the Oriental Translation Fund are continuing their valuable series of works translated from the eastern languages. Already sixty-nine works are published, and the Rev. W. Cureton is engaged on a translation from the Arabic of *The Book of Religious and Philosophical Sects;* Sir Henry Rawlinson undertakes *The Great Geographical Lexicon;* and Mr Bland a curious Persian work, *The Wonders of Creation.*

The Statistical Society publish, in the last number of their *Journal*, a paper by Mr Glyde on 'Localities of Crime in Suffolk,' which tends to modify existing notions on that subject. He discusses the comparative criminality of towns and rural districts—among them the county-town Ipswich, with more than 32,000 inhabitants, with Wickham Market, a village of 1700—and remarks: 'During the five years ending 1853, Ipswich furnished one criminal to every 557 persons; while Wickham Market had sent one criminal to every 339 persons.' Then comparing fifteen towns, average population 5000, with fifteen villages, average population 820, the towns gave one criminal to every 593 persons, and the villages one to every 317. The comparison is unfavourable to the popular notion of rural innocence, for, apart from numbers, the country criminals are shewn to be more vicious and malicious than those of towns. Is Suffolk an exception to all the other English counties?

Dr Rilliet of Geneva taking up the fact that intermarriages of relatives are frequent in that city, has investigated the consequences of the mistaken practice, and confirms all that have already been known to be evil, and adds to their number. Among them he shews: monstrous births, and children particularly disposed to diseases of the nervous system—the order in which such diseases occur being epilepsy, imbecility or idiocy, privation of speech and hearing, paralysis; together with different cerebral maladies, disposition to tuberculous scrofula, early deaths, and other fatal results—a catalogue that presents matter for grave consideration.

The inundations in France have given rise to numerous projects for the prevention of similar disasters in future. M. Vallée, inspector-general of bridges and roads, reminds the Academy of Sciences of his plan published in 1840 for cutting a canal to turn the Arve into the Lake of Geneva during flood-time. The lake would serve as a vast reservoir, a dike would be built at its outlet, and, supposing a warning message to be flashed from Lyon, the water would be kept back at the rate of 1000 cubic metres per second, and the great valley of the Rhône would be saved. The canal, 2000 metres in length, would cost 3,000,000 francs; and calculations shew that there would be no risk in staying the outflow of the water.—Another savant states that the floods occur when the fierce African sirocco blows across the Mediterranean, and he suggests that when the electric cable is laid to Algiers, news of the coming wind may be flashed four days in advance.—Some projectors recommend a great system of dikes, as in Holland; others, the cutting of straight channels between the bends of rivers, and to keep the beds constantly deepened; and others, the planting of forests. M. Fabre thinks the Gulf Stream, and not the sirocco, to be the immediate cause of the excessive rain.

We mentioned some time ago the unsuccessful sinking of an artesian well at Kentish Town, in the north of the metropolis. It now appears, from particulars published by the Geological Society, that the work was abandoned when the borings had reached a depth of 1302 feet, no water having been met with. This unexpected result disappoints and astonishes those who, with Mr Prestwich, hoped for and predicted a copious supply of water from the lower greensands. The lower greensands are naturally expected to occur immediately below the gault; but in the present instance, the gault was found to be succeeded by '176 feet of a series of red clays with intercalated sandstones and grits.' It is a fact which sets our geologists pondering. Has it any relation with Mr Austen's theory, that carboniferous rocks may possibly be met with under the chalk in this part of England? is one among other interesting questions now discussed. The level of the London wells has sunk 50 feet since 1822, and falls at the rate of 18 or 24 inches a year. In connection with this subject we may notice the artesian well which has been for some months in progress in the Bois de Boulogne near Paris. It is a mètre in diameter, and when finished will be 700 mètres deep—150 more than the famous well of Grenelle. Mr Kind, the engineer charged with the undertaking, carries on the boring by means of the Chinese method of percussion, which has the merit of being simple and expeditious. To give a notion of it: pine-rods five mètres in length are provided. A 'monkey' with iron teeth is attached to the first of these rods, and this to a twenty-four horse-power steam-engine, which, by a succession of lifts and falls, twenty times a minute, speedily sends the monkey into the ground beneath. So the boring goes on, other rods being screwed on as the depth increases; water is soon met with; the hole fills, and the rods being of the same specific gravity as the water, their weight ceases to be felt. Every twelve hours the rods are unscrewed, the monkey is raised, and a large bucket with a valved bottom is let down into the pulpy mass at the bottom, where, having filled itself, the valves close, and it is brought up full. This method is thus seen to present important advantages; it effectually obviates the slowness and impeding weight of the iron borer. Mr Kind is confident of success. He has already sunk a well 730 mètres deep, and has one or two others in progress besides the one here noticed; and with a large iron cylinder contrived for the purpose, he brings to the surface huge specimens of every stratum through which the sinking passes.

SMALL FEET.

An Anglo-Chinese journalist has the hardihood to attack the native practice of bandaging the feet of female children to make them small—a practice which, he says, is contrary to the principles of Confucianism, and not more ancient than the tenth century. Awaiting the spread of Christianity, which will assuredly do away with so barbarous a custom, he proposes, in the meantime, a new method of abridging the feet, and at the same time abridging by several years the tortures of the poor girls. Here it is:—Now, as regards my method of making feet small. Call, while the girl is still at the breast, a butcher to operate with a cleaver. Let him cut the feet from above, downwards to the sole; then carry the knife outwards, reserving sufficient integument for a comfortable flap, which, after tying the vessels, turn over the wound, and keep in place by plasters. In a few days, it will heal naturally. If small feet be beautiful, these will be more so: if the pain be severe, it is but temporary, while cramping with bandages is a daily torture, consuming much time. I hope that benevolent gentlemen will exhort people to discard bandaging, and adopt my method.

DIRECT EVIDENCE FOR MURDER.

Wodrow, in his *Analecta*, noting the frequency of murders in Scotland in 1730, chronicles a remark which touches on one of the foibles of our own age as to evidence. 'By some quirks of law,' he says, 'the murderers usually get off, so that two very good lawyers at Glasgow say that now they believe that none shall be condemned for a murder, unless an instrument can be taken upon the murder in the hands of a public notary.'

BAPTISMAL SUPERSTITIONS IN SCOTLAND.

In the west of Scotland there is something unlucky attached to telling the names of infants before they are christened or baptised. All curiosity till then must usually be suspended, and the child is hailed by its name after having been brought home from church. In presenting the child to the minister for baptism, it is understood that the child's head must be supported on the right arm of the male parent, and that when a number of baptisms are to occur at the same time, all the male children take the precedence of the female. A custom existed in country-places, but I think nearly now exploded, for a mother, when carrying her child to church for baptism, to take along with her a considerable supply of bread and cheese, a portion of which was given to the first person she met on the public road after leaving her house. I have had in such an instance a *whang* or slice of the cheese forced upon me, and which it would have been accounted a high insult peremptorily to have refused. I consider that the *provision* borne along was part of the *blythe* meat presented to the friends in the house who had assembled after the birth to pay their congratulations to the pair who had been blessed with this addition to their number. It is not unlikely that in such offerings traces may be found referring to the period when the old Romans inhabited the Caledonian regions, which some of your learned correspondents will be able to canvass.—*Notes and Queries.*

FLOWERS.

They spring unnoticed and unknown,
Mid rocky wilds they bloom,
They flourish mid the desert lone,
They deck the silent tomb.
They cheer the peasant's lowly cot,
Adorn the monarch's hall,
They fill each quiet, shady spot—
Oh, who can tell them all!

Some o'er the murm'ring streamlet fling
Their blossoms bright and fair,
And there, in vernal beauty, spring,
Fanned by the fragrant air.
Some 'neath the ocean's rolling waves
In silent grandeur grow,
Nor heed the storm which o'er them raves,
But still in beauty blow.

Some where the eagle builds her nest,
Where man has never trod,
Where even the chamois dare not rest
Upon the crumbling sod—
Yes, there, even there, wild flow'rets grow
In richest dress arrayed,
And o'er the clamorous eaglets, throw
Their light and graceful shade.

Mid mountains of perpetual snow,
By icy girdles bound,
Some rendered doubly beauteous, glow,
And deck the frozen ground.
And mid cold winter's angry storm
The snow-drop rears its head,
And shews its pure, unspotted form
When other flowers have fled.

Some on the breezes of the night
Their grateful odours send;
While others, children of the light,
To day their perfume lend.
Some bloom beneath the torrid zone,
'Neath India's sultry skies;
Mid Iceland's mountains chill and lone,
The forms of others rise.

The stately fern, the golden broom,
The lily, tall and fair—
All these in rich succession bloom
And scent the summer air.
In secret dell, by murm'ring rill—
In gardens bright and gay—
Within the valley—on the hill—
Flowers cheer our toilsome way!

Flowers image forth the boundless love
God bears his children all,
Which ever droppeth from above
Upon the great and small:
Each blossom that adorns our path,
So joyful and so fair,
Is but a drop of love divine,
That fell and flourished there.

Ilimon.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 135. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856. PRICE 1½*d*.

PSEUDONYMS.

In nothing is a commodity of good names so desirable as in the title of a book. Authors have sometimes been more puzzled in getting a good serviceable appellation for their work than in writing it. Walter Scott himself was reduced to the unmeaning monotony of personal names, in the utter impossibility of discovering a better mode of identification. Rob Roy had already a sort of reputation, and people who had either read Wordsworth's ballad, or otherwise knew of the Scottish freebooter, had some little inkling of what they had to expect. But *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *Quentin Durward*, what ideas did they suggest? Who can gather anything of interest, date, incident, manners, or situation from the mere advertisement of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *David Copperfield*, or *Little Dorrit*. Nay, before the appearance of the first number, who could tell what *Little Dorrit* was? Was it a village like Chewton Parva?—or a district of a great city, like Little Britain?—or the diminutive for some gigantic Dorothy?—or the pet name of a dog?—or, finally, was it man, woman, or child? The world had its choice of all these and many more suppositions besides. But in these instances, as in those of the equally famous novels of the last century, their own immortality invests them with such fitness and propriety that no other title would seem equally appropriate. There appears something actually Shandean in the name of Shandy itself. Tom Jones, by any other name, might have been a Methodist preacher, and Robinson Crusoe never have had a thought of the sea. And this eternal fitness of things holds good of the names of the subordinate personages of the tale, no less than of the title of the book. Just observe how the whole continuity of the story is destroyed, if for a moment, and by a painful effort of the will, you think of Crusoe's companion as his man Saturday, Monday, Wednesday! It is evident nothing will do but Friday. You might as well talk of John Bull as Thomas—a thing altogether impossible and absurd. But this is only the case in works of supereminent skill. As to Lady Edith Brabazon de Belcour, in the *Fashion and Passion* of a distinguished authoress of the present day, you will see at once that she would be equally noble, equally witty, and equally fascinating, if she were Lady Ariana Plantagenet Harroville. Now try Die Vernon. Could she ride, could she talk, could she win as Selina Danvers? Wouldn't she have been masculine in a hat, forward in manner, coarse in mind, if she had not been Diana the pure and elevated, Vernon the high born and graceful? So with Bailie Nicol Jarvie—no other signature could have recalled the glories of the Saltmarket with half the force. Could Bailie Jarvie without the Christian name have done it?—could Bailie Nicol without the surname? It was necessary that the whole man should be presented to us in all his individuality and strength of existence, and we feel in a moment that this could only be done by the combination of those names. Call him Smith, what is he? No kinsman of Rob Roy, no magistrate of Glasgow; no, not if Walter Scott had produced his baptismal register and his appointment to the bench from the books of the town-council.

But people make the most astonishing efforts not to display in the title-page the contents and subjects of their books, but to conceal them; nay, to mislead the unwary observer into the purchase of a volume for which he has no possible use. An immense work was published many years ago and duly advertised under the name of *Nimrod*. Here was a disquisition evidently upon the sports of the field, the rise of hunting, the descent into harriers, creeping downward even so low as coursing. Still the work would be interesting; and a Suffolk squire or Forfarshire laird got possession of the sporting tome with much expectation of instruction on the breed of dogs and the best way of preserving the fox. But what does he see? A most deep, erudite, and unintelligible inquiry into the building of the Tower of Babel, the confusion of tongues, the spread of peoples and languages—an omni-gatherum of philology, archæology, divinity, ethnology, and grammar, in all its chaotic origin and provincial developments. Was it not nearly akin to obtaining money under false pretences?

In the same manner, there has lately been a book not a little talked of in London, by the name of *Judkin's Moods*.* Mr Judkin, the author, is already well known as a scholar and a painter, an eloquent preacher and excellent man. Has he joined the Lathams and Trenches in their inquiries into the English verb?—has he set his talents to work on the subjunctive?—has he thrown any new light on the imperative or indicative? Let us get the book, and become intimate with the history and genealogy of our parts of speech. Wonder on wonder again! It is a volume of sonnets!—but sonnets so refined in composition, so poetical in idea, and so various in subject, that they are worth a whole library of pamphlets on the wretched components of 'to be' or 'to have.' This, on the other hand, is bestowing a real benefit under a false address. Can anything be more pleasing in the way of surprise, than to open a book, expecting an explanation of why the imperfect has both a present and a partly past signification, and to come on a Lake Picture like this?

---

* London: Longmans. 1856.

One morn awaking at a long-sought place,
Whereto my steps had come the yesternight,
Bent on my favourite sport and dear delight,
The same which Walton loved, whose placid face
Spake him the gentlest of a gentle race—
Awaking early, ere a mountain-height
Was reddened by the sunbeam, met my sight
An image of pure beauty and of grace.
For lo! before my window, jutting far
Over the sheeted water, lay asleep
In her own lustrous shadow still and deep,
A milk-white swan! While yet one lingering star
Stood over her, as loath its eye to take
From that fair creature of the silent lake.

There are moods of the mind in these pages speaking a more touching language than Lindley Murray ever dreamed of, recalling landscapes worthy of Claude or Turner, and shewing how, in the hands of a true master of his art, the simplest incident can awaken 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

Another marvel! We are political—though of no particular party, being open to the best offer from any side, say the governorship of India, or, by way of a gentle sinecure, the embassy to Washington—and we have a great respect for departed statesmen. On a bookstall at the railway-station we see a nice little volume, evidently full of statistics and diplomacy, parliamentary debates, and the struggles of a great mind to break loose from the trammels of faction; for on the back of it is written in large gold letters the name of 'Peel.' Ah! how charming it will be to go over again the grand story of the rise and final triumph of an honest man!—the emancipation—the reform—the corn-laws—and then the fatal close that left Britannia without a pilot at the helm, 'when the winds whistled and the billows roared.' Honest man?—great statesman?—matchless pilot? It is no such thing! It is the collected poems of Edmund Peel,* one of the sweetest and gentlest minstrels that ever sang in lighted hall, or soothed the ear of beauty in her secret bower. A spirit of Christian charity breathes over all these charmed lines. Listening to sentiments like these, who can trouble himself about the wordy war in St Stephen's, the statecraft and electioneering, and speechifying and mystifying even of the greatest of English ministers? Oh, fortunati agricolæ! he says, to the happy inhabitants of the 'Fair Island,' which humbler describers call the Isle of Wight:

Fortunate ye! who here a refuge find!
Who in the light of a belovèd eye,
In the calm haven of an equal mind,
Content in quietude to live and die,
Dwell unreproved and build your hope on high!
Who, when the powers of storm and darkness smite
The deep, and shadows overcast the sky,
Draw from the dreamy caves of sound and sight
Voices of dulcet tone and visions of delight!

Fortunate ye! who those fine cells employ
To treasure duly all this earth displays
Of beauty, and of bounty, and of joy;
Who to the Giver of all good upraise
The homage of the heart, continual praise!
Happy are ye, who note in tint and tone
A natural harmony; who feel the rays
Of light and glory over nature thrown
On leaf, and fruit, and flower, on stream and sparkling stone!

Worst and most audacious impostor of all—brazen as a sturdy gaberlunzie at a farmhouse door when all the men are in the field, and only granny and the maid are left in the deserted kitchen—unprincipled as a begging-letter writer, with his wife in the scarlet fever, and three children lying unburied in the house—here comes a captivating-looking little volume, bearing on its shield the irresistible title, *Guide to the Knowledge of Life.** Aha! now are we armed against the tricks of the ring, the swindlings of the betting-stand. How do the Casinos get on?—is the Divan well frequented?—how about Cremorne and the Coal Hole? What a pity this indispensable friend of the Spoon and best companion of the Pump was not written in the time of Moses Primrose, before his remarkable purchase of the spectacles! This is the true simpleton's protector—this, sir, is the shortest way to the knowledge of life.—There isn't a word about tobacco, or Epsom, or Tattersall's, from beginning to end. The book is by Dr Robert James Mann, one of the scientific teachers of the time; sound in knowledge, earnest in purpose, and, above all writers on intricate subjects, gifted with wonderful power of explanation and description. So let us be serious while we take a glance at the sort of life of which he opens to us some of the secrets, and examine what is the kind of knowledge this compendium of learning and science conveys.

Beginning with the lowest forms of organised matter, the tale is evolved before us with the clearness of the most lucid order, and the interest of a novel, of the gradual processes conducting to the highest developments of animated nature—the human frame, the operations of the mind, and, finally, to decay and death. The life we are taught in this little volume is the life we live; and there is allusion also to the house we live in, the furnishing of all the rooms, and, above all, the mysterious domestic economy of the immortal tenant. Whatever requires to be known of the portions of the body, their functions and uses, the best means for their sustentation and healthful action, is here displayed and intelligible at a glance. The book is a manual of anatomy, and physiology, and regimen, all in one. Then the analogies between the plant and animal are clearly pointed out; the different qualities of food, the reasons of their varying effects: nothing is omitted which can either gratify the curiosity or inform the mind. Never, surely, was temperance lecture more potent than the philosophical analysis of the causes and effects of intoxication contained under the heading 'Drink.' Not that Dr Mann is so churlish as to forbid the use of fermented liquors entirely; but he well fixes the boundary beyond which the convivialist shall not pass without having heavy expiation to pay for his excess. 'When the blood is kept charged with alcohol,' he says, 'this principle acts *at first* as a powerful excitement to most of the vital organs; but as it is an unnatural and superfluous ingredient of the blood, and is not wanted there, nature hastens to get rid of the noxious intruder as rapidly as she can. She does this by resolving it into carbonic acid and water, and by then pouring these out through the lungs. It is perfectly wonderful how rapidly alcohol is removed from the system in this way. When, however, the alcohol is introduced more rapidly than it can be got rid of, the blood becomes more and more charged with it, and then the alcoholised blood tells upon every part of the frame: the heart begins to beat more quickly and more strongly; the skin grows hot, and exhales abundance of perspiration; the secreting organs pour out more of their ordinary productions than they usually do; the features grow flushed, the eyes brighten, and the powers of the mind are quickened.' But let the social indulger beware. 'The intellectual powers are deranged under the stimulant influence of alcohol, before any of the more material functions of the body are much interfered with. The cerebral masses of the brain are of more exquisite organisation, and are more freely supplied with blood, than the other parts of the body; hence, if the blood be kept charged with alcohol, the quickened thought that is at first produced is changed into confusion. Ideas flow very freely, and gain expression in words, but those words now become foreign to the purpose, and follow each other rapidly and incoherently. The highest faculties of the mind, those of intellect and will, become suspended, even while faculties a degree lower are only roused and excited. Alcohol attaches itself to brain-substance with peculiar avidity. Animals have had a quantity of spirits poured down their throats, and have then been killed soon afterwards, in order that the effect may be examined; and it has been found that there has been considerably more alcohol in their brains than in any other portion of their body, of equal size.' The dread story is traced to its terrible ending—through the languor and depression which follow the excitement, to the period when the intellectual powers are entirely destroyed for the time; when the sensorial powers are suspended and placed in abeyance, till drunkenness has its final consummation, and the dishonoured grave receives its unconscious guest.

---

* London: Rivingtons. 1856.

* London: Jarrold and Sons. 1856.

'*The fourth stage of intoxication is death.* Whether a man recovers from the insensibility of intoxication or not, depends upon the accident of his having swallowed a few drops more or less of the poison, under the load of which all his higher vital privileges are crushed for the time. It only needs that a little more alcohol should be accumulated in the blood, and the spinal cord will be rendered inactive under its stupifying presence, as well as the sensory and intellectual organs; and then the play of the chest, which is kept up by its influence, will be stilled, respiration will cease, venous blood will be sent in addition to the alcohol to where arterial blood ought to flow, and a few failing throbs of the heart will end the life that has been prized so lightly and thrown away so guiltily.'

How uniform are the lessons which wisdom teaches, whether furnished from the stores of religion or of science! In this volume, professing to be a guide to the simple scholar, are graspings at the highest and noblest objects of human inquiry, which would task the wisest of our philosophers. If issued in another form, and with more pretentious announcement, it would place Dr Mann on the same level with some of our highest scientific names. As it is, the modesty of his pretension masks the man, as his title masks his book.

THE ROCK-TOMBS OF CYRENE.

We are most of us familiar with the outline of the Mediterranean coast of Africa. We well remember that our geographies told us of four or five desperate Moorish governments which flourished not long ago to the westward, celebrated for their piracies and slave-trade, the terror and the reproach of Christendom; we also recollect that these pirates were severely punished by Lord Exmouth in 1816, and that subsequently a large tract of the country was conquered and colonised by the French; we further knew, that on the utmost verge of the east, Egypt lay like a stretch of verdure lining the banks of the Nile. But our books informed us nothing of that considerable district which extended between Tripoli and Egypt; although anciently this lengthy region, bounded by the sea and the Velpa Mountains, was covered with flourishing cities, possessed a numerous population, and carried on an extensive commerce in ivory, gold, precious stones, ostrich-feathers, and slaves.

To make up for this omission, we have a very interesting volume before us, written by Mr James Hamilton, describing a tour he has recently been making along the coast of this portion of Africa, and through the mountains that enclose the grand Desert of Barca. He left Malta in 1852, for Bengazi, the principal seaport on the Gulf of Sidra. From thence to Cyrene, all is barren; it was therefore necessary to take in a good store of provisions, and be provided with a faithful guide. He accordingly bought two wretched horses—wretched because he could get no better—for himself and servant, hired a quick-stepping camel—ridden by a young Arab, who officiated as coffee-maker and pipe-filler—to carry a light tent, carpets, and other articles required during the day, and other camels for conveying the remainder of the baggage, including a large tent, crowbars, pickaxes, and other instruments for excavation, with water-skins, and six days' allowance of barley for the horses. The feast of Ramadhan prevented our traveller's leaving Bengazi for a month; but orders were given to set forward on the morrow of the Bairam. This happened to fall on a Wednesday, a day deemed unlucky in the calendar of the Moslems; and no quantity or quality of arguments could induce the guides and Arab attendants to commence the journey on that day. Thursday afternoon was therefore appointed; but fate and the Arabs decreed that the start should not take place until Saturday morning, by which time Mr Hamilton managed to overcome the natural dilatoriness of the Arab character in his servants. The route lay through that sort of country familiar to most readers of African travels—that is to say, through a rough, sandy, rocky, parched plain, with scanty vegetation, and here and there a beautiful green spot. Of course, the wells were objects of great attraction, but these were few and far between. Sometimes the ruins of a marabut or tower, situated on an eminence not far from the track of the caravan, would invite inspection; sometimes a company of Bedouins might be seen skirting the horizon like a small cloud, or gathered in groups round the margins of the wells; whilst the uncertainty whether their intent were wicked or charitable added much to the excitement and interest of the scene. Beyond Baidar, the ground was carpeted with a short grass of a greenish-yellow hue, and dotted with thorny plants whose bursting leaf regaled the eye with its rich and lively green colour. Of the remainder of the journey to Cyrene, part was composed of a range of low undulating hills, offering, according to our author's description, some of the most lovely silvan scenery in the world. The country was like a most beautifully arranged English garden, or rather lawn, covered with pyramidal clumps of evergreens, variously disposed, as if by the hand of the most refined taste; while bosquets of juniper and cedar trees, relieved by the pale olive and the bright green of the tall arbutus-tree, afforded a most grateful shade from the mid-day sun. The immediate approach, however, to Cyrene became desert again, and long avenues of tombs, hewn in or out of the rock, lined the road, until the ruined towers of the old city-walls led into the midst of the town, where a narrow gorge opened up a magnificent view over plains and hills to the blue Mediterranean. Mr Hamilton then sought out the cave whence the perennial spring of Cyre gushed forth—a spring scarcely less celebrated than the celebrated fountain of Arethusa—and having quaffed of its bright cool waters, pitched his tent close by.

It was natural that our traveller should seek out this spot first: it was the existence of this spring that determined the early immigrants to found a city on the site; and when the city was in the zenith of its prosperity, the principal public buildings were grouped round it. The stream of water, however, which the fountain supplies has greatly diminished in volume since the palmy days of Cyrene. It issues from a natural channel, artificially widened, and falls into a shallow square reservoir in the floor of the cave. A portico of beautiful white limestone, to which age gives a warm, golden hue, formerly adorned the front of the grotto. To the right, an inscription, cut in the rock, still remains, recording the restoration of the fountain; whilst before it, the foundations of ancient buildings and heaps of marble fragments strew a narrow platform supported by two solid walls. Below these, a ground-terrace extends, on which stood in olden times temples, civic edifices, the agora or place of assembly for the people, and probably the monument of Battus mentioned by Pindar. To the left of, but below the fountain, massive fragments of marble cornices, fluted columns, the foundations of a structure believed to have been the temple of Apollo, and the ruins of a smaller building of more ancient construction, of which the lower parts of four pillars remain in position, are still to be met with. In this and a neighbouring ruin, Mr Hamilton made some excavations; but a few bronze and ivory fragments, a few vessels of terra-cotta of the very oldest workmanship, a part of an alabaster vase of remarkable thinness, and a finely draped statue of a Roman empress, the arms and head of which were gone, were all that rewarded his trouble.

The best preserved monument in Cyrene, however, is the old Greek theatre: the external wall and nearly three-fourths of the circle occupied by the seats, are still perfect; only the proscenium is wanting. Of the seats, twenty-four rows remain visible above the mass of ruins; and judging from the space occupied by these, there may be ten or twelve rows more beneath. The theatre itself is built in the side of a hill, and the rampart-wall, which rises to the level of the orchestra, is nearly forty feet high. The principal street of the city, the street of Battus, leads from the theatre, through a narrow ravine, the sides of which are steep, but present smooth surfaces, in some of which tombs have evidently been excavated, but which our traveller had not the leisure to explore. On the summit of a hill to the west, further ruins were discovered, consisting of the corner of a tower-looking building, the sub-structures of which were very large. A good cubical altar of white marble—on the four sides of which were bass-reliefs, representing a figure standing in a four-horsed chariot, and a votive inscription, which it was difficult to decipher—was the principal object of antiquity which rewarded the researches of Mr Hamilton; and even this relic did not long exist after he had inspected it, for some Arabs, having seen him stopping before and apparently interested in examining it, defaced the block as soon as his back was turned.

In fact, a strong feeling of jealousy against antiquarian travellers exists amongst all Arab populations. It is not that they do not like to have their tombs and monuments meddled with, for they take no possible care of them themselves; they cannot, however, conceive the idea of persons coming from a distance, and laying out money in digging and excavating, only to gratify an antiquarian curiosity. They imagine that those Christians who visit these spots from Europe, are the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the country, and come to find treasures revealed to them by family tradition. This impression of course makes the native averse to all excavation; and like the dog in the manger, he will not excavate himself; he is too indolent to do so, and if it were in his power, would allow no one else to excavate. On one occasion, as the men employed by Mr Hamilton were digging amongst some ruins, a body of Bedouins interfered, and commanded them to desist. As they were armed, and seemed ready to enforce their demands by violence, Mr Hamilton refused to comply, and in his turn threatened. He knew well the Arab character. This firmness had the desired effect. The Bedouins retired after some altercation, which ended in nothing, and a repetition of the interruption never occurred. Another cause of annoyance arose from the *fanaticism* of the people. A reputed saint, who inhabited a ruin near the cave beside which Mr Hamilton had pitched his tent, threatened that if he again darkened his door by his infidel shadow, he would shoot him. The next day, however, Mr Hamilton purposely passed, and found a company of thirty Arabs prepared to obstruct his passage: he therefore passed boldly through them; but when he had gone a short way beyond, a stone was thrown at him, which fortunately missed its aim. Undaunted, Mr Hamilton turned back, and inquired who threw the stone. This information of course he could not get, but he laid a complaint against the whole company before the cadi; they were therefore all punished, whilst he proceeded with his operations without molestation or hinderance.

The glory of Cyrene, that which attracted Mr Hamilton's principal attention, was the necropolis. Amongst its thousand monuments, many retain the traces of their ancient magnificence, and by these the skill and taste with which the chisel of the statuary was handled may be judged. 'Some feelings of melancholy,' writes our author on entering this silent and deserted suburb, 'must be awakened in every visitor as he follows those long lines of violated sepulchres ranged along the sides of the hills, obtruding far into the plain below, and stretching in every direction across the table-land to the south. The simple sarcophagus and the proud mausoleum now alike gape tenantless; perpetuating neither the affection of the survivors, nor the merits of the dead, they are mute as to their history, their fate, and almost their names. Barbarian hands have disturbed the relics and rifled the treasures which they once contained; the existence of such treasures must have been the incentives to, and can alone account for, the universal violation of the tombs—hatred, if profitless as well as toilsome, is seldom thus unrelenting!'

The principal sepulchres of the necropolis seem to belong to two epochs. The earlier epoch is indicated by the impressive monolithic vastness peculiar to the infancy of architecture; the latter, by the minute yet graceful decorations always traceable to a more advanced stage and perfect development both of art and science. To an intermediate period, observes Mr Hamilton, may be ascribed the cave-tombs faced with masonry, and the circular temple-shaped monuments which are frequently to be met with; whilst the plain sarcophagus, rising from the rock out of which it has been hewn, and of which it still forms a part, may belong to any epoch.

The sarcophagi, the immediate receptacles of the dead, were arranged in a low chamber, entered from an exterior court. In the sides and floors of this chamber, cavities were cut to the number of twelve or sixteen, and each cavity held one sarcophagus. Occasionally, the sarcophagus was double, and capable, therefore, of holding two bodies. Sometimes, instead of the low chamber, a long low gallery opened upon a series of rooms having two or three tiers of cavities, each capable of containing two sarcophagi. The interiors of most of these chambers were left in a rough unpolished style; but in a few, indications of paint and plaster having been used still remained, whilst others exhibited beautifully finished stone-work and polychromatic decorations. The façade with which the entrance was generally adorned, when executed in masonry, was very fine, as the broken statues and fallen columns which strew the ground amply testify. One sepulchre in particular is minutely described, the interior walls of which were covered with frescoes of considerable merit, and in a good state of preservation. The most easily distinguishable figures form a group consisting of two wrestlers engaged in a contest, and a third lying on the ground; whilst what may be the umpire with the prize-cup, or an attendant with the oil-cruise, is looking on in the corner. To the right are two more figures, distinct from the former group, one of whom seems to be inviting the other, apparently a youth, to enter a doorway to which he points. It is not improbable this is intended to represent symbolically the genius of youth urging him to enter the Temple of Fame. To this follows a figure draped in a flowing robe, his head crowned with ivy or vine leaves, his right hand extended, and in his left a lyre; then succeeds an orator with a roll of papyrus in his hand, and then a musician playing upon a lyre. There are also other groups still more elaborate. In one of them, which contains eight figures, all crowned with ivy, a herald is represented blowing a horn, and an attendant carrying a square chest. After this appears a headless form, then a person playing on a lyre, surrounded by seven others; whilst a little further on, we have a male figure in a tragic mask, apparently declaiming to a female, also masked, and accompanied by seven attendants, crowned with garlands. On either side of the doorway of the sepulchre, a lion and tiger fight and a hunt are depicted. The lion is attacking a bull, and close by is a tiger preparing to spring upon the neck of the lion. Above, are stags, gazelles, dogs, and chacals. Spears are flying about in all directions. On the opposite side, separated by a column supporting a vase, a man letting slip a greyhound, a stag, two hares, and numerous dogs, indicate at once the subject of the picture.

Before concluding this short account of the tombs of Cyrene, we must describe a monument that exists near the theatre, and, according to Mr Hamilton, one of the most splendid in the city. It consists of a vast chamber entirely excavated in the rock, the entrance of which is adorned by a portico supported by five square pillars, and an inner chamber of smaller dimensions. Sometimes, instead of chambers for the sarcophagi, sarcophagi hewn out of the living rock are found. These occur in groups, rising one above the other, on the top of the low hills out of which they are cut. The four sides of some of these sarcophagi stand out of the rock; sometimes only three, or even two, are thus separated; sometimes three or four are collected together in one line, with no other division than a small space between the lids, and a narrow gutter to carry off the rains accumulating from their sloping roofs.

To complete the idea of the necropolis, or rock-tombs of Cyrene, we must endeavour to picture to our minds the fig-tree, the olive, the oleander, and the cypress, lending, as in the Wady Bil Ghadir, their various and contrasting hues to the sombre beauty of the scene. We are sorry we cannot accompany Mr Hamilton in his visits to Derna, Tolmeita, and Tancra, or cross with him the Desert, and tell of his experiences at the oasis of Angila, or his perils and imprisonment at Siwah. This part of his work is not, however, altogether new to the reader, Hornemann, Bellefond, and Mr Bayle St John having previously given us accounts of these unchanging oases. But Cyrene enjoys a peculiar interest. It is one of those places mentioned in the New Testament—the parts of Libya about Cyrene—whence came some of those listening to the appeal of the apostle Peter. Cyrene was founded by a Dorian named Battus, 700 years before the Christian era, and was called after Cyre, a daughter of the king of the Lapithæ, a bold and courageous woman. Several legends are associated with its foundation. It is not our intention to pursue its history. We may, however, mention that it fell to Ptolemy, who succeeded Alexander in Egypt, when it assumed the name of Pentapolis. It was never subject to a regular government, the people enjoying unrestrained liberty, and hence the place was a favourite resort of the persecuted Jews, who formed here a colony. At length it was merged into a Roman province in conjunction with Crete; and in the division of the empire fell to Constantinople, whose misfortunes and miseries during the decline it fully shared. The nomad Arab tribes in the end acquired the ascendancy, and Cyrene, the splendid capital of Pentapolis, shorn of her ancient queenliness and beauty, became a waste and solitary city.

A NEW WAY OF MAKING MONEY.

Trinity Term—hot, dusty, feverish Trinity Term—was over at last; the mace-bearer had taken away his bauble, and deposited the same in a strong-box, where it was destined to remain until the 2d of November; the Lord Chancellor had smiled a learned smile as he doffed his robes, and thought of the Kentish hop-gardens; Sergeant Swillens had dried his eyes, red with much weeping over the matrimonial quarrels of 'his own, his native land;' the exciting case of Potts *v.* Robinson, together with the tender correspondence exchanged between that 'lowly maiden in her flower,' as my friend Bob Strongo touchingly described his client, the barmaid of 'The Hole in the Wall,' and that profligate young aristocrat, Ensign Robinson of the —st West India Regiment; even my own little suit about a mill and a water-course, on which I had expended considerable forensic eloquence, and, in imitation of a distinguished living statesman, had, *à propos de bottes*, instructed the bucolic minds of twelve sturdy Britons as to the glorious nature of the Bill of Rights—all these things had passed away, and we were let out of school for the long vacation.

Now, I maintain that no one but a lawyer who has spent the loveliest part of the summer cooped up in half-suffocating courts, too often wasting entire days on the back-benches, vainly waiting for that 'occasion sudden' which, alas! so seldom comes, can appreciate fully the magic of those three little words—the long vacation. Visions of green fields and mountain-glens—if his tastes be pastoral; of pump-rooms, circulating libraries, umbrella-shaped hats, and telescopic views of mermaids emerging from bathing-machines—if social; of the moors or the Mediterranean—if adventurous: these float across his mind in delightful confusion. Two entire months to go where he likes, do what he likes, and dress how he likes!—why, it is absolutely worth while going through a course of *Fern on Contingent Remainders*—and these are big words—to relish those two months with the true smack. Fancy me, then, most benevolent reader, seated one fine August night in my solitary chambers in the Temple, smoking the pipe of tranquillity, listening to the gentle plash of the fountain below, and revolving in my mind a number of cheap pedestrian excursions. At length I grow so embarrassed in the choice, that I am more than half inclined to take my gun, and ramble quietly down to my dear old aunt in Devonshire—when I suddenly recollect receiving some months ago a letter from my friend, Fritz von H——. I was too busy at the time to pay much attention to its contents, especially as they were conveyed through the medium of the German language, in a hand by no means the most intelligible; so that I now opened my desk, and reperused the epistle, which I found contained an intimation of the marriage of the High well-born Freiherr von H—— with the ditto Fräulein Bertha von S——,' and, what was much better, a pressing invitation to come and visit him in his new abode in the Berg Strasse.

Fritz had been my college-chum, or *dutzcamarede*, as they say in Germany; and I had never seen the kindhearted fellow since we parted one winter-night, years ago, on the bridge of Mayence—I to shave off my moustaches, and become a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple; and my friend to enter the 3d Uhlan Regiment of His Imperial Royal Majesty the Emperor of Austria. My mind was made up in a minute. I wrote a few letters, thrust half-a-dozen clean shirts into my knapsack, hunted out my passport, and by noon next day was pleasantly steaming down the Thames in the Antwerp boat.—After a lounge through Belgium, I made my way to Heidelberg, and engaged a *voiturier* to drive me over to the village where my friend resided. To my surprise, on reaching W——, and inquiring the direction of the house, mine host immediately assumed an air of profound respect. He was delighted, he said, to be of service to any friend of the noble Baron von H——, and would himself accompany me to the *schloss;* but just at this instant a handsome open carriage drove up to the door, and a gentleman alighting, inquired whether any English traveller had recently passed through the village—that in case such a person arrived, he was immediately to be conveyed to the castle, as a visitor from that country was hourly expected. For a moment, I could scarcely believe that the polished stranger before me was the veritable Fritz of yore; but all doubts were speedily removed by his recognising and welcoming me with a warmth that would seem exaggerated to an Englishman accustomed only to our own undemonstrative manners.

As soon as the first greetings were over, I discharged my slender bill at the *gasthaus*, handed my knapsack to the astonished chasseur, and took my seat in the carriage by my friend's side. He was in high spirits, and whipped the horses on to a gallop, until we reached a pretty lodge-gate, through which we drove up to a charming country-house, constructed out of the remains of a feudal castle that had formerly belonged to a robber-knight, whom tradition named as an ancestor of the present proprietor. A servant in livery now conducted me to my bedroom, from whose Gothic windows I could feast my eyes on the scenes where so many years of my boyhood had been spent, and drink in the full beauty of that unrivalled landscape, with the Rhine in the distance, like a huge silver snake winding along through that 'land of joy,' as the dear old *minnesängers* called this territory. I was next introduced to Madame la Baronne, a very charming girl, with the clear blonde complexion and homely grace so characteristic of her countrywomen—a grace which welcomes you as a cousin or very near connection of the family. The dinner was excellent; the Sillery sparkled in the rich crystal; the Steinberger had the true amber glow; and above all, the coffee and *canaster*, served afterwards in a delicious little smoking-room, whose walls glittered with a fantastic exhibition of the pipes of all nations, were absolutely all that mortal man could desire. Really, thought I to myself, as I lay awake that night, Fritz must by some clandestine means or other have become possessed of Aladin's lamp, Fortunatus's purse, or one of those delightful machines for converting gold out of dry leaves, so plentiful in the reign of Haroun al Raschid of blessed memory, but which seem unfortunately to have entirely disappeared with the califate of Bagdad. There was something fairylike and unreal in all this wealth; and had I found on awaking next morning that the schloss had vanished into thin air, and that I was the inmate of a cottage in the middle of a wood, the guest of my old friend Fritz the forester, and his pretty little wife Bertha, in an apple-green spencer, I don't think I should have expressed much astonishment; in fact, I rather fancy I anticipated some such miracle to take place, and was consequently slightly disappointed at finding nothing supernatural had occurred during the night. To explain this, I must let you into a little secret concerning Fritz's previous position in the world. He was the son of a poor officer, who had made the campaign of Moscow under that German hero, Prince Emille of Hesse-Darmstadt, and had, by strict economy, been enabled to send his son to the university of Heidelberg, where we first became acquainted. But nature never intended that my friend should become a doctor of philosophy; and so, after neglecting his lectures, fighting a score of duels, and making a grand reputation at the *kneipe*, his father removed him in despair, and, with some difficulty, procured him a cadetship in the Austrian hussars. Here, as elsewhere, he soon became a leading favourite; his handsome person and generous qualities rendered him the admiration of the ladies and the pride of his corps; he ate, drank, danced, made merry like a lion-hearted dragoon as he was, and got into debt. Two years ago, he wrote me a very desponding letter, wherein he stated his embarrassed circumstances, and his intention of seeking active service in some other land; so that his present affluence naturally astonished me, and I could only account for his good-fortune by ascribing it entirely to his wife. However, as he never evinced any desire to be communicative on this point of his history, I felt a delicacy in alluding to the subject, and gradually dismissed it from my mind.

We had a glorious autumn! The fine bracing air of the Berg Strasse sent the blood coursing through my veins with a tingling alacrity unknown for many a weary month of my parchment-life. The glow and keen enjoyment of youth seemed again restored to me, and I met with no unlucky *contre-temps* to disturb my perfect enjoyment. Both my friends were the kindest of all conceivable hosts and hostesses, ever scheming little parties of pleasure or excursions into the neighbouring mountains, and rendering the same doubly attractive by their fine social qualities. Then on grand occasions, Fritz and myself used to depart in great splendour for the chase; and I felt that, for a Chancery lawyer, I really represented pretty respectably the race of British Nimrods amid this conclave of hirsute cavaliers.

But alas! and alas! even the long vacation will pass away; and the brown woods and falling leaves now warned me that Michaelmas term was near at hand, and that I must prepare for my departure home—home! What a bitter mockery there was in the very idea of my home!—a home in the Temple, where my most cordial welcome would proceed from an ancient female of unattractive aspect (my laundress!), and a dismal hobbledehoy with a profusion of unkempt red hair (my clerk!)

One evening towards the close of my visit, Fritz and I were sitting alone in the *rauchzimmer*, chatting pleasantly over our early friendship, and recalling the *burschen* life with all its vanished joys and sorrows. It was a wild night. The wind howled in fitful gusts across the mountains, and came moaning through the old belfry in accents of despair. Heavy masses of clouds scudded rapidly along the heavens, and everything betokened a storm. It was just such a night as the spectral huntsman and his lawless gang would choose for their unearthly glee amidst the Harz Mountains—such a night as, if sleeping alone in a certain ruined tower not far distant, I should fully expect about two o'clock the panel of the wainscotting to open with an unearthly sound, and a lady in white to advance stealthily to my side, and imprint *three* frozen kisses on my brow, then, with uplifted finger and a reproachful glance, slowly again retire. In fact, it was one of those nights when, bluster as we will, we are all of us superstitious, and when, for my own part, I would assuredly prefer the society of a boon-companion over a steaming bowl of punch, to being left alone in any ruined tower in any part of Germany. The wind rose higher and higher, and the dismal shriek-owl mingled its notes with those of a dog in the village, baying at the moon. We drew nearer the fire, threw a fresh log on, and smoked hard. My friend was evidently distrait and uneasy; and after an unusually long pause, during which he puffed out enormous mouthfuls of smoke, he turned suddenly round and said:

'Harry, since you have been here, you have often wondered how I became possessed of my present fortune. I know it. I could see it in every look. I enjoyed mystifying you; but I never intended letting you depart without telling you how I made my money. You remember a Werterish sort of letter I wrote you a year or two ago. About that time, I was in considerable trouble. Our regiment had been stationed for some months in a small town on the Bohemian frontier; and, as I had nothing else to do, I managed to fall in love, veritably over head and ears in love, with the daughter of a neighbouring nobleman. At first, all went on prosperously enough, and I had already constructed some very magnificent *châteaux en Espagne* for our future abode. My love was amply returned; and the confiding innocence of a young country girl, fresh and pure as one of her own mountain-flowers, contrasted so favourably with the artificial graces of the great ladies I had recently left in Vienna, that I felt a tremulous rapture, difficult to describe, in possessing the affections of so pure a heart. Matters went on in this happy way for some time; but "always to woo and never to wed," although good in a song, becomes a bore in reality; so I screwed up sufficient courage one afternoon, as we were sitting alone chatting "across the walnuts and the wine," to ask the count's consent to our marriage. He seemed perfectly astonished, and asked me what fortune I had to support a wife upon. Here was a knock-down blow to all my hopes. Fortune—my fortune! Surely it must be a joke for any one to ask Lieutenant Fritz von H—— what his fortune was. But I resolved to use no deception; so I gave the old gentleman a minute and graphic account of my worldly possessions. As I concluded, he rose, saying very quietly:

"I wish to avoid all recriminations. If you have been wrong in playing the *rôle* of an adventurer—pardon the expression—I was equally to blame in encouraging your visits; therefore I cast no reproach upon your conduct: it was what men of the world and romance-writers would applaud. Now, let there be no further doubt on this subject. You are a suitor for my daughter's hand; her affections, you say, are already yours, and I believe your general character to be fair and honourable. I therefore will not raise any unnecessary obstacles in the way of your union" (I was ready to embrace the old fellow for joy), "but there are conditions" (my face fell immediately) "which must be fulfilled before my consent can be obtained. I consider that it would not be prudent for two young people in your station of life to marry much under a yearly income of 6000 florins. My daughter's marriage-portion will not exceed the moiety of this sum. Therefore, my young friend, you will see that until you can make up the difference, I should not be doing my duty were I to yield to your wishes;" and so saying, he rang the bell, and bowed me out of the room with perfect courtesy.

'I left the house mechanically without saying a word. I was quite stupified, and continued so for the next few days. I have the recollection of writing a letter to the dear girl I was losing, but what about, it would puzzle me much to tell. At length the colonel, seeing how ill I looked, gave me a month's leave of absence, and advised me strongly to travel. Caring but little where I went, I found myself, after a week's ramble, deposited one afternoon just outside the pretty village of Homburg, where I engaged a quiet lodging for a few days. The neighbouring scenery pleased me; and that was lucky, for I cared nothing just then, as you may believe, for drinking, or gaming, or sociality of any kind. That evening I read part of *Zanoni*, took a stroll in the Frankfort road, and returned to bed at an early hour. When I awoke next morning, the first object that met my eye was a large heap of gold carefully piled up on the dressing-table. Strange that I had not noticed it before. I must have mistaken my bedroom, or made some confounded blunder; so I immediately rang the bell, and demanded an explanation of the mystery. The landlady could not solve it; I was in my own room; no money was left there last night; the servants had neither seen nor heard any one moving about the house; consequently, I must have placed the gold on the table myself.

'Unable to get at any explanation, I carefully counted the money, which amounted to the large sum of 10,000 florins, and locked it up in my portmanteau, fully expecting to have a claimant for it in the course of the day. But, to my great surprise, no such person appeared, and I went to bed that night with these riches still in my possession, previously taking the precaution to lock my door and place the key under my pillow. The following morning, a similar heap of gold and bank-notes stood on my table. I sprang out of bed, unlocked my portmanteau, and found the money I had deposited there untouched. I next examined the room: there was no entrance but through the door, and this was fastened, and the key safely stowed away under the pillow. I now called the landlady, and somewhat sternly rebuked her for permitting these practical jokes in her house; but the poor woman's face too plainly shewed that she at least was innocent of all participation in them; so that I again counted the money, and placed it with the other sum.

'That night, before going to bed, I made a minute survey of the premises, carefully hasping the window and locking the door; but the good fairy who supplied me so liberally with gold, was not to be shut out thus easily, and I found on awakening a larger sum than ever on my table. It was perfectly useless asking the landlady or servants any further questions—they only stared at me; and the other lodgers were by no means persons of affluence. Unable, therefore, to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, I rambled about the promenade in a somewhat dreamy state of mind that day. I thought people seemed to look at me in a peculiar manner as I passed along, but this was probably mere fancy on my part. Towards evening, I received a letter from my darling girl, saying that she had at length succeeded in inducing her father to accept me as his future son-in-law, and that they were now on their way to Homburg. The count added a few lines, wherein he stated that this decision was caused partly by his daughter's entreaties and failing health, and also by the excellent character my colonel had given him of me. You can easily imagine my joy at this unexpected announcement; in fact, it was almost greater than I could with safety bear in my then excited state of mind. Brimful of happiness, I ate a light supper that evening, smoked two or three pipes, and was sound asleep long before midnight; but although I went to bed at an early hour, I felt unusually lethargic in the morning, and when I awoke, it was ten o'clock, and the count was waiting for me in the adjoining room. I sprang out of bed to embrace him.

"Hold, sir!" said he, drawing himself up proudly. "I promised my daughter's hand to a poor but honourable man; it shall never be given to a wealthy blackleg" —and he pointed scornfully to the table, where, as usual, lay a mass of bank-notes and gold.

'I felt the blood mount to my head as he uttered these words, but I made a grand effort to be calm.

"My dear sir," I replied, "I know you do not wish to add insult to my other misfortunes, and therefore I attribute those harsh expressions entirely to misapprehension. I never was a gambler. I have no wish to deny or even extenuate my many transgressions, but I solemnly assure you that I never was a gambler. Let me know the name of your informant, and he shall either eat his own words or bite the dust before another day is over."

'The count shook his head, and pointed to the heap of gold.

"By everything that is holy in this world, I swear that I am ignorant of how that money came into this room!"

'The count still shook his head, and smiled ironically.

"In the name of God, here on my bended knees, I repeat that oath; and as a soldier and a man of honour, I pledge my life that what I have sworn is true."

'The count still shook his head, and his lips wore the same incredulous smile.

"If, sir, you neither believe my oath as a Christian, nor my word as a gentleman," said I, rising indignantly, "I have nothing further to add, save merely this—that had any other man but the Count von S—— insulted me in this manner, his conduct should not have passed with impunity. For your daughter's sake, for the deep love I shall ever bear towards her, I am content to suffer this indignity unavenged;" and I rang the bell for the servant to open the door.

"You renounce all pretension to my daughter's hand?" said the count, perfectly unmoved.

"Never!" cried I passionately—"never at the bidding of a fickle and remorseless tyrant!—never until she herself renounces me."

"She has done so!" calmly replied my visitor, opening his pocket-book and delivering to me a letter.

'I clutched the paper franticly in my hand—I fastened my eyes on the well-known characters. It was too true—she discarded me! In a few calm but decisive sentences, blotted with tears, but not otherwise evincing any grief, she acquainted me with my doom. The missive fell like a stone from my grasp, and an icy chill shot into my heart.

"You no longer refuse my request?" asked the count, moving across the room.

"I do not, sir," replied I, with a great effort at self-control, all my pride coming to my temporary assistance. "I willingly renounce every claim to your daughter's hand, and hope she may enjoy the happiness she so fully deserves. With the greatest imaginable pleasure, count, I renounce *your friendship*, and trust that your chivalrous conduct on this occasion will ever continue to be a subject of self-gratulation. I have the honour to wish you a very good-morning, Count von S——;" and so saying, I most courteously attended my visitor to the door.

'When he had gone, I staggered back to my chamber, and fell almost senseless into the arm-chair. How long I continued there, I cannot say. The hours passed without my taking the slightest heed of their rapid flight. Breakfast was brought to me, and I ate it; the same with dinner and supper; I ate them heartily, I believe, but without the slightest appetite. I smoked, I drank wine, but all mechanically, as it were, without enjoyment, and yet I was not positively ill. One single thought, the thought of my mysteriously acquired wealth, preyed upon my mind with the morbid tenacity peculiar to an overstrung nervous system. It haunted me like a spectre, that heap of gold; and I would have willingly given the whole of it to learn by what stealthy means it came into my possession. But fruitless were my endeavours to resolve the enigma; and I finally determined, by way of quieting my mind, and at the same time convincing the count of the injustice he had done me, to state the entire case to the municipal authorities, intrust the money to their care, for the benefit of the poor—in case no one claimed it within a certain period—and then to leave the place. After forming this resolution, I felt much relieved, and took up my hat for a stroll. It was a lovely evening, and groups of gay promenaders were out enjoying the balmy summer air; and at a short distance from the village, I met the count, his daughter, and an elderly gentleman, who was talking to his companions in an unusually grave manner. As I approached, the stranger gazed at me with much apparent interest, the others passing by with a very slight mark of recognition. I observed, however, that the poor girl looked pale and much dejected; and cut to the quick by the spectacle of her unhappiness, yet smarting under a sense of her cruel conduct, I returned home, fully resolved to depart in the course of the following day, and by active employment in some foreign country, endeavour to forget my past misery.

'To my infinite surprise, however, I was awakened next morning by a loud rapping at the door, and on opening it, was warmly embraced by the count, who, with many apologies for his harsh conduct, begged that I would dismiss all recollection of it from my mind.

'I started back, rubbed my eyes, and stared at my companion in perfect amazement. Was he mad? or was I dreaming? or were we, both of us a couple of lunatics? I felt my head wander, and knew not what to say.

"Forgive me, my dear boy," said he, pressing my hand—"forgive me for my unjust suspicions yesterday; and if you can so far forget what then transpired, my daughter may still live to be a happy woman." Here he gave me a letter from her, full of repentance, of joy at my innocence, and of passionate love.

'I was more amazed than ever. The usual heap of *rouleaux* and bank-notes, my fairy gift, lay on the dressing-table; nothing was altered; why then this violent change in the count's conduct? I began to suspect that his mind was slightly disordered, and that this was the real cause of his eccentric behaviour. He evidently guessed at my thoughts, for he said, with a quiet smile:

"No, no, my boy; it is not so; but I will at once explain this strange story. After you left V——, my daughter's health appeared to be in danger of breaking down; and hearing Colonel von Stein speak so favourably of your character, I determined on waiving all further objections to your union; but no sooner had I arrived in Homburg, than I heard every one talking of the extraordinary luck of a young Austrian officer, who had for the last week been a nightly visitor and large gainer at the rouge-et-noir tables. I listened attentively, struck by the resemblance this young officer bore to yourself; and, on further inquiry, learned that it was no other person than my accepted son-in-law who was becoming so notorious. At first, I could scarcely credit this tale; but hearing it confirmed on all sides, I was compelled to believe it. From your landlady, I gathered that it was your habit to retire to bed at an early hour, then to get up, dress, and leave the house; that you usually returned about midnight with a bag of money, which she was informed you had won at the Kursaale.

"'Ah, sir, I fear the poor young gentleman is touched here,' said the woman, pointing to her forehead, 'for in the morning he will call me up, and ask a hundred questions about how the money came into the room.'

"As there could be no further doubt concerning your identity, I informed my daughter of the result of my inquiries; and the poor girl, although with a breaking heart, saw at once the infamy of marrying a blackleg—for it was the general opinion that your invariable success did not proceed from mere chance. The scene that took place yesterday was in consequence of these discoveries; and although no one can regret it more than myself, I still think the circumstances that had then just transpired at all events serve to palliate my conduct. However, to proceed, for I observe you are eager for the *dénouement*. At the table-d'hôte, I sat next to a celebrated physician from Berlin—the same gentleman you saw with us last evening—who, amongst other things, told me that he was then watching a curious case of somnambulism, and that, if I felt any interest in such matters, he would be happy to shew it me. I accepted his offer; and we were talking the matter over, when you passed by us, and the doctor, to my great amazement, whispered in my ear:

"'That is the young man; he frequents the *salon de jeu* every night at a certain hour, and invariably wins large sums of money.'

"My curiosity was now highly excited, and I accompanied my friend to the gambling-rooms, where I anxiously awaited your arrival. At length the door opened, and you entered the apartment, took your seat at the table, opened your pocket-book, and drew out some notes with the most perfect coolness. I confess I was astonished, for, after your violent protestations of innocence, I did not expect you would have had the effrontery to ply your black art before my very eyes. As for the somnambulism, I frankly confess I did not believe a word of it; your eyes were wide awake; you even surveyed me quite unabashed; and your fixed look and rigid manner I attributed to trick. The game proceeded: a crowd of eager spectators flocked round the table; you played heavily, and constantly won. At length, after a pause, you laid the highest stake permitted by the laws of the establishment on the *zéro noir*. There was a stir of excitement amongst the bystanders; the croupiers looked grave, and the banker took copious pinches of snuff. At length the ball was sent whirling round the cylinder.

"'Le jeu est fait,' said the croupier with unusual excitement, and immediately the ball fell.

"An exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of all present. By one of those rare chances in the game, the zero had won, and the manager prepared to pay you thirty-five times the amount of your stake—at the same time informing the company, that in consequence of the run of ill-luck it had sustained, the bank was broken for the night; whereupon you quietly gathered your money together, and rose from your seat. Our eyes met, but you shewed no mark of recognition; and boiling over with indignation at this unparalleled charlatanry, I was on the point of openly accusing you of your barefaced trick, when the doctor suddenly pulled my sleeve.

"'For God's sake, do not speak to him at present,' said he in evident alarm. 'If you awake him now, he will probably never leave this room alive;' and he held me back.

"We followed you out of the building, and saw you walk steadily home with your bag of gold, take out a key, open the street-door, light a lamp, and mount the stairs to your bedroom. From a gate on the opposite side of the road, we could see you arrange your money on the table, then quietly undress, get into bed, and extinguish the light.

"'That young man's case is one of the most curious I have yet met with,' said the doctor.

"'And do you seriously believe that he has been asleep all this time?' asked I incredulously.

"'Most assuredly. I am as convinced of the fact as that we two are now awake. In the course of a pretty long practice, several strange instances of sleep-walking have presented themselves to my notice, and, as you are possibly aware, I enjoy some little reputation in this branch of the science. Had you startled that young man, the probability is that he would have dropped down dead at your feet. So you now see, my dear sir, the peril you have just avoided.'

"'But, doctor,' said I, becoming greatly alarmed, 'do you think you could cure him?'

"'Of course I do,' replied he with a good-humoured smile. 'In a couple of months, I will guarantee that he shall have no trace remaining of this peculiar habit, and, with proper care on his part, that he shall not be subject to relapse.'

"So, my dear Fritz, I hope you will make my daughter a happy woman, by putting yourself under the doctor's care for a short time."

"With the utmost pleasure," replied I, perfectly bewildered at these strange revelations.

'The physician now entered the room, and his pleasant, cordial manner soon removed all feeling of uneasiness on my part. After half an hour's friendly gossip, the count proposed that I should pay my *devoirs* to another friend; and taking my arm, he hurried me along to his hotel, where I found Bertha, full of self-reproaches and generous affection, ready to welcome me. We spent a happy day together; and the kindhearted physician removed all alarm by again assuring me that my case would soon yield to proper treatment; so I counted my involuntary gains, which amounted to the large sum of 100,000 florins; and accompanied the doctor next day to Berlin, where I continued to reside, under his hospitable roof, for a couple of months, at the termination of which period he dismissed me as perfectly cured.

'The rest is briefly told. I resigned my commission, and married Bertha, who has since proved the greatest treasure of my life. For some time we rambled about the continent, until an opportunity presented itself of purchasing this old property, then in a sadly tumble-down state. I immediately began to busy myself with its restoration; and, occupied with my farm and blest with a darling little wife, I have been ever since one of the happiest fellows in the world. To the best of my knowledge and belief, I now sleep peacefully in my bed, without disturbing honest people at untimely hours by any further nocturnal prowling propensities. So you see, my dear boy, that there are more ways than one of making money, and that what I never could do when awake, became an easy task when under the influence of somnambulism.'*

MAJOR-GENERAL SABINE ON TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

We have from time to time made our readers acquainted with the progress of that interesting science—terrestrial magnetism; interesting not merely on account of its revelation of one of the most mysterious influences in nature, but also by reason of the practical service it renders to the navigator. We have now to notice a further contribution towards the advancement of this science by Major-general Edward Sabine, Treasurer and Vice-president of the Royal Society. This gentleman's name stands foremost among the British philosophers who now make terrestrial magnetism their special study; and chief among his labours is an important series of papers, continued through many years, and still going on, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and in the *Reports* of the British Association. He has now prepared a large sheet-map of the various magnetic phenomena for Johnston's *Physical Atlas*, accompanied by a lucid description, in which the history and philosophy of the subject are treated of in a masterly style. It is to this that we wish to call attention.

Major-general Sabine renders full justice to the merits of Halley, who, more than one hundred and seventy years ago, constructed a magnetic map, and anticipated some of the results that have since been arrived at. He shewed that there were 'two poles attracting the north end of the needle in the northern hemisphere, and two poles attracting the south end of the needle in the southern hemisphere.' Two of these were stronger than the others, and they were not fixed, but movable, the movement being of that slow progressive nature described by the term 'secular,' in contradistinction to 'periodical.' For want of sufficient data, Halley felt himself baffled in his attempts to explain the phenomena; 'whether these poles move altogether with one motion,' he says, 'or with several —whether equally or unequally—whether circular or libratory; if circular, about what centre; if libratory, after what manner, are secrets as yet utterly unknown to mankind.'

---

* In the year 1853, there occurred a similar instance of somnambulism in Wiesbaden. A young man frequented the Kursaale, in his sleep, for several nights, and won considerable sums of money at the gaming-tables. The singularity of the case created some excitement, and was duly chronicled in the continental press.

By enlightened and persevering research, some light has been thrown on these secrets—an achievement, indeed, of the science of our own day. The impulse was given some twenty years ago: it was one with which eminent names are associated—Humboldt, Herschel, Gauss, and others, and the two scientific bodies above mentioned. A regular system of observation was organised for every zone of the earth; government supplied funds and instruments; and, from 1840 to 1845, a mass of observations was accumulated which, discussed by penetrating minds, has added materially to our knowledge of the difficult subject.

For example: Major-general Sabine informs us that the present positions of the four magnetic poles have been determined exactly or approximately, one of the four at the cost of the Norwegian government. Hansteen, Erman, and Due travelled to Siberia in 1828–9, and found the weaker pole of the northern hemisphere to be 'in or about the meridian of 120° east.' In Halley's time, it was not far from the meridian of the British Islands; and here we see a remarkable instance of secular change. In 1843 and 1844, Lieutenant-colonel Lefroy, then at Toronto, determined the position of the stronger pole: it was in 52° 19′ north latitude, and 268° east longitude—the change in this case having been but small. A similar state of things prevails in the southern hemisphere. The antarctic expeditions of Sir James Clark Ross (1839–43) acquainted us with the fact, that the stronger southern magnetic pole had moved but little from the position assigned by Halley; while the weaker, which he placed 265° east of Greenwich, must now be placed between 30° and 40° to the west. Thus the system in the south is a duplicate of that in the north.

These mysterious movements, as is well known, are the cause of that change in the direction of the magnetic-needle, the 'declination,' as it is called, which has been noticed almost from the time the compass was brought into use. The magnet makes a long and slow oscillation from east to west—that is, its northern end points sometimes to the east of north, sometimes to the west, and points exactly north only when it reaches that point in its 'secular' movement. Having attained its westerly maximum, it is now slowly returning to the east. The phenomenon is of course observable in other countries, as well as in England; but with a difference. 'We know,' says Major-general Sabine, 'from thoroughly trustworthy observations, that the westerly declination at St Helena has increased during the last two hundred years at a nearly uniform rate of eight minutes in a year; and not only so, but that this annual increase takes place in equal aliquot portions in each of the twelve months.' It does not surprise us to be told that 'we are as yet wholly without a clue to guide us to the discovery of causes at once so general and so systematic;' and we are quite prepared to admit that 'their discovery will undoubtedly rank as one of the greatest discoveries in the progress of natural knowledge.'

The details of the great scheme of observation carried on sedulously for the five years, have already been explained in this *Journal*. Some of the observatories have been dismounted; a few of the more important are still continued. Magnetical observations form part of the work of our national observatory at Greenwich. The results of these are duly published; while those of the quinquenniad have undergone, and are still undergoing discussion, always with the effect of adding somewhat to our knowledge of the subject. Not till men were found able and willing to undertake the difficult and laborious task, did we know that the magnet was subject to daily, monthly, and yearly movements or oscillations: that it was subject to sudden disturbances, some of which obey a periodical law, while others appear, as yet, uncertain as the weather-cock. Nor did we know that these disturbances are seen at observatories in the northern hemisphere, and at observatories in the southern hemisphere, opposite ends of the earth, at one and the same time. Neither did we know that the occurrence of spots on the sun had anything to do with manifestations of terrestrial magnetism; and yet such is the fact. All this information is due to the science of the past quarter-century. It lifts for us a small corner of the veil, while it leaves us still in the dark as to causes.

The work is not yet complete. Large portions of the earth's surface have never been surveyed. The means for completion are, however, better than at any previous time. Naval captains now know something more of magnetism than what relates to the movements of the compass-card; and in carrying out the great oceanic survey, they will bring home valuable observations; and overland travellers are every year extending the surveys. These will have to be repeated at considerable intervals, so that we may at last clearly understand in what all the magnetic changes consist. Physicists are seeking for the cause in the nature, or the movements—if any—of the interior of the globe, in all of which we see how great is the interest excited by the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism. The work is zealously encountered, although it is 'sowing that a future generation may reap.'

LAGSMANBURY.

Like a rotten core beneath the bloom of ripe fruit—like a treacherous and villainous heart under a hypocritical aspect—like anything and everything that is evil and bad, yet clings to the semblance of decency and goodness—is Lagsmanbury. Neither Westminster, nor, indeed, all London, contains a more remarkable instance of the isolation of that supplementary order of society that sinks below classification, yet is in the very arms and close embrace of orders whose ambition and pretension it is to soar above it. You shall pass a hundred times within a few paces of the boundaries of the Lagsman's domain without discovering it or suspecting its existence—for it lies between two well-frequented thoroughfares of respectable and official character, and can be entered through either only by the narrow approach of a covered-way. The world to be found within, however, is worth the notice of the observant, and we shall take the liberty of making such investigations as may suffice to satisfy our curiosity.

Three or four acres are probably the utmost extent of the whole area, and this is traversed from north to south by a narrow winding lane at least twice the length of the distance, as the crow flies, between its termini: like a long snake in a short bottle, it has to double upon itself to keep within its bounds. The sinuous course of the lane saves it from being used as a short-cut by pedestrians, and thus helps to keep the company within select; another cause conducing to the same result, is the fact that Lags Lane is rarely passable to people of the outer world, unless at an early hour. From twenty to thirty small courts and *impasses* disembogue into it, and of whatever is ejected and rejected from them all it is necessarily the receptacle, gathering its deposits the whole day long. The lane itself is lined with shops of a characteristic kind, that tell plainly enough to the discriminating onlooker what is the position, and to some extent also, what are the pursuits of the surrounding inhabitants. Shop-windows do not much abound; with the exception of the baker, the grocer, and the barber, there is hardly a trader who is troubled with the ceremony of cleaning glass or the prospect of a glazier's bill. Provisions are the chief staple of merchandise, and these are of a sort which respectability rarely sets eyes on. Vegetables both crude and cooked, and venerable in either condition, are piled in pyramids or heaped on dishes, along with gallipots of pickled eels, saucers of pickled cabbage, little hills of boiled whelks, stacks of fried soles, sections of cocoanuts—and a heterogeneous collection of yesterday's unsold fish. The stock of the butcher comes to him from the market, and consists of the otherwise unsaleable refuse. For those who are not family members, there are the eating-houses—we were going to say the cook-shops, but in reality very few of them *are* cook-shops. Their *carte*, however, is not wanting in variety, and everything cooked elsewhere comes here in its last practicable, not presentable stage, to be finally finished off. Here are terribly attenuated shoulders of mutton, hams, and sirloins, the remnants of geese and turkeys, cod-fish reduced to the gills, fins, and tail—and all the *disjecta*, in a thousand shapes, of the cook-shop, coffee-shop, confectioner's shop, tavern and eating-house of more dainty districts; among which, the martello-tower-looking pork-pies, which have stood guard for a month in the window, cut the most imposing figure.

On Saturday night, and early on Sunday morning, the lane is alive from end to end, being crowded with the population of the adjoining courts, for whom it is the only available market. At other times, the crowd is not excessive, save at the three gin-shops, one in the middle, and one at either entrance—unless, as too frequently happens, when some disagreement grows into a brawl, and every court sends forth its quota of sympathisers to take part in the settlement of the dispute. The population of the courts may be divided into two distinct genera—the residents and the transitory guests, and each of these is divisible again into more species than we care to particularise. We can, for many reasons, notice but a few of them; and of these, the residents, as they have the strongest claim, shall come first.

There was a time, and that not very long ago, when Lagsmanbury was to modern London what Whitefriars was to the London of three centuries back—that is, a kind of thieves' refuge and sanctuary, where, if offenders against the law did not defy the police openly, they could at least reckon upon eluding their search, and lying concealed among their friends till means of escape were ready. That state of things ceased with the last generation; and there is no longer within the whole round of the capital any privileged Alsatia in which the hunted criminal may hope to find sanctuary. When such dens were scoured out, and their most secret recesses exposed to the fiery bull's-eye of the detective, they lost their reputation for safety—the criminal desperado now shunned them as the fox shuns the trap, and left them to more fortunate rogues, to whom imperious justice had not yet issued cards of invitation. The dearth of accommodations for the toiling masses in London drove a rough class of labourers to domicile where they could, and it happened in numerous instances, and must happen again, that the abandoned lair of the thief became the home of the poor labourer's family. So long as the maintenance of the sanctuary was possible, the rogues, for obvious reasons, allowed no intrusion of honest people; but, the sanctuary at an end, it was their policy to adopt an opposite course, and they did adopt it. Thus it happens that the resident population of Lagsmanbury, at the present moment, consists of a low class of labourers, chiefly Irish, who get an honest living by the work of their hands, and a predatory class, still lower, who never work, but live by the exercise of their wits in the prosecution of any artifice or imposture—or, their wits failing them, by any species of depredation they can find or make an opportunity to commit. The contact of these two classes is, of course, the last thing that is desirable; but how it is to be avoided is not plain. Among the Lagsmen, what is noticeable is the determination of those who live by their honest labour, and against whom no suspicion rests, to keep themselves and their families distinct and separate from their contaminated or suspected neighbours. To do this as effectually as may be, they have taken possession of certain of the entire courts, into which they admit only those who can give a satisfactory account of themselves—and have surrendered other quarters as entirely to those who have no such account to give. All such precautions can prove but partially operative against the effects of that evil communication which corrupts good manners; yet it is pleasant to witness the existence of the principle.

Among the less permanent residents, are a various and vagabond multitude of foreigners. Some are poor exiles, spoiled for all useful purposes by the reception of our national bounty—starving on a trumpery pittance which they ought long ago to have learned to do without, and too proud and lazy to work to increase it. Some are independent grinders of organs or pianos, or dancers and exhibiters of dogs, monkeys, wooden dolls, or white mice. Some are makers and hawkers of plaster images, roaming the streets by day, and modelling their wares by night. Some are teachers of languages reduced by sickness, extravagance, or ill-fortune, to the lowest stage of poverty, and condemned to start again from the bottom round of the ladder. Some are gamblers in ill-luck, savage with fortune; and not a few are defeated and disappointed projectors, who have failed in impressing John Bull with the value of their services.

The migratory class of vagabonds who honour Lagsmanbury with their presence at irregular and uncertain intervals, embraces the whole catalogue of poverty-stricken professional nomads that are seen in London streets. A good proportion of these are men who travel with 'properties' of some kind or other, and for whom the accommodation of the common cheap lodging-houses and 'kens' would not suffice. There are the acrobats and conjurors, with their gymnastic apparatus and juggling paraphernalia, their big drums, long swords, golden balls, daggers, tinsel robes, the lamplighter's ladder, and the little donkey bound to climb to the top of it whenever the public liberality mounts to the climbing-point—which it never does. There are the dog-leaders and dancers, with their melancholy troops. There are the wandering bands of boy-Germans, with their burden of battered brass. There is the player on the bells, whose apparatus runs upon wheels, and has to be stabled like a beast. There are the grinders of monster organs as big as caravans. There are the Punch and Judy men with their travelling stages, and the rival proprietors of all those variations and modifications of Punch and Judy which one encounters from time to time in the public ways. There is the travelling rat-catcher and rat-fighter, with his traps and ferrets, and dogs and whiskered menageries. There is the poor pedler with his pack; the poor Jew picture-dealer, with his collection of moonlights and Dutch metal; the belated hawker of plants, shrubs, and flowers, 'all a-growing and a-blowing;' the omnium stall-keeper, with his stationary stage or rambling hand-cart; and the travelling razor-grinder, with his rickety equipage. All these—and we have not set down a tithe of their titles—are debarred by their accompaniments from taking refuge at night in the travellers' rests with which the slums of London abound, and in which Lagsmanbury itself is by no means wanting. Such places are too crowded for the property-men, who therefore make for 'Shinders's,' where properties of any and every kind are taken in charge for the night, and placed safe under lock and key, for a percentage proportionate to their bulk upon the price of their owners' lodging.

'Shinders's' is a pretty extensive caravanserai, occupying the whole area and buildings of Allsaints Court. It is said, with what truth we know not, that Shinders himself is a retired bear-leader, who formerly piped a bruin through every county in England, but who retired, when bears went out of fashion, into Lagsmanbury, and set about gaining a living by providing for others that accommodation he had often stood in need of himself. Be this as it may, he has long enjoyed the reputation of being the father of this peculiar class, and, under the endearing cognomen of Daddy Shinders, is known far and wide. He is the sole householder of Allsaints, of which he has purchased the lease, converting the premises into that species of hotel of which his clients stand most in need. All a parent can do for them, he does: he lodges them all at a low rent; he boards as many as choose to sit at his table for a like consideration; he guards their property during their repose or absence; he washes and mends for as many as need or choose to submit to that sort of service; and the report goes, that he even doses them when they are ill.

A peep into Shinders's on a summer's day, when his clients are, or ought to be, reaping the harvest of their year, and making the most of their opportunity, reveals a characteristic and suggestive spectacle. The sun may be shining and scorching aloft ever so hot, but the air of Allsaints is cool and moist, and fragrant with the odour of damp linen, combining unmistakably with the reek of tobacco and the flavour of 'entire.' The flagstones of the court exude a soapy ooze, which glistens in a deep umbrageous gloom, through which the fiery sun casts not a single ray. The reason is, that at this season of the year it is always washing-day at Shinders's, and the trophies of the tub are hanging out aloft upon innumerable lines stretched across from house to house, from poles thrust forth from the windows, and from stays and tight-ropes rigged from the roofs and chimneys on both sides of the way. The miscellaneous and dripping collection of rags and ragged costume tells its own tale. Together with a regiment of striped shirts, there hang coloured sashes and spangled vests, tight-fitting 'fleshes,' and gaudy mantles of the Spanish cut. There is Judy's gown and headgear, and there are the cutty kirtles of the dancing-dogs. The principal mass of the pendent napery is, however, an indescribable collection of tattered trumpery, which all the washing in the world would never cleanse. Beneath this cool and odorous shade, you may watch, if you are so inclined, the progress of a species of operations, ingenious and industrial, rarely offered to your inspection. Here, the proprietor of a dilapidated organ has disembowelled the instrument for the hundredth time, and, with the pipes scattered in confusion around him, is painfully cobbling at the disabled bellows. There, the owner of a cornopean doomed never to utter any sort of pæan more, is endeavouring to cast out the dumb spirit by the charms of tinkering, plugging, oiling, and soldering. Yonder is a man fitting the blade of a property-sword to his own swallow, by carefully rounding its point with a file and emery-cloth, and smoothing its back and edge with a fine polish. Another fellow in the corner is training a little mongrel dog to sit on a narrow plank, and bark and bite, without change of posture, at the proboscis of Mr Punch. Within doors there are sounds of hammer and saw, and the tinkle of small tools, and the babble of voices—and half-clad figures walk in and out, or lounge about the court in attitudes half swaggering, half graceful, indicative of their professional habits. You have more than a suspicion, as you glance at the defalcations of their outer covering, that they are very much in the predicament of Beau Tibbs, when his 'twa shirts' were gone to the wash, and that they are loitering here at home for lack of the indispensable habiliments in which to present themselves to the public.

In the rear of Shinders's is Coster's Mews. The idea of establishing a mews and stabling a stud of horses in such a locality as Lagsmanbury, probably never entered the brain of the original founder of the settlement, whoever he was; at anyrate, he made no provision for anything of the kind. What now constitutes the Mews is nothing but a row of wretched cottages flanking a piece of unpaved ground. What were once the sitting-rooms of the tenants are now the stalls of the beasts—the flooring having been ripped up and used for barriers and fittings. The bedrooms have been converted into lofts for hay and straw, a transformation, however, which does not hinder them from being still used as sleeping-rooms when Lagsmanbury is crowded, and beds are at a premium. Where the horses, and the asses which fully equal them in number, that domicile in Coster's Mews come from, and to what class of the community they belong, is more than we can determine; but the Mews is crowded all the year round; and such is the demand for the accommodation it affords, that twice within the last three years it has been rendered capable of stalling an increased number of animals, and that without adding an inch to its original area—simply by narrowing the stalls. The Mews are under the management of Mr Thady Brill, whose name figures on a sign-board at the entrance; but there are reasons for supposing that Thady is a man of straw in more senses than one, and that old Daddy Shinders is their veritable proprietor.

Opposite the entrance to the Mews is the inlet to the Creek—a court, which is also a *cul de sac*, so narrow that it is possible for the opposite neighbours to shake hands across the space that separates them. The lower floors of the houses are so dark, that the use of them by daylight is impossible; and in the Creek the order of things is inverted—the householders living in the upper floors, and letting the lower rooms for lodgings. It is in the Creek that typhus and cholera always make their first appearance, when these scourges come round. It is here that the most reckless and debased of the Lagsmen are to be found—the psalm-chanter, the 'ruined tradesman,' the starved weaver with five children in clean white pinafores, the dolorous dodger, and the smasher. Here infants are to be hired, trained to put on melancholy faces to excite compassion; and hence children hardly above the age of infancy are sent forth to prey upon the public by imposture or theft, and starved or tortured into accomplished pickpockets and cadgers. We said the Creek was an impasse, and so to the uninitiated public it is; but a clansman can find a way through it into Crack Alley, and take refuge for a time, if pursued, in Scamps' Castle, where he can be captured only by a police force. The castle is nothing more than a number of dingy tenements standing back to back, perforated and pierced into one vast labyrinth, and its only defences are its own evil character. It is comparatively empty during summer, by which we mean that it lodges at that time not many more inmates than it can decently accommodate; but towards November, when the cracksmen and lags crowd into town from their provincial tours, and resume their winter-quarters, it begins to swarm like a hive. It is hither the detective comes in search of a practitioner who is 'wanted;' routing him out with bull's-eye and truncheon in the dead of the night from a score of comrades all huddled together on the same floor, not a man of whom dreams of resistance. It is here rogues in feather hold their nocturnal orgies, until drinking, feasting, and gambling have plucked them bare again to their last coin, and driven them forth to new adventures. It is hither the belated votary of Bacchus, who has lost his wits and his way, is sometimes beguiled by an accidental friend, and submitted to that searching and refrigerating process which ends by his waking up sad, solitary, sober, shivering, and stripped to his waistcoat and pantaloons, on a dung-heap in Coster's Mews, or in the moist kennel of Lags Lane. Whoever looks for Scamps' Castle in the expectation of any outward and visible sign of its inner and various capabilities, will be disappointed. He will see but a block of grimy brick buildings with ever-open doors, gaping, jagged windows, and a few half-illegible sign-boards, promising 'good accommodation for travellers.'

We have not surveyed a third of the area of Lagsmanbury; but there is no necessity for continuing the survey. What should we discover by prosecuting the investigation? Nothing more than idem, eadem, idem—more courts, more impasses, more creeks, more travellers' lodges—and all with the same dirty face, the same mixed population, the same undelightful fragrance. We have had enough of it by this time, and we quit without reluctance this delicious nursery-ground of freeborn patriots and members of the society which prides itself on its growing enlightenment and Christian philanthropy.

THE UNLUCKY TRIMMER:

AN ANECDOTE OF MODERN HUNGARY.

It seems as if fortune delighted in extending her hand favourably towards some individuals, while to others she puts it forth only to deceive and buffet them through life. Her caprices have furnished us with a lively example in both manners of dealing. We relate the simple facts as we have heard them, without adding a word.

In Hungary, towards the close of 1848, war was the only theme in vogue; in Pesth, the word 'peace' was quite out of fashion. The hotels were filled with guests who met for the purpose of discussing the favourite topic—martial music was heard from morning till night—the European war was preparing. Two personages were sitting together before a small table at the hotel Nagy Pipa, to whom the German saying might have been applied—'Der eine schweigt, den andere hört zu' (One keeps silence, the other listens to him); for one of these two personages seemed attentively considering the probable or possible cause of his companion's silence, casting from time to time a scrutinising look on his countenance, intended to penetrate whatever dark project might be passing within. This observant individual was no other than the humane Master Janos, police-corporal and vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth; and when we inform our readers that he occupied this post during Metternich's time, and that, notwithstanding that minister's overthrow, he still retained his position—unlike the usual fate of the adherents of a fallen system—they will surely admit that the favourite of fortune could not be better personified than by the same Master Janos. Nor can it be denied that the individual opposite was as much persecuted by the fickle goddess as the other was favoured. This was obvious, not only from the fact that he was at that moment the object of honest Master Janos's suspicious glances, but that he was in that locality at all—that a nailsmith's apprentice from Vienna had wandered into Hungary, of all places on earth—a country where the craft is carried on wholesale at the corner of every village by the Wallachian gipsies.

Master Janos had not studied Lavater; but long experience had led him to conclude, after minute examination of the man's countenance, that some counter-revolutionary scheme was turning in his head; consequently he drew his chair nearer, and proceeded to break the silence.

'Where do you come from, sir, if I may presume to ask?' he inquired, with a wily glance at his companion.

'Hyay! from Vienna,' sighed the stranger, looking into the bottom of his glass.

'And what news from that city?'

'Hyay! nothing good.'

'Eh, what?—nothing good! What bad, then?'

'Hyay! war is feared.'

'Feared! what audacity! How dare they fear?'

'Hyay! *I* do not fear, sir, at thirty leagues' distance; but once I heard from the cellar how they were bombarding the streets, and I found nothing very agreeable in it.'

Master Janos found increased reason for suspicion; he resolved to make the man drink, expecting to come by this means upon the traces of some dangerous plot.

How much does a nailsmith's stomach require? At the second pitcher, his head sunk slowly back, and his tongue moved with difficulty. 'Now for it,' thought Master Janos, filling his glass. 'Eljen!—liberty!' he exclaimed, waiting for the nailsmith to strike glasses. The latter was not long in responding to the invitation, and echoed the word 'Eljen!' as well as his thickening tongue permitted.

'Now, it is your turn to give a toast,' said the vice-jailer, eyeing his victim.

'Indeed, I am not used to give toasts, sir; I only drink them.'

'Come, be social; drink to anybody you consider the greatest man in the world.'

'In the whole world?' replied the nailsmith, reflecting that the world was very large, and that he knew very little about it.

'Yes, in the whole world,' pursued Master Janos confidently.

The nailsmith hesitated, scratched his nose, scratched his ears, scratched his whole head, and finally cried out: 'Success to Master Slimak!' The vice-jailer shuddered at this public demonstration. What could Master Slimak be but some low plotting fellow? Without any further ado, he seized the nailsmith by the collar, and, escorting him to the town-hall, dragged him into a narrow, ominous-looking chamber, before a stout red-faced gentleman.

'This man is a suspicious character,' he exclaimed. In the first place, he has the audacity to fear war; in the next, he sat from seven till half-past nine—two whole hours and a half—without opening his lips; and, finally, he was impious enough to give a public toast to a certain Master Slimak, who is probably quite as suspicious a character as himself.'

'Who is this Slimak?' asked the stout red-faced gentleman.

'Nobody indeed,' said the trembling Viennese, 'but my former master, an honest nailsmith, whom I served four years, and would be serving still, had his wife not beaten me.'

'Impossible!' ejaculated the fat red-faced personage. 'It is not customary to give public toasts to such people.'

'But I don't know what the customs are here.'

'If you wished to give a toast, why did you not drink to constitutional liberty, to the Upper and Lower Danube armies, or to freedom of the press?'

'Hyay, sir, I could not learn all that in a month.'

'But in three months, I daresay, you will be able to learn it well enough. Master Janos, take that man into custody.'

The humane Master Janos again seized the delinquent by the collar, and escorted him to the place appropriated to such malefactors, where he had time to consider *why* he was put there.

The three months passed slowly enough to the nailsmith. It was now the middle of March. Master Janos punctually released his prisoner; and the honest man, determined to prove the reform in his sentiments, and thereby rise in Master Janos's opinion.

'Success to liberty and the Hungarian arms!' cried he. Master Janos stumbled against the wall in speechless horror; and as soon as he recovered his equilibrium, he seized the astonished nailsmith, who, when he had regained his terrified senses, found himself again in the narrow, ominous-looking chamber; but now, instead of the stout red-faced gentleman, he stood before a lean black one, who, when he understood the charge against the prisoner, without permitting any explanation, condemned him to three months' imprisonment, informing him that henceforth, unless he wished to fare worse, he must exclaim, 'Success to the imperial armies, the great constitution, and the one and powerful Austria!' And the nailsmith, having made three steps beyond his prison-door, was brought back to renew his captivity, and to ponder over his strange fate.

The three months again passed, and it was some time in June that Master Janos released his captive. The poor man, even at his prison-door, began to bawl out redeeming words. 'Long live Prince Windischgrätz! Success to glorious Austria!' cried he. Master Janos laid his hand upon his sword, as if to protect himself from this incorrigible man.

'What!' demanded he, 'was it not enough to imprison you twice? Have you not yet learned what to say? Step in here;' and for the third time there was the narrow chamber; but, instead of the meagre black gentleman, it was again the red-faced individual before whom our victim appeared to answer for his oft-repeated crime.

'Obstinate traitor!' he exclaimed, 'are you aware of the extent of your offence; and that if I did not condemn you, as I mercifully do now, to an imprisonment of three months on my own responsibility, you must be given up to justice, and would probably be cut into four quarters, as you deserve?' The unhappy man could not do otherwise than rejoice, in his extreme terror, at the mildness of the sentence.

'What should I have said?' he asked of his lenient judge, in a voice of despair.

'What should you have said? Why, success to the republic! success to democracy! success to revolution!' The poor fellow promised faithfully to remember these things, and resigned himself patiently to the new lease granted him of his dark abode.

During the ensuing three months, everything had changed except the good-fortune of Master Janos; neither time nor chance could succeed in displacing him, as they had so many others. He was still vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth. It was now September; the nailsmith's penalty was out, and Master Janos called him forth. The prisoner's countenance expressed something unusually important; and no sooner did the jailer approach, than, seizing his hand, he burst into tears.

'Oh, Master Janos,' said he, sobbing, 'tell the gentleman that I humbly kiss his hand, and wish from the bottom of my heart success to the republic!'

As the hungry wolf pounces on the lamb, so once more did Janos seize the nailsmith by the ill-used collar; and indeed so shocked was the worthy jailer, that after dragging the prisoner into the narrow ominous-looking room, it was some time ere he could explain the circumstance to the lean black gentleman, who once more occupied the place of the fat red-faced one; and great was his surprise when this individual, instead of sentencing the delinquent to be broken on the wheel, merely awarded him three months more incarceration.

On the 3d of November 1849, all who had been imprisoned for slight political offences were released from confinement; among others, the nailsmith. As Master Janos opened the door, the unfortunate man stopped his mouth with his handkerchief, giving the humane jailer to know by this pantomime that he would henceforth keep his demonstrations to himself.

FOUNDLING-HOSPITALS IN CHINA.

'Foundling-hospitals in China! What? in China, whose ditches, canals, and rivers are reported by some to be strewn ever and anon with the bodies of infants, that *of course* have been killed by their horrid mothers overnight! What? foundling-hospitals in a country whose metropolitan streets are said to have carts heavily rolling along them daily, to wheel away the dead and dying boys and girls thrown out by their unnatural parents! Is it possible that, in the breasts of the Chinese, there can be one drop of the milk of human kindness, at least for children?' The fact is, much extravagance and carelessness are chargeable on those who retail and re-echo such stories of Chinese infanticide.

Foundling-hospitals exist in all the principal towns of the empire of China; but the following is an account of one in Shang-hae, founded in the year 1710, which I visited last in 1852.

It stands in the south-east part, and near the centre of the city, in a retired lane; where over an unpretending gateway there is the inscription on stone, *Yuhyingtang*—'The Hall for Nourishing Infants.' The first thing that attracts your attention is a drawer at the right side of the entrance. Curiosity led me to pull it out, and I found it nicely wadded with cotton. On shutting it, I heard a bell tinkle inside the building; and it was explained to me that this drawer was meant for the deposit of any babe brought there by day or night. That due notice may be given to the inmates, the drawer, as soon as it slides back, touches a spring that pulls a bell; and then the porter hastens to open it and introduce the live contents to the resident director.

Upon entering the building, I counted twenty-four indoor foundlings, chiefly infant girls, and among them maimed, blind, and idiots. To one child in particular my attention was called—a deaf-mute eleven years of age. Of outdoor patients they had at that time 100 on their books. The nursery apartments were small, with cots humble, but sufficiently comfortable for the nurses. Some low empty barrels were pointed out, which, I am told, were used for lodging the little creatures, to relieve the nurses' arms when their charges became too heavy or began to creep about. These child-barrels are about the ordinary height of a crawling infant, and full of straw, into which the piccaninny is put, and kept erect and out of harm's way. Of hired wet-nurses I saw several, some of them in charge of two or three babes; and all were young, and appeared more healthy, clean, and good-looking than women generally of the lower orders. I was introduced to two resident officers, one a medico in his surgery, rather respectable in appearance and bearing. They informed me that, as the children grow up, they are adopted into families, or betrothed, or sent out to service. But no more accurate description can be given of the establishment, its objects and working, than in its annual Reports, of which I have two specimens, one (for the year 1849) presented me on my last visit.

Perhaps the most curious and instructive part of that Report is the rules of the institution. A list of fourteen of these is given, which are too long and minute for more than a brief summary of the more important. These provide that the friends of the society shall meet every fortnight in the building, when, after paying their respects to the patron idol, they shall inspect the children, inquire into the conduct of the nurses, and give them their allowances in money and food. Under another head, the examination to be given to each foundling on entering is detailed in the following terms:—'The officers of the establishment must try to find out the year, month, and day of the child's birth; the lines and form of the fingers must be inspected;* likewise whether all the senses and members be perfect, and if there be on the body any scars or sores: all these particulars must be registered, and the child may then be given to one of the nurses to suckle.'

Special attention is called to the hiring of wet-nurses, on which subject a whole paragraph is bestowed. 'Nothing can be so important in the rearing of infants as to select suitable wet-nurses. This ought always to be attended to with caution. Should any woman wish to obtain such a situation in our establishment, her own husband may come and give in her name, or a relative may do so, or a neighbour; but they must likewise stand security for her. The resident officers must then see that she is really able to suckle. If she be approved of, let her full name be entered on the lists; and when the foundlings are brought in, let them be distributed amongst these wet-nurses, as need be. Let there be constant vigilance to ascertain whether these women prove neglectful of their charge, or pass the children over to other hands, or exchange the children amongst themselves, so as to avoid trouble, or, what is worse than all, whether they have sent their own children into the building, and then offered themselves as nurses, for the sake of gain. . . . . It is the duty of the officers of the establishment to make all these inquiries. Should any of the nurses be charged with light offences, dismiss them at once, and appoint others in their stead; but for more serious offences, let them be handed over to the justice of the law.'

The eleventh rule requires due clothing to be provided for the children, and prescribes that 'in the third month there shall be given each foundling a calico-shirt and a pair of trousers; in the fourth, a breast-bib and mosquito curtains; and in the eighth, a cotton jacket and petticoat, a cap, stockings, and a wadded coverlet. All these articles must have the mark of the establishment stamped on them, and whenever they are given out, must be registered in the books. The nurses are forbidden to pawn them. Each year, exactly as each season expires, the clothes must be duly changed; and should any child die or be adopted, they must be restored to the establishment.' Again: 'An infant that has been deserted, has been cast away from the regard of both father and mother; but our institution engages to receive and train it up. Now, after that child has by adoption been transferred by us into other hands, if any one should falsely assume to be its father or mother, and by force carry it off, the only appeal against such savage villainy is just to lay the written engagements between the board and the adopting family before the magistrate, and hand the offenders over to justice.' Moreover, 'our asylum provides only for taking charge of deserted infants; so should any persons recommend their own child to be suckled by the nurses of this house, on the plea that the mother is sick or dead, or bring any child of three years old and upwards that can feed itself and walk—no such case can for a moment be entertained, and we shall appeal to the magistrate for support.'

Finally, 'as to the adoption by families of foundlings from our establishment—the male children must be adopted according to all the rules and rites of legitimacy, as if the adopting parents were childless; then there need be no more trouble about them. But about the girls, to prevent their being taken away merely to be reared for concubinage, or made objects of purchase, or reserved for other vile purposes, the superintendent of the institution, unless he already be thoroughly acquainted with the contracting parties, must first of all inquire about the occupations of the said persons, so that he may be quite certain that the child is not to be doomed to debasement of any kind. But even then, previous to any formal transfer of the girl, let due securities be taken from the relatives and neighbours of the parties. This being a point of first-rate importance, let the utmost caution be exercised in it.'

One of the annual Reports of this institution winds up with an appeal for increased support from the public in these words: 'Suppose that, for the sake of kindness to our fellow-men, especially those destitute creatures that are fatherless and motherless, every one among the benevolent in this neighbourhood were each day to contribute only one cash (or about one-seventh of a farthing), this would be sufficient to support all the foundlings in this house for one day. Now, it would be well if each person were not to set down a little good as *un*meritorious, or the most trifling donation as useless. Who knows but by this act you may lead others to follow your example? By the vernal breath from your own lips, either you may nourish a blade of benevolence in the field of happiness, or you may cherish the bud already sprouting. By promptly taking advantage of any opportunity, when offered, for accomplishing your object, you may greatly promote the kind aims of this institution, at which we shall be mightily pleased.—Respectfully addressed to the public by the Committee of the Shang-hae Foundling-hospital.'

EQUITABLE VILLAGES IN AMERICA.

A PAPER under the above title was read at the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow last September. It is now printed in the *Journal of the Statistical Society;* and being in its way a curiosity, we think our readers may like to know something of its purport. The object of the founder of these villages is almost identical with that of some other philanthropists whose names will occur to the mind—namely, to remove all causes of moral and social discord, 'and to establish a prevailing spirit of peace, order, and social sympathy.' A most praiseworthy undertaking, if it could but be accomplished. There are several equitable villages already in the United States—that country of wonderful schemes—one of them named Modern Times, being on Long Island, not a great way from New York. Mr Josiah Warren is the founder; and these are the principles by which he hopes to solve the social problem: 'Individuality—the sovereignty of every individual—cost as the limit of price—a circulating medium founded on the cost of labour—adaptation of the supply to the demand.' The sovereignty mentioned in the second item is defined as a function or capability growing out of the first, and is supported by an elaborate argument. Leaving those points, we find a passage which lets us into Mr Warren's views on another question. He does not use the word *commerce*, we are told, 'in its restricted and ordinarily understood sense, as pertaining only to trade and the interchange of commodities, but in the enlarged *old* English signification of the word *conversation*—that is, human intercourse of all sorts, interchange of work, business, ideas, civilities, or amusements; in short, the concrete, or *tout ensemble* of human relations.'

---

* The object of this is to prevent or detect any kind of smuggling or exchanging children belonging to the institution. Thus prisoners and exiles have generally the wrinkles and lines upon their hands carefully examined and registered, to prevent evasion, &c.

Mr Warren maintains stoutly, that to say a thing is worth what it will fetch, is a mistake fraught with most mischievous consequences. '*Value*,' he holds, 'has nothing whatever to do, on scientific principles, with settling the *price* at which any article should be sold. *Cost* is the only equitable limit, and by cost is meant the amount of *labour* bestowed on its production, that measure being again measured by the *painfulness* or *repugnance* of the labour itself.'

Traders everywhere—that is, the sellers—fancy that they have something to do with determining the value of an article; but Mr Warren avers that 'value is a consideration for the purchaser alone;' and he bases his views on an experience of twenty-eight years. There can be no equity in commerce, as he shews, unless the amount paid for any product of labour have as much labour in it as the article received. And so, as the argument goes on, we find that the 'measure of equity' is to be found in 'some method for comparing the relative repugnance of different kinds of labour.'

The author of the paper, Mr Pare, states as one of his reasons for bringing it before the Association, his wish that attention should be drawn to the subject. He does not enter into particulars as to any one of the equitable villages; but he tells us that there is not one of the principles advocated by Mr Warren 'which has not been patiently, repeatedly, and successfully applied in practice in a variety of modes during the last eight-and-twenty years, and long before they were announced in theory.' We observe that there are sundry works published on the subject, including a monthly periodical in which the 'progress of the equity movement' is regularly recorded.

DRYDEN'S FUNERAL.

I come now from Mr Dryden's funeral, where we had an ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find that we don't think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for *Hudibras* than him, because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque; but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion; for I do believe there was never such another burial seen. The oration, indeed, was great and ingenious, worthy the subject, and like the author, whose prescriptions can restore the living, and his pen embalm the dead. And so much for Mr Dryden, whose burial was the same with his life, variety, and not of a piece. The quality and mob, farce and heroics; the sublime and ridicule mixt in a piece—great Cleopatra in a hackney-coach.—*George Farquhar.*

TOBACCO CUSTOMS.

They first had silver pipes, but the ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a strawe. I have heard my grandfather say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Within these thirty-five years [written about 1680] 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was then sold for its wayte in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to market they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now the customes of it are the greatest his majestie hath.—*Aubrey*—*In Notes and Queries.*

LEAVES FROM A WITHERED TREE.

Here is a vase of withered leaves,
Plucked long ago from a rose-tree's bloom;
Yet the scent of their faded beauty gives
An odour of life to the quiet room—
An odour that fills my memory
With thoughts of a cherished red rose-tree.

I take from my shelf a little book,
'From a faithful friend'—ah, well-a-day!
Should I not grieve that each longing look
Shews me a friendship flown away?
But still I am glad a sign to see
That he once was a faithful friend to me.

This letter of love in my youthful prime,
Said 'For ever thine'—with tear and sigh.
But now I have learnt that churlish Time
Gives love and its warmest vow the lie;
And yet 'tis a pleasant thought to me
That *once* she loved me faithfully.

So when I am sad with silent grief,
Wishing each weary breath my last,
These relics of pleasure bring relief
From the brighter times of the happy past,
And I feel, though dark my present fate,
That I was not alway desolate.

John Chester.

ALUM IN CHINA.

This mineral is largely employed by the Chinese in dyeing, and to some extent in paper-making, as with us. Surgeons apply it variously, after depriving it of its water of crystallisation, and in domestic life it is used for precipitating vegetable substances suspended in potable water. It is used also by the Chinese in a manner peculiar to themselves. Fishermen are usually provided with it, and when they take one of those huge Rhizostoma which abound on the coast, they rub the animal with the pulverised styptic, to give a degree of coherence to the gelatinous mass. Architects employ it as a cement in those airy bridges which span the water-courses. It is poured in a molten state into the interstices of the stones; and in structures not exposed to constant moisture, the cohesion is perfect; but in damp situations it becomes a hydrate, and crumbles. Alum was first introduced into China from the west; and until a comparatively recent period, the best kind, called sometimes Persian, and at others Roman alum, was brought from Western Asia. Numerous localities where an inferior article is manufactured are mentioned in the pharmacopœia. That from Sz'-chuen is represented as having the property of converting iron into copper, or of coating iron with copper, by placing the former metal in a solution of rice-liquor and alum the stone of that province.—*Dr Macgowan's Chinese serial.*

GRAVY SYMPATHY.

Most London dinners evaporate in whispers to one's next-door neighbour. I make it a rule never to speak to mine, but fire across the table; though I broke it once, when I heard a lady, who sat next me, in a low sweet voice say: 'No gravy, sir.' I had never seen her before, but I turned suddenly round, and said: 'Madam, I have been looking for a person who disliked gravy all my life; *let us swear eternal friendship.*'—*Sydney Smith.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 136. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1856. Price 1½d.

FROEBEL'S GARDENS FOR CHILDREN.

Philosophers, like the rest of *men*kind, are apt to shrink from the little, squalling, sneezing, toothless germ of a fellow-creature that mamma or nurse offers for their admiration. They would rather not take it in their arms, and it is only in rare cases of splendidly developed benevolence that a kiss is volunteered. This act of self-devotion accomplished, the philosopher retires to contemplate the progress of civilisation, or the latest discovered nebulæ, or the tail of a saurian, as his taste or talent may incline him—forgetful of Baby, as quite out of his sphere, till at least he is equal to digest a Greek root, or understand the difference between oxygen and hydrogen.

Germany, however, has the honour of producing the first philosopher, we believe, whose philosophy had for its object the right comprehension and development of Baby, a task of no small difficulty, as any one will agree who has endeavoured to amuse and keep that troublesome atom out of mischief.

Frederic Froebel was not, as might be imagined from this commencement, a usefully disposed father of a family, whose observations were the result of nightly perambulations in the nuptial-chamber, holding in his arms the small object of his affections. He was a man of high acquirements, a soldier, a mathematician, a mineralogist, and possessed of that lofty class of mind which from varied observation and complicated facts can elucidate principles, and reduce them to simple rules. Education was the focus on which his powers, natural and acquired, centered; and finding everywhere that youthful learners but half comprehended that which was intended to be taught, for want of some previous thoroughly understood starting-point, some ascertained base from which to reach the unknown, he sought, as it were, back for this source, through descending gradations of age, till he found himself arrested and well-nigh baffled by—Baby!

On infant education, therefore, he brought all the powers of his mind to bear, and the result of his researches and reflections has been the institution of Children's Gardens, as a new method of education from the moment an infant begins to 'take notice.' From this epoch to the age of three or four years is, according to Froebel, the most important period of a child's existence. Human instinct shews itself clearly at the outset of life alone, before the second nature of habit and association has distorted or quenched it; and infancy, therefore, becomes the proper period wherein to lay the basis for future educational operations. It is in the play of children, the instinctive and spontaneous acts suggested to them by nature for their physical and intellectual development, we can best seize the clue to the being still veiled and incapable of a reflective act.

The number and variety of objects surrounding a child, as its mind begins to awake from the sleep of infancy, are a chaos which can only be rendered intelligible by detaching one object after another, in order to place each separately before the new-comer, who hears and sees so much that is novel and puzzling. The fatigue of endeavouring to discern the qualities of each object in the chaos around him, finally exhausts the attention of an infant, and he becomes idle—that is, he ceases to receive impressions from that which he sees; he is wearied, for at this age the child knows already the pain of ennui, of not being understood. To meet these exigencies, Froebel has invented certain playthings which he calls 'the six gifts of Froebel.' These simple normal objects, serving as elements of universal knowledge, are necessary to the child that it may understand, from the first months of its life, form, colour, sound, movement.

The first box of playthings contains six balls, presenting the prismatic colours: these are suspended before the infant when he begins to catch hold of objects, and the nurse or mother moves them in every direction, permitting the child to catch and throw them about, and accompanying every movement with an appropriate song, so that the sound associates itself gradually with a meaning; and this species of gymnastic extends to the intellect. There are a hundred different songs, which indicate an equal number of games with the balls, as Froebel's principle is, not a variety of objects, but a variety in the same object.

The second gift contains the three normal forms, the cube, the cylinder, and the sphere—which offer two opposite and one intermediate form; the first representing variety—surfaces, edges, angles, and repose; the third, unity (for it is everywhere the same) and movement. Between these is the cylinder, which partakes of some of the qualities of each. A small rod passed through the cube from side to side, edge to edge, or angle to angle, enables the child to make it revolve, and he thus sees the cylinder, circle, and double cone, the three fundamental forms of mechanism and crystallisation. A song also accompanies each movement, as in the first gift. The child, of course, cannot comprehend the abstract sense of these things; but he receives an impression, which is all he can at his age.

The third gift is the cube divided horizontally, vertically, and perpendicularly into eight parts or cubes, which the attendant presents first entire, singing: 'A whole;' then 'two halves,' &c., giving a similar worth to each note, till she has descended from the semibreve to quavers or eighths. Thus the child imbibes insensibly what is so difficult to impart in after-years by ciphers or in the study of music.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth gifts contain the cubes variously and more minutely divided, permitting of endless combinations by older children, and giving vertical and horizontal portions, which form columns and squares. Instead, therefore, of receiving vague and bewildering impressions of a number of objects partially observed, the child becomes acquainted thoroughly with the most simple solid bodies, and then learns the first divisions of nature in using the materials given him to construct according to his own ideas.

These are the first steps necessary to prepare a child really to know and learn. Generally, a child is left to its own confused impressions, unassisted, or assisted badly; he is left to develop himself by his play like a wild plant, and then at school he is compelled to submit to rules which appear the more severe, as he has hitherto known no discipline, while he is taught superficially a quantity of disjointed facts of which he knows not the principles: nor have they any relation to himself or anything he knows; whereas, accustomed by this method to form numerous mathematical figures, when children thus trained afterwards come to learn mathematics at school, they frequently exclaim: 'I know that very well—I have already played with such things at the Children's Garden.'

But Froebel did not stop here—reflecting that the infancy and growth of each man is an epitome of those of the human race. He observed that the first experiences of mankind were collected by acting. Mankind owe their instruction to their own proper work, the observation of nature, and the employment of its products. Thus they progress from the exercise of mere brute labour, which can only develop physical strength, to the expression of the beautiful—to artistic perfection, which conducts to science.

The child's heart and character, therefore, should be formed by putting his will in action, and the Children's Gardens were established for this purpose—to enable the child, in short, to experience a little of practical life, before arriving at the stage of book-learning or abstract instruction.

Of these institutions, there are more than fifty now established in Germany—namely, at Hamburg, Dresden, Leipsic, Weimar, &c. Almost all those now working are destined for the children of persons in easy circumstances, who can pay for their admission; but the method applies equally to those of the poor and labouring classes, for which, indeed, it is peculiarly suited as a preparation for work.

On a fine June morning, these gardens present a pretty sight. Towards ten o'clock, the children are assembled under the shade of the trees, and ranged in two circles, to the number of fifty or sixty—the younger from two to four years old forming one, and those from four to seven forming the other. Thus assembled, they commence by singing a short simple hymn of thanksgiving, under the direction of two or three young persons, whose services are given with the object of obtaining the requisite practice to fit them to be directresses over similar institutions or in their own families.

The hymn over, and it is short, not to fatigue the children's attention, they proceed to perform various gymnastic games, each of which exercises different muscles, always in time to songs, which explain their gestures—not dissimilar from the songs in our Infant Schools, which serve to connect the action with the idea.

The children are then permitted to play with their boxes of cubes or to cultivate their gardens. This is the favourite occupation in fine weather, and it is surprising how soon the little creatures learn to cultivate them. Various patterns in pebbles and coloured beans attest the industry of these proprietors of five and six years old; while others model different forms in clay with surprising dexterity. As proprietorship is one of the first wants a child experiences, the private garden gratifies it: here he can ornament, construct, and cultivate—in short, enjoy a *personnel*. But to correct the selfish tendency, there is a common garden, where the children work for the benefit of all.

During the gardening, the directress and the older children watch and assist the younger ones, who would readily dig up what they had planted yesterday, to see if it was growing. It is a good lesson in self-command when they have learned to wait for the process of nature.

On one side a busy, happy group receive a short botanic lesson: they carry plants and flowers to one of the directresses, who makes them observe the primitive forms of vegetation; they arrange the leaves and flowers according to their colours and forms, separating the round, the oval, the pointed, repeating the name of each one and its colour. At another, a joyous *troupe* are engaged in cleaning the cages of birds, rabbits, and squirrels. Various games, or rather exercises with the architectural cubes, succeed. An endless variety of patterns are thus invented: we have ourselves seen some fifty or sixty yards of paper covered with designs taken from the work—the *invention* of children under six years old. Round sticks, little thicker than that of a lucifer-match, are also provided, with which the children form letters, fractions, and, with the assistance of soft pease, various geometrical outlines. The tops of pens also, used by the elder children, are formed, by the aid of pins, into furniture, chairs and sofas, &c.; while strips of coloured paper, straw, &c., are woven with surprising dexterity, and an apparently exhaustless invention.

The results of these labours are carefully preserved in a large case, and sold for the benefit of the poor, or drawn for by lottery on Christmas-eve, and the proceeds given in charity, to the infinite delight of the little labourers, who thus feel that their work is real disposable *work*.

Besides these occupations, there are, for more advanced children, thin boards, square, triangled, rectangled, and acute angled, of which the number is doubled in each box, from four to sixty-four, to facilitate combinations, on a given point of departure.

Such are the means by which Froebel sought to turn the natural distinctive activity of children to account, by providing materials whereon they may exercise their invention, and thus follow their real tendency to construct and to transform. Their play, too, which, left to themselves, wearies them from its desultory nature, he transforms into useful occupation, by giving it an object and a result.

Children, in truth, seldom or never ask for mere amusement—the bright gilded finished toy which they can only look at or roll about the room, is of little interest until it is broken up, in the delightful hope of putting it together again—which is constructing or occupation. Mere play soon tires; the child then demands a new one, and becomes habituated to distraction, to a want of fixity of mind. These gymnastic games—according to Froebel, regulated with method, to which is added a moral and intellectual exercise—not only strengthen but discipline the body, rendering it the instrument of the soul. This point is much neglected in the existing systems of education, which are far from leading to real discipline—exercising the will in exercising the members and the senses. Nor can this well be attained by words, exhortations, orders, or reprimands. Action alone can form good habits, and subdue the physical to the domination of will.

The directress-in-chief of one of these gardens has numerous unpaid assistants, in young persons anxious to acquire a knowledge of the method; which will be still further increased as the opinion gains ground that, to be an efficient mother, a woman must be educated with that view. To develop the educational instinct of women is one of Froebel's principal objects; and for this purpose he invites them to study his plan and institutions—to take the principle of his system, and develop it as may best suit the peculiar circumstances of their families.

In winter and in towns, modifications of the Children's Garden must of course arise to suit locality and temperature; but the fundamental principles—To educate for labour by labour; to fulfil duties as soon as possible, and to fulfil them with joy, through love, not fear; that as every faculty given by the Creator for good, if not well employed turns to evil; to employ and develop the creature, moral and physical, to the utmost; and, finally, to progress from the thoroughly known to the unknown—such principles as these admit of unbounded application; and though the system may appear somewhat theoretical, and the idea of commencing education before our friend Baby is short-coated may seem visionary, there are valuable hints and suggestions contained in Froebel's method, which will, we trust, serve to emancipate childhood from the weary restlessness, the unsatisfied craving for they know not what, which every one who has ever watched the curious peculiarities of the rising generation cannot fail to have noticed.

Already, the benevolent exertions of Madame Marenhok, on whom the mantle of Froebel seems to have fallen, have attracted the notice of the empress of the French; and, at her majesty's request, the minister of public instruction has examined and favourably reported on the system, and several institutions are, we understand, in process of being organised in France.

How far these gardens would be feasible in England, is not for us to say. Such, however, is the system which Frederic Froebel devoted a life to develop and perfect; and if even a portion of the effects he anticipated be realised, it was a life not spent in vain. Reflecting on all that crying scrap of humanity danced about in the nurse's arms may become—on the terrible power for good or evil our own thoughtless conduct to it possesses—we turn with deep thankfulness to the man who has endeavoured to guide us through the morning-twilight of this momentous subject, and with new feelings of awe and respect we take our leave of Baby.

IS HE REALLY DEAD?

How complete and absolute either side of a case appears till the opposite one is heard. A visit to any of our law-courts will illustrate this. The story of the plaintiff is usually so finished in all its details as to appear at the first glance impregnable; and persons who hear it are inclined to ask: 'What answer can it be possible to make to this?'—and to regret that the defendant or his counsel should take the trouble to reply to what appears so self-evident. It is difficult to believe, after the high-sounding opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, and the testimony of his witnesses, that there can be a single flaw in the case, or a chance left even for the defendant to speak. But pause a moment, and see how confidently 'the learned gentleman on the other side' glides into the case under discussion, and observe how speedily he gives a different complexion to the whole matter—how his witnesses knock down the airy structure of the plaintiff; and amazement sits on our brow when, at the end of the trial, we are obliged to depart from our too hastily formed opinion, because we find the defendant to have the best of the case, and see him walking smilingly out of court, the verdict being in his favour. Every day we have the opportunity of hearing, or at least of reading, such cases. There is scarcely a point promulgated in art, science, literature, or law, in which there is not occasion for the use of the old proverb about 'doctors differ,' which we recently illustrated; and often enough are there cases still more noteworthy than the Torbanehill controversy or the recent affair of poisoning by strychnia.

Having thus premised, we proceed without further preface to an illustrative circumstance. So lately as February last, an instance of suicide occurred, which, from the position of the deceased, and from matters that came out afterwards, attracted very great attention, and which has since given rise to a very curious controversy—one side contending that this person is not really dead, and the other asserting that upon that point there is no room even for a doubt.

The following brief summary of the facts of the suicide, and the reasons assigned for denying it, will put the reader in possession of the whole details. On the morning of Sunday the 18th of February last, the dead body of a man was found at a considerable distance from the public road on Hampstead Heath. A silver cream-jug, and a large bottle, labelled 'Essential Oil of Almonds,' were found by the side of the corpse. The body was quite cold, and the *rigor mortis* perfectly established. It was speedily removed to the workhouse, where it was seen by a medical man a few minutes afterwards. There were found near to, or on the person of the deceased, six sovereigns, two half-sovereigns, a five pound-note, twelve shillings and sixpence in silver, some coppers, a white cambric pocket-handkerchief, a small pocket paper-knife, a latch-key, a pair of gloves, a case containing two razors, and a piece of paper on which was written his name and address. As is usual in all such cases, an inquest was held upon the body. In addition to the coroner for the interest of the crown, it was attended by a coroner to watch the proceedings in the interest of the family of the deceased; and, according to the report in the *Times* newspaper, the jury having proceeded to the dead-house, the following facts were educed:—

1. The butler of the deceased identified the body as being that of his master, and stated that he must have left the house between half-past eleven, when he saw him last, and a quarter to one, when he proceeded to fasten the door. He also stated that his master had taken with him a heavy greatcoat, which 'he seldom wore.'

2. A labouring-man deposed to finding the deceased 'lying on his back, with his head bent backwards against a furze-bush, and his feet towards the edge of the bog. All his clothes were on except his hat, which lay near to the body.' This witness also described the things mentioned above as having been found beside him, but 'he did not feel the skin of the body at all, to know whether or not it was cold.'

3. A police constable saw nothing about the spot to indicate a struggle, except a mark or two which the deceased appeared to have made with his heels. The cream-jug, which had a few drops of the poison still in it, was lying near him, as if it had dropped from his right hand. The bottle lay on his left side with the stopper out, and about a foot distant from it.

4. The surgeon of Hampstead saw the body at twenty minutes to ten, in the dead-house. It was then quite cold, and the limbs rigid. There was a most powerful odour of the essential oil of bitter almonds perceptible at the mouth; but there was nothing else to shew that the unfortunate gentleman had committed suicide.

5. The butler was called a second time, and identified

the cream-jug as that which his master used at tea on Saturday evening. He also proved that the poison in question had been procured from the chemist with whom the deceased was in the habit of dealing. The order for the poison was as follows:—'Get from Maitland's a bottle of the essential oil of bitter almonds; I don't know the quantity wanted, but—but Kenyon [a groom] writes to me to bring one pound's worth. Pay my bill at Maitland's.' The witness did not know it was poison he was to get at Maitland's. He thought it was some ingredients in a hair-wash which his master was going to mix in two bottles, which had been placed on the sideboard. 'The deceased was a temperate and sober man. He drank only a glass or two of sherry with his dinner. He had not of late noticed any change in the deceased's manner. The deceased was much occupied in business. He had not complained of his head at all, or of not being able to sleep, nor was he under medical treatment. He came home unexpectedly to dinner on Saturday evening. He seldom dined at home, but usually at his club. He left home in a cab on Saturday morning, with a quantity of papers with him, as he was accustomed to do. Before getting into the cab, he returned to his room upstairs, as if he had forgotten something. Again, before he had been away in the cab many minutes, he returned, and went upstairs for a few moments. He drove off in the cab again, and did not return until the evening. He had never before, to witness's knowledge, made any attempt on his life.'

6. A solicitor, who was intimately acquainted with deceased, then gave evidence. He saw deceased last alive shortly before eleven o'clock on Saturday night last. He appeared oppressed by his undertakings. Latterly, he seemed rather haggard. During the last week particularly, there was a great change in his appearance. He seemed to be quite borne down by the extent of his business, and 'particularly by some occurrences which took place with reference to his affairs last week. They were losses and pecuniary embarrassments which had lately come upon him.' During the interview, this witness noticed a peculiarity in deceased's manner. His eyes were bloodshot; he was very restless, and evidently not in his usual temperament. Had never seen him in such a state before.' This witness had again occasion to call at night, when he was unexpected. 'He seemed surprised when I went in, and was walking about the room, which was very unusual with him. I thought I perceived a great redness and peculiarity about the eyes, as if he had been weeping.' This witness, on being cross-examined, admitted having made a remark to the effect that he would not be surprised if deceased was to shoot himself. 'The reason I made that remark was, that being a man of extraordinary clearness and strength of mind, my impression was that these reverses, coming suddenly upon him, as they did on Wednesday morning last, his mind would break down at once. I was told last week that his losses were very severe. The subject was discussed in my office, and he admitted it.'

The coroner said nothing could be clearer than the cause of death. It was perfectly evident to him that the unfortunate gentleman had died by his own act. Nothing could by any possibility be plainer. 'It was much to be deplored,' said the coroner, 'that facility was afforded to him to obtain the poison in the way he had done; but, judging from his carrying a couple of razors in his pocket, it was clear that if he had failed in destroying himself by taking or procuring the essential oil of almonds, he would have done it with a razor. The only question for the consideration of the jury was, as to what was the state of his mind at the time he committed the act.'

It also transpired, in evidence at the inquest, that the pecuniary affairs of the deceased were greatly involved. He was what may be called a financier on a gigantic scale; and it has since transpired, that he was at the time of his death involved in frauds and forgeries to the enormous extent of one million pounds sterling, and that an expected early exposure was the motive for the suicide.

In the face of such conclusive evidence as we find adduced at the inquest, and of which the above is a summary, it might, we think, be held as almost impossible to dispute the fact of this being a case of suicide of the most determined kind. The butler speaks positively on the subject of the identity; and the *Times*' report mentions that two of his brothers were also present, and likewise several of deceased's personal friends and acquaintances; and it is evident, as they say nothing to the contrary, that they believed the body to be that of the person whose name and address was found in the pocket. The coroner also is certain, and so is the surgeon who made the *post-mortem* examination. But all this, we are told, must now go for nothing—it is only a case of imposture, and a deception which has been practised on the confiding public.

This view of the case was first promulgated in a newspaper on the 29th of March last, in a communication 'by R. W. A. of D.,' whom the editor of the paper in question* leads us, in a note, to look upon as the same ingenious person who questioned the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte. The following is a summary of the arguments contained in the letter of R. W. A.:—

1. That the first fact of importance in the case is—What has become of all the enormous sums of money that were known to have passed through the hands of deceased? 'That on the particular Saturday of the alleged suicide, a very large sum of money (L.1300) was paid by a gentleman into the hands of deceased —a sum of which, from that time to the present, not the slightest trace has been found. Mr Keating, also, on the second day's inquest, speaks of a banknote of L.1000 which was not to be found among his effects.' Various large remittances are known to have been also made, in addition to this sum of L.2300, 'clearly made away with.' Therefore, on the very brink of the grave, we find deceased collecting, as it were, his accounts, and as eager for money as if he was to live a score of years longer.

2. The dates of his letters shew that he meditated suicide a full week before its alleged consummation; during most of which time 'he was engaged in borrowing.'

3. The following observations on the *rigor mortis* are made a strong point in the argument. We have first a quotation from *Paris and Fonblanque's Medical Jurisprudence*: 'It may be laid down as a general rule, that the more sudden the death, the longer is cadaverous stiffness from taking place. . . . If a body in such cases be cold and stiff, we may be certain that more than twelve hours have elapsed since the fatal event.' It is argued that the deceased could not have reached Hampstead Heath before twelve o'clock, at the very earliest, taking into account that he was seen by his solicitor shortly before eleven, and by his butler at half-past eleven o'clock. The suicide, therefore, could not take place before half-past twelve at the earliest, or two o'clock at the latest; and yet, at a quarter before nine in the morning, the body was *stiff and cold*, 'the *rigor mortis* firmly established!' 'We have already established,' says the ingenious R. W. A., 'half-past twelve as the earliest hour at which a suicide could have taken place, which gives us as the greatest possible interval which could have elapsed between the supposed suicide and the finding of the body "cold and stiff," *precisely eight hours and a quarter*.'

4. Dr Guy, in his treatise on *Medical Jurisprudence*,

---

* Dublin *Nation*.

p. 278, says: 'One general rule may be laid down. We should never content ourselves with the mere passive exercise of our senses or judgment. It is not enough to see the objects which actually present themselves to the eye—we must look for such as are not obvious at the first glance. To the correctness of good observers, we must add the intelligence and invention of an experimenter. We must beware of a hasty decision, and remember that the apparent cause of death is not always the real one.' And further, as to the place in which the body is found, 'the first caution is not to conclude too hastily that the spot in which a body is discovered is that in which death actually took place.' Dr Beck says, that 'very soon after death such a total change of the features takes place that it is impossible for the nearest relatives to recognise them.'

5. Another medical authority says: 'It cannot be too generally known that upon the discovery of a dead body, its situation and attitude should never be disturbed until it has been examined by competent persons. We may, for example, find the deceased in a posture which he could never have himself assumed, whence we should be led to conclude that he had not fallen by his own hands. In the case of the disputed suicide of the Earl of Essex in the Tower, much information was lost by the body having been stripped and removed before a due examination took place.'

6. We may note as a commentary on the above, that the body was removed to Hampstead workhouse before being examined by any competent person.

7. As to the identification, the following remarks are made:—The body was not identified at the inquest by any individual whose *causa scientiæ* consisted in any knowledge of the body by marks or peculiarities of structure. The only witness who *swears* to the identity is the butler, who had been only eighteen months in the service of deceased. 'It is upon the evidence of this person, and this person only, that the body was identified for the jury.' The fact of the butler's not having observed any change in his master during the last month or two, and that his manner on the fatal Saturday was the same as usual, does not agree with the statement of the solicitor, who stated that deceased latterly appeared haggard, and that he noticed an extraordinary change in his appearance during the last week.

8. The remaining portion of the letter is occupied in criticising the fact of deceased being occupied in the preparation of a hair-wash, and is introduced by another quotation from *Paris and Fonblanque*, vol. ii., p. 18. 'In conducting our inquiry, the most trifling incidents connected with the deceased should not pass unheeded; for however unimportant they may at first individually appear, we shall often find that, in combination, they will afford the principal data for the solution of our problem. With how many examples will the history of crime present us where the most minute circumstances have alone furnished the convincing proofs of guilt.' This is followed by a piece of truly singular evidence from the butler: 'Deceased had previously that evening asked him to clean two bottles and place them on the sideboard, which he did. He (witness) did not know it was poison that he had to get at Mr Maitland's. He thought it was some ingredient in a hair-wash which his master was going to mix in the two bottles, which had been placed on the sideboard.'

9. He had just previously posted away a letter to his sister, informing her of his intention to commit suicide.

10. Why did this person walk out to Hampstead Heath at midnight to commit the deed? is next asked. 'It has appeared to me very strange, that a man intending to make away with himself by a poison instantaneous in its effects, should trudge out to Hampstead Heath in the middle of the night for the purpose, first putting into his pocket a piece of paper to tell his name. In short, the doing so were putting one's self to a deal of trouble for no intelligible purpose.'

11. It is assumed, that among 2,500,000 people (the population of London) it would be easy enough to find a dead body for any purpose.

As might have been anticipated of a speculation so curious as that of R. W. A., it was extensively circulated by being immediately copied into all the London and provincial papers. Of course it was at first only laughed at, as an ingenious piece of reasoning; and the coroner who presided at the trial was thought finally to have settled the matter when he wrote to the *Times* in answer to the above, that there could be no doubt whatever as to the identity of the body, as he himself had made a very minute examination of it, and had even opened the eyelids, &c. The surgeon, too, who made the *post-mortem* examination, thought it necessary to state again, through means of the press, the fact of his having found a very considerable quantity of poison in the stomach of the corpse.

Notwithstanding the re-statement of these two great facts, the idea gained ground that the suicide was in reality a complete deception. The old facts were once again dwelt upon. His anxiety about his papers on the Saturday morning, and his repeated returns to his study after he had gone out, point, it is thought, to anxieties of a different kind from those of approaching death, and lead to the supposition of his being at that time busy making arrangements for flight. The gigantic system of swindling in which it is now known deceased had been engaged, must, it is said, have put him in possession of a sum of money so immense, as to render it easy for him to carry out any piece of deception, however difficult. And we are also triumphantly told, that as the whole career of the man was a development of swindling and forgery, 'he has, in fact, been merely capping the climax of his forgeries by a dexterous forgery of himself.' We are also told, 'that the *agony of mind* displayed to his visitor of Saturday evening was a clever piece of acting—that the letters were an ingenious contrivance to strengthen belief in his death—that the written order for the poison, the selection of the silver jug, and the body carefully placed on a mound on Hampstead Heath, were all of a piece, cleverly contrived, and admirably carried out.'

The elaborate and varied collection of matters found on deceased, consisting of money of varied kinds, the paper-knife, &c., are all a part of the sham; and the writing of the name and address was unnecessary in the case of a man so well known as deceased, who was a member of parliament, and a celebrated shareholder in, and chairman of many joint-stock companies. It is asked—Would the body have been so readily known had there been no written paper with the name? It is also reported that deceased said, on meeting a friend in the city: 'Good-bye; I am going a long journey.'

Another great fact on this side of the case is derived from the circumstance of the boots of deceased being perfectly clean and free from mud. Why did he choose to go so far from home to die? How did he get there?—in a cab? If so, where is the cabman who drove him? If he walked on a wet night, how happens it that his boots were perfectly free from stain? 'How did he cross the moist and muddy ground that encircled the hillock on which the body was found?' This particular spot could not be approached in the daytime without soiling the boots or shoes; and yet, on a wet evening, at midnight, the journey across the bog was cleanly accomplished! This brings the evidence to a most dramatic climax, and scarcely requires the additional and very latest intelligence we have received on the subject, which goes to prove the whole reasoning to be correct: it is, that a respectable correspondent, living in Tipperary, writes to the *Cork Examiner* to say that a lady, residing a short distance from that town, had received a letter from her father in Louisiana, United States, in which he states that the supposed suicide is there alive and well, and that he saw him. The name of this American correspondent has been furnished to the above paper, and he is represented as being a gentleman of undoubted respectability.

It will certainly, we think, be admitted, after a perusal of both sides of the argument, that this is a very singular case, and that, if the objections are well founded, it will deserve to be ranked as one of the most interesting in the history of medical jurisprudence. It cannot, at anyrate, be deemed to be out of the bounds of probability, for we have perused stories of mistaken identity, in regard to *living* persons, much more singular than the one just narrated; and we have seen in our theatres such wonderful transformations of face and feature as quite surprised us. Of these we may point to the imitation of the Wizard of the North by Charles Mathews, and the imitation of the latter by Mr Leigh Murray, both recently before the public. And even regarding the identity of the dead—allowing the reader to form his own judgment on the above statements—we can cite parallel instances where mistakes equally curious have been made. The following is a case in point:—In the year 1830, in a certain city, a corpse, with the feet and hands firmly bound with a cord, and the body bent up, was found tied into a sack, which was floating on the water (not the Bosphorus). An examination of the body took place, and several wounds of a superficial character were discovered on the limbs, while on the side of the neck an incised wound about an inch deep was seen. The physician who examined the body inferred from their appearance that these marks were made after death. The corpse was laid out at a particular place, for the purpose of being identified; and, singular to relate, it was claimed as being the corpse of three different individuals: first, as that of a person who had died of delirium tremens, and been buried a few days before in a certain cemetery; secondly, it was positively affirmed, by a celebrated physician, that it was the corpse of a robber whom he had stabbed in the neck while protecting his house from an attempt to rob it by four persons, one of whom was the subject of identification; thirdly, and as if this was not a sufficient complication, a new claimant arose for the body, in the person of a surgeon who had intended to use it for anatomical purposes; and who, while engaged in conveying it to his dissecting-room in a boat, was so unfortunate as to let it fall overboard. All were equally confident in their claims; but it was afterwards demonstrated that not one of them was the true owner of the body, it being proved that the person had died at his own house before the time of the robbery, when the wound was given; and that therefore it was neither the lost subject, nor yet the person who died of delirium tremens.

We need scarcely recall the recent case of assassination in London, or the finding of the body of Foschini, the assassin, in the Thames, at first so positively asserted to be that of the Italian, but afterwards found to be that of another person. Another case of mistaken identity is thus stated by Beck: 'A resurrection-man was tried for raising the body of a young woman from the churchyard of Stirling. Nine weeks after death, the body was discovered, and identified by all the relations, not only by the features, but by a mark which they believed could not be mistaken, she being lame of the left leg, which was shorter than the right. There was a good deal of curious swearing as to the length of time after death that the body could be recognised; but the jury were convinced that the *libel was proven*, and gave a verdict accordingly. Now, I am certain that this was not the body of the woman who was taken from the churchyard of Stirling, but one that at least six weeks after the time libelled was buried in the churchyard of Falkirk, from which she was taken by this man, who also took the other, for which he was tried—she also was lame of the left leg. Thus, though guilty of the offence laid to his charge, he was found guilty by a mistake of the body.'

We may conclude with one other case of error in the identification of a dead body. It occurred in Canada in the year 1827, where the corpse of a man named Munroe was supposed to be that of a murdered freemason named William Morgan. The body was found on the beach of Lake Ontario, and the jury who sat on it gave in a verdict of its being a person unknown to them, who had met his death by drowning. It was then buried; but, in consequence of a rumour of its being the body of William Morgan, it was disinterred, and made the subject of a fresh inquest. Mrs Morgan, the physician of Morgan, Dr Henry of Rochester, and several others who had been acquainted with deceased, deposed to its being his body. 'Mrs Morgan had not a particle of doubt,' and fully believed the corpse to be that of her husband. From her testimony, and that of other witnesses, the fact of its being Morgan appeared to be conclusively established, in spite of the only two circumstances against it—the difference of dress, and the pockets being filled with tracts; and notwithstanding which, the jury gave a verdict that it was his body, and it was again interred. Shortly afterwards, an advertisement appeared in the Canada papers offering a reward for the discovery of the body of Timothy Munroe, who was drowned at Newark on the river Niagara. From the very minute description of the clothes, it was at once seen that they applied to the supposed body of Morgan. It was again, therefore, exhumed; and from incontestable evidence, the fact was thoroughly established that it was in reality the body of Timothy Munroe of Upper Canada.

THE STORY-TELLER OF STAMBOUL.

In the reign of Sultan Murad IV., there was among the humble subjects of his capital a worthy and venerable book-merchant named Schemsuddin. He occupied one of the principal stalls in the book-bezestan, and was well known to all the literary world in Stamboul. It is true, this did not imply a very large circle of acquaintance, for there were not many persons who inclined to such matters; but the few savans who shared this knowledge between them all knew Schemsuddin well, and often visited his repository. He dealt largely in copies of the Koran, and in commentaries thereupon, in which were chronicled the opinions of distinguished lawyers and cadis upon the civil code of the land. There were also the works of the Turkish and Arabian poets and romancers, the songs of Abou Teman and Hafiz, the wild legend of Antar, and the *Thousand and One Nights*. He had, moreover, a secret store, containing choice specimens of the literature of other languages, classic and modern. This was carefully withdrawn from the public gaze, and reserved for the few whose love of learning rendered them less bigoted than the majority of their faith, who would limit the researches of the true believer to the writings of the Prophet alone. Seldom could the loiterer have passed the stall of Schemsuddin without finding him in learned communion with some reverend imam or gray-bearded cadi, deep in questions concerning law, divinity, or art. Nor would he object, though it was accorded as a favour, to do business with the Frank and the infidel, particularly if he approved himself a man of learning; for Schemsuddin, though a most devout Mussulman, approached in his heart some distance towards the creed, that common knowledge makes men free of a common guild, and that the learned are brothers all the world over. There had Schemsuddin sat for nearly the whole of his life, seldom going far from his place of business, till years had come upon him, and his face had grown as yellow and wrinkled as the old parchments upon his stall; and since the business in which he was engaged yielded a handsome return of profits, he hoped, 'by the blessing of Allah,' as he was wont to say, 'still to occupy his place in the bezestan, until the predetermined day should come, and he should be transplanted to the gardens of Paradise.'

But every man has his lot of trouble; and even the quiet life of the book-merchant was not uninvaded by care. Schemsuddin had an only son, named Selim; and in every respect the hopeful heir of the book-stall was the opposite to his father's wishes. That father was a man of peace, and he had at one time great difficulty in keeping his son from joining the sultan's army; he was fond of quiet and regularity, Selim was as wild and restless as an untamed colt; the old man had a lingering fondness for money, Selim got it only to spend it with a reckless hand. His father had early marked his unsettled and impulsive disposition; but, hoping that time and regular employment would sober him, he had taught him to read and write, caused him daily to commit portions of the Koran to memory, and by some strong moral agency induced him to read aloud for a part of each day from some book upon Turkish law. Selim grew clever against his will; but no one could have hated his studies more than he did, and he took every opportunity of shewing his dislike to them. It required more than Schemsuddin's powers of watchfulness to retain the lively boy; and whenever he fell into a deeper talk than ordinary with a customer, or whenever he indulged himself in a dose, his scapegrace son would play truant to books, bezestan, and everything, and scamper off to a game on the Atmeidan or a bathe in the Bosphorus. There was only one class of reading which had the slightest attraction for him—the poems and romances aforesaid. These he read until he had committed them to memory; and the recital of these to himself and his youthful companions formed his great delight. Occasionally, despairing of his own ability to produce any impression on his wayward son, Schemsuddin would induce some of his friends, reverend or learned in the law, to remonstrate with him on his conduct; but Selim, having ready wit and a strong inclination to fun, always succeeded in turning the tables upon them. As he used to laugh loudly at his own replies, a crowd soon gathered about them; and as they always sided with the mirth-maker, the discomfited seniors speedily retired from the contest. Thus Selim held on his course, greatly to the grief of his parent, until he found himself a young man, the choice spirit and delight of a band of youths, as wild, though not so clever as himself, but without any means of procuring a subsistence, except by dependence on his father.

'My son,' said Schemsuddin one day, speaking even more gravely than was his wont, 'thou art now eighteen years of age, but thou hast learned none of the wisdom proper for manhood. Thou art like the colt of the wild-ass; thou dost not love the calling I would have taught thee; thou seekest not to build the house of thy father. For every man there is an appointed time of death, and I am drawing near to the end of my course.'

As the old man uttered these words with great feeling, Selim, who loved his father in his heart, could not refrain from tears.

'I should not mourn, my son, if thou wert industrious, and wouldst fill the place of thy father. The tree that is old and decayed, expects to fall; happy is it if it has cherished a sapling, strong and vigorous, to grow where it has grown.'

Selim bent to the ground before his father, and kissed the hem of his robe.

'I have this day made my will,' pursued the old man. 'I have intrusted it to the care of my friend Mollah Hassan, on whom be the blessing, and I have charged him to see it strictly fulfilled. If thou reformest thy life, and pursuest the course I have marked out for thee, thou wilt receive at my death the whole of my property; but if thou continuest wild and reckless as thou hast been hitherto, thou shalt be disinherited, and thy portion shall endow the mosque of which Mollah Hassan is the priest. Arise, my son; thou hast heard my will; may Allah give thee grace to obey it.'

For more than a year after this time Selim laboured hard to fulfil the wishes of his father: he forsook the idle company into which he had fallen; he undertook studies that were most disagreeable to him, and became the model of a dutiful son; he endeavoured, moreover, to repress the love of fun which had distinguished him, though not with very signal success. At times the pent-up stream would burst forth, and frequently at the expense of his father's friends, the Mollah Hassan, the arbiter of his fortune, not excepted; but, setting aside these trifling outbreaks, Selim's conduct was most exemplary, and obtained the often-expressed approval of his father. Yet it was not altogether the prospect of the wealth which induced him to this diligence; his affection for his parent, and his sense of duty, had a share in it, for Selim had many good qualities as the foundation of his character.

At last, Schemsuddin's apprehensions were accomplished, and he was gathered to his fathers. The old book-dealer was missed from his seat among his literary wares, and his wonted customers stroked their beards, and lamented gravely the loss of so much learning. The bezestan seemed to lack its most accustomed presence, and the sole memorials of his having been were a new cypress and a turbaned stone amid the gloomy groves of Scutari.

Selim mourned perhaps more earnestly than a more dutiful son would have done, and determined to observe his father's wishes even more rigorously, now that his presence was removed from him. When a decent time had elapsed, he betook himself to the mollah, the executor to the will, to request that the requisite forms might be complied with, and that he might be put into possession of his father's business and wealth. To his great astonishment, Mollah Hassan received him with bitter revilings and reproaches, and commanded him to quit his dwelling.

'Begone,' said he, 'thou impious rebel! Thou hast broken the heart of thy father, my loving friend, the camel of my house. Thou hopest to gain his wealth; but it is forfeited by thy crimes. Hence! The Prophet's curse be upon thee!'

In vain did Selim protest that he only wished the strict terms of the will to be observed; in vain did he offer to furnish evidence of his father's approval of his late conduct—the mollah was obdurate, persisting that he had not reformed his life, and therefore had no claim to the property. The unfortunate youth applied for advice and assistance to some of his deceased father's friends; but they all entertained a prejudice against him, and none of them were willing to exert themselves on his behalf; and when they began to give him grave counsel on his conduct, he found that they had taken greater offence at the mirth he had passed upon them, than at his former idle and neglectful habits of life. Selim made application to some of the inferior officers of justice, but these had been secretly bribed by the mollah, so that they would take no steps in the matter; and as justice in Turkey at that time was very blind and uncertain, it seemed most likely that the hapless youth would never gain his right.

Being thus deprived of the means of subsistence, Selim led a vagrant life, depending for a time upon the casual relief he obtained from those who had known him in better days. This resource speedily failed him; and he was soon brought to the very verge of starvation, when the idea struck him of turning to his pecuniary advantage the talent for reciting and invention which had made him so popular among his youthful companions. Accordingly, he frequented cafés and places of public resort, where he practised these gifts for the amusement of the company. At first, his gains in this branch of public life were very small; but his fame as a story-teller speedily spread, and his receipts increased accordingly. He possessed all the elements necessary for proficiency in his profession—a clear and musical voice, a ready invention, a retentive memory, an animated delivery, and unbounded assurance. Wherever Selim exercised his vocation, a large crowd was sure to collect about him, and as he brought much additional custom to the *cafidjees* (coffee-house keepers), they found it worth their while to supply him with food and money. Thus he went on, laughing and making others laugh, but still neither forgetting nor forgiving the faithless and avaricious mollah who had usurped his birthright. He often interweaved this part of his own history into the wild legends he was accustomed to recite, and declaimed against the injustice with a warmth which betrayed his interest in the matter; while those of his audience who understood the allusion, winked gravely at each other, and puffed away at their narghiles with sympathising ardour. Almost everybody in Stamboul knew of the wrong which had been practised; and yet so influential was Mollah Hassan's gold, that all who had any power to interfere were blind to his villainy.

Notwithstanding his light-hearted disposition, Selim could not prevent occasional attacks of despondency, induced by a keen sense of the injustice he had suffered. Under the influence of these, he would often take long and solitary journeys, and even retire for days together from the society of his companions. He would be missed from his accustomed haunts, and his absence would be lamented by his admirers and patrons; and in a few days he would reappear, and delight them with some new narration of marvellous and absorbing interest. On one occasion, after some days spent in these wild and purposeless rambles, Selim was returning to the capital: it was nearly evening, and he was yet some distance from his destination, when he heard the rumble of an araba behind him. The vehicle drew near, drawn by two richly caparisoned oxen; and the bells with which the harness was studded made a merry jingling as they moved along. The curtains of the araba, needed no longer to keep off the sun, were thrown back to admit the cool breeze of the evening. Selim saw that there were two occupants in the vehicle, both females; and, from the difference in their costume, he judged that they were mistress and servant. They were apparently returning from an excursion into the country, and were under the charge of an aga, who drove the vehicle. As the araba passed beside him, Selim observed beneath the *yashmac* of the superior the twinkle of a merry pair of dark black eyes. Now Selim was a connoisseur in the matter of eyes. All the powers of observation he possessed had been concentrated on the subject, and from long practice, he had become very expert in deducing, from the hue and aspect of that organ, an argument as to the remaining features; and so, on this occasion, though the envious veil concealed all else, yet the tell-tale eyes inspired him with visions of surpassing beauty. The araba passed him by, the tinkling of its tiny bells died away in the distance, and still the light of those dark eyes lingered in his soul, and he busied his fancy in weaving many pretty images respecting their owner. With an eye to business, he soon succeeded in founding a capital tale upon the incident, for the behoof of his friends in his next 'entertainment,' and was just finishing off the plot in his mind, with the readiness of an experienced hand, when a sudden turn in the road revealed a sight which quickly changed the current of his thoughts. Either through the aga's want of skill in driving, or from some sudden restiveness on the part of the oxen, the araba had swerved from the road, the wheels had sunk into a hollow at the side, and the vehicle was overturned. Selim hastened with all his might to render assistance, the screams which he heard adding wings to his feet, and very quickly arrived at the scene of the accident. He found the younger female stunned and senseless with the shock, having been thrown out with great force; the aga bewildered and helpless; and the elder female, who appeared to be a kind of duenna, or nurse, endeavouring to restore her charge to consciousness, ejaculating meanwhile with great fervency mingled lamentations over her mistress and curses on the stupidity of the driver.

'Ah me! ah me! Fatime, my jewel! Thou luckless offspring of a dog—fifty strokes of the bastinado for thy supper. Look upon me, my flower; art thou dead? Alas!'

Meanwhile Selim stood by in silence, rapt in astonishment at the realisation of his late fancies. Here were the very charms revealed in all their fulness which he had pictured to himself; and he stood divided between admiration of so much beauty and pleasure at his own skill in guessing it so correctly. His heart was rapidly escaping through his ardent gaze, when Fatime opened her eyes, and blushed to find herself unveiled in the presence of a stranger. Her blush was immediately succeeded by an expression of pain; and on her attempting to rise, it was found that her ankle was seriously injured, and that she was unable to move. Selim examined the overturned araba; and finding that no great damage had been done to it in the fall, summoned the luckless driver to his assistance, and soon succeeded in preparing it for further progress. It then became necessary to lift the injured lady into the vehicle; and while the others were leisurely preparing for the task, Selim stepped between them, raised the fair sufferer in his arms, and placed her gently on the cushions. The attendants appeared shocked at his presumption, and the yashmac was immediately arranged over the face of the lovely maiden; but Selim had his reward in a grateful glance, which dwelt in his heart long after. He would have accompanied the araba to the city, but the nurse forbade it in no gentle terms, and he felt that such an intrusion would be deemed unwarrantable. He therefore remained where he was until the vehicle had passed out of sight; and when at last he turned to depart, he observed that the lady had left her fan, which he seized upon with eagerness, as a souvenir of the fair Fatime.

Selim's heart burned with curiosity to know who the maiden was whom he had met under these strange circumstances; but he wisely determined, for the present, to keep the whole matter a secret. He returned to Stamboul with his head full of romantic visions, and his peace of mind sadly disturbed by his remembrances of the charms of this unknown lady. He betook himself at once to his accustomed occupation, and delighted an audience more numerous than select, upon that very evening, by the glowing and impassioned terms in which he depicted, with incidents in the story never heard of till then, the mutual loves and sorrows of Schemselnihar and the Prince of Persia. In fact, under this new inspiration, Selim seemed to have become more brilliant than ever; and, like many another poor poet and player in the world's history, he poured forth the tale of his own passion and misfortunes through the lips of his heroes. A few evenings after the event just narrated, Selim was reposing in one of the chief cafés, after having entertained the company with a portion of a tale which he proposed to conclude at the same hour on the following evening. Occupying the best seat in the divan, and inhaling the grateful incense of the perfumed tobacco, he enjoyed the luxury of listening to the speculations of his audience as to the *dénouement* of the narrative he had begun: some were of opinion that the hero would in the end succeed in uniting his destinies with those of his peerless and adored mistress; while others held that the malignant power of the Evil Genius would thwart this desirable consummation. At last, after many vain appeals to Selim, they decided to await the issue on the following evening, and the conversation took another channel. A shaggy *sipahi* who sat near to Selim entered into discourse with his neighbour. 'Thou hast heard of our pacha's proclamation, brother?'

'I have not. What is it?'

'Three nights since, his daughter, the light of his harem, was returning from a visit to the medicinal waters, accompanied by the aga and her woman, when the araba was overturned, and the lady broke her ankle. A young man passing by had the presumption to remove her veil, and even took her in his arms, and lifted her into the araba. The pacha was so enraged when he heard of this stranger's audacity, that he immediately offered a reward of twenty purses to whomsoever will secure the offender, and bring him to punishment.'

'And by the Prophet's beard,' returned the other, 'our pacha is the man to keep his word.'

To the truth of this remark Selim gave a silent assent; for no one was more noted for severity in discipline and firmness of purpose than Osman Pacha, the commander of the sultan's sipahis. Thus, then, the unfortunate youth obtained more light than was agreeable as to the parentage and abode of the young lady whom he had thus mysteriously met. He learned her rank, and what part of the city she blessed by her presence, only to learn at the same time that all hope of wooing and winning her was out of the question. For him, the penniless adventurer; the laugh-maker for street-crowds and idlers at the café, whose scanty income depended on the manufacture of jokes and stories—for him to raise his eyes to the exalted rank to which the lovely Fatime belonged, would be, as he said, remonstrating with his rebellious heart in gloomy soliloquy, 'like a beetle courting the rose.' Still, with all the aid of his philosophy, he could not scatter the delightful vision. His habits of moody and restless wandering grew more confirmed, and he was less frequently met with at his wonted places of resort. Indeed his acquaintances began to fear that the sense of his injuries would either kill him or drive him mad; and either catastrophe would have proved a serious loss to the mirth-loving portion of the population of Stamboul.

Wandering one day through a remote part of the suburbs, he was startled at being suddenly confronted by a stranger, who evidently sought to conceal his features from observation. He drew from beneath his robe a bouquet of rich and beautiful flowers, which he presented to the young man, whispering as he did so a stanza well known at that time among the people of the city:

'The waters go on to the seas from whence they came;
A loving heart repays in kindness the kindness once bestowed;'

and making a sign as an injunction to secrecy, he passed on his way. Selim did not doubt for a moment that the flowers had been sent from the beautiful Fatime, and hastened, with his heart heaving with eager joy, to seek some retired spot where he could examine this precious missive without fear of interruption. This method of communication was made to supply the place of writing; and as every flower had its recognised meaning, it was not difficult to gather the drift and purport of the whole. Here was a flower to express the bashfulness of maiden's love; another denoting hinderance and difficulty; another stimulating him to hope and faithfulness; and altogether, the young man, an apt student in such matters, contrived to make out a state of affairs tolerably encouraging to himself. Overwhelmed with joy at the good-fortune which had befallen him, Selim became an altered man in health and spirits, though he kept his secret most religiously, both from motives of honour and also from a prudent regard for his own safety. Messages of the same character were repeated, and he found opportunities, through the same medium, to return suitable acknowledgments and replies; and though the impediments to a successful termination of this love-passage still appeared insuperable, yet Selim almost forgot that it was hopeless, in his joy that it was mutual, love.

Meanwhile, his professional reputation continued to extend, till at last it reached the court itself, and the attendants and officers discoursed among themselves concerning the man whose talents were thus dazzling and delighting the people. These reports came to the ears of the sultan, who forthwith resolved that he would hear Selim's performance, and judge for himself of his ability. Murad was very fond of assuming a disguise, exchanging his robes of state for the plain garb of a citizen or travelling-merchant, and thus prowling about to observe the manners and proceedings of his people. On more than one occasion, this propensity had involved him in difficulties in which the commander of the faithful appeared in a somewhat undignified position; at this time, however, he resolved to repeat the experiment, and went forth incognito, attended only by a confidential servant, to visit the café at which Selim was to perform. On this evening, the spacious divan was more than usually crowded, and the disguised sultan, with his companion, joining the throng, was able to observe everything without risk of being discovered. The story-teller commenced his harangue, and it happened on this night that Selim recounted, with more pathos and minuteness of detail than he had ever done before, the tale of his own wrongs and sorrows. The coincidence was so remarkable, that it was commonly reported afterwards that the fact of the sultan's intended presence had been communicated to him by some one who was in the secret.

Bulbul was a wild and thoughtless youth, full of idle pranks and folly, and with a love of fun which led him into many scrapes; and as the speaker described some ludicrous incidents in which he had figured, his hearers were kept for some time in roars of laughter. But Bulbul loved an aged parent, and at his request, began to reform his life, and not too soon, for shortly after the aged father died. The desolate home, the grief of the orphan, and his friendless condition, were dwelt on so pathetically, that the lately smiling audience were melted into tears. Bulbul was the subject of treachery—a perfidious friend grasped the heritage of the orphan; and forthwith indignation was expressed in every face. Then the mystery of a secret love was interweaved into the narrative—there was a maiden 'fair as the rosy-fingered morning,' the rays of whose beauty absorbed his soul; oh, the stars of heaven grew pale in her presence, and the flowers drooped before her superior beauty. The eyes of the breathless listeners flashed as he painted her loveliness, and described the ardour of their mutual love. Then with solemn and piteous utterance, he set forth that all was hopeless, this ardent passion wasted and in vain: Bulbul was poor and oppressed, and Gul was rich and exalted, and the beauty he admired was treasured up unwillingly for another. Then, throwing up his arms, and personating the unhappy Bulbul, he pronounced an impassioned invective upon the enemy who had thus blasted his prospects, and barred the union of two loving hearts; calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. With this burst of indignant eloquence, he concluded, having with these scanty materials wrought his audience to an almost incredible pitch of excitement.

The sultan, forgetting his disguise in his enthusiasm, exclaimed, in those stentorian tones which so often made his servants tremble:

'Stand forth! thou teller of stories, and let me speak with thee!'

It would be difficult to describe the confusion which took place on the utterance of these words. Murad's habits of wandering about in disguise were well known, and many of those present were acquainted with his person. The moment he was recognised, while many were occupied in making their reverences, others sought only how they might make their escape without observation; for the sultan was not very popular among his subjects, and few were ambitious of the honour of appearing in his presence.

'Stand forth!' shouted Murad again, 'and tell me if there is truth in thy story; for by the beard of my father, if there lives in my dominions such an evildoer as thou hast spoken of, the holy law shall have its course upon him.'

'O my padishah,' cried Selim, prostrating himself before the sultan, and kissing the carpet before him, 'the pent-up fountain must overflow, or burst, and thy slave has set forth his own sorrows under another likeness.'

At the request of the sultan, Selim related again the chief details of his injuries, and revealed the name of the mollah who had chiefly brought them about. Murad then concluded the interview by presenting him with a ring, which he took from his own finger, and commanding him to come before him on the following day, when he would himself be the judge of his cause. Selim failed not to obey the injunction; and on his arrival in the imperial presence, he was confronted with the Mollah Hassan. The young man was provided with witnesses to prove that he had conformed to the conditions imposed by his father; and many of those who had refused him help in his greatest need, came forward now with great alacrity to offer their testimony on his behalf. The arguments which the mollah used in his defence were deemed of no weight. He was condemned to make full restitution, with interest, of the wealth which he had detained from its lawful possessor, to pay a large fine to the government, and to be imprisoned during the sultan's pleasure. It appeared, from documents found in the mollah's possession, that the property thus bequeathed was considerably larger than had been expected, so that Selim found himself suddenly raised from a position of comparative poverty to one of competence and wealth. The young man, penetrated with gratitude for this act of justice, wished to testify his devotion to the sultan, and he offered himself, to act in whatever capacity he might be pleased to employ him. Murad retained him about his person, as possessing agreeable talents which would serve to amuse him in those gloomy fits of despondency and sullenness to which he was prone. After a time, finding him shrewd and sensible, and not unacquainted with the principles of Turkish law, he intrusted to his hands a post in the administration; and thus the youth commenced a career which bade fair to be prosperous and honourable.

Shortly after the restoration of his fortune, Selim, rejoicing in the thought that his love was now not altogether hopeless, determined to make application for the hand of his long-loved Fatime. After sending notice of his intention, he sought an interview with Osman Pacha, and revealed himself as the fortunate youth to whom a happy chance had granted a sight of the surpassing charms of his fair daughter. When he produced the long-cherished fan, and gave the true account of the occurrence, the grim pacha could not but see that the breach of decorum was warranted by the circumstances, and his frown gradually relaxed into a smile. Selim's proposal, as a man of wealth, and a favourite of the sultan, was deemed 'eligible;' and so the beauteous Fatime became in due season the light of another harem. Thus was furnished an instance—of rare occurrence in eastern life—of a marriage founded upon mutual affection; and thus was provided an unfailing source of inspiration for every succeeding story-teller that may chant his ditty in Stamboul.

THE SONG OF THE ROBE.

On whom has the mantle of Thomas Hood fallen? Is there no living poet competent to sing the Song of the Robe? This is a song that should be the most mournful as well as the most poetical in the anthology of our language; a song the first stanza of which should kindle our eyes with indignation, and the second quench that indignation with tears. It should be a song of tyranny—of bondage—of hunger appeased only by the loss of appetite—of dimming of the sight ending in utter darkness—of girlish cheeks coloured only by the hectic spot—of failing limbs, trembling fingers, sinking hearts—of disease—despair—and untimely death.

The victims of the Shirt, generally speaking, belong to the humbler classes of society; those of the Robe merely to the weaker. They include the daughters of clergymen, half-pay officers, authors, artists, professional men—of all, in short, who write themselves gentlemen, without possessing means of greater permanence than their own lives. Their orphan-girls have spirit, poor things: they will enter a woman's business, and support themselves by womanly work—work demanding light and skilful fingers and elegant taste—work that will bring them into contact only with their own sex. And so begin their servitude the slaves of the robe. No hard servitude, in truth, would it be with moderate hours and comfortable living, for most of these young women have accomplishments to amuse leisure, and cultivated minds that can find amusement in themselves. Their employer is of the same rank, and with the same tastes and habits; she is perhaps good-tempered, and as liberally inclined as the cares of this dirty world will permit. Why should they not be happy? Because their employer has task-mistresses above *her*, and task-mistresses of the most arbitrary and unyielding character, although in other respects they may be models of feminine gentleness and generosity. Under this régime the slaves of the robe work till their health vanishes, their eyes fail, and their hearts sink. There is no Ten Hours' Bill for them. When a job is to be done, they must do it, at whatever cost of health, sight, life itself; or refusing, they must suffer themselves to sink into destitution, or beggary, or disgrace—or the Thames. Eighteen—nineteen hours are no uncommon stretch of work with them; for that ball-dress *must* be finished by a certain time. Since it must be finished, it is finished; and the lovely wearer, lovelier for the flush of gratified vanity, steps proudly into the illumined room to enjoy the homage of all hearts and eyes. The dress floats about her as if made of woven air: it has nothing of the leaden heaviness of the eyelids that drooped over the creative needle, and are now closed in the sleep of exhausted nature, resembling that of death. The perfumed air is unburdened with the weary sighs of the hearts that sunk lower and lower as the work advanced. The light reflected from gems and mirrors dazzles without blinding; and there mingles not with the exhilarating music even the faintest moan from the white lips of the slaves of the robe. In point of fact, this wearer is, or may be, the most amiable of her sex. To call her tyrannical, unwomanly, inhuman, is mere nonsense. She is not criminal, but thoughtless. The idea never occurred to her that any evil could arise from throwing her sudden order for a ball-dress into a business already full of work. She has all her life been accustomed to this sort of thing, for fashion is always spasmodic; and she has not been accustomed to think of the human hands engaged in the execution of her orders.

Most of the speakers at the meeting which took place recently in London to begin an agitation in favour of the slaves of the robe, scouted the idea of legislative interference; and in this they did wisely. Such interference would bring the agitation to a close, and the evil would go on as at present; for the same dread necessity which now forces the workers to submit, would still continue. What is wanted is, to teach those patronesses who have been proved by a Committee of the House of Commons to be the means of inflicting blindness, general disease, and death itself upon their dependents, to *think;* and to enlighten that ignorance of the rich and amiable which unconsciously perpetrates barbarities upon the poor and weak, at the idea of which, if suggested, their hearts would recoil. The agitation has been commenced by the right sort of men—Lord Robert Grosvenor, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the bishop of Oxford, and others—and we have strong hopes that they may be able to bring humanity into fashion. It will no doubt be joined, by and by, by coarser, harder natures, who will not scruple to enlist personality in the good cause; and cases may even occur in which legal inquiries will demonstrate that Lady A., Mrs B., and Miss C., however innocent or ignorant they may have been, were actually guilty of homicide. This consummation, we fancy, would greatly benefit the slaves of the robe, but it would be more creditable to the cause if it could be done without. We would prefer, for our own part, intrusting the affair to the ladies themselves. A paper, strongly written, and signed by persons of rank and fashion, agreeing to withdraw their patronage from milliners and dressmakers convicted of overworking their assistants, would be worth more to humanity than the united diatribes of the whole press. It is true, appeals of this kind have already been made, and in vain; but such a meeting as the one we have alluded to *must* receive attention. It is now known to be a question not of ordinary cruelty, but of homicide; Sir James Clark being of opinion that the mode of life of these poor girls is such as no constitution can stand, and that one more calculated to destroy human life could not well be conceived. Similar evidence is given by Dr Hamilton Rowe and Dr Hodgkin; while Mr Dalrymple, surgeon to the London Ophthalmic Hospital, declares that all forms of ocular disease are induced in this way, from simple irritation to complete blindness. The bishop of Oxford, at the meeting, did not scruple to trace home the barbarity to the ladies of the higher classes—the leaders of the ton, as they are called in novels—and exclaimed indignantly: 'It was for flower-shows, balls, and other entertainments—it was for the gay dancing of painted butterflies in the summer sun—it was for such things as these that their sisters and daughters were to be offered up at the shrine of this modern Moloch in the valley of abominations!'

This is all very amiable in the Right Reverend Father; but he must be aware that there are things we all wear which are known to be produced by still more objectionable slave-labour. There is no need for calling the ladies in question names, for these only fall back upon ourselves. What we should do is to teach them to think; to instigate them to inquire whether it is in their power to save their sister-women; and if they find this to be the case, to point out to them the proper way to proceed. To suppose that there is one single individual among these ladies who would persist in her order if she felt assured that it could be executed only at the sacrifice of the health, sight, or life of any human being, is mere folly. They do not suppose this; and, wonderful as it may appear, the mere suggestion of this idea, even accompanied by the facts now stated, will have no effect in fixing it in their minds. The agitation must be continued; the press must speak loudly; and the voices of the noble and the great must aid the cause in private intercourse. And there is nothing mysterious in this seeming obtuseness, nothing that applies more to the fair offenders than to other unconscious wrong-doers—in other words, to us all. Every one of us is sufficiently anxious to reform his neighbours, but no one thinks it necessary in the first place to reform himself. He may indeed assent to the suggestion that this latter is necessary; but even after such assent is obtained, it is only constant pressure from without that will force him to action. The same principle in human nature carries the views of philanthropists from their own to distant countries and unknown peoples. The misery exists at home, before their very eyes; but they prefer sending their aid abroad. We once spoke to a millionaire Quaker in behalf of the destitute family of a man who had been unwearied in his promotion of the schemes of that benevolent body. 'I cannot give my thoughts to such matters,' was the candid reply; 'talk to me of the millions of India, and I will listen.' Even so do our fashionable ladies feel. They have no want of humanity or generosity, and no unwomanly hardness of nature; but they find the usual difficulty in turning their eyes inwards, and realising the fact, that nothing but their unconsciousness saves them from being convicted of selfishness and barbarity. We have taken many other occasions, and shall take many more, to urge that reform must commence within, and then spread outwardly, but—

We preach for ever, and we preach in vain.

REATON AND REAMOUTH.

THAT is our address; not Reaton simply, nor Reamouth simply, but Reaton and Reamouth as above, like Beaumont and Fletcher, or a firm: that will find us, we flatter ourselves, all over England, without further direction. Anybody, who *is* anybody, will tell you that it was here he spent his honeymoon in the summer of —— Well, perhaps he will not be quite exact about the year—but in the summer, while the blue waves were sparkling in our sandy bay, and the Rea ran down to it along the deep defile under our great green woods of oak. There is nothing like a railway within twenty miles of us, and there is not likely to be one; no engineer, however anxious to display his skill, would select a course that must be *all* tunnel; no passenger, however careless of the picturesque, would like to be kept quite in the dark during his entire journey. Our position with reference to everywhere else, to the rest of the whole world, is that of one curved foot of the letter A to the other; and there is no road except over the apex: a centrifugal railway from that point would indeed be admirable, if we could be sure of stopping a foot or two short of the Bristol Channel. But, as we have said, there is no design of the sort at present in contemplation. As yet, we are content to slide down cautiously in coaches with two drags apiece for about eight miles, and to accomplish the ninth at a hand-gallop, in order to get swing enough to bring us up the Reaton precipice. That is an awful period; the harness strained to the uttermost, the horses pulling for their lives, the driver lashing them unceasingly with terrible cries, the outsides jumping off in every direction, the insides in hysterics, and the coach perpendicular. 'The moment,' as the French say, 'is supreme.' From my lofty dwelling-house, which is admirably adapted for the residence of an eagle with a small family, the vehicle resembles that one drawn by the industrious fleas, and appears to have been run away with by these eccentric steeds up a window-pane.

The first view of Reaton is peculiar, and not pleasing. Every house that is not a hotel is a boarding-house or else a lodging-house, or both; 'Lodgings' invite you to enter upon every board where you expect to find 'No Thoroughfare;' 'Lodgings'—not only by the week, but by the year, and I daresay (horrible thought!) even for life—are let into the rocks by the roadside in bass-relief, and suspended from the trees, like signs or malefactors. You cannot climb up one of the little perpendicular streets without being requested, at the most inconvenient and angular part of the ascent, to walk in and rest yourself somewhere—by looking at furnished apartments. When you have toiled up to one of the cliff-terraces—where the little slip of garden hangs outside the doors like a carpet on a rail, and the steps that lead to them are like so many Jacob's Ladders or the accommodation-stairs of a ship's side—dulcet voices, such as strove to lure poor breathless Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, suggest that there is an excellent sea-view from their front-parlour. As you ramble along our wooded by-paths, and by some well-kept cottage-home, a smiling face will greet you over the low hedgerow with a 'Honeysuckle Lodge this is sir yes sir three bedrooms and two sitting-rooms plate and linen found no extras,' in a breath. You will have cards of the different dwellings offered you within the first half-hour of your stay at Reaton, enough to set you up in luggage-labels for life, and (in case the particular web about which you are hovering chance to have already a victim) disinterested verbal recommendation sufficient to reanimate your young belief in the perfectibility of the species. Opinions of a contrary character are never stated directly, but are drawn forth in honest confession, and with seeming pain, like drops of gall expressed from lips that are wont to distil honey-dew. 'O no; we know nothing of our own knowledge, sir, of Widow Jones and her house but what is good, poor thing; and if articles have been missed there now and then, and a noise made about them, who can tell? But then, sir, I am no gossip—not I.' Or: 'Rose Villa, sir—oh, beautiful, certainly—a perfect gem, indeed, and on the banks of the stream too. You heard of the four little children all dying there the year before last, from the damp, I suppose, sir? No! Well, seeing you looked like a family-man, I thought I ought to mention it; but you need not say it was me, please.'

Something of this sort I heard of my present landlady and lodging in the cliff-terrace, conscientiously imparted to me by her female rivals on either side, who awaited me with that angelic purpose in the dark tunnels that are the only communications between the back-ways to their mansions and the road. From their gardens and from mine, there is a view that well repays the trouble of climbing up to them. From my seat here, amongst the laurels, I see the little white village spread out before me in the foreground, like a relievo-map, with every house in it distinctly visible, and all that is done before the doors and in the streets. We watch the mail-cart coming up the hill in the morning, any time between ten and twelve, and mark who has a letter and who has not, and if the postman stops to gossip for a second with the little haircutter; we see the doctor as he sits unconscious in his woodbine arbour—a sanctum sanctorum of more mysterious secrecy than the surgery itself—and detect the smoke that circles in the air from his pipe of peace; to many a meeting in alley and back-garden we are witnesses, of loving couples to whom prudence or fear of ridicule does not permit more open welcome or adieu; and we have our eye upon that gardener's boy in the rector's strawberry-bed, who looks so carefully around him each time he partakes of that forbidden fruit. On the left stands a brown craggy hill, at whose summit goats are browsing, and making themselves statuesque against the bright blue sky; with here and there a little field, enclosed by low walls of stone, where a rough pony or a mule or two pick up an indifferent living. On the right slopes a deep gorge, with one steep side well cultivated except where waves a fir-wood, and the other a mass of oak-wood, dense at the base, and thinning towards the brow, from which great wastes of downland stretch eastward for miles and miles. In front, and immediately below the town, lies the Bristol Channel, at all times, whether in rage or rest, specked with ships; with the Welsh coast and its round green mountains rising dimly through the haze; and apparently close by, but separated from us by a sheer descent of half a mile, the three brown bays of Reamouth, with their blood-red heights, grass-crowned; and beyond, the headland stretching far to sea.

From this fair picture, painted stroke by stroke from nature, here as I sit and view her, one cares to part but seldom; and yet there are as glorious sights to be seen. A mile's walk westward brings me to the valley where the Titans fought with Jove: a desert of rocks, part piled to heaven, part cast back angrily upon the plain; enormous slabs of blue and gray, with angular jagged edges, such as must have hurt, if they ever hit, those early gods. There is a barbaric sort of old-world joy I still experience in rolling these missiles down very steep places where there is an unseen path below; there is just enough chance of somebody passing along it to produce excitement, without the certainty that constructs actual crime. Of these stones, in far later times, but yet long ago, the Druids built their temple in this same place. The mighty circle is set somewhat inland, but the sea is seen from it quite plainly; and the thunder of the waves must have accompanied their dreadful rites. The cliffs here sink into the depths with scarce a slope, but round them has been dug a broad safe walk—the work of one old man in the years between his seventieth and his eightieth birthday—a mile in length, and seats of stone along it, above which, as we sit, the sea-gulls bark like hounds at fault, crossing and recrossing with their snowy wings jet-freaked, or peering from the dizzy crevices: they think I have designs upon their nests, poor things, and very much overrate my facility of climbing.

I cannot express the horror that comes over me whenever I get 'crag-fast,' or seem to be so, above any great height: my brain whirls, my limbs droop powerless, and my tongue itself is paralysed with excess of terror. This is partly constitutional, and partly, I think, occasioned by a frightful adventure that happened to me lately near this very place. A zigzag path leads down from one of these rocks to the beach below, the only bay just there which is thus approachable from the land, and I descended it one early morning in search of shells for my little child. Finding scarcely any booty of that kind, and observing the tide to be going out still, although it was nearly at low-water mark, I ventured round the point into the next cove, wetting my boots slightly in the attempt.

The pools left here by the tide were as clear as crystal, the sand was whiter, and the shells easily to be seen; but a vast cavern, such as I had never before known of, so red as almost to appear red-hot, took my attention away at once, and induced me to explore it. It ran straight inward, as though bored by some enormous auger, for a great distance, and then sloped a little upwards. The water that dripped down from the roof with a dreary continuous sound was of the colour of blood. It looked much too horrible a den for smugglers, and must have been the haunt of pirates at the very least. Sawney Bean would have taken it with all the fixtures on a lease of ninety-nine years, at sight, I am certain, and would have had very pretty pickings there out of the Reaton and Reamouth tourists, doubtless. I scrambled over some of the recumbent rocks, each resembling in its fantastic hideousness some petrified wild monster of the sea, and pushed on through the gloom to the very end of the cavern: its great mouth seemed from thence quite a moderate-sized aperture. I climbed up its little curve, which had no outlet of its own whatever, and could thence see only the faintest glimmering of daylight. This took me some considerable time, but still I remained sitting there for several minutes longer, enjoying the horror of the situation, the luxury of a melancholy not procurable at my house in Cecil Street, Strand, till it struck me on a sudden, like a blow, that the sea might then be cutting me off from the point. I ran out from the cave like a greyhound, topping this obstacle and clearing that, for I felt that I was running for my life. Yet, as I ran, I remembered, for the first time, an awful story told of this very place, of a poor Reaton fisherman whose hand was held by a huge crab under a stone until the tide came up and drowned him. I seemed to see him as he was found, days afterwards, with wrist half severed by his own clasp-knife, in the desperate and futile hope of ridding himself in that way from his terrible jailer. My fate, alas! was as surely fixed. There were six feet of foaming wave about the precipitous height round which I had come, and I could not swim a stroke! A semicircle of cliffs, from 80 to 200 feet in height, hemmed the bay closely in; and except a fissure here and there, and a narrow ledge upon which scarcely a goat could have found foothold, their sides were one unbroken steep; while the glorious sun overhead, just beginning to run its course, was gilding the town upon the opposite shore, and awakening its inmates to life and happiness. I was sentenced—I felt it—to cease in a few hours. The waves whose play and murmur I had watched and listened to before with such delight, seemed to ride sparkling in with a terrible joy, and to threaten grimly as they creamed upon the beach. The glittering shore which had first tempted me to my doom was becoming narrower and narrower, and the mere strip that was left to me for standing-room had changed to shifting quicksand. I waved my hat and handkerchief, and shouted to the vessels as they went gallantly by before the freshening breeze; but my voice was lost at once in the tumult of wind and wave, and my signs, if they were seen, were unattended to. How could it be otherwise, I reflected, when I myself have often given the same salutes for very joy, and to please my child; and why should I be now regarded more than then? Cognizant of my real danger, and expecting death indeed as I fully was, it was singular—it seemed so even at that time—that I should fall to reason with myself in this fashion, and that my thoughts should wander back to trivial circumstances of my past life, rather than dwell upon the present horror, or presage my future doom. The spray dashing on my face as I stood helpless with my back to the cliff, first aroused me to action, and recalled the cavern to my mind. It would afford a little longer space for existence, and there was a hope—shadowy enough, but still a hope—that the tide might not always penetrate to its extreme end. The floor was a gradual slope until it took a sharp turn upwards, as I described; but the roof, which was at first as lofty as a cathedral, sank and contracted almost at once, so that I could touch it, and the walls also, with my outstretched hand. Both were wet and slimy, but whether from the tide or the damp I could not tell. I drew out my watch, and calculated that in about four hours and a half I should be in safety, or a dead man; then I watched the cruel waters gradually usurp the cavern, and retreated step by step before them. When it grew almost pitch-dark from the waves filling up the entire aperture, I crept up as high as I could possibly go, and with my head in a fissure of the rock, and the rest of my body gathered up together in a heap, I listened with straining ears. I knew that I must be suffocated there long before the sea could come up and drown me; but instinct seemed to have overcome reason, and I acted as probably an animal would have done in such a plight. The roar of the billows as they broke against the rocky sides in the darkness, 'the scream of the maddened beach dragged down by the wave' as they returned, and the solemn sough when a huge mass of water swelled from time to time, unbroken, into the cavern, were hideous to hear: it seemed as if some terrible conflict was going on between Earth and Sea for this disputed territory, wherein Light had declined in any way to interfere. Now the tumult seemed a little to subside, and my heart began to resume something like its usual pulsation—now to increase in fury, and all my little edifice of hope went down at once. At length, and after what seemed hours of suspense, I came to be sure that the flow had ceased—that the tide was going down. When I knew that this was so, indeed, and that the sea could come no further, but must needs retreat hundreds of yards before it returned again, I could scarcely wait until the passage was sufficiently shallow for my exit; it was, in truth, a resurrection from the tomb. With how light a heart I ran up the zigzag path, and back along the cliff-walk!—how thankfully I passed by Reaton churchyard, with its multitudinous tablets to mariners drowned at sea!—how doubly dear my little daughter seemed to me!—how sweet a home appeared that terrace-lodging!—the milk had quite a creamy taste at tea!

People don't come to Reaton expecting dissipation, of course; they never come twice with that object, certainly; but we have our excitements for all that. A lecture will be given a fortnight hence at the Reaton Arms upon the genius and humour of Mrs Hannah More; and we are all wild about it already. There is a billiard-table at that same hotel, and some spectral cues without any leathers hang about it; but the cushions are as hard as lignum-vitæ, and give forth a dull sepulchral sound when struck, as though to remind the profligate of his end: there is a damp, unhealthy air about the room, too, as though it were haunted by the shades of extinct billiard-players, accustomed to the Quadrant, and condemned to practise on the Reaton table for their sins. The most popular gaiety here, however, by a long way, is waiting for the post: the hill is alive with fashionable visitors, who promenade up and down untiringly, and to whom the uncertainty, within an hour or so, of the time of arrival gives the business a pleasing zest. When the cart has come at last, they crowd round the little office-door, and push and quarrel just as though they were the merest common people. If you venture to suggest to this bald-headed aristocrat who is trying to beat the fragile shutter in, that the letters are not yet sorted, he will reply, with a stony look: 'I am aware of that, sir!' and go on rapping with the ivory handle of his umbrella, as though he were a 'spiritual manifestation,' which, however, he does not look like at all. Everybody reads his letters standing in the street; and when I have none of my own to occupy me, I watch the countenances to see who has got a dun, or a disagreeable friend coming to join him, or a copy of love-verses, or the second half of a ten pound-note.

Reaton has three shops, and they each sell everything; where I buy my steaks I procure my illustrated note-paper, and where I purchase pickles I also get my shoes mended. Reamouth has only one shop, at which her twin-sister gibes; but she retorts, something as Remus did to Romulus in their vision of birds, that hers was there the first, is the oldest established concern, has more things in it than the other three together, and a circulating library (of one-and-twenty volumes) into the bargain. Reaton, says she, is on a pyramid, swept by the wind, and shelterless from the sun. Reamouth is in a well, retaliates the other; and advises her own visitors to stay where they are, and let well alone. Certainly, if Reaton is approached only by a precipice, Reamouth is reached only by means of a shaft. It is close under your feet, it is true, but unless you go a mile round by the road, the plunge—walking sedately down being out of the question—can be only accomplished in this manner: you must fix your eye, and keep it, upon a tree, a wall, or other firm object at any convenient distance, and then run straight at it with stretched-out arms; you will be there immediately, so be ready to hold on at once. When you have regained your breath, and feel pretty strong again, look out for another haven a little lower down; and so on. It is the most charming village in the world, and possesses the prettiest cottages, with two exceptions, out of Switzerland. The Rea rolls turbulently through its centre, under bridge and over rock, down to the sea-shore. On east and west rise high hills, covered with woods, from which outpeer a gable-end, a quaint-shaped chimney, and here and there a coloured patch of garden-ground. To northward is the little harbour, with the smallest, rudest of piers, and the tiniest tower at the end of it that ever played at being a light-house. The stream that looked so grand further inland, thundering like a miniature Niagara, and sweeping the least impediments remorselessly away, here finds its level in the waste of waters, like some country squire in the great world of men; its channel, from the very mouth, has to be marked by little poles on either side, to guide the fishing-craft; the steam-packet that passes by three times a week, lays to awhile that the big boat yonder may fetch those bound for Reaton and Reamouth in. How passengers to other places must envy these their quiet resting-place, the fairy harbour and the full-foliaged rocks, the rainbow-coloured cliffs and breezy down! Southward and upward stretch two great ravines, the valleys of the eastern and western Reas. For miles and miles, the wood-paths track the streams, through oaken glades in which the checker-work of sun and shadow plays upon the mosses, past water-fall and pool, and rippling shallow; or climb up, on a sudden, verdant hills, from which is seen the far-stretched glory of the land and sea. These walks of Reaton and Reamouth are indeed their pride—free as the air to all, yet every spot seems private: the board that warns the trespasser surmounts the gap furnished with steps, and made inviting to the foot of age; the summer-houses indeed have doors, but they are always open, and seem inscribed with the initials of the whole human family. We meet no fiercer creature than a donkey, side-saddled to carry some fair burden up a steep, or picturesquely burdened with baby-panniers; nor any of our own kind save those which are most pleasing to the eye: the landscape-painter at his darling occupation, enriching man, and yet not robbing nature, with nature's fairest scenes, to gladden those who cannot see her face to face; and those loving pairs who wander over valley and hill, and more especially through the solitary groves, with but one couple of arms, as it appears, between them, the newly married, the enthusiasts of a month, who are termed by our simple country-folk 'the mooners.'

PRINCE TUMEN.

This personage takes his title from the first city built by the Russians in Siberia (1586), some hundred miles or so south-west of Tobolsk. He is a prince of the Calmucs—those rough and ready Tatars who made so great a sensation with their bows and arrows in Paris during its occupation by the allies in 1814. He is a chieftain among the savage hordes that wander over the vast pasture-deserts of Astrakhan or the sandy sea-border of the Caspian. He is a leader of men whose simple, nomadic, and somewhat uncouth habits have still kept them free from the dull uniform despotism of the rest of Russia. He is, in fact, a character, and as such we will pay him a visit in his palace on an island of the Volga.

But, first, let us inquire into his religious principles. Is he a Greek, or a Roman, or a Protestant Christian? As to the two last, we can answer for his being neither of them; and since he is not a member of that somewhat increasing colony of baptised Calmucs to which the Russian government has granted a fertile territory, with the city Stavropol, in the Orenburg district of the government Ufa, he must even be no Christian at all. And such is the actual fact. What is he, then? He is a worshipper of the Grand Lama, who represents the god of gods.

He is therefore a believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis. He is firmly convinced that the instant the divinity has left the body of the Grand Lama on his corporeal decease, it informs the system of some other human being, and thus, by the simple principle of transmigration, perpetuates the sovereign of the faith. I do not know whether he has ever made a pilgrimage to the shrine of this incarnation of Shigemooni, the god of gods—or, by the imposition of his hand, received a pardon for all past or present sins—or, by the presentation of a little ball of consecrated dough, carried away with him the wherewith to frighten whole legions of evil and malicious spirits; but all these things are very likely. As to a future, he believes that we are degenerate beings from the upper world, who, after being subjected to a state of trial upon earth, will enter after death upon a higher or lower condition, according as we have been good or bad men. This doctrine, we are told, renders the worshippers of the Grand Lama benevolent and moral.

But our caïque is waiting for us—we will therefore step in and see if Prince Tumen is at home.

From the island of the Volga, on which the city of Astrakhan is built, we rowed some little distance over the broad bosom of that river to another island, whereon stands the palace of the Calmuc chieftain. At first, we descried a little oasis, as it were, of floating verdure anchored amidst the waste of waters—a second Delos raised by Neptune for a second Latona; but by and by it waxed upon our vision, objects were thrown into deeper relief, outlines became more distinct, imbosomed banks and spreading trees multiplied themselves in the distance; while the palace, with its turrets of open fretwork, gleamed ever and anon through the screen of shadowy foliage which obscure it.

On the arrival of our boat, we fastened it to a tree in a neighbouring thicket, and jumped on shore. Approaching the palace, we were introduced to a young man in uniform, a member of the princely family we were visiting. With as much ease as affability, he guided us through the mazes of that gorgeous structure, where, at every step, new beauties met the eye, and new groupings of luxury and art delighted the senses. At length we were ushered into a room, and then into another, where Asiatic pomp vie with European elegance. A little time, and tea was served—tea brought in caravans from China, and prepared upon a silver tray by a Polish lady, who did the honours of the table. She was beautiful, as all those who prepare tea upon a silver tray and in a princely palace ought to be. But her courtesy was equal to her beauty, and she spoke French to admiration.

The room gradually fills with Russian and Cossack officers. You are half inclined to ask why these are here; but they look so much at home, that you feel at once the question would be out of place. At length there is a stir, and the head of the family, the old Prince Tumen himself, makes his appearance. And what is he like? Something very wild and savage, and Calmuc *par excellence?*

No; he is a quiet gentlemanly-looking man, and has the bearing of a grand seigneur of the olden time. His eyes may be a little almond-shaped, or his cheek-bones a little prominent, for these bespeak his Mongol descent; but otherwise, his manners are moulded in the most elegant fashion of European civilisation; nor does his general appearance discover aught of kindred with the Tatars of Genghis and Timour. The first salutations over, he thanks you with an exquisite grace for the visit with which you have kindly honoured him, and presses you to pass the night beneath his roof. As you feel a refusal would be out of place, you of course yield to his solicitations; and after the lapse of an hour or so, are shewn into your room.

And now look around you. The windows open upon a long gallery, and objects rare and valuable are scattered about in all directions. Every article connected with the toilet-table is in silver; while the furniture forms a *tout-ensemble* rarely if ever surpassed. In vain do you search for something which shall remind you of your whereabouts in the country of the Calmucs; in vain do you endeavour to catch some local characteristics from that magnificent water-girt palace, with its external lace-work of balconies and screens and fairy ornament, and its treasures inside of satins and silks, cushions and carpetings, mirrors and crystals, gold and silver, and precious stones—works of art and works of industry which seem to have been raised suddenly from the bosom of the Volga by a magic-wand belonging to no less a personage than the Wizard of the North.

But, wearied with wonders, you at length seek your pillow of peace, and for once sleep under the roof of a Calmuc chieftain who worships the Grand Lama and believes in the doctrine of the metempsychosis.

Now, Prince Tumen has a sister-in-law, who is very beautiful, and passes for something like a prophetess in her own country, which is rather contrary to the usual order of things. This lady is generally an inmate of the palace; but during the summer season she prefers a tent, in the open air in its vicinity. Thither, then, after having broken our morning fast, we will forthwith proceed.

And when the curtain of the tent is raised, what do we see?—A large circular space, lighted from above, covered under foot with a rich Turkish carpet, and hung with red damask, whose reflection bathes every object in a glow of summer sunset. The air we inhale is loaded with perfumes. In the midst of these perfumes and the glow of summer sunset, seated in a raised alcove at the further end of the tent, clothed in brilliant garments and immovable as an Eastern idol, sits the ruling spirit of the scene. Some twenty women in full dress are seated round her on the ground. After she has allowed her visitors sufficient time to admire her, she beckons them to their different seats on a large divan opposite her own; but if a lady form one of the party, she descends the steps of her dais, approaches that lady, takes her by the hand, embraces her affectionately, and then leads her to the seat which she herself has just quitted. Touching this ceremonial, Madame Hommaire de Hell pays the Calmuc princess the greatest compliment a French lady could pay her, by saying: 'Une maîtresse de maison à Paris n'eut pas mieux agi.'

Countless courtesies are now exchanged through the medium of an Armenian interpreter. When these begin to flag, the princess makes a signal, at which one of the women of honour rises up, while another draws forth her *balalaïka*, or Oriental guitar, and strikes some melancholy notes, which, by the by, seem but ill suited to the occasion. They are intended, however, as a dance-tune; and in accordance with their rhythm, the woman who first rose now moves in languishing monotony of action—sometimes advancing, sometimes retreating, sometimes stretching out her arms and falling on her knees, as though to invoke some invisible spirit from above. But as you do not perhaps care to hear any more about this Calmuc pantomime, we will proceed to a minuter investigation of the princess herself, and give you our experience in the words of the lady whom we have already quoted.

'Her figure is striking and good,' says Madame Hommaire de Hell—'at least as far as I could judge through the surrounding folds of numberless garments. Her finely chiseled mouth opens upon two rows of perfect pearls; her face is full of sweetness; and these advantages, with a complexion somewhat bronzed, though of remarkable delicacy, would, even in a Parisian salon, constitute a very pretty woman, if the general shape of her countenance and the moulding of her features were but a little less Calmuc. Still, in spite of the obliquity of her eyes and the prominence of her cheek-bones, she would find more than one admirer in many a European capital. Her look, in particular, expresses great goodness of heart, and, like all the women of her race, she wears a gentle aspect of humility, which renders her only the more engaging.

'And now for her dress. She is robed in richest Persian, which is covered with silver-lace and a tunic of soft silk, descending only as far as the knees, and opening in front. Every seam is hidden with broideries of silver and fine pearl. She has round her neck a white cambric handkerchief, clasped with a diamond button; on the back of her head is placed a coquettish little yellow cap, bordered with fur; but what surprised me most was an embroidered cambric pocket-handkerchief and a pair of black mittens.

'Thus is it that the produce of our industry creeps even into the toilet of a great Calmuc lady. Amongst the ornaments of the princess, I must not forget to mention a large gold chain, which, after interweaving with her beautiful tresses, and falling on her bosom, was linked up again, on either side, to earrings of the same metal.'

Half an hour has now elapsed. There is a pause; and we are just congratulating ourselves on the dance being over, when the first Esmeralda touches a companion on the shoulder, and this new actor prolongs the pantomime.

Another half hour elapses. The Armenian interpreter begs his mistress to permit her daughter, who hangs back concealed behind a neighbouring curtain, to give us a sample of her powers; but there is a difficulty in the way. Although the Calmucs have as yet no published copy of *Hints on Etiquette*, custom and tradition have formed a little code of their own. Herein we learn, that when one lady is dancing, she cannot invite another, *vivâ voce*, to take her place, but must touch her on the shoulder, as the signal of her wishes.

'Well, and what of that?' you will say; 'cannot Esmeralda touch the princess's daughter on the shoulder?' By no means. It would be the grossest violation of Calmuc etiquette possible. No woman in attendance on the sister-in-law of Prince Tumen is permitted such familiarities; hence the difficulty of the position.

But the Armenian is a man of ready invention. He darts forth into the centre of the circle, and performs such an original series of antics, as to call forth the applause of every one. Then directing his steps toward the curtain by which the young girl is hid from vulgar view, he lays his finger lightly on her shoulder, and his aim is won. Forth comes the maiden—pretty, languishing, timid—and in her turn communicates the magic touch to her brother. The latter is a youth of some fifteen years of age, who, dressed *à la Cossaque*, seems very loath to add to the nationality of the dance by donning the Calmuc cap. Twice he throws it on the ground, but twice resumes it, at the bidding of his mother.

All things, however, in this world must have an end, and so must our interview with the Calmuc princess. On our return to the palace, we are attracted by a *taboun*, or enclosure for wild horses. Five or six cavaliers are waiting our approach, ready with their long slings to dart amidst the fiery steeds, and catch any one we may select. At a given signal, they rush upon their victims, and in an instant, a young horse, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, is trapped in the fearful snare; maddened with terror, it snorts and writhes through every limb. A Calmuc, who follows on foot, vaults upon its back, cuts away the sling which covers its head, and commences a struggle of unexampled daring and agility. Now horse and rider roll together on the ground, now dart like a flash of lightning through the cloven winds, or stop as on the verge of a sudden precipice; in a moment the horse flings itself on the earth, or rears and tosses in an agony of rage, then, dashing over the open area with terrible leaps and bounds, tries to throw off its unwonted burden.

But in vain. Supple as a tiger, and bold as a lion, the Calmuc flings himself into the passions of his courser—follows every impetus, and yields with every strain. While the one foams and trembles, the other smiles as coolly as if he were but playing with a baby's toy. Even women and children of tender years will do the same. Horse-exercise is the great amusement of the Calmucs, and a mastery over the rebellious spirit of an untamed animal their glory and delight.

But we must leave this spectacle. The day is closing in, and a splendid banquet awaits us at the palace. The delicacies of the West and the luxuries of the East are lavished on our senses. The cooking, half French and half Russian, leaves the nicest appetite little to desire. Everything is served on silver and gold, and the wines of France and Spain tinge the crystal glasses, while champagne sparkles like waters from a Moorish fountain.

So lives Prince Tumen, the worshipper of the Grand Lama, and the believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis.

SHAKSPEARE'S STAGE.

The Elizabethan theatre must be viewed as little better than one of Richardson's shows, as far as appliances go. The curtains pull apart, and there is a tapestry representing a town—that is Troy. To make sure of it, there's a board overhead with the name written upon it, like a finger-post. At the back of the stage is a platform and balcony—that is the city-wall, where Helen will see the armies, of eight men each, pass in awful procession—the Greeks a little knock-kneed, the Trojans two of them squinting. The musicians are in a high stage-box. The actors enter—Troilus in hose and doublet, and Cressida, a plump boy of fourteen, in fardingale and scarf. A man in a black velvet cloak, heralded by a trumpet, has before this entered as Prologue. Such is Shakspeare's stage. On the boards at each side are gallants, smoking and laughing. The pit is standing, and the second gallery is cracking nuts and pelting Hector with rotten apples. But in the best boxes we see some rather eminent men—Burleigh, for instance, and Sidney and Raleigh, while Shakspeare acts Achilles.—*Thornbury's Shakspeare's England.*

SILENT TEACHINGS.

SUNLIGHT! tell the hidden meaning
Of the rays thou lettest fall;
Are they lessons writ in burning,
Like God's warning on the wall?
'Strive, O man, to let a loving
Spirit cheer the sad and poor;
So shall many a fair hope blossom,
Where none grew before!'

Stars! what is it ye would whisper
With your pure and holy light?
Looking down so calm and tender
From the watch-tower of the night.
'When thy soul would quail from scorning,
Keep a brave heart and a bold;
As we alway shine the brightest
When the nights are cold.'

Hast thou not a greeting for me,
Heaven's own happy minstrel bird—
Thou whose voice, like some sweet angel's,
Viewless, in the cloud is heard?
'Though thy spirit yearneth skyward,
O forget not human worth!
I who chant at heaven's portal,
Build my nest on earth.'

River! river! singing gaily
From the hillside all day long,
Teach my heart the merry music
Of thy cheery rippling song.
'Many winding ways I follow;
Yet at length I reach the sea.
Man, remember that *thy* ocean
Is eternity!'

J. C.

THE USE OF A PENNY.

What could a journeyman shoemaker do with a penny? I answer at once: Buy a pennyworth of leather, make a pair of trouser-straps, and sell them for twopence. Put another proposition: What could a journeyman tailor do with a penny? I have known boys' caps to be made out of the merest scraps of cloth, and to be sold at a profit very large in comparison with the cost of the material. A carpenter with a bit of wood—a tinman with a bit of tin—a comb-maker with a bit of bone—an engraver with a piece of copper or a bit of wood—a fan-maker with a piece of paper and a few chips—a designer with a black-lead pencil and a sheet of paper—a glazier with a bit of glass—a needle-woman with needle and thread—a gardener with a small packet of seed and a square yard of ground—a ticket-writer with a little colour and a piece of card-board—an engrosser with pen and ink—indeed, anybody with anything, resolved upon making a beginning, can do it. . . . . Many will say that, had they a few pounds, they feel that they could do something. To such persons I say: Begin and get the few pounds. Do not let life slip away and see you still lamenting the want of opportunity. Begin—work first for the opportunity—and then for the result. —*How a Penny became a Thousand Pounds.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We have to inform our readers that the article in the last number, entitled *The Unlucky Trimmer*, is not, as would appear on the face of it, and as we believed it to be, an original piece, but an extract from *Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War*, from the Hungarian of Moritz Jokai, with a prefatory notice by Emeric Szabad, &c. Thomas Constable and Co., Edinburgh. 1854.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by JAMES FRASER, 14 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE,
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 137. SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

ON CIRCUIT.

NEARLY six hundred years have passed away since those high functionaries, the justices of either bench, and the barons of the Exchequer, went their first circuits. Times have strangely altered since then; many a good old custom has become obsolete, and many a long-standing iniquity has been plucked up—the judges have been increased in number, from the dignified *twelve* to the less respectable *fifteen*—yet the circuits, although shorn of much of their original grandeur and ancient importance, still remain, and are likely so to do, until, by electric-telegraph, or some such method, prisoners may be tried and punished without giving any one the trouble of journeying throughout England to try them.

A fine sight must it have been in years gone by to witness the judicial cavalcade starting on the long and tedious circuit. Steam, coaches, and even carriages, were alike unknown in those days; and the equestrian performances of those who wore the judicial ermine would put to shame those of the youngest of their degenerate successors.

First rode the circuit-porter, clad in leathern jerkin, with huge jackboots, bearing in his hand a goodly ebony wand, capped with silver, and whose duty it was to cause all men of what estate soever, whom they met or overtook, to draw up and do lowly reverence as the sovereign's representative passed by. Then came the clerks of the judge, gentlemen in holy orders, well skilled in the wondrous penmanship, and still more curious Norman-French and law-Latin of the day; next, with well-secured saddle-bags, the grave long-bearded clerk of assize, saving the judge the most important man upon the circuit. Could we but peep into those saddle-bags, gentle reader, what curious documents should we discover! There, carefully folded, lies the royal commission, with the broad seal of England attached, giving power to those within it named to try all treasons, misprisions of treason, insurrections, rebellions, counterfeitings, clippings, washings, false-coinings, murders, felonies, manslaughters, killings, burglaries, unlawful meetings and conventicles, unlawful uttering of words, unlawful assemblies, misprisions, confederacies, false allegations, trespasses, riots, routs, retentions, escapes, contempts, falsities, negligences, concealments, maintenances, oppressions, deceits, and a great deal more, all drawn out in much the same form as at the present day: there lie indictments, carefully worded by far-seeing men in their quiet rooms in London, and to escape from which, those politically obnoxious beings for whose use and benefit they are designed, will have to be clever indeed; and if it be a spring-circuit, there is the bishop's consent for the judge to try prisoners and causes in the holy time of Lent, and a licence, signed by all the prelates of the realm, for him to administer oaths in that same holy season; and there also, doubtless, lie many other curious documents, the very names of which have departed from the memory of our degenerate age. Close to the clerk of assize ride his officers, and then two or three learned serjeants of the law, in their red robes and hoods, followed by the hero of the procession—the Judge. Picture to yourselves an old man of reverend aspect, riding upon an ancient mule, and clothed in a long red coat of the finest broadcloth faced with velvet, the sleeves and collar being thickly embroidered with gold; on his head the solemn square cloth-cap, now the awful forerunner of death, from beneath which peeps forth the border of a white satin coif; and you will have some idea of the external appearance of 'my lord the king's justice.' Doubtless that stern countenance is the index of a deeply engaged mind, pondering on the weighty instructions received from its lord and master, when last they met in the Star Chamber to confer upon the circuit, and to settle the fate of many discontented beings shortly to be placed upon their trial; and very likely those instructions clash unpleasantly with the oath taken to administer justice 'equally as well to rich as to poor.' How difficult the task!—especially to one who, unlike his happy successors, independent of ministers or crown, could be removed from office for the slightest cause, or for no cause at all, if his sovereign should so will it.

Behind the judge ride the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, who courteously conduct him out of their bailiwick; and a long line of serving-men, together with three or four sumpter-horses, wind up the procession. Thus mile after mile do the administrators of justice proceed: the boundary of each county witnesses the departure of one set of officers, and the arrival of another. At every humble door the cottager appears, and, with doffed hat and bended knee, witnesses the majesty of the law pass by; at every mansion, the anxious owner, with loyalty to his sovereign, and a due respect for his own security, reverentially offers the hospitality of his carefully prepared refreshment. Nor is the journey so ill managed but that lordly dwellings are each evening found, where the judge is feasted and lodged right royally, and upon the morrow sent upon his way rejoicing.

A proud man, indeed, is the judge by the time he reaches the first assize-town where his commission is to be executed; the inhabitants flock out by hundreds and by thousands to witness his arrival; the high sheriff, with a long train of javelin-men, and others sounding trumpets, together with all the gentlemen of the county on horseback, are waiting to receive him; but still prouder is he when, in the thronged court, with cap on head, deferentially raised at each mention of his name, he causes to be read the royal commission; and, proudest of all, when seated in awful state, with the sheriff alone by his side—for the statute 20 Richard II., forbidding 'any lord or other of the county, little or great, to sit upon the bench with the justices,' is yet in full force—he hears, and often directs, the pleas of the trembling prisoners—charges, and not unfrequently bullies and terrifies, the obsequious jury.

Such, reader, were the judges, and such their circuits, a few hundred years ago; but, alas! Ichabod is written upon all these matters now; the judges and the circuits both survive, but their grandeur and dignity have almost departed. Let us turn to the present time, and see how things are managed.

It is about the beginning of the third week in Hilary or Trinity Term, that a messenger arrives at Westminster Hall, bringing with him the first official document connected with the approaching assizes. It is a sheet of paper signed by the Queen, and bearing below her signature the words: 'Let the judges go their circuits as under.' Then follow the eight circuits into which England and Wales are divided, and the names of the judges who are to travel, each of them respectively. As two travel together on every one of the six English, and but one on each of the two Welsh circuits, all of the fifteen judges except one are thus engaged, the remaining one, called 'the town judge,' stopping in London to transact much necessary business whilst his brethren are away. This document, called the royal 'fiat,' was in olden times drawn up with great care by the king himself; the merits of the several judges, not with respect to their legal abilities alone, but also as regarded their firmness and severity, being duly considered; and chosen men, in more senses than one, being sent through those counties where work was to be done for which less reliable persons were hardly fitted. Now, however, the matter is managed very differently; for, prior to the making of the fiat, the judges meet together in a large apartment attached to the Queen's Bench at Westminster, and choose among themselves which circuit they will travel. The chief-justice of the Queen's Bench has the first choice; the chief-justice of the Common Pleas, the second; the chief-baron of the Exchequer, the third; and so on according to seniority, until all have suited themselves except the junior puisne judge, who, of course, has 'Hobson's choice.' In accordance with the choices thus made, the fiat, or, as it might be more properly called, the 'royal assent,' is drawn up, brought down to Westminster, as before mentioned, and shewn to the judges, who, having returned it to the Court of Chancery, from which it emanates, proceed to settle the days upon which the business shall commence in the several counties of their respective circuits.

Even this proceeding is not quite so easy as might at first be imagined; for when the days are settled, certain parchment documents called 'precepts' are signed and sealed by the judges, one being sent to the sheriff of each county in England and Wales, requiring him to cause juries to come before the judge on a particular day therein named; and on that very day it is incumbent upon the judge to be at the town, so that a careful consideration of the amount of work in each county is necessary, in order to allow a proper number of days for its disposal.

The days for opening the commission in each county being settled, and the before-mentioned precepts having been signed, sealed, and despatched to the respective sheriffs, all the preparatory matters are, so far as the judge is concerned, completed.

And now for the circuit itself. On the morning of the day settled for commencing it, the two judges start, not as in days long gone by on horseback, clad in their judicial robes, nor, as was the case a few years back, in a carriage and four; but in a railway coupé, engaged for them the preceding day. Very few take either carriage or saddle-horses with them, although six or eight years since, one or other, and generally both, were considered necessary. The *retinue* of a judge on circuit has gradually dwindled away from the days we have described, until it is now small indeed.

Beginning with the officer highest in rank, there is with each judge his marshal, generally a young student of the law, not yet called to the bar, whose duty it is to be a companion to the judge, to invite a few briefless barristers to lunch every day, to swear the grand jury, and, if he be industrious enough, which is not always the case, to make an abstract of the pleadings, for the use of his lord; and for these works he is recompensed with L.75, paid him by the Treasury at the termination of the circuit. Then there are two clerks—next to the judge himself, the most heavily worked men on circuit, one during each assize acting as crier of the court, being daily perched up in a little pulpit called the crier's box, from which he makes the various proclamations, and administers the several oaths required during the day; the other being seated as continually at the judge's side, in order to attend to his wants, which are now and then very numerous.

Such are the judge's *officers*, and his domestic servants are hardly more numerous. There is first the man-cook, who contracts for from L.150 to L.300, according to the particular circuit, to supply all that is necessary, save wine and tea, in the provision-line; and with him his one or two assistants: then the judge's butler, the marshal's man, and the circuit porter, none of whom needs further description. All others who take part in the administration of justice at the assizes are more properly officers of the circuit than of the judge; they include the clerk of the crown and several subordinates, such as the associate—who performs the duties of the clerk of the crown in the civil court—the clerk of indictments, &c.

But our train has arrived at its destination. On the platform of the terminus stands the high-sheriff, in full court-dress, with white wand in hand, attended by officials, ready to receive the judges. A few compliments pass on both sides; the judges are conducted to the waiting-room of the station set apart for their particular use, and having arrayed themselves in wig and black silk gown, with cocked-hat on head, they enter the handsome carriage provided by the sheriff, and proceed at once to court to open the commission. Before the carriage march twenty or thirty men, clad in the sheriff's livery, bearing javelins in their hands, preceded by two trumpeters, playing either the national anthem, or some other as well-known melody. Very onerous are the duties of the *trumpeters* at the assizes; not only have they to attend the judge in every journey he makes to or from court, to usher him in and out of the assize town, but it is their duty every morning to perambulate the town, half an hour before the business of the day commences, and by playing divers lively tunes, to remind those who have any legal matters pending that the courts will shortly sit. Very jealous, too, are the judges as to the continuance of these officials. Not five years ago, the sheriff in one of our university towns, for the sake of economy, neglected to provide these noisy attendants of justice. 'Where are your trumpeters, Mr Sheriff?' demanded the judge, as he stepped from the carriage on the first morning of the assizes. 'Why, my lord,' replied the sheriff, 'I considered those officials so very useless, that I determined to discontinue them.' 'Mr Sheriff,' said the judge, waxing very wroth, 'fifty years ago, I was a student of this university, working hard in my room: when I heard the trumpeters usher the judges into this town, their notes sounded so sweetly in my ears, that I determined *I* would one day be a judge. Sir, I have respected trumpeters ever since, and *I* determine *not* to discontinue them. If two are not here to-morrow morning, I will fine you L.100.'

Upon reaching the court, silence is proclaimed, and the clerk of the crown reads over the five several commissions, by virtue of which the judges try the whole of the civil and criminal business furnished by the county; when this is over, their lordships proceed to the lodgings provided for them; and having exchanged the black gown for the scarlet robe and hood, and, if it be a cathedral town, thrown over their shoulders the snowy ermine mantle, they proceed to church.

The assize service differs but little from the ordinary form, the only addition being the 'bidding prayer,' which, although directed by the 55th canon to be used before *every* sermon, is, so far as my experience goes, only read on these particular occasions, due petition being offered up in it for 'the right honourable the judges of this assize.' Whilst the judge is listening to the long assize sermon, let us run back to the lodgings and see how the domestic comforts of the Queen's justices are attended to. The houses inhabited by the judges while on circuit are either those which have been bought for their particular use by the county, or else the dwellings of private individuals, who for a certain sum of money are content to turn out, and allow the judges to occupy their homes during the assizes. Into these houses, prior to the assizes, the sheriff conveys house-butler, female servants, coals, and beer; all other eatables, drinkables, and servants being found by the judges at their own expense. At most of the great towns—Liverpool, Derby, Nottingham, &c.—the houses provided are large and commodious, and in every respect fit for the purpose for which they are designed. At other places, on the contrary, especially in Wales, the lodgings are often small, dirty, and altogether disgraceful: when such is the case, unpleasant squabbles generally take place between the judge and the sheriff; and in order to make the matter known to the public, the grand jury are not unfrequently told of the state of affairs. A learned and witty judge yet upon the bench, in charging the grand jury a few years ago, concluded with these words: 'Gentlemen, I have, as far as I think it to be necessary, directed you respecting the cases in the calendar before me. To-morrow morning, those prisoners against whom you present true bills, I will, with the assistance of the petty jury, proceed to try—if indeed I find myself *able* so to do, respecting which I have some doubts, fearing as I must that I can scarcely survive a repetition of the onslaught I last night experienced, from the *fleas* and *larger animals* infesting the filthy abode, which your loyal sheriff, with your approbation, has chosen for the habitation of us, the representatives of your sovereign!'

We certainly think that if anybody deserves good lodging, it is the judge on circuit, leaving as he does for weeks together the handsome home in London which his wealth and position permit him to enjoy, and all the many comforts only to be found there; and we can scarcely imagine a greater annoyance than that experienced by him, when, having sat for some ten or twelve hours in the hot unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded court, he is forced to seek for comfort and relaxation in a wretched dwelling, selected by the sheriff because a few pounds cheaper than a proper abode.

Divine service being over, the public duties of the commission-day, as the first day of the assizes is styled, are at an end, leaving the judge on the criminal side the lengthy employment of reading over the several cases of the prisoners soon to come before him, as they are contained in the depositions returned by the magistrate before whom the presumed offender has been conducted.

Next morning the civil trials commence immediately upon the sitting of the court, while the criminal ones are delayed until some rather singular customs are observed. First of all, the almost innumerable magistrates of the county have their names read over by the clerk of assize; those who appear are solemnly invited by the judge in open court to dine with him the same day; and until very lately, a curious method of 'entering an appearance' was necessary for each of the 'great unpaid' to observe. Upon a magistrate answering, the crier handed to him a *white glove*, fastened on a wand, and into the glove it was necessary for him to drop a shilling. This custom militated against the parsimonious feelings of certain careful justices, who, out of revenge, nicknamed the judge's dinner 'the shilling ordinary;' and this coming to their lordships' knowledge, the glove business was ordered to be abolished.

When the roll of magistrates has been called over, the grand jury are impannelled and sworn, and then a long proclamation, as old as the time of William and Mary, against 'vice, profaneness, and immorality,' is read; after which the charge is given by the judge to the grand inquest; and upon their returning true bills into court, the prisoners are arraigned, the petty jury sworn, and the assize business is fairly afloat.

Then trial succeeds to trial, with a rapidity that only those used to the circuit can imagine. From nine to six are the usual court-hours, and though pretty close work, such days are not much grumbled at; but very different is it when, owing to one or two long, unexpected cases, the time at disposal bears no proportion to the work to be done; sorely tried are the judges in such a state of affairs, and the painful efforts made in order to finish the business would scarcely be credited. On the trial of a celebrated murder ten years ago, the late Baron Parke sat for nineteen consecutive hours—namely, from nine o'clock one morning till four the next. Somewhat later, an issue was tried at Brecon, when the court was occupied four days, sitting every day at eight A.M., and rising at ten P.M. Many other such cases might be mentioned. Such efforts are usually made on the *criminal* side alone, as the prisoners *must* be tried, while the causes may be made remanets of—that is, postponed until the next assizes. Some judges, indeed, as a matter of course, make remanets of all the causes which they cannot get through by working daily from nine or ten in the morning till five or six in the afternoon; whilst others have the greatest possible aversion to saddle the unfortunate suitors with the expense and delay of such a proceeding. The learned judge already referred to, during a judicial life of twenty-seven years, never left a single remanet!

If the criminal business is exceedingly heavy, a *third* court is established, over which a serjeant or Queen's counsel presides, the names of one or two being inserted in the commission in case of any such emergency. It is, however, only where necessity obliges that such a proceeding is resorted to, for not only do the judges dislike to try, but the prisoners have a great aversion to be tried by a deputy. This was well illustrated in the case of a burglar tried and convicted before a learned gentleman at Maidstone, who being called upon, prior to sentence being pronounced, grumbled out: 'Well I don't know nothing as I has to say about it; but I'm bless'd if I like this here way of being tried by a *journeyman judge*.'

Very unpleasant is it where the labours of any one town intrench upon the commission-day of the next. Well do we recollect the business at Cardiff terminating at six P.M. of the day appointed for opening the commission at Caermarthen. The train was delayed half an hour to receive the hard-worked judge; Swansea was safely reached, but beyond this town the rail was incomplete. A carriage and four for the judge and marshal, another and pair for the clerks, were waiting; and off and away, up hill and down dale, we rattled. Time wore on; fresh horses waited at every posting-house; and with undiminished speed we held on our way. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock passed, yet we did not despair: up one steep hill, down another, over a long bridge, and we entered Caermarthen, rushed into the court-house, and by the light of a single candle the royal commission was read, just as the old church clock rung out the midnight hour. The commission was saved; but had we been two minutes later, it would have been necessary to transmit to London a memorial engrossed on parchment of all the facts of the case, and very much trouble would have been occasioned.

Of late years, it is seldom indeed that such things occur, the diminution of civil business since the establishment of county courts, together with the rapidity and punctuality of railway-travelling, allowing the circuit arrangements to be carried out with an amount of ease and certainty formerly quite unknown.

Having got our judge fairly into court, we have but little more to say about his circuit proceedings: the work of one day is but a repetition of that of the preceding — burglary, arson, manslaughter succeed arson, manslaughter, and burglary in the one court; debt, replevin, ejectment follow ejectment, replevin, and debt in the other, with the utmost regularity; until at last the jail is delivered, and the cause-list disposed of. Then the court is adjourned to the lodgings; the church-bells ring a merry peal; the everlasting trumpeters bray out their loudest notes; the attorneys settle and pocket their fees; the barristers divest themselves of wig and gown; men perambulate every street, with true and faithful accounts 'of all prisoners tried before my lord the judge, hat this hassizes, with their names, crimes, and sentences;' and the assizes are at an end. A little later, and the sheriff's carriage rolls through the town on its way to the railway station, with its usual procession of javelin-men and succession of rabble; men and women run to their shop-doors to have a parting look at the judge; in dark entries and out-of-the-way corners lurk lucky fellows, who, thanks to their counsel's acuteness and jury's obtuseness, can behold the departure of one, a short time ago very terrible to them, and whom most likely they are still enforced to regard with considerable respect, inasmuch as he has furnished their particular friend, Bill Scroggs, with a free passage to Van Diemen's Land, and, it may be, left another intimate acquaintance to the tender mercies of the executioner. The terminus at last reached, a hearty farewell is taken of the sheriff; the judges enter the carriage already engaged for them; and in company with their two marshals and a couple of the more favoured counsel, specially invited to travel with them, fly onwards to the next assize town swift as the speed of the goddess whose ministers they are.

FOUR BOOKS OF POETRY.*

Of late years, critics of the more genial order seem to have considered it absolutely necessary to preface their verdict on some new votary of the muses with a defence of the age we live in against the imputation of being an unpoetical one. Nothing of the kind is required now, we apprehend, if, indeed, it ever was; for is it not abundantly evident to all who take delight in that which has been happily called the blossom of the mind, that our literature is blooming freshly and freely? Granted, that the hues are not so rich on every bough as to shew that the tree has been watered by the Heliconian springs, still they are varied, and some of them at least are pure, and may yet be more beautiful. Is it not undeniable that poetry is really once more among the things that are bought and sold—that poems are among the books whereof new editions appear, and may therefore be held to be in demand? Nay, once and for all, is not the circumstance of our being able to begin this article with four volumes alike of poetry and fair poetical promise lying beside us, sufficient evidence of the truth of what we have just said? The authors of those volumes differ widely from each other. One of them may be called the Nestor of the tuneful band; yet, although fourscore years have passed over him, his voice is not one whit more tremulous than it was when he first sung the mystic song of *Gebir*. More than once have the readers of this *Journal* been told of the wealth of thought to be found in the writings of Walter Savage Landor; and now, that nearly all who ran with him in the race have passed away, even after he had himself believed that he had plucked, for the lovers of what is rich and beautiful, the *Last Fruit of an Old Tree*, we hail him again at the head of a youthful band, and give him hearty welcome, not only for the past fruitage, but for the fresh full-blown flowers which he brings with him.

It has long been a fixed opinion with us, that no modern English poet has more thoroughly imbibed the dramatic spirit than Landor has done. His dramas, or, to take his own name for them, his *Acts and Scenes*, though quite unactable, perhaps — and nothing the worse for being so—contain the materials—the essentials, we ought rather to say—of dramatic literature, in a degree scarcely equalled by any other works in modern literature. Even were this not the case, his latest production now lying before us, a series of *Scenes for the Study*, published under the title of *Antony and Octavius*, might furnish us with many proofs of its author's profound knowledge of human nature, his power of characterisation, and his fine poetic perceptions. Seldom, indeed, has a work of this kind, or, indeed, of any note whatever, been given to the world by an octogenarian. Mr Landor is something more than that, and yet we find in these scenes evidences of his intellect being as vigorous and his heart as warm as they were forty years ago.

We cannot, of course, give such quotations from *Antony and Octavius* as would shew Mr Landor's skilful evolution of plot and admirable expression of character. Let us merely say that his poem deals with the last days of Antony and Cleopatra; and that while departing, as Shakspeare and others have done, from the strict truth of history, he differs from these in his treatment of his subject. He deals with it in a thoroughly poetical spirit, representing the Egyptian queen not as a satiated pleasure-seeker, driven to 'play the Roman fool,' but as a young heroic woman, leaving the world when the triumphs of her beauty are yet fresh. Antony, too, is invested with a nobleness which is finely sustained; while Octavius, cold, cautious, and calm, with Mecænas, Agrippa, Cæsarion, the son of Cleopatra, and the less prominent characters, are powerfully individualised. Our quotations must be confined to two or three detached passages, tending to shew how well Mr Landor knows how to give force and strength to his dialogues. Here, for example, are a few lines, which may very justly, we think, be applied to the writer of them:

---

* *Antony and Octavius. Scenes for the Study.* By Walter Savage Landor. Bradbury and Evans.
Griselda, and other Poems. By Edwin Arnold. Bogue.
Gabriel. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. Chapman.
The House by the Sea, a Poem. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Trübner & Co.

Men cast long shadows when their life declines,
Which we cross over without noticing:
We meet them on the street, and give not way;
When they are gone, we lift up both our hands,
And say to neighbours: 'These were men indeed!'

Another thought worthy of being extracted is expressed by Cleopatra, when she is told that her guards have been bribed by gifts from Octavius:

Gifts are poor signs of bounty. Do not slaves
Strip off the golden pouches from their neck
Untied but to buy other slaves therewith?
Do not tame creatures lure into the trap
Their wilder brethren with some filthy bait?
All want companions, and the worst the most.

There are some of the scenes in this little work in which Mr Landor may almost be said to develop a whole character in the space of a few lines; and there are others in which, with consummate art, groups of images are brought before the mind in such a way as to give greater effect to the more prominent of the *dramatis personæ*, and to surround them with appropriate accessories. One of these, 'the noblest Roman of them all,' is Agrippa, who has won for Octavius a triumph which has made his power secure, but provoked his envy. Of this high-souled warrior, Mr Landor gives a complete and boldly drawn character, not only in the scenes in which he is introduced, but in those in which his nobleness forms the theme of his friend Mecænas's enthusiastic praise, and of the cold, suspicious, and stinted acknowledgments of Octavius, who thus muses on the dangerous virtues of his bravest soldier:

Our Agrippa hath strange whims; he dotes
Upon old Rome, the Rome of matted beards
And of curt tunics; of old Rome's old laws,
Worm-eaten long, now broken and swept off,
He stands forth high in station and esteem.
Mecænas. So should the man who won the world for thee.
Octavius. I must not play with him who won so much
From others; he might win as much from me.
I could make kings and unmake kings by scores,
But could not make nor unmake one Agrippa.
Mecænas. Well spoken! wisely! worthily! No praise
Can equipoise his virtues; kings may lay
Their tributes on the carpet of his throne,
And cities hope to honour whom they serve;
The royal mantle would obscure Agrippa.

Mr Landor introduces Cæsarion, the son of Julius and Cleopatra, and the most powerful passages in his dramatic poem are those in which the frank boyish nature is brought into contrast with the calculating coldness of Octavius. Much fine feeling, too, pervades those scenes in which Agrippa pleads for the life of Cæsarion, and where even Octavia becomes an advocate for her rival's child, warning her implacable brother of the dangers of misused power:

Octavia. O brother! brother! are men always men?
They are full grown, then, only when grown up
Above their fears. Power never yet stood safe;
Compass it round with friends and kindnesses,
And not with moats of blood. Remember Thebes:
The towers of Cadmus toppled, split asunder,
Crashed; in the shadow of her oleanders
The pure and placid Dirce still flows by.
What shattered to its base but cruelty
(Mother of crimes, all lesser than herself),
The house of Agamemnon, king of kings?

Only one other specimen of Mr Landor's majestic and stately verse can we find room to give; it is a passage full of the strength which belonged to the dramatists of the olden day, and gives us the retrospective reflections of Antony when his lusty life is near its close:

We cannot always swagger, always act
A character the wise will never learn;
When Night goes down, and the young Day resumes
His pointed shafts, and chill air breathes around,
Then we put on our own habiliments,
And leave the dusty stage we proudly trod.
I have been sitting longer at life's feast
Than does me good; I will arise and go.
Philosophy would flatten her thin palm
Outspread upon my sleeve; away with her!
Cuff off, cuff off that chattering, toothless jade!
The brain she puzzles, and she blunts the sword.
Even she knows better words than that word—live.

We now turn to the new volume of another scholarly poet, Mr Edwin Arnold, who has chosen for his chief work a story familiar to us all, and one that has been told in various ways. Mr Arnold might, we think, have done better than he has done in selecting for dramatic purposes the tale of Griselda, so well known to every one who has read Boccaccio or Chaucer, and numerous paraphrases. This opinion we give, not because we think that the sufferings of the patient lady do not afford scope for the dramatist, but because the interest of the theme is somewhat remote. It is not possible for any of us to realise the scenes which the poet brings before us, nor when she acts her part in those scenes can we even feel that unmingled tenderness for the heroine which the Griselda of Chaucer's story evokes. The feeling of pity, we are forced to admit, occasionally gives way to something like the very opposite of the virtue put to such remorseless tests. The patience of the wife and mother tries ours to such a degree, that before it triumphs, we begin seriously to ask ourselves, whether it is or ever was in nature—in female flesh and blood—to endure such cruelty? Our hands clench just as they do when we read of a bruised and broken-spirited woman being forced to seek protection from her tyrant in a police-court; and we long to have the power of the sitting magistrate, in order that we might sentence the Marquis of Saluzzo to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. *Griselda* is thus to some extent wanting in what may be considered one of the essentials of a drama—namely, the evocation of sympathy with one or other of the characters. Still, some of the scenes are finely conceived, and possess a great deal of the dramatic spirit, while the poem abounds with passages of true beauty. Here, for example, are some really noble lines:

Virtue is as the universal sky,
That kisseth all alike the hills and dales:
And ye shall meet her, oh! as easily
In huts where poverty and sorrow wait
To bar her path, as in the halls of kings,
Where gilded doorways gape to take her in.
Ever she makes her home in noble hearts,
Careless of clime or creed, like birds that build
Under mosque roof or Christian basilic
Their nests for loves and lives. But birth and blood,
What are these to her? when, alas! my lords,
Not the nice palate of the grave-yard worm

Knows the cast shell of vassal from a king's.
Ye smile, sirs. Sooth, for all your smiles and mine,
It may be that in God's great book of life
The blood a peasant poureth for his lord,
Is writ more precious than the stream that warms
The heart he died to keep at even beating.

This is a fine train of thought, expressed in language at once chaste and poetical. Here, too, is a passage full of fine fancy:

I have thought,
Listening to many a modern line and lay
Of minstrelsy excelling, that their strings
Strove for too great an utterance, and so missed
The ready road that quiet music finds
Right to the heart—like as an o'erstrained bow
Shoots past the butt. Dame Nature doth not thus;
And minstrels are her children, and should stand
Close at their mother's knee, to learn of her.
She strains not for her rainbows or her stars,
But with deft finger works her wonders in
With an unruffled quiet, a soul-felt
And unregardful strength; so that her storms,
Her calms, night, day, moon-risings and sunsets,
Wood-songs and river-songs, and waves and winds,
Come without noise of coming.

Both of these extracts shew that Mr Arnold possesses the true poetic insight, and has an ear well attuned to the 'concord of sweet sounds.' Of the minor poems in his volume, we have less to say, because they are more unequal than his chief work, which is faulty chiefly in its adherence to a story which would require to be modified for dramatic purposes, and likewise because we have no room to quote from them. A stanza or two we must give, however, from one short lyric, which, while it is fanciful, almost fantastic in point of subject, expresses feeling in a true, simple, and melodious way:

Where waitest thou,
Lady I am to love? Thou comest not—
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot;
I looked for thee ere now.

* * *

Where art thou, sweet?
I long for thee as thirsty lips for streams.
Oh! gentle promised angel of my dreams,
Why do we never meet?

* * *

Thou art as I—
Thy soul doth wait for mine as mine for thee;
We cannot live apart—must meeting be
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so!
That time doth keep for us some happy years,
That God hath portioned us our smiles and tears,
Thou knowest, and I know.

* * *

'Tis the May-light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping room;
And so, dear wife, good-night!

Leaving Mr Edwin Arnold—a poetical Cælebs—to renew his search for the lady whom he thus serenades, and venturing to express a hope that so sweet a singer may not be long allowed to pine, we turn to glance at a poem, *Gabriel*, by a lady, Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, who, rejecting all living subjects for her verse, has devoted several cantos to the memory of Shelley. Although we are disposed, in the full recollection of the poetical elements in the life and character of Shelley, to think that Miss Parkes might have selected a subject better suited to her gifts, and we might almost add, of more general interest, it must be admitted that she has written a few beautiful and even powerful verses in illustration of the poet's life, and eulogistic of his genius. Frequently, it is true—rather too frequently—we are reminded of Tennyson's enchanting music and modes of thought; but there are descriptive passages in *Gabriel* which are quite free from any such suggestiveness, and evince no ordinary powers of perception and expression. Here, for example, is a sketch of an Italian landscape, the plains of Lombardy, effective and truthful in all its parts:

I saw them last . . . .
When all the air with autumn scent was sweet,
And the long roads in white and glowing heat,
Strait as a track by which a bird hath flown,
Linked all the peasant land from town to town;
When the vine garlands hanging from the eaves
Cast the sharp shadow of their dainty leaves
On the hot wall, and nothing broke the hush
Save small birds twittering from bush to bush,
Or women singing at the cottage doors,
Or wagons passing with their sumptuous stores;
When little lizards lazily would crawl
Among the melons ripening on the wall,
And the bold urchins with their great black eyes,
In cool nook sheltered from the melting skies,
Curled up in idle comfort.

Here is even a more delicate and refined piece of description, in which the fancy is sweet and beautiful:

A house with open doors
Wide-set to catch the scented breeze,
While dimpling all the oaken floors,
Faint shadows of the swaying trees
Pass in and out like spectral things,
Dim creatures born of summer light,
Till through the deepening twilight springs
A paler radiance of the night.

Then softly in those silent hours
Fair faces grow upon the gloom,
And whispered words of unseen powers
Breathe onward with the garden bloom
Of roses clinging to the walls,
And lawns smooth mown with punctual shears;
While over roof and threshold falls
The peace of many hundred years.

Gabriel has many passages quite as good as the one we have just quoted; and the feeling, when it is not rhapsodical, finds expression in natural and graceful imagery. Still, the poetess might, we repeat, have chosen a subject in which the qualities of her verse would have told with more effect than they do in the work before us.

With the single and rather extraordinary exception of Mr Landor, the writers at whose pages we have been glancing have only entered the field in which they may some day win greater honours than, with all the merits we have touched upon, they are at present entitled to. Our taste for poetry is fastidious; and while the comparative scarcity of what is even endurable, has made us indulgent to every promising aspirant to the laurel, we must make a wide distinction between such promise as is put forth by the young poets we have been noticing, and those rare qualities that betoken future greatness. Still, we are not of those who believe that the race of great English poets is extinct. The title, it is true, is not only dormant at present, but it has not been claimed by any one whose pretensions are satisfactory; yet we are reluctant to believe that it will not be claimed. Meanwhile, with our long roll of great names, each secure in its immortality, we can wait patiently for those who will be worthy to rank with some of the giants of the olden time. It is otherwise with our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. Those of them who are not content with our common heritage of poetic wealth, have long been on the outlook for the great poet of America, the bard whose strains are to possess the power of its mighty rivers and the majesty of its primeval forests. No such phenomenon has yet appeared; but the band of singers whose melodious voices are heard by us across the ocean, has not very long ago received an accession in a youth of more than ordinary promise, whose latest and best work, *The House by the Sea*, now lies on our table. Thomas Buchanan Read, though quite unknown to those who have long been familiar with the names of Longfellow, Bryant, Edgar Poe, and James Russell Lowell, is destined, we think, to take as high a place in the literature of America as any of these, and perhaps to eclipse the most popular of them all. His first volume, published two or three years ago, gave evidence of fine poetic sensibilities, as well as a quick perception of, and a true feeling for, natural beauty. Free in a great measure from faults or weaknesses of imitation, he seemed likely to choose a path for himself, not by deviating into wild and eccentric ways, but by a quiet originality. His new poem, *The House by the Sea*, though very unequal, and not at all free from crudeness and occasional absurdities, is rich in gems of a pure lustre. The story is a fanciful one, in which characters and incidents of a natural kind are combined with phantoms and fanciful illusions. A fisherman's daughter, Ida, is wooed by a misanthropic lord named Roland, is carried off, after an attempted suicide, by—the spirit of a lady whom her suitor had previously loved, and is at length restored to the world of realities and of love. There is ample scope thus afforded for the exercise of the poet's imagination, and Mr Read avails himself of it, varying the rhythm of his verse and the flow of his fancy in effective correspondence with the incidents of his plot. He takes a wide range, and indulges in digressions which are sometimes tedious, but not unfrequently pardonable for the fine things they contain. We can select only a few of these; and our quotations shall be taken rather to shew the rich beauty of Mr Read's imagery, than to illustrate his management of the story. It is not difficult, generally speaking, to distinguish the pure pearl of the poet's imagination from the paste counterfeit, fingered and worked upon until it is impossible to conceal the marks of manufacture. In the case of much of the imagery in the poem before us, there is the fulness and delicacy of the true gem. Take the following as examples, the first descriptive of the echoes of wedding-bells:—

Still through the breathless moments after,
Like doves beneath the sheltering rafter,
Along the roof in faint decline,
The echoes whispered with voices fine.

The next—sunset and the early moon—is still more beautiful:

An hour too soon,
Like a wedding bark await
At a Venetian palace gate,
Floated the empty crescent moon,
Moored to a crimson cloud—a barge of state
In the sunset's bright lagune.

Scattered profusely over Mr Read's pages, there are similes, the full effect of which can be felt only when they are read in their natural connection; but even when detached, they are more notable than we find in much of the poetry now written, even by good poets: thus we have the poppy among the flowers, 'waving its fiery bowl of rich red wine;' the sky with 'the starry fleets of the shoreless night;' the snow-storm

Like a maniac murderer to and fro
Raving and flinging the scattering snow
Over the victim that mocks his despair,
With its unveiled face and tell-tale stare.

Mr Read seems now and then to have been led away by the warmth of his fancy; he occasionally flings the flowers about him, heedless of where they may fall, and forgetful that some things may almost be said to be prosified by imagery; this, however, is a fault which time will correct; and meanwhile the poet gives promise of being able, at a future period, to present us with something still better than he has yet done.

Here, then, we close our review of the more notable books of poetry lately published. Others there are which we might have included, had we been disposed to bid the reader listen to the echoes, as from point to point in the region of modern literature they catch up a music which is not their own, and give it forth in faint and short-lived cadences.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

In the month of May 1855, an Order in Council was issued by Her Majesty, appointing commissioners to deal with the long agitated question of appointments in the Civil Service. Before that time, though partial and irregular forms of testing the capacity and acquirements of persons nominated to some of the government offices, had been adopted, there was no general and regular system of ascertaining that the right man was likely to find his way into the right place. The system on which appointments were formerly made was simply that of nomination by the minister, who was commonly guided in his choice by the recommendations of his political supporters; and, disguise the matter how we may, there is no question that political influence had much more to do with the matter than any peculiar fitness on the part of the candidate. Not that members of parliament invariably, or even generally, recommended persons who were notoriously incompetent; but there was a laxness in the matter which certainly gave openings for an occasional intrusion of this kind. Here a check was wanted, and this the royal commission was intended, and seems admirably calculated, to supply. Nominations, it should be observed—for there has been a good deal of misconception on this point—are still, with a few partial exceptions, made in the old way. The commissioners have no power to select a candidate, and nominate or recommend him to government for any particular office; they are concerned only with such candidates as are sent to them from the different departments, whose qualifications they are required to test. In fact, they keep a turnpike, which only lets people through when they have complied with the stated demands.

Their duties are briefly these: they are bound to ascertain that every candidate who has been nominated to any junior situation in the Civil Service, is within the limits of age prescribed by the department to which he seeks admission; that he is physically capable of discharging the duties of that situation; that he bears a good moral character; and that he possesses sufficient knowledge and ability to fill his post without detriment or discredit to the public service.

The first Report of the commissioners, which was issued in April last, puts us in possession of the history of their labours up to the previous month. It is a Blue-book of folio size, containing nearly 250 pages; of which, however, the Report itself occupies not more than twenty; the rest of the book is taken up with appendixes, which are for the most part of great interest and value,* not merely to the Houses of Parliament and public functionaries, but to schoolmasters and teachers, who may here see the kind of knowledge most in demand; and so be enabled to regulate their course of instruction, as to make it most serviceable to their pupils. Nor does its usefulness stop here. A parent who has no particular view of seeking a government appointment for his son, will at least learn from it what is taken as a fair standard of a good business education. He will see what is made absolutely indispensable to a large class of persons whose education may be directed towards this end, and what will be regarded as essential to very many more, who, without having any definite expectation of a government office, will at least take care to qualify themselves for one, if it should be open to them; he will readily understand that the standard in other offices—in banks, commercial houses, and public companies—will be elevated with that of the government; and he will hence arrive at the conclusion, that if he means to fit his son for business at all, to place him on equal terms with his equals in age and station, he must provide him with an education which comes up to the requirements here set forth.

---

* The Report, with some of the more important appendixes, has been reprinted, under the sanction of the commissioners, by the Dean of Hereford. The price of this reprint is only eightpence, and we strongly recommend it to the attention of the public.

The first step taken by the commissioners after their appointment was to address a circular-letter to the authorities of the several departments, asking what subjects were especially required by them. The general result is expressed in the Report as follows:—'Good handwriting, correct spelling, and some knowledge of arithmetic, usually including vulgar and decimal fractions, are requirements which every department, almost without exception, has deemed to be necessary. And with respect to candidates for clerkships, or other analogous situations, most departments have, in addition to the before-mentioned subjects, required the power of making an abstract or *précis* of correspondence or official papers, and some acquaintance with English composition. When the business of a department has been mainly of a financial character, book-keeping, either by single or double entry, has been included amongst the necessary qualifications of a candidate. Other subjects have likewise been prescribed by some departments, which have less direct relation to the business to be transacted, but which test the general intelligence and education of the candidates; amongst them are the outlines of history, geography, Latin, or, as an alternative, some foreign language, either previously defined or left to the option of the candidate.'

Distinctions are carefully drawn in all cases between inferior situations, which chiefly demand physical activity and average capacity—such as appointments in dockyards, victualling-yards, several departments of the Inland Revenue, tide-waiters, &c.—and such junior situations as are but the first step towards higher and more responsible posts, when the candidate is fit for them. In the latter case, it is obvious that the examination must comprise a greater range of subjects, and go more deeply into them, than if it were intended to chain the unlucky functionary to his junior desk for the term of his natural life. Hence the remarks which have been somewhat freely made about the supposed absurdity of putting historical or classical questions to candidates for a situation at L.90 a year, are founded on an incorrect assumption. It is surely not too much to ask that a young man of respectability, who is placed in a situation which owes its chief value to its being considered as a step towards a better, should possess some sort of education beyond the mere technical routine of the duties he is at first called on to perform. If he has not some of the intelligence and intellectual refinement of a gentleman, he will cut but a poor figure in after-years, when his position might otherwise entitle him to mix in higher circles of society; nor will his presence be very acceptable in his own office, where such of the public as he may have to transact business with will be ready enough to find fault with him and make comments on his shortcomings, and where his juniors will hold him in something very like contempt.

The requirements of the different departments are of course not all the same; for instance, those for the clerks in the Somerset House branch of the Admiralty are as follows:—1. Writing English from dictation; 2. English composition, and making a précis or digest of papers or correspondence; 3. Geography; 4. Arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions); 5. A knowledge of the principles of book-keeping by double entry. And the candidate must satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners that he has received a liberal education, by shewing some proficiency in a subject comprised under one at least of the following heads:—1. Latin, or a modern language; 2. The leading points of English or modern history; 3. Algebra, Euclid, or any branch of mathematics or science.

In the offices of the different secretaries of state, the ability to make an abstract from official documents is regarded as a particularly important matter; in the diplomatic service, it is also necessary to be able to write French quickly and correctly from dictation, and to possess a good general acquaintance with that language, and some other modern language; and to have a knowledge of the history of the country to which the candidate is about to proceed. It is unnecessary to describe the requirements of each department in detail; they are in all substantially what we have mentioned.

But it is time to give some account of the working of the system. The following table shews the number of candidates in each department examined in London from the date of the Order in Council to the end of February:—Admiralty, 70; Audit Office, 20; Chelsea Hospital, 2; Civil Service Commissioners, 8; Colonial Land and Emigration Office, 2; Colonial Office (Ceylon writership), 1; Committee of Council on Education, 36; Customs, 157; Exchequer, 1; Factories Office, 1; Foreign Office (unpaid attaché), 1; General Register Office, 8; India Board, 4; Inland Revenue, 51; National Debt Office, 1; Police Court, 1; Poor-law Board, 1; Post Office, 30; Prisons Department, 6; Queen's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer's Office (Scotland), 1; Stationery Office, 3; Board of Trade, 3; Treasury, 6; War Department, 281; Office of Woods, 1; Office of Works, 1: total, 697. During the same period there were 381 candidates examined in the provinces, making a total of 1078. The number of certificates granted in the same interval was 676, and the number refused, 309. Thus we see that the system of examination has been the means of excluding a great many who were unfitted for the service—considerably more than one-fourth of the whole number examined.* From this fact, a suspicion might arise that the standard is fixed too high, did we not know how often it happens that, from interested motives, or even from mere careless good-nature, a recommendation is given without the least reference to the special fitness of the applicant for the post. If anything were wanted to shew the utility of the commissioners' labours, it is this result. In future, there will be less canvassing for nominations to situations which are obviously beyond the candidate's education, because the candidate himself, and his friends too, if their partiality does not overpower their judgment, will be unwilling to incur the hazard of rejection, which would act unfavourably on all his future prospects.

---

* We add the following additional particulars from a recent speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It will be seen that the proportion of candidates rejected has increased; but this increase is only apparent. As the principle of competition has been more extensively adopted, the number of candidates nominated has been of course greater than formerly; and their rejection implies not always their absolute unfitness, but only that in some branches a superior degree of knowledge has been displayed by some one else:—'Since the existing system was introduced in May 1855, up to the 30th of June in the present year, the number of candidates nominated was 2390, and of these 1055 were examined in London, and 693 in the provinces, making a total of 1748 persons examined. Certificates were granted to 564 persons on the London examinations, to 445 persons on the provincial examinations, and to 61 persons on the reports of heads of departments; making a total of 1070 persons to whom certificates were granted. The number of certificates refused on the London examinations was 318, and on the provincial 238; making a total of 556 certificates refused against 1070 granted. Therefore the result was as nearly as possible that two persons succeeded in obtaining certificates to one who failed.'

We shall now try to shew that the rules laid down by the commissioners have not been unnecessarily stringent. 'The higher examination-papers,' they say, 'contain, in some cases, as many as forty questions: but, either by the printed rules, or by a memorandum at the head of the paper, candidates have been desired to answer *two* under each head, and then to proceed with any others which they might choose to select. The object of proposing so great a variety, has been to insure to each, as far as possible, an opportunity of satisfying the condition prescribed. No one who has complied with this requisition has been rejected on the ground of deficiency in arithmetic; and, on the other hand, many whose performances have fallen below this standard have received certificates of qualification.' A lithograph, in imitation of manuscript, full of every kind of bad spelling, is set before the candidate, who has to make a fair copy in a corrected form. Even here, the commissioners have put the most lenient construction on all doubtful cases; and they add that 'bad writing has probably in a good many instances sheltered bad spelling.' The rejections to be enumerated under this head are, '41 for deficiencies in spelling alone; 23 for deficiencies in both spelling and writing; 27 for deficiencies in both spelling and arithmetic; and 72 for deficiencies in spelling combined with other faults.'

In the case of Latin and modern foreign languages, the rejections on these grounds only are but ten; in all other cases, there was a want of knowledge in other subjects which would have warranted rejection. Not a single candidate has been turned back on the sole ground of history and geography; and in those cases where the commissioners have reported a deficiency in these, combined with other subjects which would have warranted rejection, there has been either a total omission, or a gross and discreditable ignorance, 'with no accurate knowledge whatever to justify a favourable decision.'

The commissioners observe that they have felt some difficulty in deciding what should be the minimum of handwriting. 'We know,' they say, 'no better definition than that which we find in the rules for examination authorised by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, namely—"That good handwriting should consist in the clear formation of the letters of the alphabet." Having regard to the use, in several departments, of copying-machines, we conceive that the requirement of the Committee of Council on Education in this respect, "that the handwriting should be rapid, neat, and of that even stroke which allows legible copies to be taken by pressing," would be reasonable and useful in various cases.' It is added, that as yet they have been unable to place the standard of writing generally on this satisfactory footing; and that if they had insisted on it, the public service would have been obstructed by a great number of rejections. They further express a hope, 'that in a short time, when it shall have become publicly known that such good handwriting as is above described is indispensable, the candidates who are sent to us will have made themselves masters of an accomplishment which we believe it to be within the power of every diligent person to attain.' In this hope we concur; but we are bound to add, that the fault does not always rest with the candidate himself—it is often the result of injudicious teaching. Many writing-masters think it the height of good penmanship to write like a copperplate engraving, with excessively fine up-strokes and thick down-strokes, and in very many cases slanting so much as to occupy a great surface, and still be very imperfectly legible. Flourishes, too, long tops to the h's and long tails to the g's, are encouraged, much to the detriment of an even, regular style of writing, and to the needless consumption of time and paper.

The system of competition has been introduced to a partial extent, thirteen competitive examinations having been held prior to the 1st of March last—most of them for the War Department. The total number of situations competed for was fifty-eight; the number of candidates who had received nominations was 247, but some of these subsequently withdrew from the contest, and others were not within the prescribed limits of age, so that the number actually examined was only 175. The commissioners say regarding them, that 'both in the competitive examination for clerkships in our own and in other offices, those who have succeeded in obtaining the appointments have appeared to us to possess considerably higher attainments than those who have come in upon simple nomination; and we may add, that we cannot doubt that if it be adopted as a usual course to nominate several candidates to compete for each vacancy, the expectation of this ordeal will act most beneficially on the education and industry of those young persons who are looking forward to public employment.'

A resolution passed the House of Commons a short time ago in favour of throwing all the government offices entirely open to competition. No doubt such a course would give admission to many men of education and ability who have no political influence, and who have therefore at present not the slightest chance of success. There might, however, be some fear lest by this means that which is now a very useful check upon improper appointments, might degenerate into an encouragement of that absurd system of *cramming*, which is very popular with many men who are sincerely earnest in their desire to promote the spread of useful knowledge, but which, so far as we are able to judge, would in the long-run be far from beneficial to the public service.* In this view the House seems at last to concur; and the government having wisely shewn a desire to carry out the principle in a modified form, and only so far as it can be done without risk of introducing fresh evils, the question may be considered as settled for the present.

A DUTCH NOVELIST.

It is a common remark, that relatives sometimes know less of each other, than of those who are in no way connected with them. However this may apply to social life, there is no doubt it holds good in literary matters. The English and Dutch languages, for example, are closely cognate, both being Low Germanic dialects, and offering in numerous points the strongest resemblance; yet how few of the educated Britons, who understand French and other modern tongues of Europe, could read a page of a Dutch author! There is, we believe, a general impression abroad that the literature of Holland is little worth; indeed, the very name of a 'Dutch poet' or a 'Dutch novelist' would be regarded as provocative of mirthful derision.

Our German neighbours, however, are kinder and more just than we are to our Dutch cousins. A critic of the former nation writing lately of Mr Van Beets, calls him 'der holländische Dickens.' Without entirely endorsing this high praise, there certainly are many points of similitude between the two writers.

---

* It was well observed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that in the plan of open competition, persons residing at a distance from the place of examination would be practically excluded from government employ, as it would not be worth their while to incur the expense of a journey to London on an uncertainty. Thus nearly all appointments would be given to inhabitants of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, or the neighbouring districts.

Mr Van Beets, who writes under the *nom de plume* of Hildebrand, is now the most popular novelist of Holland. His writings are, we believe, quite unknown in this country; and we trust we shall gratify our readers by giving a few translated extracts from one of his latest tales, *The Regge Family.*

The story is narrated by Hildebrand in the first person: there is very little plot in it; for our author rather excels in the delineation of character, and the graphic and minute description of inanimate objects, than in the elaboration of exciting incidents. The scene is laid in Leyden, when Hildebrand was a student in the university. He became acquainted with a young fellow-student, a gentle lad, whose family resided at Demerara. William Regge was attacked by a low fever, under which he gradually sank; and, despite of the care of a skilful physician, it became evident that death was approaching.

'A few hours before he breathed his last, his consciousness returned. He drew from his finger a ring, set with a small diamond, and bearing the initials E. M. "Keep that," he said, with a trembling but emphatic voice; "it was very, very dear to me." These were his last words.'

The duty of writing to Demerara, to acquaint William Regge's family with his death, devolved upon Hildebrand; and he received in reply from the lad's father a letter overflowing with expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had shewn his son.

'Two years afterwards, the Regge family came to the Netherlands, and settled themselves in the city of R——. I received notice of this event by the arrival of a case of Havana cigars, accompanied by the following odd little note:—

"A small smoke-offering of gratitude on our arrival in our mother-country. Come to R——, and you shall be heartily welcomed by your faithful

JAN. ADAM. REGGE."

'A short time after the receipt of this smoke-offering—which my student-friends, by the way, had helped me to dispose off speedily—I was musing one morning over my solitary breakfast, when I heard a noise of footsteps upon the stairs, and a loud voice exclaiming: "Higher still?—the deuce! why, 'tis in the attics. *Sakkerloot!** how dark it is! I'm a chicken if I can see a bit!"

'The door opened, and there entered a stout healthy-looking man between forty and fifty years old. His countenance was far from refined, but its expression was jovial and good-natured. His bronze complexion bore evidence of a hot climate. He had laughing gray-blue eyes and thick black whiskers. He wore a green over-coat, which he immediately unbuttoned, and displayed a suit of black clothes, with a satin vest and a heavy gold watch-chain. In his hand he held a handsome cane with an amber top.

"Regge!" he exclaimed, as I, somewhat surprised, stood up to greet him—"Regge, the father of William. I have come to see you, the museum, and the fortress; and it will give me the greatest pleasure if you will consent to accompany me home."

'I expressed my satisfaction at becoming personally acquainted with the father of my deceased friend.

"Yes," said Mr Regge, taking out his watch, "it was a pity about the boy: he might have been a fine fellow if he had lived. It grieves my soul to think of it." Then drawing back the window-curtain, he continued: "You live here almost in the clouds; but 'tis a pleasant situation. This is the Breestraat, is it not?"

"Yes. William lived just opposite—there, where you see the ladder standing."

"Indeed? So you were near neighbours! Yes, 'twas a pity, a great pity. Sakkerloot! is that a portrait of Walter Scott? You read English? A fine language, is it not? Do you think I can procure here a complete edition of Walter Scott?—but it must be a handsome, expensive one; none of your paper covers: the children would tear them to pieces at once." Then looking again at his watch: "At what hour does the museum close? I must see the menagerie too. Can I also take a look at the academy? What more is there to see?"'

After going through an active course of sight-seeing with Mr Regge, Hildebrand accepted that gentleman's urgent invitation to go on a visit to his house, which, with its various inmates, is graphically described.

'Madame Regge was rather short of stature, younger than her husband, and browner than her daughter. Her toilet was magnificent, and she looked pleased at my visit, yet somewhat at a loss what to say. Miss Henrietta came to her assistance. It is a good invention for some mothers that of having grown-up daughters. She rose from the sofa to greet me, and the black servant placed a chair for me nearer to her than to her mamma.

"Papa had spoken so much of Mr Hildebrand, that she felt as if they had met before. Papa would be home very soon: some urgent business had forced him to go out."

'Indeed she was a pretty girl this eldest daughter of Mr Regge. She had poor William's finely-cut nose and mouth, but her eyes were larger and brighter than his. Her hair hung in shining ringlets round her pale but polished cheeks: she was dressed in a becoming white muslin *negligée*, and wore no other ornament than a splendid ruby ring, which attracted the eye to her soft little hands.

'The handsome brunette filled up every pause in the conversation by talking to a splendid white cockatoo with a yellow crest, which stood beside her on a perch. She fed him with crumbs of biscuit, and I felt quite uneasy when his cruel-looking beak approached her pretty fingers.

"Oh, he begins to speak so nicely. He has begun to know my name. Coco, call your mistress;" and she stroked Coco's head so tenderly, that I began to wish myself in his place.

'The pet settled his horny lips, as if preparing to obey. At length he came out with: "Scratch my head!"

'This was clearly a mistake, and Coco paid dearly for it. His mistress's eyes glowed with anger, and her pretty hand inflicted a very smart slap on his head with a gold needle-case. The bird, then, with slanting head and very short steps, retired to the furthest end of his perch, and held himself there in a defensive position, with one claw raised up, looking very like a school-boy whom his master has threatened with punishment.

"Papa, just out of mischief, teaches him such expressions," said the angry young lady; "but I think 'tis very improper."

'Mamma looked somewhat apprehensively at her daughter. I thought of starting some fresh topic, and was on the point of calling the portraits on the wall to my aid, when Mr Regge himself entered.

"My dearest friend!" he exclaimed, as if we had been all our lives, as the albums say, "fondly linked together by the tenderest bonds of friendship"—"my dearest friend, I'm charmed to see you! Haven't you taken anything yet? What will you have? Madeira, Teneriffe, Malaga, Constantia? My love, ring at once for refreshments. Oh, poor Coco, what are you sulking about there?"

"He has had a scolding, papa, for speaking other words besides those which I taught him."

"All nonsense! The more words the better. Puss, puss, scratch my head!"

---

* A Dutch expletive, of which I know not the exact English equivalent.—*Tr.*

"Papa, I beg you will not"——

"Well, well, Henny, my dear, I won't do it again. But what do you say of our guest, Mr Hildebrand? And what does Mr Hildebrand say of my daughter?"

'We both, I suppose, looked somewhat confused, and had nothing whatever to say of each other. Miss Henrietta got up, and began to search eagerly for some book on the piano.'

The remainder of the scene, on the entrance of the younger members of the family, is well described. They went in to dinner.

'I remarked that there was one vacant chair; and when we had all taken our places, there entered a little thin lady, of still darker complexion than Madame Regge. She seemed to be about sixty years old, and her hair was quite gray. She was dressed entirely in black, save that she wore round her neck a bright red Indian silk handkerchief. She was followed by a large handsome dog, which, as soon as she had taken her place, laid his head on her lap; and she frequently rested her brown hand on it. There was something impressive in the whole appearance, yet no one seemed to take much notice. The children called the old lady grandmamma; but I almost thought the name was given in jest. She herself spoke very little, and only in monosyllables; but I saw her once shake her head very significantly, when Mr Regge said that "he had completed the purchase of a new carriage, and they should all now ride comfortably to church." "Come, come," said he, "no head-shaking!—that's all nonsense. It will be the handsomest turn-out in the whole city; none of the great nobs will be able to shew anything like it. I have been designing a coat-of-arms for it—a shield with a golden wedge* on a silver field, surrounded by a wreath of sugar-canes and coffee-beans."

"I'd rather put J. A. R. on it," said the old lady drily. "You might have the letters painted with as many flourishes as you liked."'

Many scenes follow descriptive of domestic life in Holland, and various friends of the family are introduced. We prefer, however, extracting the following sketch of the grandmother:—

'When I went into the library one morning after breakfast, I found there the old lady sitting by the fire, in a large, low arm-chair, with red leather back and cushions. A small table stood before her, supporting an octavo English Bible, in which she was reading attentively; besides, she held a piece of knitting in her hand. Her large handsome dog sat beside her chair, and watched her closely. With his good-natured eyes, he followed every movement of her head and of her hand, as she turned over a page, or looked off her Bible for a moment, in order to reckon the stitches of her knitting.

'Of all the individuals composing the household, she was the one of whom I knew least; for she never appeared except at dinner, and always retired the moment it was over. Was it that alone which excited my curiosity? or was it her grave, quiet, reserved demeanour—the few, short, intelligent, but sometimes severe words which she spoke, and the attachment of her large dog? However it might be, I longed heartily to enter into conversation with her. She did not seem to remark my entrance; and as I took a seat and opened a book, I heard her repeat half aloud that beautiful passage in St Paul: "For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it;" Rom. viii. 24, 25.

'She pushed the Bible a little away, and leaned back in her chair, as if to think over what she had read; she softly repeated the words: "Then do we with patience wait for it." Suddenly observing my presence, she said: "You will bear with me here to-day, sir. My own room is being arranged, and so I am forced to come here."

"You lead a very lonely life, madame," I replied. "Your infirmities, perhaps, hinder you"——

"O no!" interrupted she, with a loud voice. "I am strong enough. My head is strong; our family have no weakness amongst them. But I am no longer fit for society: I have become too sad, too severe. I should be only a burden and an annoyance. This book"—touching her Bible—"this book is my companion."

'She was silent for a few minutes, and with her brown hand stroked the head of her dog. Then, sitting upright in her chair, she said: "You have now been here two days, Mr Hildebrand; and the origin of your acquaintance with the family is of a nature that —— Tell me, has any one spoken to you even once of dear William?"

"It grieves me, madame, that I must answer in the negative. No one here has exchanged a single word with me about William."

"Did I not think so!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and uttering a deep sigh, followed by a mournful smile. "I knew it well; ah! I knew it well."

'She gazed sorrowfully at her dog, which, as though he understood her grief, laid his fore-paws on her lap, and raised his head towards her face, in order to caress her.

"And yet he is not three years dead, Dian!" she said, taking the dog's paw; "dear Willie is not quite three years dead. I'll answer for it," she exclaimed with energy, "that the *dog* has not forgotten him."

'For some moments she sat in a silent reverie, which I did not venture to interrupt. "He was the apple of my eye!" she cried suddenly; "my darling, my chosen one, my treasure!" Then, more calmly: "He was a dear boy, a very dear boy: was he not, Mr Hildebrand?"

"That he was," I said.

"And when he went away," continued the grandmother, "I felt as if it were whispered to me that I should never see him again; and Dian held him back by his cloak. Was it not so, Dian? Willie should not have gone away. He ought to have remained, and grown up in the house with your mistress; and, if he were to die, then at least his grandmother would have closed his eyes. Who did it for him?"

'It was pleasant to my heart to be able to assure her that I had done so.

"Indeed!" she said, with a soft smile; "I bless you." And she looked at me with a long and fixed gaze.

"This handkerchief," she said, after a pause, touching the Indian silk one which she wore around her neck, "he forgot when he was going away, and returned to take it. The poor boy had need of it, for I might have washed it in his tears. I wiped his eyes with it, and then asked him to let me keep it. This handkerchief and these letters are my only comfort."

'She opened her Bible in several places, and shewed me the letters which she had received from William, and which she kept between the pages of the book. She took one up, and paused over the direction. "He wrote a beautiful hand; did he not?" she said, handing me the letter.

'I read the address: "To Madame E. Marrison." E. M.!—these were the initials engraven on the ring which he had given me on his death-bed. I had woven a romance around that ring: in those letters I had read the initials of some lovely girl whose young heart was devoted to William. But how much more touching was this pledge of simple affection between grandmother and grandchild! Although I was not in the habit of wearing the ring, I had put it on my finger during the last two days. I now drew it off.

---

* Reg means a wedge in Dutch.

"This token of remembrance," I said, "he gave me on his death-bed. He commended it to me as something which he held most precious." The face of the old lady lighted up; and now for the first time her dark rigid eyes filled with tears.

"My own ring!" she exclaimed. "Yes, I gave it to him in exchange for the handkerchief. Did he always wear it?"

"Till within a few hours of his death."

"And he said that it was very precious to him? My darling! And did he spend his last little strength in saying so? And were his last thoughts on his grandmother? Look, Dian," she continued, addressing the dog; "this is your mistress's little ring which dear Willie wore. He did not forget us, Dian, and we have not forgotten him, although others—— Ah, sir," she said, turning to me, "my daughter was at first in great grief, but she does not feel deeply: she was the youngest and the last surviving, but not the most sensitive of my children. Besides, she has many other young ones. But I, I had fixed my heart on William; he bore the name of his grandfather, my own brave William. And he was always so frank, so gentle, so tender towards me. He was a dear child! How can we do without him, Dian?"

'Then came a short pause.

"Regge is a good man," she continued. "He is good-natured, hospitable, and sincere; but he is full of false shame; he would not be seen with a tear in his eye. He drowns his better feelings with noise and laughter. When he married Hannah, she was a wild young thing, running about the plantation with her dogs. He has not tried to guide her or to develop her character; she watches him, she follows his example, and by exercising judicious influence, he might have made her anything he chose. Sometimes I feel angry with Regge, and therefore I choose to live alone. He does not understand me; and then there is never, never a word uttered about dear William. But *we* talk about him—do we not, Dian?" and she stroked the animal gently on the head. "We speak of him; he was so fond of the dog, and the dog had played with him from his childhood. When I look long at Dian, I fancy that I still see little Willie playing with him!"

'She took up the ring again.

"When you are going away, I will restore it to you," she said; "but let me keep it until then."

"Keep it for your whole life, madame," I said; "you have a greater and a tenderer right to it than I." And I offered her my hand.

"My whole life!" she repeated; "I could wish that that might not be long. I am not fit for this country. My father was an Englishman, but my mother was a native of the West Indies, through several descents. The light is here too faint, the sun too pale. It cost me much to forsake the bright west; but my only child, and the grave of my grandchild, drew me hither. Besides, they would not leave me after them. I might not remain in that house where I had my William before me. I had to take leave of the fields where I had seen him play, where he used to ride his little pony before my eyes. I will see his grave for once. I will sleep beside him in the strangers' land."

'Dian, which had mournfully laid his head on his mistress's lap, now raised it up, and looked earnestly in her face. A tear stood in her eye—"And what will then become of Dian?"'

The Regge family had some excellent cousins named De Groot; but as they were only bakers, Miss Henrietta ignored the connection as much as possible, and avoided the society of her pretty and amiable cousin Sarah.

'"Henrietta," said Mr Regge one day, "you are going out this evening."

"Where, papa?"

"To cousin De Groot's for the gilding."

"For what?"

"For the cake-gilding," replied her father. "Sakkerloot! in my youth, I often did it. Ladies, bachelors, pigs, bedsteads, Adam and Eve, sheep—the whole shopful! Don't you know that this is the feast of St Nicholas?"

"*I* go to gild cakes at the De Groots! No, thank you, papa, I certainly shall not."

"You must, love," said her father; "I promised for you: you can't be off of it—'tis quite a ladies' party."

"And what sort of ladies visit the De Groots?" asked the fair one contemptuously.

"How do I know, Miss Henny?" said her father, with visible embarrassment, pushing up the little cap which he usually wore to cover the baldness on the top of his head. "I'm a civet-cat if I can tell! Our cousin mentioned several: Miss Riet, Miss Dekker, and many others—all very respectable young ladies, he said."

"And why did not Sarah mention it to me when she was here yesterday?"

"Because I suppose she forgot."

"Because I suppose she did not venture," said Henrietta scornfully.

"Henrietta, dear," said her papa, "I wish very much you would be more friendly with the De Groots. When we first came here as strangers, they did us many kind services. Our cousin is an excellent and honourable man: is it his fault that he is not one of your grandees, and does not wear lemon-coloured kid-gloves, like our friend Van der Hoogen? Indeed, darling, you must go."

"Oh, very well," replied the young lady, biting her pretty lip; "but if I play badly at the concert on Friday, it will be your fault."

"Don't be cross, love!" said the indulgent father. "This is a beautiful day; I have ordered the greys to be harnessed to the barouche, in order to shew Hildebrand some of the country. You'll come with us, Henny?"

"I have a letter to write and music to copy," said the young lady, opening her desk; and taking out a sheet of perfumed paper, she began to write with much diligence.

"We'll have, then, to go alone: 'tis too cold for your mamma."

'A pause ensued.

"Is your toilet all in readiness for Friday, dear?"

"I don't know."

"Would you not like something new—a chain, a bracelet, or anything of that sort?"

"No, papa."

'The barouche came to the door; the young lady was still sullen.

'We took our leave, and stepped into the carriage.

"The poor child is a little out of sorts," said her father, as soon as we were seated. "Young girls have fifty whims; one must not be too hard upon them. And Henrietta has *a great deal of character!*"'

Then follows a graphic description of their drive, and of an interview with an old gardener, to whose nursery-grounds they went in order to purchase a nosegay.

'When we returned, Henrietta seemed to have quite got over her ill-temper, and received us with smiles. When her father gave her the beautiful flowers he had purchased, she looked ashamed, and her bright eyes filled with tears.

"You are a dear papa," she said, kissing him, and stroking his hair with her little hand. "I do not deserve it," she whispered, laying her head on his breast.

"All nonsense!" exclaimed he; "a man must be good-natured sometimes."

'I began to have a better opinion of Henrietta. The cockatoo screamed: "Sweet lady!"'

Despite of this transient fit of amiability, however, Miss Henrietta finds means to avoid accepting the invitation; and Hildebrand, in the evening, sets off by himself to join the gilding-party at the De Groots. On arriving there, he made, as requested, the young lady's apology. He says:

'My message seemed to cause great concern to Madame de Groot, who had hoped to shew off her "cousin Henrietta." The young-lady guests also expressed their disappointment; but, in my private opinion, they felt it a relief to be without the presence of so fine a lady. A general whispering ran amongst them, terminating in a solo declaration from Grietjen Van Buren, that "it was a great pity for Miss Regge to miss so pleasant an amusement as gilding."

"It looks very pretty," said I, watching Miss Van Buren, as she took a cake, in the form of a frigate, and laid a strip of gold-leaf on its pennant. "I long to try my 'prentice-hand. Will you admit me amongst your party?"

'Shouts of merry laughter resounded in reply, renewed and redoubled when the girls found I was quite in earnest.

'For this fine art of gilding four things are essential—namely, the cake which is to be ornamented, the goldbeater's leaf, a fine pencil, and the little soft bushy tail of a hare or rabbit; the last article being used to press and smooth down the gilding after it has been laid on. At one end of the table sat the pretty Sarah, busily dispensing the various cakes which, under the special patronage of St Nicholas, were to undergo the process. Various were the shapes they assumed: young ladies, old bachelors, sheep, gardens of Eden, soldiers, pigs, horsemen, and carriages. Madame de Groot, at the other end, dispensed both tea and strips of leaf-gold of various widths. Several small cups of water were on the table, for the purpose of moistening the gilding.

'I began to work, like the others — awkwardly enough, I daresay, for shouts of laughter hailed my first attempt at decorating the tail of a fat pig.

"Is the gentleman to eat all that he spoils?" asked one roguish blue-eyed damsel.

'Now, my readers, who perhaps are inclined to despise this noble art of cake-gilding, must by no means imagine that it is a simple, easy matter to excel in it. 'Tis certainly easy enough to make a twopenny pig, one streak of gold for the ground, and another round his body—a child could do that. But sixpenny ladies and bachelors, with the proper folds in their dresses, and all the minutiæ of their respective equipments, are not so readily despatched. Then, in the garden of Eden, Eve is to be placed next an apple-tree filled with spotty golden apples; and great care must be taken not to make the serpent's tail angular instead of round. To represent a full-rigged ship-of-war, with golden ropes and ladders, as Miss Van Buren did; or a coach and horses, with the lash of the coachman's whip curling like a corkscrew, which Miss de Riet achieved—that is quite another affair. Oh! there is gilding and gilding! And one thing I found by experience, when I was putting forth all my skill in decorating a full-dressed lover, that care must be taken not to moisten the gold-leaf too much, else it will become quite dull—and what's the good of a dull lover?'

The evening's amusements concluded with a merry game of forfeits, which seems to be played in Holland according to the English fashion.

Several excellent scenes—some pathetic, and some gay—follow. After disposing of the various characters introduced, the story concludes thus: 'And the grandmother? She is no longer amongst the living. According to her last wish, she rests in the churchyard at Leyden, by the side of her darling. Her dog survived her but a few days. Shortly after her death, I received a small packet, which she had directed to be sent to me. It contained the handkerchief, the ring, and these words written in English: "Think of dear William and his grandmother, E. Marrison."'

ANCIENT AND MODERN ENGINEERING.

Such is the progress of civilisation in the last half-century, that the same rate continued downwards would land us at utter barbarism a long way this side of the Norman Conquest; and, assuming a uniformity of advance with our own experience, we are often apt to regard the arts and sciences of the ancient world as immeasurably below the standard of the day. Hence the assertion is somewhat startling, that in our engineering operations, in which we are wont so complacently to compare ourselves with our immediate forefathers, as regards palpable results actually produced, we have barely reached, certainly not surpassed, the highwater-mark of old.

It is characteristic of modern times, that the greatest labours and noblest efforts have had for their object facility of communication between the members of the human family. Now, it is not to be maintained that the world ever witnessed a better system of roads than at present; for, setting aside the excellences of railways, we have to remember that they are but duplicates of another set, and that as well paved and constructed as any but the very best of antiquity. Yet still our point is, no one individual road can be named that would have much cause to triumph over the Flaminian, or Great Northern, from Rome to Ariminum; the Aurelian, or coast-road, to Forum Julii (Frejus); or the Appian—'the queen of roads'—to Brundusium. If the Appian has no Box Tunnel, the Great Western has no Pomptine Marshes; and if the English is the better in level, in length the Roman has the advantage.

Again, as a piece of boring, let us take the emissary of Lake Fucinus. This emissary or drain, conceived by Julius Cæsar, and executed by Claudius, leads direct from Lake Fucinus to the Liris (Garigliano)—something more than three miles distant. For more than a mile, the tunnel passes under a mountain, of which the highest part is 1000 feet above the level of the lake; and this through cornelian so hard, that every inch required to be worked by chisel. The remaining part is not much below the level of the earth, and vaulted with brick. The mouth is a Doric arch, 19 feet high, and 9 wide. Such a work—30,000 workmen were employed eleven years—need not shrink from comparison with the Thames Tunnel, whose whole extent is about 1300 feet, with a breadth of 38, and height 22 feet.

For embankment and viaduct, we may go back another thousand years. The dimensions of the walls of Babylon, according to Herodotus, may be reckoned as follows: total length, 55 miles; height, 340 feet; thickness, 85 feet. This, it has been computed, would give a viaduct for five or six lines of railway, of the height of St Paul's Cathedral, carried from Shoreditch station to Cambridge. The mere laying of bricks would have employed 178,000 men eleven months, on a very moderate calculation. Yet the Greenwich Railway, with its thousand arches, was regarded—partly, perhaps, from being one of the earliest in England—as a prodigy of art. The Wall of China must be mentioned as a remarkable illustration of the design of ancient works contrasted with that of modern. A million of labourers, or rather slaves, were employed five years to construct a wall 1500 miles long: a work that cut off China from its enemies and from civilisation. We shall have the best contrast with this, when the long promised rail between Dover and Calais shall be a thing done. However, the very conception sufficiently illustrates our point: in the one case, China was immured by a jealous tyrant, and has pined and dwindled; in the other, private enterprise aspires to unloose the zone of Old Ocean's favourite daughter. We will just allude to the Cloaca Maxima of Tarquinius Priscus—three arches, one within the other; the inmost being a half-circle, of 14 feet in diameter, all of hewn stone—and then pass to what we think the strongest point of ancient engineers, their aqueducts. Perhaps the noblest work of the kind in modern days is that of the River Croton, which supplies New York. An artificial channel, built with square stones, supported on solid masonry, is carried over valleys, through rivers, under hills, on arches and banks, or through tunnels and bridges, for 40 miles. Not a pipe, but a condensed river, arched over to keep it pure and safe, is made to flow at the rate of a mile and a half an hour towards the city. Yet what is even this, in comparison with the works at Rome for a similar purpose? The Aqua Appia was some 10 miles long, all under ground but the last 60 passus—not half a mile. The Anio Vetus was 43 miles long, of which only one-quarter of a mile was above ground; the Aqua Marcia, upwards of 50 miles; and still greater, the Anio Novus, 59 miles long, some of its arches being 109 feet high. There were nine aqueducts, all existing in the time of Frontinus, which furnished Rome with a supply of water equal to that carried down a river 30 feet broad and 6 deep, at the rate of 30 inches a second! With this as an actual work, it is humiliating to compare the New River—not 30 miles long, furnishing, as the too boastful authority from which I derive my information assures me, 214,000 hogsheads, of 63 gallons each, every twenty-four hours! Yet is this puny clay-cutting a more glorious monument of human power. The fortune of Sir Hugh Middleton was sacrificed not only for the good of his fellow-citizens by the introduction of the New River, but for the perpetual good of his fellow-men, by the introduction of a new idea — the idea of private cooperation. Herein, in the substitution of co-operation for coercion, lies our real superiority.

When the human race was in its infancy, and, as it were, incapable of the privilege of self-protection, Providence raised up individual minds, who might, from selfish considerations, yet not the less effectually, remedy some of the most urgent wants of the helpless weakling. The despotic will of the tyrant was a temporary substitute for a more reasonable government; and necessary works, that could not be undertaken by men in a state of disunion, were executed by the wantonness of ostentatious ambition. As civilisation has advanced, and man's gregarious nature been developed, one after another of these stern *locum tenentes* has disappeared. Perhaps the building of St Petersburg is one of the last of the achievements of slave-labour in Europe. Ere that time, a new principle had been adopted in a more favoured meridian. The first efforts of a 'Company' were feeble —so had been the first efforts of despotism; but despotism was tied within certain limits, of which the Company knows none. The tyrant cannot entail his schemes upon his successor, even when palpably beneficial; and the princely engineers of old could better trust to blocks of stone and iron clamps in the works themselves, than to those who were to come after them. Hence the astounding ruins that were laid upon the earth's surface—piled by the hands of giants

> For the godlike kings of old—

a supply of durability greater than the demand. But the 'company,' the 'society,' the 'association,' never dies. Obvious to every one must be the amount of valuable labour sacrificed by tyranny. Despotism, and despotism only, it is true, could have irrigated the plain of the Euphrates, or carried pure water to Samos or Rome; but despotism has also to answer for such empty freaks of power as the tower of Belus, the treasury of Atreus, the Pyramids, and the Labyrinth. How much nearer, then, upon the whole, the asymptote humanity has approached perfection, and in what way, we say again, is still an open question.

STEPHEN.

The sun shone brightly through the emblazoned windows, where ancient crest and arms of many quarterings — rich with gorgeous hues — flung their gay shadows on the floor, like a shattered rainbow, engraven as it fell, or as gems thrown in playful mood by fairy fingers; the same bright hues, quivering in the sunbeams, danced lightly among the grotesquely carved oak figures which formed the cornice of the general sitting-room of the old manor-house at B——. Mr Somerville, the owner of the place, was a kind-hearted, fine old gentleman, though somewhat testy; moreover, he had a particular aversion to having his evening-nap disturbed by appeals to him as a magistrate, and yet, at the same time, no one could be more tenacious of the power and dignity appending to the office; and while endeavouring to impress on the mind of the culprit a due respect for justice as the *law*, he seldom failed to instil a suitable regard for the justice as a man. Seated in a most luxurious chair, with one foot resting on the low ottoman, from which his daughter had just risen, where she had been reading to him the last article on the corn-law—the sweet evening-breeze playing gently among the few gray locks which still shaded his temples—he had just fallen into a light slumber, when the door was opened, and a voice startled him into wakefulness saying: 'Please, sir, Gracey Norton's little boy says you told him to come up to the house to-day.'

'To-day! to-day!—did I? But this is almost night —he must come again to-morrow; I cannot be so broken in upon during the few hours business leaves for repose; no, no—tell him he must—ah! well, stay; let him come in;' and a child of ten years old came forward into the room. His attenuated form and shrunken cheek betokened a sad want of nourishing food, and his scant yet clean clothing bespoke a long acquaintance with poverty; but his full, clear, intelligent eye, and firm, well-formed mouth, told of a spirit within capable of enduring the cares with which his young life had become familiar.

'Well, Stephen,' said Mr Somerville, leaning back in his chair, and bringing his other foot to bear upon the one already at rest—'well, what say the guardians? What will they allow your mother during her illness?' The boy hung down his head, and stooped to notice a beautiful little spaniel that stood by his side. 'Speak up, my boy; I don't hear you,' said the old gentleman, leaning forward.

'They won't give nothing, sir,' replied Stephen in a broken voice, but manfully checking the tears that were fast gathering in his eyes.

'Not allow anything! But I say they must. I say they—— What reason did they give?'

'This little Carlo;' and the words burst forth in a sob.

'How?—what had Carlo to do with it?'

'They say,' returned the boy, now raising his eyes as if to ask for sympathy from the fair young girl who appeared to be gazing on him with some degree of interest—'they say they can't give nothing to mother, whiles we keep this;' and again he stooped to meet the caresses of his little companion.

'Oh, the dog!—ay, certainly; very true: you must put away the dog. The parish cannot be expected to allow pay for the support of dogs.'

'He never eats nothing of mother's share,' said the child deprecatingly; ''tis only a bit of what her gives to me.'

'Ay, that's it; the dog eats what you ought to have, and what your mother can barely spare. Yes, yes—you must part with the dog, without a doubt: perhaps you could sell it, for it is a pretty little thing, and the money would then buy bread for your mother.' The poor boy now took the dog up in his arms, and pressed him fondly to his breast, but said not a word. 'Go to Martin,' continued Mr Somerville; 'perhaps he may be able to put you in the way of selling him; but get rid of him you *must*.'

Large tears now rolled down the pale cheeks of the poor child as he murmured: 'He has been like a little brother to me;' and he pressed him still closer in his arms. There was a pause; Mr Somerville coughed; and the boy continued: 'Squire Thompson gived him to father to drown when he was a little blind pup; but I begged him of father, and he has never been away from me since, night nor day; and indeed, indeed he never, *almost* never has had more than half of what mother gived me for breakfast.'

'Yes, yes—I see; he gets half your breakfast, and, I suppose, half your dinner and supper too.'

'I never *have* any dinner, nor any supper, only sometimes,' said the child meekly, but not murmuringly.

'No dinner, and scarcely ever any supper, and yet you give the dog half your breakfast! This must not be. I must speak to your mother; and she must see to the disposal of the dog, if only for your sake.'

The child's face became of an ashen hue; but he said firmly: 'Please, sir, what death is the easiest?'

'Death, child!' exclaimed Mr Somerville, fancying the boy was contemplating suicide—'why speak of death?'

'Because I would, I think—yes, I think—I'm sure I'd rather kill him. I know he'd never be happy with nobody; and if he was buried, nobody could beat him, anyhow.'

'True; but suppose I buy him myself.'

Poor Stephen stood for a moment as if paralysed, and then a happy thought seemed to arise, for his pale cheek became tinged with faint colour, and his eye brightened, as he eagerly exclaimed: 'Would you please to buy *me* instead, sir?'

'Buy you, child! How so?'

'If you would but buy me, sir, mother would have the money all the same, and I could work—I can work, sir, though I look but weakly'—drawing himself up to his full height, and giving a firmer swell to his chest. 'I could weed, and run errands—I run very fast, sir. I could tend the cows, and do a many things for the money; but Carlo couldn't do nothing, you know, sir.'

'Very logically considered,' said Mr Somerville smiling; 'and as to your work, my boy, we will see if we can find employment for you by and by; but at present—there, put down the dog, and leave him with me; and here'—throwing a sovereign on the table—'is what will do your mother more service than fifty dogs.'

The boy stood pale and still as death, save only that he strained his little favourite closer and closer in his arms; while the poor little animal, as if conscious of impending evil, nestled his silky head in the bosom of his master with a low wailing cry of distress.

'Come, take up that,' said Mr Somerville, pointing to the sovereign; 'and tell your mother that'——

'O not for *that* thing—not for that,' burst forth from the child, as he pushed the coin away far from him. 'Oh, mother, dear, dear mother! if it must be, let it be for food, for wine, for something to save the life of my mother, but not for that cold glittering thing!'

Big tears chased each other down his sunken cheeks while he spoke; but he soon brushed them hastily away, and then, as if gathering up all his strength for the inevitable sacrifice, he walked quickly across the room to where Miss Somerville was sitting, placed the dog, the sole treasure of his heart and life on her lap, and in a voice hoarse with emotion almost whispered: 'O comfort him, lady, when I am gone,' and rushed out of the room, leaving the price of his sacrifice behind him.

Food and wine were sent from the manor-house without delay, for the use of the sick woman; and faithfully and tenderly did the young boy keep watch over her fitful slumbers, and administer from time to time the restoratives he had so painfully obtained; but not a morsel of that food could he taste himself: it was the price of all that had given a charm to his simple life. Not a word, however, reached that mother's ear, not a sign met her eye, which could betray that he had parted with his *all of possession* for her sake; but as returning strength and power of observation began to dawn, she saw that the smile, the light of his heart, was gone. His time, his thought, his strength, were all devoted to her comfort; but where was the buoyant step, the gleesome laugh, the frolic wild, the warm bright hope, that even poverty's cold grasp could never chill? Ay, where? She wondered and grieved, but knew not that the companion of his wanderings, the promoter of his playfulness, the sharer of his bed and board—the only thing, save herself, he had to love, the only thing that loved him—was gone. Too weak, listless, and almost senseless to all around, she had not at first noticed the still loneliness of the pale spiritless boy at her side.

Day by day, the cheek of poor Stephen became pale and more pale, from his constant vigils by his mother's bedside, and the hunger that would not appease itself at so costly a price; when, one evening, just as the sky was deepening into the sober gray of twilight, the door, which had been left ajar, was suddenly pushed open, and Carlo with one bound was at his master's feet. The fond caresses and softened tones of Stephen soon restored the attached animal to all his former joyous gambols; but the boy's tears, so long restrained, now fell unchecked, till, as a shadow crossed the threshold, he turned and saw Miss Somerville standing in the doorway. Stephen gasped for breath. 'O indeed, indeed I did not coax him here; I didn't steal him. O I wish he was dead! Let him be dead.'

'No, no, Stephen,' returned Miss Somerville, in a kindly tone, 'the dog is much better alive. I brought him here, because I thought you would like to see him. The truth is, the other dogs at the manor-house look upon him as an interloper; and I do not think he relishes the fare there half so well as when he shared your breakfast: he has often refused a part of my own.'

'Perhaps the crusts wasn't hard nor dry enough,' observed Stephen.

'Perhaps not,' replied Miss Somerville, smiling at the naïve betrayal of his own hard fare; 'so I think I must get you to take charge of him for me, and I shall pay you for his board. When your mother is well enough to part with you, I want your help in my flower-garden; and then you can bring Carlo, as on a visit to me; but his home must be here.' Stephen drew a long breath, but did not attempt to speak, and Miss Somerville continued: 'My father says also, that when, by your work, you have fairly earned the value of the purchase-money, the dog is to be your own again.'

'*My very own?*' exclaimed Stephen inquiringly, while every drop of his blood seemed rushing to his brow. Oh, was she woman or angel? Stephen scarcely knew; but he felt as though he could kneel to her, and with the dog so firmly, fondly clasped in his arms, that no living thing unused to such treatment could have borne it; his tearful eyes told the grateful thanks his quivering lips vainly strove to utter. He soon, however, recovered his usual bearing, and his boyish form seemed to expand, his height increase, as he drew himself up, with the proud consciousness that he could make himself worthy of his hire. Need it be said that Mr Somerville's apparent purchase of the dog was merely a wish to ascertain whether, with his deep affection for the little creature, Stephen had sufficient strength of mind to sacrifice that which was so dear to him, on the principle of love and duty to his mother. How proud, how very proud was Stephen when he once more stood before Mr Somerville in the same room where he had endured the first great trial of his young life!—proud, yet grateful, as he counted out each bright shilling, to make up the repurchase of the little fond creature that had always been 'as a brother to him.'

'Well, Stephen,' said Mr Somerville, gathering up the silver, 'I see that you have fairly earned your recompense: the dog is yours again; but, knowing how anxiously you have desired this, I am somewhat surprised, as, by my own calculations, you might have made a much earlier claim.'

'I always gived mother half of every week's pay,' said the boy colouring, as if fearful of blame. 'I thought it would be wicked to take all for Carlo, and nothing for mother.'

'Very right, my boy. I see you are fond of half things, even to half a breakfast. Well, these shillings I shall keep; but you shall take this'—holding out a sovereign—'to your mother, and tell her from me, my boy, that she is richer in having you for a son than I am with all the wealth you see around me.'

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.

[From Timbs's *Things not generally Known* (1856), a handy book, calculated to be of great use on a parlour-table, as a means of clearing up matters which frequently come under notice in conversation, but are only known in a vague and obscure way.]

The popular notion that there were only three farthings struck of Queen Anne, and that consequently they are extremely rare, has occasioned more mischief and mortification to those who have been misled by it than any error of its class. Only one type of the farthing was in circulation; but there are several *pattern-pieces*, executed by Croker, which are much valued by collectors, and accordingly bring high prices. Mr Till, the coin-dealer, assures us that some hundreds of Anne's farthings were struck and circulated. It bears the bust of the queen, draped, and the head adorned with a string of pearls, with the legend 'ANNA DEI GRATIA;' the reverse has 'BRITANNIA' around the figure of Britannia, with the spear and olive-branch; the date 1714 in the exergue is stated by Mr Till to bring from 7s. to 12s., 'and if extremely fine in preservation, may be worth a guinea. Some are found with a broad rim, and are considered scarcer than the others. I speak of these coins as being in copper.' Dr Dibdin states the value of this farthing to be under 5s. Mr Akerman recognises 'the common current farthing of Anne' as scarce, but scarcer with the broad rim.

Mr E. Hawkins, of the British Museum, has seen a hundred letters from different individuals, in each of which it is stated that the Museum has two of the three reputed farthings, and the writer has the third; and in some instances asks if he is entitled to a reward of L.1000 or L.2000. Every collector has three or four specimens; the Museum has four in gold, four in silver, and eight in copper.

Mr Akerman thinks the high prices brought by the *pattern-pieces*—varying from L.1 to L.3, and the highest, at an auction, L.5, may have given rise to the notion of the fabulous value of the farthing itself. One of the current stories is, that a lady in the north of England having lost a farthing of Queen Anne which she much prized as the bequest of a deceased friend, offered in the newspapers a large reward for its recovery; and any farthing of that monarch was ever after supposed to be of great value. Then it is related that when only three farthings had been struck, it was perceived that a flaw existed in the die, which was destroyed, and another made, from which are the farthings which have circulated. Of the *three*, one is said to have been kept by Queen Anne, and to have descended to George III., who gave it to the British Museum. The second was long in the possession of the Derby family, and thence passed into the Museum; and the third is said to have been given by Queen Anne to one of her maids of honour, and is now in the possession of her descendant, Major Fothergill. Each of these three farthings has a flaw in Anne's portrait. (See *Illustrated London News*, Oct. 7, 1854.)

The romantic disappointments of the possessors of Queen Anne's farthings would fill a volume. In the *Times*, Sept. 28, 1826, a magistrate related that a poor man came to London from Bedfordshire, with a real but common farthing of Queen Anne, hoping to make his fortune by it. Mr Till relates that a poor man came from York, and a man and his wife from Ireland, in the same vain hope. Dr Dibdin, when on his northern tour, was shewn a Queen Anne's farthing by a father, as a L.500 legacy for his son.

THE TURKS AND THE LADIES.

At first, the Turks followed their usual habit, and avoided looking at us as they passed. There was one boatman, whom we occasionally employed, who used, in rowing, to turn his back on us as much as he could; but latterly, they all got so accustomed to our presence and *sang froid*, that they evidently looked on us as a separate class of beings from their own women, and were always most deferential and respectful, and did not seem to think it at all a breach of etiquette to talk to, guide, or render us any service they could. We were not very sure of the Greeks, and felt rather strange in any other quarter of the town than our own: but the moment we reached the Turkish quarter, we had a sense of protection and an at-home feeling, which was very pleasant. The women, too, evidently liked us. Many a time have we been stopped in the streets to have our hands shaken and 'Bono Inglese' said to us, with kind looks. The children used to run after us, also saying 'Bono Inglese;' and a very favourite speech with them all was 'Inglese bono, Francese bono, Turco bono, Mosco *no* bono.' Then followed a hearty pat on the back, a laugh, and shake of the hands.—'*Ismeer.*'

THE LIQUOR BLACK-LIST FOR THE YEAR.

The *Alliance Weekly News*—a paper devoted to the Total Abstinence and Maine Law cause—says in its number for July 19, 1856: 'It is a solemn and awful truth, that from an average of not more than twenty newspapers, and one or two private correspondents per week, we have been enabled to derive information during the last fifty-one weeks, wherefrom to register *two thousand two hundred and ten* cases of serious accidents, premature deaths, robberies, suicides, murders, or other crimes encountered or perpetrated by or upon persons who were under the operation of alcohol. Including those in this week's list, we have recorded within the year—711 brawls or violent assaults, including many cases of stabbing, cutting, and wounding; 294 robberies by or upon drunken persons; 237 cases of atrocious cruelty upon wives or children; 166 cases of serious accident or striking bodily peril; 162 actual or attempted suicides; 520 premature deaths, generally with horrible accessories; and 121 manslaughters and murders.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by JAMES FRASER, 14 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 138. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856. Price 1½d.

THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

Mr Wild, in his *Vacation in Brittany*, tells us of an hôtel in St Malo which, besides its other advantages—as the proprietor advertises in English of his inn—enjoys the propinquity of 'beautiful graves.' Had he been writing in his own language, he would have said *grèves*, a word which means 'sands.' The Quai de la Grève of Paris, which thus corresponds, as regards its name, with the Strand of London, extends eastwards up the right bank of the Seine from the Hôtel de Ville; and the Place of the same name is the open space beside that edifice.

The Place de Grève was from a very early period a market-place: it is spoken of as being such in letters-patent of Louis VII., dated in 1141. Wine, charcoal, old clothes and rags, seem to have been successively its staple; after the revolution of 1830, a brisk trade in arms of all kinds was carried on there for several months; and the same thing occurred on a smaller scale after February 1848. At present, it is a place of rendezvous for masons and carpenters in search of employment. It was in old times also the chief scene of public rejoicings and the celebration of festivals: there, for instance, it was usual to have the bonfires kindled on the eve of St John—an affair once of such high solemnity, that, under the reign of Francis I., the whole court was wont to be present on such occasions, and the king himself used to light the pile. In the troubles of the League and of the Fronde, and in almost every revolution or insurrection since, the Grève was a sadly busy scene—a thing indeed to be expected, had other causes been wanting, simply from its proximity to the Hôtel de Ville. It is thus full of general historical interest; but the peculiar association connected with the locality arises from its having been, up to a comparatively recent date, the usual scene of judicial executions. These, as may be supposed, have been countless; and thus Sainte-Foix, in his *Essays on Paris*, quaintly remarks that if all those who, from first to last, have suffered death on this spot were to be assembled on it together, they would form a crowd more numerous than any of those which were present at their executions. To trace the history of the Place de Grève is consequently to trace the history of a field of blood.

Now, we are far from delighting in horrors ourselves, and would not willingly minister to the depraved taste of any who do: the present is, therefore, not a subject on which we enter with any great liking. But in the many tragedies of which the Place de Grève has been the scene, may be read lessons of some value, and these of more kinds than one: to some notice of them, therefore—from which we shall of course exclude anything relating to mere crime as such—a page or two may be usefully devoted.

The earliest case that presents itself as worthy of observation is that of a certain Marguerite Porette, a poor woman, 'who had written that the soul when lost in God is above the virtues, and has no longer any need of them; and that when any one has reached a certain degree of virtue, he cannot go beyond it.' What exactly she meant, we do not pretend to know, and probably she did not herself know; but for her speculative views, whatever they were, she was burnt alive on the Grève in 1310, at the age of thirty; dissenters of any kind or degree being at that time, and for long afterwards, quite intolerable, and not fit to live. If, however, the ecclesiastics of those days brought men and women to the scaffold for crimes of this sort, their own sacerdotal character did not always protect them from being themselves overtaken by a similar fate on grounds not less absurd: we find that in 1398, two Augustine friars were executed at the Grève because they had undertaken to cure Charles VI. of his lunacy, and had failed. The king did not recover his reason under their treatment, and so they had their heads cut off—a way of treating unsuccessful practitioners which decidedly was more worthy of Bagdad than of Paris. In 1475, we again find two monks on the scaffold, this time, however, in another character: they are each claiming for his own house the possession of some seventy pieces of gold, which the Constable St Pol, whom they have attended to his execution, has desired by their hands to bestow on the poor. The unseemly quarrel is terminated by his dividing the sum equally between them, and in another minute his severed head is shewn to the people by the 'master of high works,' as the executioner is oddly but frequently, and we believe officially, styled in French.

At the Grève, on the 20th of December 1559, 'was judicially assassinated,' says an author before us, 'the illustrious Anne Dubourg, condemned to death by the Chambre Ardente, which granted him the favour of being strangled before he was thrown into the flames.' The Chambre Ardente was a special court appointed arbitrarily at various times, by royal letters-patent, to try particular persons and crimes: as to the 'favour' it extended on this occasion, the reader will recollect that 'favoured' victims of the Inquisition sometimes met with the like indulgence. And at the Grève, on the 27th of October 1572, two months and more after the Massacre of St Bartholomew, and consequently in cool blood, Briquemaut, a brave soldier of threescore and ten, and Cavagnes, a counsellor of the parliament of Toulouse, and a man of the like venerable age, were hanged as being Huguenots, with an effigy of Admiral Coligny between them. 'The king (Charles IX.) and the queen-mother (Catherine de Medici) came to enjoy the sight, and placed themselves at a window of the Hôtel de Ville, along with the young king of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.), whom they had compelled to accompany them.' So tempting was the spectacle to Charles, that to witness it he had left the bedside of his young wife, Elizabeth of Austria, who had that morning presented him with a daughter, the first and, as it proved, the only fruit of their union. When the royal guests arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, they sat down to a grand banquet; and that the pleasures of the table might not be curtailed, 'the execution was delayed till ten o'clock, although the gray-haired prisoners, sitting bound and bareheaded on their hurdles, were exposed to great sufferings from the outrages of the pitiless mob that surrounded them.' It being, of course, quite dark when the concluding scene was to be performed, 'the king,' says Brantôme, 'had torches lighted and held near the gallows, the better to see the condemned men die, and the better to contemplate their countenances.'

Several years before this—namely, in 1559, 'the Comte de Montgommeri, captain of the Scottish Guard,' who, by the way, was a relation of the Eglinton family, had been so unfortunate as to inflict a mortal wound on Henry II. of France in a tournament. Persecuted ever after by the royal widow, the same detestable Catherine, and having imprudently returned to France after he had made his escape thence, he was at last taken prisoner in the town of Domfront, which he had desperately defended. He was brought to Paris, subjected to the most cruel tortures, and finally condemned to pay with his life for that of the former king. On the 27th of May 1574, 'dressed in black, his features pale from the sufferings that had dislocated his limbs, without extorting a groan from him, he listened attentively on the scaffold of the Grève to the reading of his sentence. At the passage in it which degraded his sons from nobility—"If they have not the virtues of true noblemen to raise themselves again from it," said he proudly, "I consent to their degradation continuing for ever!" He then received the death-blow, standing, with his head erect, and without exhibiting the least emotion.'

On the 17th of December 1591, the bodies of President Brisson and the counsellors Larcher and Tardif, who had been strangled in the prison of the Petit Châtelet, by order of the celebrated Council of Sixteen, were exposed on three posts at the Grève. Three years afterwards, the priest who had confessed them, the hangman who had strangled them, and the serjeant of police who had also been one of the subordinate instruments of the murder, were executed at the same place. The professions of these men gave rise to some verses which became popular, and which may be literally translated into corresponding English doggerel, thus:

Serjeants were made a rogue to apprehend;
The hangman him, when sentenced, to suspend;
But first he by the priest has shriven been.
Here, passenger, by chance of justice new,
Serjeant, priest, hangman punished you may view,
For such a crime as no time past hath seen.

In 1608, and consequently under the reign of Henry IV., there was hanged and burnt at the Grève a certain Bartholomew Borghese, 'for falsely calling himself a bastard of the pope.' In 1610, the Grève was the scene of Ravaillac's execution for the assassination of Henry IV.; the revolting details of this judicial atrocity shall not be repeated here.

On the 24th of April 1617, Concini, Marshal d'Ancre, was assassinated at the Louvre by orders, or at least with the subsequent approbation of Louis XIII. 'Thank you, gentlemen; now I am truly king,' said he to the Baron de Vitry and his fellow-conspirators when they had done their work. And on the 8th July of that year, Eleonora Galigai, the widow of the marshal, was condemned to death by an extraordinary commission appointed to judge her, and executed at the Grève on the same day, not for any of the state-crimes of which, perhaps, she as well as her husband was guilty, but for 'Judaism, witchcraft, and sorcery!' The truth was that her treasure was coveted. Yet, down to a much later period still, witches existed, witchcraft was a crime, and capital punishment was its doom, even in this our own country. The stringent laws on the subject were actually defended, too, by such men as Bishop Hall and Richard Baxter. In 1664, at Bury St Edmund's, two women were executed for witchcraft, in pursuance of a sentence passed by Sir Matthew Hale; and the last legal murder of the kind was committed in Scotland so late as 1722.

Another kind of crime which afterwards was treated with great leniency in France, as well as in the rest of Europe, was, under the severe Richelieu, also punishable with death—the crime of duelling. The stern way in which the cardinal enforced his laws on this point, was strikingly exemplified in June 1627, when Francis de Montmorency Bouteville and the Comte Deschapelles were decapitated at the Grève, for a duel in which there had been three antagonists on either side, and which had resulted in the death of M. Bussy d'Amboise. 'It is needless,' said Bouteville on the scaffold to the executioner who wished to bind his eyes: 'we have often seen each other, Death and I.' He was a brave man in fact, but a determined duellist, and as such deserved his fate if ever criminal did. A very different victim of the remorseless cardinal was Marshal de Marillac, beheaded on the 10th of May 1632. The iniquity of the sentence in this case is sufficiently proved by what was shortly afterwards said by Richelieu to Châteauneuf, the president of the court which had condemned the marshal. 'It must be acknowledged,' said the arch-hypocrite, by whose instigation the judges had really been driven to pronounce that condemnation, 'that God grants to judges a light which he does not grant to other men, since you have condemned Marshal de Marillac to death; for my part, I certainly did not think that he deserved such a punishment.'

On the 16th of July 1676 took place the execution of the infamous Marchioness de Brinvilliers: she was hanged on the Grève, her body was burned, and the ashes were scattered to the winds. We need not, of course, refer to the deeds of this wholesale poisoner. Madame de Sévigné was among the spectators of the execution; and a letter of that accomplished correspondent relative to it affords a curious specimen of the tone fashionable in 'good society' at that, if not at a more recent time. 'The poor little marchioness,' says she, in closing her recital, 'is now in the air; we may be breathing her.' Madame de Sévigné was, moreover, present at the execution of another poisoner, the woman Voisin, in 1680, who, being of the lower class, was burned alive for her crimes: indeed, the amiable lady was quite an amateur of executions, as she herself confesses. To our mind, it is truly painful to find, not only that she was so, but that she can detail the circumstances with a sort of horrible relish. 'At five o'clock,' says she, 'they bound her, and with a torch in her hand she appeared in the cart, dressed in white; it is a sort of dress put on to be burned in: she was very red, and she was seen repelling with violence the confessor and the crucifix. At Notre Dame she would on no account pronounce the *amende honorable*, and at the Grève she resisted with all her might being taken out of the cart: they drew her out by main force; they placed her on the fagots, seated, and bound with iron chains; they covered her with straw: she swore much; she threw off the straw five or six times; but at last the fire increased—we lost sight of her.' So in her own lively way writes the pleasant lady of the wretched woman, her fellow-creature, whose dying agonies she had gone to feast her eyes upon.

Again, in 1720, a noble criminal and a great one perished on the scaffold of the Grève; this was Count Horn, for the assassination and robbery of a rich speculator in the shares of the famous Mississippi scheme and of the bank set on foot by the enterprising Law. The next year witnessed the execution on the Grève of the daring robber Cartouche; he was broken alive on the wheel, after denouncing as accomplices in his crimes not a few noble lords and ladies, some of them holding posts in the suite of the regent's daughter. The matter was in vain attempted to be hushed up. In 1737, Damiens, for his attempted assassination of Louis XV., suffered, before he was finally put to death, the same horrors as Ravaillac a century and a quarter before: such a crowd, we are told, had never been seen in Paris, as was present at the abominable spectacle; thousands came from the remotest provinces to behold it; 'and what was the most striking, was the eagerness of women to view the sight; they glutted themselves with it, and supported it in all its horrors with a dry eye, and shewing no emotion, when almost every man was shuddering and turning his head away.'

On the 19th of May 1766, a notable personage was executed on the Grève—Lally Tollendal. Whatever this unfortunate man's faults may have been, he was certainly a brave and skilful soldier, and in his defence of Pondicherry, for eight months, he did for an ungrateful king all he could do, and more than most men could have done. His trial, which was a secret one, had lasted two years, when suddenly he was called on for his defence: he asked for three days to prepare it; the delay was refused. Condemned to death, he called down on his shameless judges the execration of men and the vengeance of Heaven, and then stabbed himself with a pair of compasses which he had concealed in his dress. The wound was not immediately mortal; but, apprehensive that it might yet enable him to escape a public execution, the vindictive court ordered that the short time they had already fixed for his execution should be anticipated by six hours. He was drawn on a cart to the Grève, with a gag in his mouth, and a bandage over his eyes; and after a vain struggle on his part to address the people, his head was struck off at a second blow, the executioner having only mangled him at the first. Twelve years afterwards, by the unanimous voices of seventy-two magistrates, the judgment of the parliament which had condemned him was annulled, and his memory 'rehabilitated,' as the French say; which, doubtless, would have been a complete satisfaction to his surviving family and friends, if to his 'rehabilitation' could have been added—his resuscitation.

At last the terrible days of the great French Revolution arrive, and the Grève becomes a theatre on which tragedy is played on the largest scale and in many varieties. On the 14th of July 1789, the Bastille is taken, or rather Delaunay, the governor, surrenders it, capitulating that the lives of the garrison shall be spared; but before the prisoners reach the Hôtel de Ville, his head is being carried through the streets on a pike, and the bodies of two of his officers are dangling from the lantern-ropes by which 'La Grève,' as the fantastic Michelet calls that mob of Paris, had hanged them. More murders quickly follow. 'Famine and War, I mean Foulon and Berthier,' says the same historian, or rather apologist of the Revolution, 'found themselves disconcerted by the capture of the Bastille.' They fled, but were arrested by rural mobs, and sent back to the tender mercies of the city mob. The one and the other had been guilty of much misconduct, both in a public and in a private capacity; this, however, certainly did not justify their being assassinated. 'The Grève,' continues M. Michelet, whom we quote because it is worth while to see how this partisan relates the conduct of his dear 'people'—'the Grève did not the less continue its outcry. At two o'clock, Bailly comes down; all demand justice from him. "He exposed the principles," and made some impression on those who could hear him. The rest cried: "Hang! hang!". . . . The crowd was in terrible uneasiness lest Foulon should escape. He was shewn to them from a window; this did not hinder them from forcing the doors. . . . In the Salle St Jean they were again preached to—"had the principles exposed to them"—that he ought to be tried. "Tried immediately and hanged," said the crowd.' A great tumult follows. 'Foulon is carried off, borne to the *lanterne* opposite; he is made to ask pardon of the nation. Then hoisted—twice the rope breaks. They persevere; another rope is sought for. Hanged at last, decapitated; the head carried through Paris.' In the same style is told the murder of Berthier, perpetrated shortly after, and at the same place. He was killed by bayonet-stabs; when he fell, 'a dragoon who imputed to him the death of his father, tore out the heart, and went to shew it at the Hôtel de Ville.' And then M. Michelet goes on to insinuate that it was the royalist accomplices of Berthier who instigated 'the Grève' to murder him, they fearing he might make disclosures. What follows is characteristic. 'A great number of the dragoon's comrades declared to him that, having dishonoured the body, he ought to die, and that they would fight him one after the other until he should be killed. Killed he was that very evening.' Such was the tiger-ape, as Voltaire well called M. Michelet's *peuple*—that is to say, not the French nation, but the French, or still more exactly, the Parisian rabble. A more regular yet not less disgraceful execution took place on the Grève on the 19th of February 1790. Thomas de Mahy, Marquis de Favras, had been condemned by a judgment of the Châtelet to be hanged. The accusations against him were of an incredible, and indeed absurd description; one vague charge being to the effect 'that he had conspired to overturn the constitution,' and the evidence thereon being as inadequate as it was irrelevant. But the mob wanted a victim; the tribunal was intimidated and coerced by their cry of 'à la lanterne;' and the marquis was basely abandoned to his fate by the royalists and the court. At that time the idea of having a marquis hanged was one that had all the charm of novelty to 'the Grève;' but many a head amongst those very men of his own party who so shamefully deserted him in his extremity, was destined to fall before the popular thirst for blood was sated. The Marquis de Favras left a widow, said to have been by birth a princess of Anhalt-Dessau; she afterwards married a butcher in the Rue d'Orléans St Honoré, and for many years presided in person at the retail of the meat to his customers.

In 1793, the place of execution was transferred to the Place de la Révolution, now the Place de la Concorde. There chiefly did the guillotine do the work of the Terrorists, though the ominous machine cast its shadow of death on other localities also. In 1795, it returned to its original site, and the Grève resumed its former character, and retained it under the Empire and the Restoration. It was there, consequently, that, on the 26th of June 1805, the famous Georges Cadoudal and eleven of his associates were executed, 'for conspiring against the life of the first consul;' and on the 28th of July 1816, Pleignier, Corbonneau, and Tolleron, 'for complicity with the patriots of that year,' as an anti-Bourbon writer expresses it—that is to say, for conspiring against the government of Louis XVIII. On this latter occasion, the cruelty, almost incredible in modern times and in a civilised country, was perpetrated of inflicting on these men the old punishment for treason—preliminary to their execution, their right hands were chopped off. Six years later, four non-commissioned officers, well known in France as 'the four sergeants of La Rochelle,' were executed on similar political grounds; eight years more passed, and a solemn procession of 10,000 'citizens' marched to the Grève to do honour to their memory.

Here our list ends; for since the Revolution of 1830 the guillotine has been erected no longer on the Place de Grève, but outside the Barrière St Jacques.

The Grève, it will have been seen, has witnessed the deaths on the scaffold of men and women in every rank, by great variety of torture, for all kinds of offences, during some 600 years. Persons guilty of the most atrocious crimes, persons guilty of the most venial, and many many persons guilty of no crime at all, have there met with a common doom. The victims of a mistake, the scapegoats of a party, the martyrs to their principles, have been among them. There, examples are afforded us of how the judges of one day have been the condemned of the next—how what was supposed to be justice at the time has since been recognised as iniquity—how men in sacrificing their enemies on the scaffold may gibbet themselves in all future history—how the executed criminal may become the murdered hero. But it is needless to call attention to a moral that speaks for itself.

One word, however, about the guillotine, and another about M. Michelet. The machine was used in France for the first time on the 25th of April 1792, at the execution on the Grève of a man named Pelletier, condemned to death as a robber and assassin. As is generally known, it takes its name from a medical man called Guillotin; but that gentleman was not, as is generally supposed, in France at least, the inventor; he merely recommended to the Convention the adoption, as an instrument for capital punishment, of a machine which, under the name of the *mannaia*, had long before been used in Italy for the execution of noble personages; and a specimen of which, under the name of the *maiden*, and three centuries old (it is said to have been introduced into Scotland by Regent Morton), may be seen in the Antiquarian Museum of Edinburgh. M. Michelet, however, who worships the Revolution, so greatly admires its characteristic instrument, that he claims for his sanguinary idol the invention of it. 'History will say,' so he writes, 'that at its ferocious, its implacable moment, the Revolution feared to aggravate death, that it made punishment milder, removed the hand of man, invented a machine to shorten suffering.' Dr Guillotin, however, who narrowly escaped being guillotined—he was not actually guillotined, as some have said, but died in his bed at the age of seventy-six, in 1814—was not, we believe, at all proud of the application made of his name; nor do we wonder that he was not so, when we consider the deplorable facility the machine afforded of despatching in quick succession its scores of victims.

THE PERAMBULATORY MOVEMENT.

I HAVE a great respect for children, and never call them little monkeys. I am proud to aid them in their search after knowledge under difficulties, listening to their questions as to so many Open Sesames that will one day win treasures for the world. In children I see the coming men: the future poets, artists, scholars, legislators, soldiers of the nation; and till recently, therefore, I have been highly dissatisfied with the churlish accommodation afforded them in the world. In great towns, they have been usually prisoners at home, or at most they have taken the air cramped up in the nurses' arms; and even if allowed to toddle out, they have enjoyed peeps of life only between the legs of grown men. A movement was made long ago in the right direction, by the invention of a carriage, constructed of rough fir, with four very small wheels; but being heavy and lumbering, it was no go. It took a strong man to draw it; and when the *pater familias* went out to Hampstead on a hot Sunday, with three or four of the children in this machine, and his wife walking beside it with baby and the basket in her arms, he found it did not go far in the way of rest and recreation. A handsome coach was next constructed on the same principle, with larger and heavier wheels, and painted and varnished beautifully, only difficult to move: which was looked upon as a drawback. This was for aristocratical children, and it was viewed with great awe by the sweep-boys; but still no remarkable change had been operated on the juvenile community, who came forth only in small numbers, and did not seem to appreciate very highly the privilege.

But at length the fulness of time came, and with it the PERAMBULATOR—destined to walk on its three legs into the most distant provinces, and to do more towards extending the views of the rising generation than all the nursery governesses in the world. The moment it appeared, it was seen to be the coming thing; its construction grew into an exclusive branch of the coachmaking trade; and it may now be regarded as one of our national institutions. This remarkable invention—or adaptation, since it is ruled that everything is an adaptation now-a-days—has given a new element to the population of our streets: it has given us children, looking on with their grave smooth faces at the business of life, and seeming to behold with neither interest nor disdain, as they lean back philosophically in their carriages, that shock of men they will one day exasperate or control.

It is a curious instance of the fitness of things, that simultaneously with the Perambulator there sprung up in the metropolitan environs an almost interminable series of handsome and spacious streets, fitted for the elegant little carriage both by the width of the trottoir and the comparative solitude. There you may see, any day you please, Miss Arabella Amelia, not so much pushing the vehicle as leaning lightly in a pensive attitude, one delicate hand on the bar behind, while with the other she holds before her eyes the last new novel, as she walks slowly and gracefully along. Sometimes it is the young brother who performs this sacred duty. He can hardly reach to the bar, but nevertheless the light carriage perambulates obediently under his guidance. Sometimes it is the negro page, with his black-bead eyes, set in white porcelain, and his nether lip even exaggerated with a sense of dignity.

Occasionally he tips forward the little vehicle, and watches it gliding as if by its own volition, and eschewing instinctively the near edge of the kerb-stone. The master, in the meantime, as he is thus borne along—he has not yet assumed the trews—eyes the experiment with philosophic indifference, being only a passenger. He looks as if he knew that his fate was in the distance; and if any quivering of the sensitive Perambulator betrayed a feeling of danger, he would have the air of saying within himself—Quid times? Cæsarem vehis, et fortunam Cæsaris! One part of town where this scene very frequently presents itself is Paddington, a region which not many years ago would have been associated inseparably in our mind with ideas of meanness and vulgarity but for its mysterious connection with the Bank of England, which was forced upon one's attention by the continual cry from the 'buses—'Padd'n'ton—B-ai-nk!' This cry would be useless now, for there could be no need of inviting our notice to a circumstance recurring every minute or two; and the mysterious suburb referred to has grown into a city about the size of Bristol, composed almost exclusively of elegant and aristocratic houses, arranged in some of the finest streets, crescents, terraces, and places in the metropolis. Here, indeed, as in the other suburbs, a scene of still more perambulatory significance may be frequently observed. The children have not only come abroad to view the world, but such of them as are able to walk, make their appearance surrounded with family cares, and sedulously employed in family duties. The Perambulator is occupied by *their* children, while one of themselves gives it the slight impulse necessary behind, and one or two more walk by the sides, keeping an anxious eye upon the conduct of the dolls to whom they are thus giving an airing. This is the best kind of perambulation, for it exercises the limbs of the children, without depriving them of the protection of the Perambulator: a protection, which, in our opinion, in all cases excepting those of babies, is the great merit of the new carriage.

A coarse-minded man, if in a violent hurry, may knock down a child, but he does not knock down a Perambulator: on the contrary, he keeps out of its way. It is one of the estates of the trottoir, and is even superior in dignity to the pieton. All are safe who belong to it, whether dolls or children; and Miss Arabella Amelia herself, in virtue of her contact with it, reads her novel in tranquillity. Let her only try to do this without the protection of the Perambulator! No, don't let her try; for she would have all the moustached and bearded idiots in the neighbourhood sneaking or buzzing about her, till she lost the thread of the narrative in her mingled anger and contempt.

The power of the Perambulator, in fact, is too great, and, like all illegitimate power, is liable to abuse. It has a tendency towards people's toes, especially when these are afflicted with corns or gout; and in some cases the 'great public question' put by the advertising manufacturer—'Do you double up your Perambulators?' might be answered feelingly—'No; but very recently one of your Perambulators doubled me up.' This kind of eccentricity, it is said, attracted some time ago the attention of the magistracy, and the police were remorselessly ordered to remove the children's vehicles from the trottoir; but one of these officers executing his duty in a reckless manner, just when a Perambulator of larger growth, drawn by horses, was passing, the consequence was—No, we will not relate it: the newspapers trade in horrors, and we have no doubt adulterate and poison their commodities like other dealers. However, the magisterial mandate was recalled, or else became inoperative from natural weakness, just like an act of parliament; and now the Perambulators hunt our toes all over the trottoir, and double us up as before.

This is wrong: we say it advisedly. We are a warm admirer of the institution; but it must be made to harmonise with the British constitution. With all our respect for the rising generation, we cannot give our sanction to their putting their iron toes upon ours, that are mere flesh and blood. The magistracy must compound with the Perambulators. To sweep them off the trottoir is tyranny and folly, but they must assign them their own place on it. And in promulgating the order, let them annex to contravention a pretty sharp penalty in coined money—a penalty to fall neither on Miss Arabella Amelia, nor the younger brother, nor the black boy, but on the parents. It may be said that these last will, in their turn, take it out of the rest in kind, and that the public will be horrified every morning by distressing yells from genteel interiors. But we are of opinion, in the first place, that private penalties are public benefits; and in the second place, that there will be no private penalties at all. Street-society is on an admirable footing in the metropolis. Everybody knows his proper place, and keeps it; and if the proper place of the Perambulator is fixed, it will keep it like the rest, and intromit with nobody's toes, and double up nobody.

Although this methodism of street-society in London—every man, woman, boy, or girl keeping to his or her right hand—is better than the lawlessness of the provincial towns—for instance, Edinburgh—where people perambulate the streets like meeting droves of cattle, it is certainly calculated to give an idea sometimes of hardness and stiffness of character. If the crowd passes face to face, this is not so observable, for then they usually relax the law, when necessary, in favour of kindness and politeness, or mutual convenience; but if you want to pass anybody who is before you, the smallest boy turns at once to a mile-stone, and the most fragile-looking maid to a Tuscan column. They know they are in their proper place, and nobody shall put them out of it. What is the man pressing for? Ain't I on my own side of the way? Just so in the matter of umbrellas. When you meet one face to face, it does not object to bend aside a little to permit yours to pass comfortably; but those that are before you, proceeding more slowly than is agreeable to you, seem part and parcel of the persons who carry them, and stand up like a tree of iron-wood. When you *do* meet this hostile stiffness face to face—which sometimes happens—the umbrella is always carried by a hen-cockney. She is usually middle-aged, well, or at least richly dressed, stout, thick-waisted, and with a florid complexion. These marks point her out as a peculiar species of the cockney tribe.

In such a state of methodism, the Perambulator would be in no danger even in the most crowded thoroughfares. But the more quiet aristocratic streets are its peculiar field, and the Parks should as frequently as possible be the goal of the ride; where the children should set an example to their parents by dismounting from their carriages, and exercising their own legs, or when these are not old enough, sitting down on the grass. This, we have a notion, is one part of the mission of the Perambulator. The mothers and grown sisters will not be able to resist the temptation to join such a movement; the gentlemen will not be able to resist the temptation to join the ladies; and so we shall have family parties, not rushing in carriages or on horseback through the dusty ring, or moving on foot in a dense line by its side, but wandering through the whole region, greeting and intermingling, and sitting down in groups among the trees. The charm this would give to such a place as Hyde Park would not be its least advantage: it would operate a most desirable change on the manners and feelings of English society. What we most need in this island of ours is, in truth, to dismount from our high horse, to acquire a little continental sociability, and to go back to simplicity and nature. The idea of grown persons, men and women, seeking to obtain air and exercise, and relaxation from the fatigues of society, by wedging themselves in the ring, as an exhibition to the public, and riding round and round, gravely and silently, is to the last degree ludicrous. We would fain, therefore, call in the teachings of those to whom it is our duty to listen—the boy, as everybody knows, being the father of the man. For this reason, if for no other, we would aid in the Perambulatory Movement, and send the new carriages in scores and hundreds into the Parks to keep the others in their proper place, and teach the grown children stuck up in them how to be graceful and happy.

HISTORY OF A SMALL QUARTO.

You see that small quarto on the third shelf? That, sir, is the celebrated Elzevir *Neoptolemus*, printed on vellum, with a two-inch margin! *Liber rarissimus!* I could tell you an odd story about that book, if you would care to hear it? Very well, then.

It is now many years since I first became a book-collector. Elzevirs were my great craze. Look at that endless file of books running round the room: those, sir, are all Elzevirs, recruited, with infinite pains and trouble, in every quarter of the reading world—in the purlieus of Holywell Street, the nooks and crannies of Ghent and Bruges, and on the parapets of the Pont Neuf and the Quay Voltaire. In a few years, I had gathered together a noble collection, but, unfortunately, not a complete one; for the celebrated Elzevir *Neoptolemus* was wanting; and, as ill-luck would have it, the celebrated Elzevir *Neoptolemus* was not to be had for love or money. I was not so foolish as to reckon much on the former of these powerful incentives to human action; I placed all my confidence in a judicious expenditure of the latter, and in my own unwearying exertions. My fingers acquired a sort of rhubarb tint from the greasy dust which accumulates on the leaves of venerable volumes. I ran untold risks in exploring infected alleys in cholera-times. It was of no use; the celebrated Elzevir *Neoptolemus* was not forthcoming—mine remained a maimed and impaired collection—the keystone was wanting to the arch, and I became moody and desponding.

Not long after, the Rev. Doctor Manutius, of the University of Oxford, obtained a curacy in the neighbourhood—a quiet, retiring, and somewhat atrabilarious man, but still one of the right sort. You will understand what I mean by one of the right sort: he was a bibliophilist like myself. We found each other out in the first five minutes, and became sworn friends; we presented each other with the freedom of our respective libraries; we discussed our various treasures. I had the pleasure of shaking his confidence in his magnificent Caxton, while he gently pointed out to me that my matchless and unique Winkin de Worde was spurious. On the whole, we got on together much in the style of Monkbarns and his friend Sir Arthur Wardour; only candour compels me to admit that the storms and impatience were all on my side.

But about this time there occurred a circumstance which at first puzzled me not a little, and, to say the truth, disquieted me exceedingly. The flourishing Elzevirian produce, which hitherto I required only to cull and gather at my leisure, now began to fall off and wither. All on a sudden, a blight had come upon the face of the land; there was a 'plentiful scarcity' abroad. The little vellum-clad objects which, in my various wanderings, I had marked as my own peculiar prey, I would find, on my return, borne away by the spoiler's hand, and sold into bondage. At last it flashed upon me at once there was a rival in the field, or rather in the market! There was another worshipper of the Elzevir Dagon; and that rival I was not long in discovering to be a certain serpent I had been fostering in my bosom: the Rev. Doctor Manutius had caught the Elzevir fever—and from me, I now believe.

After this discovery, a dark cloud seemed to have settled down between us; we became cold, distant, and excessively polite. When we happened to meet, which was but seldom, the subject of books was carefully tabooed, and we discussed farming or hunting, or other cheerful matter, in which, no doubt, we were much interested; but when we would meet accidentally at some ancient book-shop—perhaps in quest of the same treasure—we would glare at each other with eyes of distrust and defiance; and then would arise certain unholy scenes, whereof excited gestures and loud angry voices made not the least portion. I can fancy we must have been like rival lovers after the same mistress; not that I profess to know how such folk manage their affairs.

About this time, I observed what was to me a very welcome announcement—a notification in some literary journal to the effect that 'the rare and valuable library of a nobleman lately deceased would shortly be submitted to public competition.' That is always the appropriate phrase on such occasions. It further set forth, that the said collection comprised 'a choice and varied assortment of the classics; many tall copies in good order and excellent preservation;' concluding with the tempting assurance that not a few were 'in fine condition and *sumptuous* bindings.' One must have had an anchorite's heart to be insensible to such a bill of fare. Accordingly, I sat myself down comfortably, in order to make my way by easy stages through the long catalogue of dainties before me. First in the van were the usual ponderous 'Fathers'—I have never met a catalogue without its 'Father' of some date or other—then more heavy artillery, in the shape of commentaries on Scripture and swollen dictionaries; then came a flood of Guthrie's Gazetteers, Spectators, and Lives of the Poets: when, lo! in a modest page, surrounded by its brother classics, and shrinking from the public eye, my eye lighted on the long-sought, the long-wished-for Elzevir! There it was, set forth with all its titles and qualifications, its vellum pages and *original* binding; with those uncomfortable words, 'very rare,' coming immediately after. I say uncomfortable, for those two little words were significant of eager bidders and high prices. Nevertheless, I was in a high state of excitement. I would go up to London, fling down the gauntlet to all the world, and return triumphant with the celebrated Elzevir *Neoptolemus;* aye, even though I had to pawn my dukedom for it, or rather the moderate competency which serves me for an independence. All that night, while ruminating, as is my wont, before turning round to sleep, I had that auction-scene running riot in my brain; nor could I put away from me, till near morning-dawn, the image of my triumphant exit with the long-sought Elzevir under my arm. But then a thought struck me, which sent a chill through me: What if that other—the serpent aforesaid—should make his way to the scene of contest, should beard me there, and—fearful thought!—succeed in wresting my prize from me. As I conjured up this picture, my heart sunk within me, and all chance of winning the coveted prize seemed to fade away; and for the rest of that night I was fiercely overridden with hideous nightmares and book-goblins.

At length the awful morning arrived, and I found myself—unconsciously I confess—proceeding by private ways, and with a very conspirator-like gait, towards the train which was to convey me to London. I saw no symptoms of the enemy—drew a long breath when I found we were at last fairly off; and one o'clock found me at the scene of action, waiting the fulfilment of my destiny.

After all, there is something melancholy in these ruthless book-holocausts, this violent dismembering of libraries. I always think of the rough usage those noble placid creatures, endowed as they are with a world of wisdom, are exposed to—how, after years of repose and tender treatment from their master, they are, at his decease, cruelly dragged down from those warm shelves where they have nestled together so long, and are there and then flung into chests, and nailed down—how they are set forth and exposed in public places as in a slave-market, and handed over at the sound of the hammer to strange owners—by these to be immured in low noisome places, or pitilessly exposed to wind and rain, and inclement weather. Well, well! But to return.

The sale commenced. There was the usual strange mixture of buyers—from the Jew-bidder and the wealthy Christian amateur, to the gentleman who represents the British Museum and the British nation. There was what is called a brisk competition, and so we soon had made deep head-way in the catalogue. We were drawing nearer and nearer to the loadstar: it is now only one or two off—my heart beat nervously.

'Now, gentlemen,' said he of the rostrum, 'let me call your attention to this singularly—er—choice and —er—unique volume. What you please for it. You will observe it is in fine preservation, printed on vellum, with a two-inch margin, and in the *original* binding! Make a bidding, if *you* please.'

I then saw my precious volume given over into the hands of the Philistines. In a few seconds, it had been felt all over, weighed, held up to the light by various hands in different stages of obscuration. Then some one *did* make a bid; and at the signal, away they went full cry, jostling one another, shouting together, and striving with all manner of contention who should call the unconscious volume his own. I had determined to make what is called a 'waiting race;' so, as their sound and fury began to abate, I struck in with a modest bid. Again the strife raged high, again the air was darkened; then, as before, the contest began to languish, then to die away altogether. And now was heard the persuasive accents of the auctioneer, dealing forth what Mr Carlyle calls 'unutterable cram.' 'Going, going, gentlemen. Once more let me entreat your attention to this *truly* magnificent specimen—in short, a most—er—desirable copy. Going, going! Such an opportunity may never occur again. Going, once! (pause), twice! (pause), third and *last* time (pause, hammer suspended). Shew it round.'

Thus was I tortured and tantalised. The poor book passes once more under the admiring fingers of the unwashed, and again the storm rages high. Again is its fate on the verge of being decided, and it is miraculously rescued from, as it were, the jaws of death. But there is an end to all things: there came a time when all the honeyed accents of the auctioneer were unavailing—the iteration of its various qualities, 'the vellum pages' and 'the two-inch margin,' became at last inefficacious; and, finally, the long-coveted treasure was knocked down to me for a not very extravagant sum.

On occasions of extraordinary jubilation, I always feel tempted to set to singing or posturing, or to make myself ridiculous in some way or other; so, fearful of committing myself, I clutched my book in silence, and made my way into the open air. Once in the street, I scarcely seemed to feel the ground under me, and flew along, laughing idiotically to myself. Whilst turning a corner in this insane fashion, I was suddenly brought up by coming in contact with an individual of equally excited demeanour.

'Am I late?—is it sold?' said a gasping voice, which I had no difficulty in recognising.

'Why, yes,' said I, 'Doctor Manutius. I have been a *little* beforehand with you; but cheer up—better luck another time.' As I spoke, I was conscious of the smile of triumph lurking about the corners of my mouth.

'You have been fortunate, *very* fortunate,' said he half mechanically; and as he spoke, he drew a deep sigh—so deep, that on the instant I forgot all our little jealousies and animosities, and really felt for his disappointment.

Finding him in so desponding a mood, I made him promise to spend the evening of our return home with me—in short, have a field-night with the Elzevir, and left him for some business of my own.

Well, sir, we were at length at home again, the night came, and with it my friend, in a still more desolate condition than when in London. We had rather a dismal time of it. I was in good spirits enough myself; but the desponding figure before me acted as an effectual damper or wet-blanket on any effort at being jovial. It was only when his eyes fell upon the Elzevir, which was set forth upon the desk in all the pride and glory of its two-inch margin and *original* binding, that he seemed to recover anything of his old spirits and animation. All the night long he was perpetually handling it and fondling it, and turning over its delicate pages with tender fingers, ever and anon drawing deep and heavy sighs.

I was almost tempted to laugh at what seemed to me an absurd piece of sensibility; but I checked myself in time, and only shrugged my shoulders.

He followed me with wistful eyes as I proceeded to place it among its brethren on the shelf, and then rose and hastily wished me good-night.

Just as we got to the hall-door, he suddenly recollected that he had left one of his gloves behind, and insisted, over-earnestly as it seemed to me, on going back to look for it himself. Presently he reappeared with it, wished me a hurried good-night, and departed.

'Well, well!' said I, half aloud, as I sank down among the cushions of my studying-chair, 'it is really incomprehensible how a man of sense like Dr Manutius can take the loss of a book so much to heart! Why, really now, I believe I have philosophy enough to—to'—— The remainder of this reflection perished still-born; for at that instant my eye was arrested by what seemed in the distance to be something like a hiatus in the close files of my sacred shelf—a prospect which sent a chill through me, and made me shake and shiver like an aspen-leaf.

I snatched up the candle, and flew to the book-case. The fatal hiatus *was* there in all its hideous reality—my pearl of great price was gone! It flashed upon me in an instant who was the spoiler. I knew at once who it was that had thus traitorously outraged my domestic hearth. This, forsooth, was the glove he had forgotten! 'A glove without its fellow!' added I bitterly. But what should I do? Rush on the instant to his house, drag him from his bed, and force him to surrender my treasure? No; that would be too mad a proceeding. Perhaps he had only borrowed it, and would restore it in the morning. Borrowed it! Pshaw! a likely story! No matter, I would wait till morning. And so I did wait, passing the night wearily enough.

Next morning, I found myself betimes at the door of the Rev. Dr Manutius. I had come determined to rescue my abducted volume at all hazards; so let him look to it. Was Dr Manutius at home? I inquired in as calm accents as I could command. No; he had gone away that morning early. 'Gone!' I almost shrieked—'gone! Where?—when?—how? what did he mean?—what was he about? What had I done to him to deserve such treatment? Had I ever injured him?'—and more to the same effect, to the utter confounding of the menial at the door. Would I sit down for a moment?—would he fetch a glass of water? Better fetch a policeman, I muttered.

When would he be back?—Most certainly by the end of the week.

I need not say what a wretched week that was for me—what a week of hopes and fears! At times, especially when the fatal hiatus met my eye, I felt like a lioness robbed of one of her whelps, and raved against parsons in sheep's clothing. At other times, a moody desponding fit would come over me, and I would sit gazing at the vacant space with feelings not unlike those with which the empty chair of a deceased friend is regarded.

Well, sir, that weary week came to an end at last, and at an unnaturally early hour in the morning I was standing before the hall-door of this literary privateer. The crisis was at hand.—Yes, he was at home. Would I walk in? I pushed past the servant, and walked straight into the parlour.

He was seated at the table writing, and, on my entrance, rose to meet me.

'You are welcome, my dear sir,' said he, putting out his hand; 'I am very glad to see you.'

'So am I,' I replied, rather bluffly—'very glad; and, by the way, if you have *quite* done with my book, you would oblige me by letting me have it.'

He looked at me rather puzzled for a while; and then going to the book-shelf, brought over a work I had lent him a month or so before.

'What stuff!' exclaimed I indignantly; 'you know very well this is not the book I want.'

'Then what other work have I of yours, pray?'

I was petrified at this brazen manner of carrying it off.

'Do you mean to tell me,' said I, speaking very slowly, and fixing my eyes upon him—'do you mean to tell me that you never took away my Elzevir from my house?'

He turned deadly pale at this thrust, and hung down his head without speaking. At length he faltered out: 'This is a very poor joke, sir!'

'Yes,' said I vehemently, 'it *is* a very poor joke—a mean and a pitiful one! Come, what is the use of these tricky evasions? Speak out like a man, and tell me what you have done with my book!'

He turned paler than before.

'I have not been well of late. Leave me now, I beg of you—leave me!'

'Not without my book! Take care—take care, Doctor Manutius, what you are doing; don't drive me to extremities—to (here I almost dropped my voice to a whisper)—to—expose you!'

'I am very ill—leave me, if you please!'

'Very well, *very* well,' said I, putting my hat on, and striding furiously out of the room. 'On your own head be it!' As I paced down the avenue, I believe I was perfectly beside myself with rage. It seemed so monstrous that a man calling himself my friend should secretly possess himself of and detain a book belonging to another person—all from his mania after rare books! And after all my pains and anxieties, and all my sleepless nights, to have my dearly purchased treasure torn from me in this lawless manner. 'Never mind,' said I, compressing my hat over my brows, as they say in the novels; 'he shall pay for this yet. I'll make him disgorge his plunder, if there's law in the country!'

At this precise moment, while in this amiable frame of mind, I chanced to meet a certain fox-hunting squire of the neighbourhood, who, it seems, held the Rev. Dr Manutius in no very high estimation. He at once perceived my excited state. 'What!' said he; 'been fighting with the doctor, as usual;' and with that he proceeded to cross-examine me, until I was induced to unfold to him the tale of my wrongs. I was sorry for it afterwards, for I had intended to have waited a little; but in my angry mood, to have a sympathiser at my elbow was too tempting to resist. When I had finished, he burst into a true hunting explosion of laughter, and left me exclaiming: 'I knew it would end this way! Didn't I always say he would come to be transported?'

It fell out that my fox-hunting friend sat next a maiden-lady at dinner that day; and to her he imparted a new and improved version of what he had heard in the morning. Before two days, the whole neighbourhood were 'in possession' of the exciting narrative; and the history of my unfortunate Elzevir was bruited far and wide within the length and breadth of the parish. It is the brilliant Jesuit Strada who traces the progress of a rumour—likening it to the rain upon the house-tops, which runs on slowly from tile to tile, until finally it splashes down into the open street.

And so the tale of Dr Manutius and my book crept on, and passed from mouth to mouth, until finally it came to the knowledge of the rector himself. Then came mysterious meetings and conclaves at the vicarage, and close correspondence; and at last, one night, a dark rumour went abroad through the village that the Rev. Dr Manutius had been dismissed from his curacy.

I was sitting in my little study that night when this intelligence reached me, and I confess it fell upon me like a clap of thunder. I felt myself to be a guilty being, thus to have sacrificed the welfare of a fellow-creature for a thing of leaves and parchment. And yet, what right had he to help himself to my property? He had unquestionably brought this disaster upon his own head. Still, I could not shut out from myself the thought that this was my doing—that my indiscreet tongue need not have published abroad the indiscretion of a brother bibliophilist—an indiscretion which certainly did not merit so weighty a punishment. And then there was the picture of the poor book-worshipper going forth with ignominy upon the world, and the finger of scorn and old maidendom pointed after him. Under pressure of these weary thoughts, I began to feel dismal and uncomfortable, and turning to my usual consolers in such cases, went to my book-shelves for a folio of comfort and philosophy. As I was drawing forth the reverend sage, somewhat impatiently, I confess, I chanced to shake the shelves overhead, when, lo! there was a scuffling sound behind, and a volume clad in the familiar vellum raiment came fluttering down upon the floor!

* * * * *

It was a wild raging night, and the snow coming down in sweeping drifts. It was nearly midnight by the time I had reached Dr Manutius's; but even when afar off I could see by the light that glimmered in the window that my poor friend was up and making ready for his going forth. I must have presented a strange sight as I stood at the hall-door, all whitened over with the snow-flakes, and completely exhausted with battling against the storm. I did not wait for explanations or inquiries, but walked straight into the parlour.

He had been putting together a few of his cherished books and rarities, and was now sitting back in his chair with his face buried in his hands; and when, on my entrance, he looked up, I was shocked by the change the events of the last few days had wrought in his features.

I told him all; and poured all my regrets and sorrows, mingled with bitter invectives, against the unconscious cause. I told him that I should never forgive myself, and that it should be a lesson to me to my dying day—that it was not too late, thank Heaven! He listened, and forgave! only gently reproaching me for not having more confidence in him; and ere we parted that night, or rather that morning, I had taken the precious Elzevir from my bosom, and conjured him to accept and keep it, in token that he had forgiven and forgotten the troubles of which I had been the author. But this he would not do. It would be connected—and naturally so—with associations of too painful a character. Besides, he knew well what a sacrifice I was making.

Well, sir, I believe I have nothing more of importance to add. Dr Manutius is now Dean Manutius, F.A.S.—a distinction, I am happy to say, I was allowed to have some share in obtaining for him.

And that, sir, is the history of the small quarto you now hold in your hand!

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

We noticed, in a former article, the improved form, in all moral respects, which the war of the present assumed, when compared with the wars of the past; and as we expressed the hope we all felt, that soon 'out of this nettle danger' we might 'pluck the flower safety,' we added a wish, that with a like improved aspect we might enact the rejoicings of the peace.

The hope and the wish have both been realised. A lady of noble extraction and delicate habits, but with the brave spirit of a Florence Nightingale, walked into the thickest and, apparently, lowest of the London mob, on the night of the fireworks, to note the state of the people more closely. She was alone, and quite unattended; yet she found herself as safe as in her own drawing-room, and heard no word uttered which, she says, would have disgraced even the loftiest station. No oaths, no violence; no drunkenness perceptible to her, but a civil people, looking with a gaze enlightened beyond expectation upon the triumph science offered to celebrate the victory of the sword.

On Wednesday, July 9th, we ourselves accompanied the march of the Guards from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace, on foot. It was one of the most touching spectacles ever witnessed, when one associated the memory of the terrible winter of 1854 with that midsummer day's triumph. Our readers have learned its general details from the public papers; many perhaps witnessed it themselves; and all those must have been struck by the hush of the great assembled multitude, and, if one may so express it, by the solemn sentiment which calmed their natural excitement, and gave a tone to their cheers.

We waited a 'long hour by St Martin's clock,' in the mob at Charing Cross, and judged it much as the lady above referred to did. Once or twice, the line of spectators was broken by a rush from the Trafalgar Square side; but the charge was generally made by women, and was accompanied by peals of merry laughter, as they defied the police. These unfortunates were compelled to call in the assistance of the mounted Guards, who forthwith caracoling gently in front of the aggressors, they retreated, though it was amusing to see how the noble horses moved daintily and with care, lest they should do harm. It reminded us of Bottom's notion of the lion who should 'roar you as gently as any sucking-dove.'

During the quieter portion of the pause, the monotony was broken by the sudden apparition of a little 'chief' in full Highland costume, mounted upon a marvellously pretty white pony. He was, apparently, a child of only seven years of age; and as no servant was in attendance, a policeman stopped and spoke to him. We did not hear their conversation; but the boy pointed with his riding-whip in the direction of Whitehall, and answered with a manly bearing, which convinced the interrogator, as it did ourselves, that he could well take care of himself; so he was suffered to ride on.

At length they came, those brave, patient men, who have taught us the heroism of endurance as well as of valour; and indelible traces of the foes—more terrible than all the Tatar hordes—which they encountered were borne by many a brow:

> On their brow were early furrows,
> In their eyes a clouded light.

They looked generally grave, and some even sorrowful; perhaps they thought of their lost comrades. The 'great captain' once declared that 'the saddest thing on earth, *after* a battle lost, was a battle won;' and *they* probably felt that the next saddest thing to such a parting as theirs had been, was the return. Had they been French troops—we quote as our authority an officer of the gallant 55th, on whose arm we leaned—a vacant space would have been left in each rank where one had fallen, and thus visible and most affecting demonstration would have been given of the fearful loss the gallant cohort had suffered. Moreover, he observed, in France they would undoubtedly have been received by the militia—supposing the case the same—who would probably have made, at the moment of presenting arms, a resignation of the country into their care again. We were amused at this imaginary drama; but, after all, we prefer the Coriolanus' nature, that

> Hates to have its nothings monstered,

even when those 'nothings' are, like his, glorious.

And the march of the Guards was altogether national, and therefore void of dramatic effect, but full of sterling reality and feeling. One of them expressed this very characteristic, funnily, to my sister. We had been pushed forward by the mob, and, consequently, as the easiest plan, kept close to the ranks, and walked with them. She said to a soldier: 'They don't cheer you half enough.'

'Oh,' he replied with a smile, 'it's no use making a noise when a thing's done.' Was not this the spirit of a Caius Martius in an English breast?

Nevertheless, the march was a very triumph in *our* way, and we could well dispense with many adjuncts. Fair women, brave men, and loving hearts gave them a cordial and grateful welcome; and we cannot help wishing—we would fain suggest the subject—that some of our artists would immortalise this march of the Guards, as Hogarth did a former one: let it be done as truthfully, and then we need not add it would also be done differently.

And now let us glance at the difference between these peace-rejoicings and the past, that we may again judge of our progress; and in order to be accurate, we will take as authority the oral tradition of the survivors of the last war.

'I remember,' says the old lady to whom we applied —'I remember the rejoicings of the last peace very well. We lived near Portsmouth at the time, and the allied sovereigns came to visit it. All day long, on the one previous to their arrival, officers rode up and down the London Road making preparations. Scaffolds were erected before the houses facing the king's highway, and were crowded early on the morrow. People were very smart for the occasion. All—men, women, and children—wore very ugly purple embroidered ribbons across from shoulder to shoulder. From early dawn the troops waited to receive the royal guests; one poor young officer sat on his horse at our gate till he appeared quite faint with his long watch, and my husband at last went out and offered him refreshment. It was thankfully accepted, and as, of course, he could not alight, the other carried some sandwiches and wine to him on his horse.

'At last there was a cry of "the king of Prussia," and an open carriage, attended by outriders and officers, dashed by. It was speedily followed by others; and the whole royal party were soon installed at the Government House on the Parade. A vast mob congregated outside, and, strange to say, called out the royal inmates, one by one, to welcome and cheer them. People certainly would not do such a thing now-a-days, but they were a far less polished race then. One minute a thousand voices would call for "the emperor of Russia," and that potentate would come forth on the balcony, unattended, and bow his fair head in acknowledgment of the greasy caps thrown up as a token of welcome: then the whim would be strong for the Prussian monarch; and Marshal Blucher, who was the most popular of all the guests, was repeatedly summoned by cries of "Out Blowcher! out Blowcher!" as they pronounced his name. The two young princes of Oldenburg ventured into the streets, but remained only a very short time; for the people pinched them, to "see if they could feel like common folks," as one of these rude welcomers told us himself. The same complimentary doubt as to whether he shared the ordinary conditions of humanity, was paid to Blucher himself afterwards.

'One can scarcely imagine such ignorance possible now, but so it was. The lower classes were almost wholly untaught, the middle not much better instructed, considering the difference of station. Our own governess—who, from profession, might be supposed to be well educated—spoke French so ill, that she one day asked M. l'Abbé, who gave us weekly lessons, to sup with her the next evening on *oyster-shells!*

'But to return to the peace-rejoicings. There were illuminations and transparencies in all the streets; and if any one had ventured to leave his windows candleless, he would have incurred the vengeance of the mob, and been thought an incipient Robespierre. Fireworks were displayed on Southsea Common; but they were, of course, not equal in variety and beauty to those which have been recently displayed in London.

'The rejoicings in the metropolis were very great, and the entrance of the allied sovereigns was a sight the world may scarcely ever look upon again. Wellington and Blucher rode side by side. The Prussian, twirling his huge moustache, and gazing with hungry eyes round him, observed that, "it would be a fine city to sack!" One can fancy the smile with which the great duke must have heard the observation.

'The French ambassador had an illumination before his house of the words "Peace and Concord." A party of sailors reading it, and feeling themselves aggrieved thereby, knocked at the door, and insisted on seeing the ambassador. They were admitted; and a secretary, who spoke English, was sent to them to ask what they required. "That you won't tell no lies," was the reply, "but pull down that board outside. You haven't *conquered* at all, nor ever shall; and it's too bad of you French rascals to say you did."

'The secretary perceived the blunder at once; but it was vain to argue with Jack; concord was "conquered" to his ear; and the ambassador therefore wisely had the offending word removed, and "amity" put in its place.'

'The first visible effect of the peace,' continued our venerable informant, 'was a marked change in the ladies' dress, which certainly, till then, was singularly tasteless and strange. Riding-hats and melon-shaped bonnets gave way to the Oldenburg bonnet—a head-dress resembling an inverted coal-scuttle—and fair faces were as much concealed then as they are exposed now. I cannot say that this was any special improvement as to beauty; but it was at least comfortable and modest, and was thought charming whilst it was the fashion.'

Forty years of peaceful progress elapsed from that time ere England was again called on to unsheathe the sword, and much was done for all good and useful arts during that period. May as long a peace follow the shorter but terrible struggle of yesterday; and—

> Our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
> Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
> Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
> Our dreadful marches to delightful measures—

may we learn to use rightly the precious interval, and thus render 'grim-visaged war' more and more improbable and unnecessary, till it becomes a myth for poets, or a fireside tale of that which was, and is no longer.

GAINSBOROUGH.*

The admirers of Gainsborough's landscapes and portraits are many; even their possessors form a goodly number; yet few among us are acquainted with the man's history or doings beyond his painting-room, and the present volume is intended to remedy this deficiency. Its materials were collected by the late Mr Fulcher, sometime mayor of Sudbury, and more widely known as a gentleman of taste and talent. A townsman of the painter, the task seemed to devolve upon him, but a sudden death brought his labours to a premature close, and the finishing of the work was left to his son. Author and editor have acquitted themselves well; the reader, whether artistic or not, will find much to amuse, and something to edify, in its lively and comprehensive account of Gainsborough's life and times. The artist lived in the noontide of George III. and Queen Charlotte, was the son of a woollen manufacturer—when shrouds were by law appointed to be of that material—took to painting from boyhood, studied under the eccentric Hayman, never went to Italy, and was lucky beyond the common lot of painters. He married prudently—commenced portrait-painting in his native town—removed, first to Ipswich, and then to Bath—became fashionable—made money, and kept some of it—finally removed to London, and died the court-painter. For a more enlarged view of Gainsborough's biography, we refer our readers to Mr Fulcher's volume. Our own limits admit but few and scanty extracts: some things, however, are too good to be passed over.

It appears there was a latent mechanical genius in the family. The artist's brother, Humphry, a dissenting minister, experimented largely on steam, and, his friends believed, had anticipated Watt. But a much larger amount of local tradition and remembrance was found to exist concerning John Gainsborough, popularly known as 'Scheming Jack,' from his numerous and always unfinished attempts at mechanical invention. To this branch of study he did not confine himself, though iron wings, self-rocking cradles, and cuckoos that sung the year round, are reckoned among his performances. Jack painted also, and, if he did not become an academician, had the knack of managing niggardly employers. 'Upon one occasion he was waited on by the landlord of a village-inn known as "The Bull," who was ambitious of having a new sign "by Gainsborough," but restricted the price to twenty shillings. John demanded thirty: Boniface, however, was inexorable—he would not advance a single sixpence. The artist described in glowing colours the prospective merits of the picture, and, in addition to other recommendations, mentioned that the bull should be drawn fastened down with a gold chain, in itself worth ten shillings. Still the landlord would not raise his terms. The bargain was struck, the sign painted and hung up before the ale-house, where it swung to and fro, the admiration of the villagers and the envy of all the other publicans, till a heavy shower falling one night washed out every vestige of the animal. The landlord in great wrath waited upon Scheming Jack for an explanation. "It is your own fault," said the indignant painter; "I would have chained him down for ten shillings, and you would not let me; the bull therefore, finding himself at liberty, has run away." The fact was that he had purposely painted the sign in destemper, instead of oil, which the first shower washed out.'

---

* *The Life of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.* By the late G. W. Fulcher. Edited by his Son. London: Longman. 1856.

Among sundry incidents of the artist's unknown days in Ipswich, comes the following:—'A wealthy squire, in the vicinity, having heard that Gainsborough the painter was in Ipswich, sent one of his servants with a message that he desired to speak to him. Gainsborough speedily attended the summons, picturing to himself, in the meanwhile, the nature of the work he might be required to perform; whether a family portrait, or view of the domain, which included a noble mansion, lofty and picturesque trees, with deer in abundance grazing beneath the spreading foliage. Arrived at the hall, he was ushered into the presence of his new patron, who received him as patrons are accustomed to receive their protégés. Gainsborough was not surprised at this reception, and only thought of the business for which he was required. The squire, having opened a window leading to the lawn, requested the painter to follow him, as the latter not unreasonably thought, to point out some advantageous spot from which to take a view of the mansion. He listened to what seemed a rambling calculation as to the dimensions of the doors and windows, the number of palings round the house, the broken panes in the garrets and hothouse, till the squire, turning to Gainsborough, requested his estimate for repairing the whole. Some moments elapsed before the awful conviction struck the aspiring genius that he had been mistaken for a *painter and glazier!* And a look of scorn at the squire concluded the scene.'

The painter's pride and temper were, however, still more signally displayed in the days of his fame and fashion. 'Commissions for portraits now flowed in so fast, that, with all his rapidity of execution and untiring industry, he was unable to satisfy the impatience of some of his sitters. One gentleman lost his temper, and inquired of the porter, in a voice loud enough to be overheard: "Has that fellow Gainsborough finished my portrait?" Ushered into the painting-room, he beheld his picture complete. After expressing his approbation, he requested it might be sent home at once; adding: "I may as well give you a check for the other fifty guineas." "Stay a minute," said Gainsborough; "it just wants the finishing-stroke;" and snatching up a background brush, he dashed it across the smiling features, indignantly exclaiming: "Sir, where is my fellow now?"'

Gainsborough could use the pen at times with as good effect as the pencil, though his literary attempts were restricted to private circulation, and generally of the satirical order. Fischer, the hautboy player, who afterwards became his rather unwelcome son-in-law—for the musician was anything but steady—delighted in steeds more spirited than he could manage. 'One day, having an engagement at Salisbury, he mounted a favourite mare, and was riding over the plain, when he overtook a heavily laden wagon. The horse signified its disapproval of the unsightly object by various *staccato* movements, and, suddenly starting into a gallop, Fischer was thrown. Fortunately uninjured, he again pursued his journey. On arriving at Salisbury, the musician, in a letter to Gainsborough, jestingly alluded to the morning's disaster. A day or two after, he received a rough sketch, wherein his own prostrate form, the broad-wheeled wagon, the grinning wagoner, and the retreating horse, made a picture worthy of Bunbury. Beneath was written the following metrical advice:—

> A runaway horse thou here mayst see,
> A warning sent, my friend, to thee:
> Better it is to shun the wheel,
> Than ride a blood to look genteel.'

Of the higher and more tender sentiments, Gainsborough had no lack, though the instructor of his youth, Hayman, was an amateur pugilist, and would, if possible, have an encounter with a sitter before taking his portrait. There is an interesting anecdote of his taste and feeling, given on no less authority than that of the Princess Augusta, who told it to Mr Leslie when sitting for her picture. 'One of the little princes died while Gainsborough was at Windsor, and the day after, as the king passed by the room in which the painter was employed, he saw him at work. The king desired a page to tell him to discontinue painting for the present. The page hesitated—the king repeated his command. "When your majesty knows what Mr Gainsborough is doing, I am sure"—— The king understood him—Gainsborough was making a portrait of the dead child.'

We warn our readers that there are a hundred times the good things we have quoted to be found in Mr Fulcher's volume. The stories of Bath sitters, with Sterne, Richardson, and Garrick among them; the patron 'who was perpetually imagining insult, and could sniff an injury from afar;' the brother-artist whose poverty obliged him to manufacture waistcoats from the canvas of his pictures, but who lived to marry a jointured widow; and the good-natured gentleman who remarked of his political opponent when painted with his greyhound, that 'the man wanted execution, and the dog wanted hanging;' are subjects that might amuse even sea-side readers. We must also mention, that there is a complete and very accurate catalogue of Gainsborough's paintings, with curious and sometimes interesting notes, and four good engravings.

WE FLY BY NIGHT.*

We suddenly received from home the intelligence that my father had been taken seriously ill, and had expressed a wish that we should return. The necessity was so urgent, that delay was not to be thought of, and we started the very same hour. It was a sad journey we had to make. A few days before, it had thawed, and had then again frozen hard; now the snow fell in thick flakes, and the weather was piercingly cold. My anxiety about my father left me no rest, and Axinia longed earnestly to be at home, and beside the sick-bed. We determined to travel the night through; and we were the better enabled to do this, as towards evening it having ceased to snow, we expected a moonlight night, and our driver, Rosko, was well acquainted with the road. We were well furnished with furs, and also with provisions for our journey. Before the night came on, we had reached the wide-spreading forest which separated us from our native home, and which stretches away in the distance towards Lithuania, there to unite itself with the boundless forests of that country. The road we travelled was wide enough to receive, without hinderance, the complete light of the full moon; but the frequent rough places in it which had been caused by the sharp frost following immediately upon the thaw, checked our progress, and cost our horses the greatest exertion. A perfect stillness reigned around us, which was broken only by the trotting of the horses, and the heavy breathing of the lady's-maid, an old Frenchwoman, who had fallen asleep. My thoughts were by the bed of my sick father, and neither Axinia nor myself felt inclined to talk. It was just an hour before midnight, and nothing particular had happened on our lonely way, when suddenly the horses which drew our sleigh began to shew an unusual kind of uneasiness; they snorted and chafed, and without being urged by the whip, they galloped faster and faster. They were horses we had had for several years, and which could be induced to go out of their usual speed only by some very extraordinary cause. They appeared anxious and fearful, and often turned their heads round to look back, and then it always seemed as if some unknown power impelled them to renewed exertion. From these sudden dashings forward, their pace soon became so wild and irregular, that Rosko was obliged to use some restraint; to this they gave way, it is true, but not without resistance, and with an appearance of the greatest terror. Axinia was too deeply engaged in her own thoughts and feelings to pay any attention to the altered behaviour of the animals; but I, being used to them and their habits, felt agitated, and prepared as it were for some strange and wonderful occurrence; and old Rosko also appeared now to be seized with a certain uneasy feeling. He looked back several times quickly, and seemed to be listening; then he gave the horses the reins, so that they were free to go at their own speed, and off they set at a full gallop. I was so seated in the sleigh that by just turning my head my mouth was close to our driver's ear. 'What is the matter, Rosko?' whispered I so gently to him that it was impossible for Axinia to catch what I said. 'You seem to be alarmed, and as if the uneasiness of the horses had communicated itself to you.'

---

* This exciting narrative is from the German of Georg Döring.

The old man considered for a moment, and then answered me in the same low tone. 'I fear the wolves are upon our track; the cold has driven them out of the woods, and hunger makes them follow us; and if the speed of the horses does not save us, we are lost.'

I have since then led the life of a soldier, and have beheld death in its most fearful forms; but never in the thick of the battle's roar, nor in front of a flaming battery, did I ever feel the terror and horror I felt at this moment. My first thought was my sister. I saw, in imagination, her delicate, lovely form torn by the teeth of the monsters; I saw them appease their hunger with sanguinary delight. I had often heard that these creatures pursued their prey with an obstinacy and a speed which made it impossible to escape from them. If our horses could hold out, we might be saved, but I felt sure that their strength would be exhausted before that of our pursuers, and that we should fall a sacrifice to them. I wore a hunting-knife by my side, and had also with me a rifle and a pair of pistols; but my provision of powder and ball was small, and could serve only to bring down some few of these savage animals, which I knew were accustomed to go out upon their nightly expeditions in flocks of several hundreds together. In the meantime, old Rosko drove the horses onward with unceasing speed; but it was not necessary to urge them much, for the acute instinct of the terrified beasts understood the approaching danger better than we. I felt an unceasing inclination to look back into the distance behind us, in order to listen, through the stillness of the night, for some sound that might confirm the horror of our fate.

Rosko saw and heard plainer than I. 'They are coming—they are coming!' whispered he suddenly. 'Don't you hear the rushing and panting? They look like a dark shadow as they come up out of the valley. It is a pack of more than a hundred.'

I now saw what Rosko's quicker sight had already seen. With a strange gliding motion, an enormous black mass came nearer and nearer; it passed so quickly over the snow, that one could not exactly distinguish the manner of its motion, and it became evident that it would very soon overtake our horses, the strength of which was beginning to give way. Awful, horrible sounds broke through the stillness of the night. They seemed to be sent forth from the depth of the chest, and resembled sometimes a grunting noise, and sometimes the painful, hollow, but yet partly repressed yells of one in agony. Axinia still suspected nothing; nothing could arouse her from the thoughts of home which engaged her so deeply. I was not able, however, much longer to leave her in that happy unconsciousness of the danger which threatened us. I could already distinguish the separate groups of the eager monsters; already several had burst forward, out of the mass, and were within gunshot of our sleigh. I raised my gun, cocked it, and aimed at the foremost of the creatures. 'Stoop down!' cried I to Axinia, who had started up as if frightened out of a dream. She looked at me inquiringly, but it was evident from my actions that this was no time for questions. She instantly bent down her head and shoulders; my gun went off, and the foremost and largest of the animals fell to the earth. My shot had waked the lady's-maid, and she began to scream, thinking we were attacked by robbers.

'It is only the wolves,' said Rosko, with astonishing coolness. 'We are rid of one; but a hundred others will be our faithful companions until'—— He said no more, for he did not wish the females to hear the worst. In the meantime, the horses, startled by the report of the gun, darted forward with renewed vigour, whilst the wolves made a stop to gather round the dead body of their companion.

'It will not last long,' murmured Rosko to himself. 'I know them; they will soon be close behind us again; and their perseverance will put the best horse to shame.'

I now had an opportunity of seeing how great was Axinia's strength of mind. She spoke words of comfort to the weeping lady's-maid with perfect composure, and exhorted her to join her in prayer to Him whose will could instantaneously tame the wild beast of the desert. She sank on her knees in the bottom of the sleigh, and beside her the lady's-maid; but the latter was not capable of collecting her thoughts to pray, and she gave way to continual lamentations, and to repeated denunciations of the journey itself. By this time I had reloaded my rifle, and it lay against my shoulder in a state of readiness, whilst the horses were doing their best to escape from our pursuers. Then the rushing, snuffling, and panting drew nearer again; the dark mass came on with wonderful speed, and I soon perceived that a few of the creatures had outrun the others, and were approaching with their gaping jaws extended towards us. A second ball struck the most daring of them to the ground. I hoped by this again to gain time; I hoped that, favoured by the frequent stopping of the beasts over their dead comrades, we might be able to gain the outside of the forest, and perhaps some human dwelling. But how vain were my calculations! This time they did not remain nearly so long with their dead companion as with the first; I had scarcely time to reload before they were after us again.

'It is all of no use,' whispered Rosko to me: 'the horses cannot last much longer, and then we are lost.'

And it is true that by this time there was a visible decrease in the strength of our horses; their breathing became an anxious gasping, and their pace unsteady. They did their best, for they knew that the bloodthirsty destroyers were at our heels, and that only speed could save us; but their powers were becoming more and more exhausted. Often had one or other of them already fallen on its knees and then sprung up again with a desperate effort. We were, indeed, in a fearful situation; I trembled for Axinia's life, not for my own. My balls brought down a few more of our pursuers, but that no longer disturbed them in their chase. They were now close behind us; their heavy breathing was more distinctly heard. I could see their gaping jaws with the rows of frightful teeth, and their tongues hanging out; and I could see their savage, fiery eyes. And what a multitude was there of them! My last charge was expended, and I now possessed no means of defence against an attack of the furious animals, except my two pistols, which had not yet been fired off, my hunting-knife, and the but-end of my rifle. This Rosko had remarked.

'There is still one hope left,' said he: 'I remember to have seen on our way here an uninhabited hunter's hut, which cannot now be far off. If we can succeed in reaching it, we are safe for the present; if not, the wolves will tear us to pieces, and relieve their fierce hunger with our flesh. If it comes to that, sir,' continued he with a trembling voice, 'then—you have still the loaded pistols—then be compassionate, and give your sister a speedy death, that she may not die by inches under the teeth of the wolves!'

I stared in speechless silence at the old man; a tear ran down his cheek; without speaking, he looked at me, and nodded his head, as if by that means to add force to what he had said. Never shall I forget that moment! A shudder ran through my veins; I looked into the innocent face of my sister; I turned my eyes in desperation towards heaven; it seemed to me that deliverance ought to come, and must come, from above to that pure and pious being, who forgot all her earthly dangers in her resignation to the will of the Almighty. Then the panting and trampling came closer to us, and I saw that the foremost of the creatures had reached us, and that they seemed to be smelling our carriage, as if they wished first to see of what the freight consisted before they made the attack. With my left hand I seized the ready-cocked pistol, and with a searching glance I looked at the head of my sister, in order to select that part where death would reach her the surest and quickest. My right hand had mechanically drawn my hunting-knife. A veil of blood appeared to be drawn over my sight, and through the blood I beheld the praying Axinia, the hungry wolves, and the wide waste of snow. Then one of the creatures got nearer to our sleigh; it gave a frightful spring to clear its side, but my hunting-knife caught it in the flank as it sprang, and it fell dead before it reached us. Axinia had sunk in terror by the side of the lady's-maid, who had long since been cowering in the bottom of the sleigh.

'Well done!' cried Rosko to me, with all the spirit of a young man. 'Spare your powder, and use your knife! I can see the hut now. Hold out only a little longer, and then we shall be secure.' Then the bloody veil fell from before my eyes, and it became again light within me and around. Rosko flogged the horses unmercifully, and once more the faithful beasts made incredible exertions; it seemed as if they felt that this was the last piece of service they should ever render their masters, and were therefore willing to put forth their last strength. In the meantime, I had put the pistol in my breast-pocket, and stood upright, with the gunstock held up in my hand ready to strike. Whether it was that this threatening attitude made an impression on our pursuers, or whether the accelerated speed of our horses was the cause, I know not; but so it was that we began to leave the savage monsters a little behind, and we gained a slight, but in our situation invaluable, advantage over them. I looked around me. There stood the hut; the door was open; and Rosko gave a cry of joy, as with his powerful hand he drew up the horses, and then sprang from his seat, saying: 'We are here—we are here! Quickly out, and into the hut; there's not a moment to be lost!' But already had Axinia, with wonderful energy, sprung out of the sleigh and into the hut; Rosko followed her, carrying the fainting lady's-maid; I was the last. As I was going in, the old man snatched the gun out of my hand, and rushed out again. I looked after him in astonishment; I saw that the wolves were coming up in enormous numbers, and I knew that they would be up with us in a minute or two. I called after him to come back, but his work was already done: with two cuts of the whip he had set the horses off again into a full gallop, and had got back again just as two of the savage beasts made a spring towards the hut. With two blows of the but-end of the gun, he struck them both down, and then was by my side again; and just as the foremost of the pack reached the hut, and would have pressed in, we pushed to the strong oaken door, and bolted it with the iron bolt, which, providentially, we found still there.

I should in vain endeavour to describe the feelings I experienced at that moment. Many years have passed away since that time; I have gone through much that was calculated to try the soul; but never had I feelings equal to these. The purest joy at the deliverance of my sister took possession of me, and with it the feeling that I had sinned against the greatness and the goodness of the Almighty. I felt the utmost contrition; I dared not speak to Axinia, whose confidence in heaven had never for one moment forsaken her, and who at this moment, and with a steady voice, was offering thanks for her merciful deliverance. The snuffling and rattling of the wolves at the door roused me from the train of thought into which I had fallen. Rosko had had the presence of mind, when he ran back to set the horses off, and thereby give them the chance of saving themselves, to snatch the lantern from the sleigh, and bring it with him into the hut. We now began to examine the interior, to see whether we were in safety; and as we did so, we heard the low growling of the wolves, which continued jumping against the door, and climbing up against the windows; but fortunately the windows were fastened with very strong shutters. Mud-walls surrounded us, and a bank of earth was built against one side; a little half-rotten straw lay in a corner, and by the side of it lay an invaluable treasure, a heap of firewood, sufficient, in all probability, to save us, during four-and-twenty hours, from the severity of the frost. The old servant lost not a moment in making use of the discovery. A most grateful fire soon flamed in the middle of the room, the smoke from which went upwards, and found an outlet at one of those openings in the roof which usually form the chimney in these hunters' huts. I now breathed more freely, and could look more calmly upon my sister, who had sat down quietly upon the earthen bank, and was engaged in endeavouring to restore the fainting lady's-maid, whom Rosko had placed there when he carried her in. With the help of some spirits from Rosko's flask, she at last succeeded; and we all gathered round the fire, the beneficial effects of which soon gave us new life; and whilst we listened to the savage growling of our fearful enemies outside, we congratulated ourselves upon having escaped from them. The Frenchwoman, now that the paralysing effect of the fear had left her, began to describe, with astonishing volubility, all she had suffered, and how she had expected every moment to see one of the monsters spring into the sleigh and swallow us all up. I sat holding Axinia's hand in mine, and an expression of unspeakable joy might be seen in the faces of us both. Old Rosko alone appeared unmoved at the favour which fate had shewn us; he sat looking with gloomy thoughtfulness into the rising flames; his brow was knit, and from time to time he shook his head. Suddenly we now heard, resounding from a distance, so loud and heart-piercing a cry of pain, that we looked at each other in astonishment, and Axinia crept close to me, as if for safety. I had never heard a sound like it before: it could be the tones of no human being that pierced the air with so much strength, and I knew of no animal the cry of which it resembled. It soon ceased; but the piteous complaint, the heart-piercing distress of that tone, continued to sound in our ears. Rosko had gone uneasily towards the door, and was looking through a crack in it. It had now become stiller without, and it appeared to me that the growling and howling of the wolves no longer sounded so directly in our neighbourhood. Old Rosko came back from the door, and he must have seen in the expression of my face an interrogation as to the shocking, unnatural tones we had heard.

'Poor Alexander! all is over with him! The young beast was full of courage and fire, and no doubt fought his blood-thirsty enemies bravely with his hoofs; but he was obliged to give way; the numbers were too great for him. Yes, sir,' continued he, 'that dreadful cry announced to us the death of your favourite horse. I have heard this tone, which pierces to the very soul, on the field of battle. It is peculiar to strong young horses, which part hardly with their life, and struggle with death to the last moment. I will lay any wager it went easier with Cynthia; she was weaker than Alexander, and older too. But this much is certain, that the poor animals have become a prey to the wolves, which are at this moment engaged in devouring them, and therefore leave us in peace. At this moment there are but few of them about the hut; the great mass are engaged in their horrid meal. They will soon return, however, more ravenously hungry and more blood-thirsty than ever; for this slight repast is sufficient only to stimulate their insatiable appetites.

The old man had spoken truly. We sat still, and as if waiting round the fire; and a few moments only had passed when we again heard the feet and the panting of the wolves close outside: then they came bursting against the door and the window-shutters; then the growling became louder; and we could find that, with newly excited rage, they were trying to climb up the door-posts and the mud-walls in order to get upon the roof. We were in the most anxious suspense. Our eyes were fixed on the opening in the roof just above us, through which, when a puff of wind parted the cloud of smoke which went up from our fire, the star-light heavens looked brightly down upon us. A fresh column of smoke was just about to twirl upwards, when the lady's-maid uttered a loud shriek, and, pointing with her finger to the roof, fell speechless on the ground. A fearful sight was before us! Four wolves' heads, with bloody jaws, and their tongues hanging out, shewing their white rows of savage teeth, were ranged round the edge of the opening, and looking down, with glowing eyes, into the flames beneath. Seen through the smoke as we saw them, they looked like demons. At this unexpected sight, only Rosko retained his presence of mind. He threw a fagot into the fire, saying: 'We have nothing to fear from these four; they do not like fire; it dazzles them, and they will not be able to see us.' But suddenly there came a loud crash in the weak rafters of the roof; three of the monsters disappeared, but the roof gave way under the fourth, and hung down within the cabin, whilst the creature endeavoured in vain to cling to the rafters which kept breaking round it. It was very evident that it must soon fall into the flames beneath.

'Away [illegible] the fire!' cried old Rosko to the two females, w[illegible] terrified, fled into a corner. Then he turned to me and said: 'Now shoot! Send a pistol-ball into the fellow's body: take a good aim—hit sure!'

He seized the gun himself, and stood by with it ready to strike a blow with the stock. We heard the creature groaning with fear. It was of unusual and fearful size. I obeyed mechanically the command of the old servant. I took a true aim, fired, and at the same instant the animal fell into the burning pile of wood beneath, from which flew on all sides firebrands, burning coals, and sparks. I started back from the flames; but there lay our enemy bleeding, and rolling itself amongst the firebrands, howling horribly and piteously with pain. Rosko kept his place courageously; and after having raised the stock of the gun once or twice over his head, and brought it down again each time with a heavy blow, there lay the beast dead before us, its limbs stretched out stiff from its body amongst the burning wood, which, being all wetted with its blood, gave forth a smothering steam. Rosko, who had always his wits about him, pulled it out of the fire, and dragged it into the furthest corner, where he left it lying, saying at the same time that he hoped it would be the only visit of the kind we should have during the night; 'but the day, the day,' added he, in a low tone of voice, 'will bring us more of such customers than we shall be able to master.'

These words had reached my ears only; Axinia and the Frenchwoman looked anxiously up at the roof, to see whether any fresh danger threatened us. I drew near to the old man, and led him far away from Axinia towards the dead wolf, as if I wished to examine it; and then I asked him, in an under-voice, what were the fears he entertained for the day, as I had been in hopes that, when morning came, the wolves would forsake our place of refuge, and betake themselves to the depths of the forest.

'And even if that were to be the case,' said he gloomily, 'of what use would it be to us? The horses are dead; and how is a weak tender female, like Mademoiselle Axinia, to reach the outside of this forest on foot? In the midst of our endeavour, night would overtake us again, and the wolves would know well where to find us. But any hope of the kind is vain. When the wolves have assembled in such an enormous mass as they have done here, they are not afraid of daylight. So long as our stock of wood holds out, our fire will protect us from any attack from above; indeed, I do not think another of the monsters will be bold enough to try the roof again to-night; but by daylight the flames do not make so powerful an impression on them. We must summon all our courage and all our strength for what may then happen, and prepare to defend the women and our own lives to the last moment. But it will all be of no use, of no use,' added he, in a tone growing fainter and fainter—'of no use at all!'

I had placed my whole confidence on the return of day; I had already imagined that we were safe at home in the castle of my father; but now all my hopes were destroyed—now, for the first time, our destruction appeared to me to be certain—and again all the horrors of despair took possession of me. I did not dare go near Axinia, lest she should guess, from the disturbed state I was in, what was the truth as to our fate; I wished it to be kept from her as long as possible, that she might continue to enjoy the feeling that she was safe until the danger was really near. The hours passed anxiously and painfully by. Axinia had fallen asleep, and lay reposing like an angel of peace — like a child who knows nothing of the dangers which surround it. The lady's-maid, too, exhausted by her apprehensions and her exertions, had fallen into a kind of disturbed slumber or stupor, from which she every now and then awoke in affright, raised herself up, and stared vacantly at the hole in the roof, and then sank down again, seemingly insensible. I looked at Axinia, and as I saw her smile in her sleep, it pierced me to the heart; I felt oppressed within me, as if a heavy load lay on my breast from which I could not get free. In the meantime, old Rosko silently went on keeping up the fire, and appeared to be thinking seriously about our position, although he did not communicate his thoughts to us. He was right in what he had said about the wolves: not one of them appeared again during the night at the opening in the roof; but their scratching and scraping, and pushing against the door, their low growling, and their running backwards and forwards round the hut, continued the whole time.

It is not surprising that even at this length of time

I should remember accurately every particular of what we then suffered; the dangers of that moment were such as would make an impression upon a whole lifetime, however long it might be. Before Rosko told me what we had most to dread, I had longed for daylight to return; but now I could have wished that the night might be without end. But how senseless was such a wish, for what should we have gained by it! Instead of being torn to pieces by the wolves, we should have suffered the lingering death of starvation, or at best, have been frozen to death! I now felt without hope, and perfectly desolate.

The stars became paler, the twilight appeared above us, the flames of the fire became less bright, and the day broke. Axinia slept on: the frightful howling of the wolves, the increased energy which was evident in their movements around our place of refuge, did not wake her; but at one time I saw that her lips moved, and that she was speaking, and I drew nearer to understand what she said. 'Fear nothing, Cassimir,' said she softly, as if in a sweet dream: 'God is watching over us; a deliverer is nigh.' I cannot describe the effect which these words had on me, and how they instantly filled me again with hope and faith. I suddenly felt myself influenced by a supernatural power. I felt quite calmed with regard to any future danger, and seizing the hand of the astonished Rosko, I exclaimed in a cheering tone: 'Courage, faithful Rosko! We are too good to serve as food for the wolves: a deliverer is near.'

And he was near. He appeared in the time of our greatest need, when the fire, now grown pale under the light of day, no longer scared our hungry pursuers, which now clambered upon the roof in such numbers that it threatened every moment to fall in upon us; and as we looked up, we beheld twenty pair of savage jaws wide open, thirsting for our blood, and longing eagerly to devour us. Axinia had not awaked; she slept as soundly as if convinced that the angel of God was watching over her. My whole being appeared now to have resolved itself into faith in our deliverance. I looked no longer at the savage growling forms above; I looked into the pure and innocent face of my sister. She smiled and moved slightly, and then awoke crying: 'He comes!—we are saved!'

At that moment, we heard the report of fifty shots in the forest; a loud halloo and the barking of dogs resounded through the air, and the trampling of horses' hoofs came fast towards us. My sister and her maid started up; we heard our enemies scrambling down from the roof, we heard the howling of the scattered wolves in the distance, and we cried: 'We are saved!'

Rosko went and looked through the split in the door, and said: 'There is a wolf-hunt: the wolves have fled, and the hunters are just breaking out of the wood.' He threw the door wide open, and we went out into the space before the hut; freedom was again ours; and we had the joy to see at the head of the troop of horsemen who had thus rescued us, the friend whose house we had left when we started on our journey. How is it possible to describe the delight of our meeting or our thankfulness! We now related in hasty words the fearful circumstances of the night; and our friend told us that, shortly after our departure, news had been brought to his castle that a herd of wolves, from the boundless forests of Lithuania, had entered the forest through which we were to pass; that they had already committed great destruction and devastation, and that the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood were prepared to begin a general attack upon them. He had been seized with the greatest alarm on our account, and had seen in a moment all the danger to which we were exposed. He had assembled round him all those who were capable of taking part in a hunt, and was just about to hasten after us, when several landed proprietors in the vicinity desired to join his little troop with their followers, and to accompany him in the chase. These new-comers, however, wished not to set out upon the expedition until the next morning; but our friend's energetic description of the fearful situation in which we were in all probability placed, at length prevailed upon them to make use of the moonlight night for the undertaking; and thus were we saved from a fate at which the imagination shudders.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

Many are the attempts that have been made since the invention of printing by philosophers and enthusiasts, to form a universal language—a language that should be either written or spoken by the whole world. Some have thought it would be a good thing for the sake of learning, some have desired it from political and social motives, and some have seen in it a means of promoting science and religion. Whether they were right or wrong, we do not attempt to prove: we have our own private opinion on that point, and incline to think that if all the world spoke but one language, it would be less lively than at present. We would as soon see all races Esquimaux, Hindoos, Britons, &c., wearing the last fashion of Paris, as hear them speaking the same tongue. Nevertheless, there may be some who differ from us in opinion. With the Great Exhibition and the *Grande Exposition*, the notion of a universal language was once more revived; and last year there was some talk of a committee or congress to meet at Paris for the purpose of considering the question, though we have not heard whether anything came of it, or whether the meeting took place at all. One thing we know, and that is, that an earnest-minded Spaniard, the Abbé Bonifacio Sotos Ochando, director of the Polytechnic College at Madrid, has actually invented a universal language, and has it ready for use at any moment. Judging from his own words, which we quote from a French periodical, he has accomplished his task under a full sense of its importance. 'I was far, very far,' he says, 'from thinking that I should be called to create a universal language: never had the idea of this new mission presented itself to me. The inspiration has arisen independently, and almost in spite of myself. It has revealed to me, by a sudden illumination of my mind, not only a vague perception, but the entire theory and mechanism of the language I had to reveal to the world; so that I have no other merit than the merit of patience, and fidelity to the interior voice which guided or spoke within me. Hence, with very little science, with a very humble capacity, and without the aid of others, I have been able to realise a truly colossal enterprise, to bring forth the richest of idioms, to lay the bases of the most immense of dictionaries, in as little time as men eminently distinguished, even illustrious geniuses, have required for a sketch of a universal language.'

From this quotation we discover the Abbé Sotos to be somewhat of an enthusiast. He, however, lays claim to no supernatural inspiration, but believes himself to be simply the instrument for performing an essential work. He believes the human race to be still in its infancy, destined to long ages of physical and intellectual life, during which time will be given for the proposed language to become universal. Why not a unity of language, as well as of money, weights, and measures? But the abbé does not contemplate a language to be spoken everywhere and by everybody. 'I mean,' he says, 'a language for savans, or understood by all who have received a superior education.' To have taken one of the present living languages, would not have answered the purpose, inasmuch as all its significations are arbitrary: and hence the scheme of the abbé.

Let us look, now, at this new language. The alphabet has twenty letters, the same as in English—*k*, *q*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *z* being omitted. The five vowels remain unaltered, and all the letters are pronounced as in French, except *u*, which has the sound of our *oo*. These are represented by characters which remind us of the telegraphic alphabet formerly used in France; and as none of the types have yet reached us, we cannot reproduce them here. Every letter has a special signification, according to its position in the word. To give an example, of initials only: '*A initial* signifies always a material thing, unconnected with vegetable or animal life; *E*, a living body; *I*, that which concerns man materially; *O*, that which concerns him intellectually and intelligently; *U*, that which concerns the will; *B*, instruction and its analogues; *C*, mechanical arts and their dependencies; *D*, politics; *G*, military arts;' and so on. A little further we find: 'Substantives are always polysyllables ending with a vowel, and are declined by five cases, placing the terms *la*, *le*, *li*, *lo*, *lu* before or after the word. Adjectives are all polysyllables ending with *n*, and declinable by the terminations *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*. Plurals of these two are formed by adding the letter *s*. Verbs are polysyllables ending with *ar*, *er*, *ir*, *or*, *ur*; the five vowels determine the kind of verb, and *b*, *c*, *d*, *f*, *g*, *j* the moods. All adverbs end with *c*; and all prepositions are monosyllables beginning with a consonant and ending with a vowel. The conjunctions end with *l*, and the interjections with *f*; and there are four articles—*al*, *el*, *il*, *ol*.'

Some notion of the new language may be gathered from these few particulars. The grammar differs materially from ordinary grammars, and, as is believed, offers but few difficulties. We conclude with an extract from the dictionary:

A initial, a material thing: *AB initial*, material objects: *ABA initial*, simple bodies or elements. *Ababa*, oxygen: *Ababe*, hydrogen: *Ababi*, azote: *Ababo*, sulphur: *Ababu*, selenium. *Abaca*, tellurium: *Abace*, chlorine: *Abaci*, bromine: *Abaco*, iodine: *Abacu*, fluorine. And thus it proceeds, with a change of the penultimate letter. Coming to *n*, we have—*Abana*, zinc: *Abane*, cadmium: *Abani*, copper: *Abano*, lead: *Abanu*, bismuth. It is pointed out that by cutting off the radical *Aba*, the final syllable would offer a simple form of chemical symbols.

Whether the Abbé Sotos is to have greater success than the reformers who printed *Paradise Lost* phonographically, remains to be seen; concerning which our contemporary *Punch* said that *Fonetics* might perhaps mean *Fanatics*. In any case, our readers may entertain themselves with this specimen of a new language, which a Parisian editor assures us is 'easy, clear, rich, exact, eminently philosophical; at once analytical and synthetical; very varied, and only child's play for the memory.'

ANTIQUITY OF SMOKING.

The question as to whether smoking was known to the ancients, has just been started in Germany by the publication of a drawing contained in the *Recueil des Antiquités Suisses* of Baron de Bonstetten, which represents two objects in clay, which the author expressly declares to be smoking-pipes. The authors of the *History of the Canton of the Grisons* had already spoken of these objects, but had classified them among the instruments made use of by the soothsayers. The Abbé Cochet, in his work on Subterranean Normandy, mentions having found similar articles either whole or in fragments in the Roman necropolis near Dieppe, which he at first considered as belonging to the seventeenth century, or perhaps to the time of Henri III. and Henri IV. The abbé, however, afterwards changed his opinion on reading the work of Mr Collingwood Bruce, entitled *The Roman Wall*, in which the author asks the question, whether the pipes discovered at Pierve Bridge, in Northumberland, and in London, at places where Roman stations were known to have existed, belonged to the Romans? Mr Wilson, in his Archæology of Scotland, states that tobacco was only introduced as a superior kind of narcotic, and that hemp was already known to the ancients as a sedative. The pipes found in Scotland by Mr Wilson might have served for using this latter substance. M. Woechter, in his *Celtic Monuments of Hanover*, says that clay-pipes from six to eight inches in length had been found in tombs at Osnabruck, which proved that the ancients smoked. M. Keferstein, in his *Celtic Antiquities*, boldly declares that the Celts smoked. Klemm, in his *History of Christian Europe*, states that the smoking of intoxicating plants was known to the Scythians and Africans long before the introduction of tobacco into Europe. Herodotus, in speaking of the Scythians, does not go quite so far, but mentions that the people spread hempseed on red-hot stones, and inhaled the vapour sent forth. It is therefore thought by Baron de Bonstetten that the pipes of which he gives the drawing were used before the introduction of tobacco into Europe.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

PERSIAN CEREMONIAL OF WELCOME.

On approaching a village, an unfortunate cow in the midst of the crowd, close to the roadside, was held down by the head and feet; when we came within a yard or so of the miserable animal, a man brandished a large knife, with which he instantly, before there was time for interference, severed its head from its body. He then ran across our road with the head, allowing the blood to flow on our path in torrents; and we passed on, to encounter a repetition of the same cruel rites performed on various sheep. This ceremony was called *korban*, or sacrifice; these poor creatures having been immolated in order that all the misfortunes, evils, and disasters which might overtake us, should fall on them; and fall on them assuredly they did.—*Lady Sheil's Life and Manners in Persia.*

TIME.

WRITTEN AT THE CONCLUSION OF A YEAR.

God's sand-glass has been shaken—Lo! there falls,
Upon the distressed, upturned brow of Earth,
Another of the year-grains. It is thus
Time's sands increase—how imperceptibly—
Grain upon grain—till with their desert arms
They gather in the empires; and enclose,
In their long desolate wastes, all that is grand
And beautiful—all cities where the kings
Build for renown—for Time must—weary thought!—
Ever destroy—vain man must ever build.
As traversing a Libyan waste, the stream,
Nursed in the secret caverns of far hills,
Sinks by degrees into the hungry sands,
Till from the traveller's sight it disappears;
So in Time's hungrier Saharas sink
The streams of human life—they disappear
Even while we gaze upon them. Are they lost
Irrevocably in the aridness
Of the increasing ages? Nay! for lo,
With weary feet emerging from the sand,
The traveller, joy-inspired, beneath the cool
Of roofing palms descries the plenteous spring,
And knows it is the river he had lost,
There, in that Eden of the wilderness,
Strangely restored! Upon the odorous grass
Seated, he muses on that river far
Away for ever sinking—on that spring—
Its purer life—for ever rising near!
'We are that river—we will be that spring,'
He cries: 'life in the desert of the years
May disappear, but in fair gardened realms,
Familiar to the tread of angel-feet,
Celestial watchers view it welling up
In purity, cleansed by Death's filtering.'

J. Boag.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 139. SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856. PRICE 1½*d*.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

NICKNAMES, prejudices, and false theories are often extremely long-lived, especially when pride or vanity helps to preserve their vitality. We have all a prejudice against monkeys; and if you begin with the ugliest and the longest tailed, your dislike increases at every gradation as you ascend to the wild man of the woods, who inspires you with indescribable antipathy because of his horrid resemblance to yourself. He appears to stand on the utmost verge of what we call the lower creation, and impudently to claim admission into the human family. But we look at his long feet, his gigantic hands, his colossal neck, his broad face, and the repulsive callosities which supply the place of whiskers; and shudderingly push him from us, call him a beast, and shoot him.

Among the philosophers of the last century there prevailed a notion, put forward half jocularly, but at bottom perhaps seriously adopted, that men were only large monkeys which had worn off their tails by sitting perpetually on the rocks. The idea may have originated in a strong love of satire, or in some dim perception of the theory which represents all nature as in a state of perpetual development, evolving superior out of inferior things, though the germs of all qualities must have existed in the original fount of organisation. A partisan of this philosophy would probably discover the first rudiments of a court-exquisite in the wild man of the woods, who builds his house in a tree amid the vast forests of Pulo-Kalamantin, which, in imitation of the early Spanish navigators, we call Borneo. This creature, known among the natives as the Mias Papan, hovers about the farms and villages, as if obscurely hungering after human society. In muscular strength it far exceeds the Dyak or the Malay, and in all likelihood would prove a formidable rival to the stoutest Cornish wrestler. It even ventures to face the bear in the forest, and, unarmed, sometimes comes off victorious.

Connected with this subject, an anecdote is related which may be worth repeating. A Dyak farmer, who devoted his industry to the cultivation of the sugar-cane, learned that a mias, who lived in his neighbourhood, descended nightly from the forest to commit depredations in his fields. Men are generally bold in defence of their own property. The worthy Kalamantinese, therefore, taking up a sharp spear, issued forth soon after dark, and lay in wait for the robber. It would be difficult to imagine a more lonely or exciting situation. He walked to and fro; he planted himself behind the stems of huge trees, and looked forth upon the green expanse of sugar-cane, which lay waving and heaving in the night-breeze beneath the moon. For a considerable time he watched in vain: at length he perceived, sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, the huge marauder quietly masticating the sugar-cane, the sweet juice of which appeared to have acted upon his senses like the flavour of the fabulous lotus, for he permitted the vindictive farmer to approach and wound him with his spear before he emerged from his reverie. Then, however, he started to his feet, and looking about for the treacherous enemy, saw a large bear emerging from a clump of foliage. There was no time for deliberation, or for asking himself the question, how the bear, possessing no missiles, could have wounded him from a distance. Like a true warrior, he flew at the first foe that offered himself; and the grunting and growling of these fierce combatants, animated to the highest pitch of fury, suggested to the Dyak farmer the prudence of beating a speedy retreat. On returning next morning to the field of battle, he found the bear lying dead on the ground, and, at no great distance, the mias in the same condition. It is probable, however, that but for the deep wound inflicted by the spear, the latter would have obtained the victory, and gone back unscathed to his wife and little ones, who were no doubt anxiously expecting him in their lofty dwelling.

The accounts given of the dimensions of the mias are various; some writers being inclined to exaggerate their height, and some very much to understate it. The truth appears to be that, like men, they differ greatly in stature, certain individuals not exceeding four feet in height, while others fall very little short of six feet. Their habits and manners are an awful caricature of those of man. They utter sounds which suggest the idea of an imperfect speech; they build houses, though very rude ones, high up amid the branches of forest-trees, where they live with their females and their young; they traverse the woods by climbing from bough to bough, the females carrying their young in one arm, while they make their way among the branches with the other. The male reconnoitres the enemy adroitly from behind large trunks or boughs, and will often lose his life fighting in defence of his helpmate. Occasionally, it is said, they carry off Dyak women into the woods, and compel them to live with them. They constitute, doubtless, the strange race of which so many wild stories are told among the Arabs, who, when of old they visited the Indian Archipelago, peopled every island with myths and legends no less marvellous than those which meet us in the *Arabian Nights*. Among these is the tradition preserved in the Narrative of the Pearl-merchant, that they once stole an old woman, and made her their queen, displaying towards her a reverence bordering on worship. No doubt, the Moslem writer greatly embellished the anecdote related to him, but there probably existed some foundation for what he records.

If any man, like Mr White of Selborne, were to take up his residence in the Bornean forests, and study there at his leisure the character and habits of the wild men of the woods, we might probably come to understand them. At present, we know little beyond the number of their teeth, the colour of their hair, and the ugliness of their physiognomies. Have they faculties capable of cultivation? Could they be rendered gentler, more docile, or even useful, by careful and considerate treatment? Whether or not is it permitted man to hunt them down like wild beasts—to shoot the mother with her little ones in her arms—to kill the father while he stands up in defence of his family? We once conversed with a traveller, who, after having indulged for some time in the chase of the Mias Papan, and brought down several individuals to the ground, was struck with remorse at beholding the rolling of the eyes and the strong expression of agony depicted in the countenances of the wounded. He felt as if he had been committing murder. The unhappy wretches lay on the earth groaning and sighing like so many soldiers pierced in battle; and when they breathed forth their lives in blood, they seemed to put forth a strong claim for the forbearance and sympathy of mankind.

An old writer remarks, that in length of time it is probable that highly improbable things should happen, and accordingly we think it not unphilosophical to believe that the mias may, to some extent, be taught to speak. Various kinds of birds have been taught to imitate the human voice, but all attempts to acquire by this any knowledge of their interior organisation have proved fruitless. It might be different with the mias. He has, doubtless, a certain number of ideas peculiar to his race, and the question is, whether these might not be multiplied by civilisation? We find that all individuals of all races of the human species may be taught something, and what they are taught they can teach their children. In all other divisions of the animal kingdom, the examples are rare, so far as we know, of the transmission of any acquirement from one generation to another. The individual appears to be susceptible of improvement; but the race, so far as intelligence is concerned, remains the same. This constitutes the distinction between man and all other animals. Would the Mias Papan form a second exception? We do not accept the testimony of the Orientals, but the Arabs pretend that the wild men of the woods exhibit some traces of religious practices. According to these imaginative authors, they assemble in large numbers at the full of the moon, and bow and gesticulate towards its silver effulgence. This may be mere fancy; but we do not require this proof of their sharing in our ideas, to justify us in regarding as little short of murder the hunting and slaughtering of these creatures. If a very ardent pursuer of science were to overtake in the woods one of the aborigines of New Holland or New Guinea, who happened by chance to be dumb, we doubt not he would, without the slightest remorse, shoot him, stuff his skin, and transmit him to Europe as a specimen of a new animal. We can easily imagine a Dyak farmer lying in wait for one of these forest burglars and killing him in defence of his sugar-canes; but we are unable to contemplate without horror a man, gun in hand, dogging a creature very much like himself through the forests, in order, through becoming guilty of his death, to procure his skin for a museum.

Though the poor wretch be dumb, he is not by any means destitute of feeling. Chop language or logic how we please, it is impossible to regard him otherwise than as a member of some family: he has his female partner, whom, in his own jargon, he may call wife; he has little ones whom, in the same dialect, he may denominate children; and it is very certain that, whatever he calls or considers them, he provides carefully for their maintenance, and has therefore some sense of duty—perhaps a higher sense of duty than the armed savage who tracks him through the forest for his blood. The scientific assassin may look upon him simply as a specimen. But transport yourself in fancy into one of the vast solitudes in the interior of Kalamantin, and look at a venerable old mias, sitting with his wife and family about him, in his arborial habitation. He may possibly be very ugly; his nose may be broad, his face flat, and he may have portentous callosities instead of whiskers; but he is a mild old fellow, and has been sufficiently mellowed by time to regard the world in a calm and philosophical light. He has witnessed the rising and setting of many a sun; he has hunted; he has fished; he has fought with Dyaks and Malays; he has bitten off many a finger, and laid his heavy hand on many a dusky back, in defence of his rights. But then, it may be said, he is unable to explain those rights, and has never thought of presenting them to the world in a blue folio. So much the more reason have we to pity him. He does not, perhaps, understand distinctly why he should not be shot, and have his skin stuffed for a museum; nor would he by any means acquiesce in the reasoning by which the man of science might seek to justify the murderous process. He has come into the enjoyment of life without knowing how, just as the man of science himself has, and is quite as solicitous to prolong the delight of looking at the sun, as the man who dodges him for his skin. We wish the mias could write. Would he not describe with fearful eloquence the poignancy of his sufferings, when seeking, with his awkward movements, to escape from the well-booted stranger from the west, plunging after him, sometimes up to his chin in water, merely to make his children fatherless, and his wife a widow! The Dyaks have a good excuse for killing the mias, who meets them sometimes stick in hand, fights desperate battles, and occasionally, if fame speak true, carries off his enemy's head as a trophy. The Dyak himself does much the same when he kills anybody, man or monkey. At anyrate, in the former case, he cuts off the head, puts it under his arm, carries it home, smokes it carefully, and then hangs it up in a house with other smoked heads, perhaps secretly, as a sort of fetisch.

This creature, however—this Dyak—is admitted freely into the human family, notwithstanding his sanguinary propensities, simply because he can speak, and we by no means object to his admission. But would it do any harm if we were to widen a little the circle of our humanity, and suffer it to embrace the mias also? He might be looked upon and treated as a sort of cousin-german to the human race, remarkable for his ugliness, and unfortunately deprived of the means of expressing his ideas; but still related to us by the ties of kindred, and therefore forbidden to be shot down and hunted like a wild beast. Science can fairly make no pretensions, at present, to fix the bounds of his mental horizon. He may be able to think a great deal more than we are aware; and what travellers speak of as his grunt, may be some incipient form of speech capable of being cultivated and enlarged. The double-click Hottentots do little more than grunt, and yet we exhibit no reluctance to extend to them the common rights of humanity. Many tribes of negroes, the natives of New Holland, the Horaforas, hovering like a dark cloud on the furthest limits of the Indian Archipelago, share our general form and vocal powers, but have little beyond these rudiments of humanity; yet we very wisely, kindly, and philosophically call them our brethren; hold out to them our hand, and seek to help them up the toilsome ladder of civilisation. What harm could arise to us, if we were to go down a few steps further, and say to the Mias Papan: 'You have a very ugly physiognomy; you are hairy, like Esau; you are therefore no customer to tailors or manufacturers; but you work with your hands; you walk upon your feet; and you look, as the Roman poet expresses it, with an erect visage into the sky: we invite you to change your mode of living, to cultivate your grunt, to enlarge your vocabulary, and to put on clothes like decent people. Who knows but by these civil processes, you may mount a little higher in the scale of existence? At anyrate, the attempt may be worth making?'

Some years ago, several individuals in this mission-organising country thought of getting up a society for the protection of the eastern pirates. It would, in our opinion, be equally praiseworthy to form an association for civilising the Mias Papan, or at least for disseminating the idea that it is neither civilised, manly, nor religious, to shoot him like a tiger. To be kind to the inferior creation would be a more certain mark of superiority on our part, than the faculty to expatiate by the hour on dried butterflies and the idiosyncrasies of tadpoles. If we can do nothing useful with this poor creature, let him, at least, enjoy his native woods in peace. Perhaps it would prove impracticable to teach him to build a better house than he now possesses; but we cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which, in less than a minute, he weaves the pliant branches of trees into something like a cradle for himself. In a comparatively short space of time, he fabricates, like our British ancestors, a house of wattle, small, and perhaps incommodious, but yet sufficient to contain him, his female, and little ones—far up amid the roof of the forest, where he sits or lies at his ease during the intervals between his secular labours. And those forests—what a glorious domain!—extending for hundreds of miles along ridges of mountains, along channels of vast rivers, down precipices, through valleys, over plains where the foot of man, in many instances, has never left its impress, and where the mias may enjoy the fancy that he is monarch of all he surveys. We talk of the enterprise of the present age, which, no doubt, is very considerable, but which, nevertheless, develops itself steadily in a way fixed for it by routine. Travellers nearly always go where other travellers have been. There are immense tracts in the interior of Africa, in Australasia, in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, about which civilised man knows absolutely nothing. There may, therefore, in the animal kingdom, as well as in geography, be discoveries yet to be made. The Mias Papan may form only the external link of a chain, the other extremity of which lies hidden in the wild solitudes of Borneo. He may be the degenerate outsider of a better and more intelligent race, or he may be only one specimen of numerous tribes—similar, but not identical—which nestle in thick darkness among the primeval woods. We would therefore venture to suggest to philosophers the desirableness of giving a new direction to their researches, and trying what may be done in the regions of the further east. All animals which may be tamed have not yet been brought under the yoke of civilisation; and therefore, whatever the mias may be, we think it perfectly worth while to give him a fair chance of improving his condition.

STRANGE TENURES.

As we hope that few of our readers have been unfortunate enough to make a personal acquaintance with the law, we shall not embark into any description of the legal meaning, or varieties of meaning, in the word tenure. Sufficeth us to know that a 'tenant' in our days is one who obtains the temporary use of another man's property, for which he pays a periodical rent. What, however, we wish specially to remark, is the singular change which, in the course of ages, has passed over the relationships between the owner of property and the occupying tenant. In the present day, the possessions let for hire are of very varied character; but the rent paid is, with rare exceptions, of the same kind—namely, money. The owner grants the use not only of lands and tenements, but of household furniture, of stock in trade, of ships, of warehouse-room, of steam-power, and of money itself—the rent being in all cases reckoned in current coin. This process is now found simplest and most convenient for all parties. Heretofore, the condition of affairs was precisely the reverse. The landlord dealt exclusively in one description of property, that is to say, land; while the tenant paid his rent in various ways—by food, produce, and manufactures, or, as we call it, 'in kind'—or by personal services, sometimes of very curious and fantastic character.

This species of tenure is commonly supposed to be characteristic of the feudal system; it was, however, also a product of the social necessities of the time. Property, except land, was then exceedingly rare. The whole amount of 'created values,' subtraction being made of agricultural produce, to be found in England during the reign of the first Plantagenets, would now be exceeded by the contents of a single street of warehouses in London, Glasgow, or Liverpool. People had not then realised the idea that rent could be fairly demanded for anything but land. Even to charge hire for money was considered unnatural and criminal, as the Jews learned by painful experience. Coin, at the same time, was not merely scarce in actual quantity, but could hardly be said to circulate, saving in some large cities or beaten highways of commerce. The great bulk of the population lived without money at all. It is doubtful whether the cultivators of the soil at that era came into possession, during the course of their lives, of as much coined money as the members of the same class now contrive to hoard and lodge in savings-banks in a single twelvemonth. To pay rent in money was then clearly impossible; so it was paid in produce, or in work.

In commercial England, this awkward and troublesome practice was discontinued comparatively at an early period. Even the tithes were commuted at last—rent generally having been simplified into money-payments long before. Among the French, the system lasted down to the first Revolution. In that hypertrophy of monarchism which grew up under Louis XIV., and in the end destroyed his dynasty, the services personally rendered to the sovereign by his nobles became the objects of a strange ambition. Though in themselves sufficiently degrading, not to say disgusting, the functions generally assigned to the commonest domestic were, in the case of royalty, highly coveted by the grandest noblemen—were transmitted as invaluable heir-looms, and, in cases of disputed descent, furnished ground for protracted lawsuits. A slight change of name helped materially to bring about this result. Instead of being deemed homage for a fief, the services in question were attributed to the etiquette of a court; and under this guise the proudest seigneur valued beyond his estates the privilege of serving a dish at the royal dinner, of presenting the napkin when the king washed his hands, or even of holding the basin, if his majesty was sick! And these functions were not merely nominal attributes of certain court-offices, really to be performed by deputy; the holders of such privileges anxiously and proudly exercised them in their own persons: the duty was too honourable, they thought, to be devolved upon another. The contemporary chroniclers of Versailles gossip relate many singular catastrophes which arose when two rival claimants for the same domestic function came into collision, and so placed the sacred person of majesty in positions equally undignified and painful.

The system which ruled at court prevailed of course among the inferior circles of society. Private landowners behaved towards their tenants as the king did towards themselves, and exacted, after their degree, the same species of service and observance. To a considerable extent, the same may be said concerning the taxation of the country. The aid and contributions which the state required from the subject, and which in England was very early commuted into a land-tax or a window-duty, continued in France to be levied in the vexatious shape of *corvées*—work to be performed by the peasantry at any time when the sovereign or his officials chose to demand it. Ordinarily, these corvées comprised a certain fixed number of days' labour to be devoted at appointed periods in repairing roads and bridges, or other works of a *quasi* public character. But the performance of this duty did not exempt the inhabitants from extraordinary demands upon occasion, of a very serious and oppressive nature. When Marie Antoinette entered France upon her marriage with the dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., her cortège was transported from the frontier to the capital by horses levied from the farmers residing along the road for miles on either side. The season was also most unpropitious. The roads—at no time very good—had been rendered almost impassable by a succession of wet weather. An ungenial summer had, moreover, been followed by an inclement autumn; and at the very crisis of the harvest, when every horse and man was wanted to save all that could be saved out of the scanty crop, came the officials of the court ruthlessly impressing both animals and peasants to assist in conveying the bride, with a vast miscellaneous army of attendants, to her expectant husband. The service was, besides, not only unpaid for, but multitudes of the horses carried off never found their way back to the owners. Several thousands are stated to have died from hard usage and starvation on the occasion; and it was years before the rural population of the country either recovered from or forgot the injuries sustained during that ill-omened transit.

In their turn, the seigneurs exacted work and produce from their tenantry, and with even greater harshness than the state or the monarch. When the grievances endured by the *proletariat*, as they were called, struggled first for publicity, and then for vengeance, it was mentioned among them that 'no widow woman could gather nettles by the roadside for her children's dinner, without paying a quantum thereof to some perfumed noble, lounging in the *œil de bœuf*.' This system of tenancy, however, did not always assume an aspect of oppression and wrong; sometimes the relationships between the parties were carried out in a manner quite patriarchal, and led to incidents sufficiently pleasing and picturesque. Graphic descriptions have been preserved of the scenes that occurred on anniversaries corresponding with our 'gala-days,' when some great landed proprietor held a court to settle the gross accounts with his tenants. The ceremony opened with a formal procession, in which M. le Marquis issued forth from the fortress-château, attended by a crowd of servants, lackeys, and retainers, and took his seat in state on some convenient spot outside the castle *enceinte*. A clear ring was formed round his seat, into which the tenantry were ushered one by one. First came the payers of rents in kind, when the whole area was speedily almost choked with fowls, hams, bags of wheat, firkins of butter, eggs, vegetables, fruit, wax, honey, cakes, bouquets of flowers, and chaplets of roses. Some of these payments would seem to be more complimentary than useful; but their quantum and their quality were rigidly prescribed. With regard to the fowls, for example, which were paid in pairs, if one member of the couple were small or lean, the account was squared by selecting for its companion a specimen peculiarly large and fat. It is curious that although the custom of thus making quittance with a landlord has so long been extinct, its traces still remain in the language. In many country districts of France, the saying, '*chapons de rentes*,' has become proverbial to express any contrivance for adjusting less with greater, in order to strike a fair average. A married couple of ill-assorted stature—especially if the husband have the disadvantage in size—are pretty sure to get the nickname of chapons de rentes.

After the payments in kind came the tenants who paid in service, each of them seeking his annual receipt. Some few were then reminded that their rent was in arrear. One was told that there were boots belonging to members of the seigneur's household which he had omitted to repair; and another, that he had not completed his round of tailoring jobs. To a third, my lord remarked that the gates of the château, which the tenant and his family were bound to keep in repair, in return for the farm they occupied, were getting loose on the hinges. Widow Martin, who enjoyed a cottage by the entrance-gateway, and received, besides, a weekly allowance of meal, was gently scolded for having been overtaken with sleep at times when she ought to be keeping vigilant watch. Following these, came some favoured tenants whose rents were of an easier or jocose character, merely exacted *pour rire*, as the French say. Some of them, on entering the circle, went through amusing antics, or put themselves in ridiculous postures, their rent being discharged if they succeeded in making my lord laugh. Others walked gravely up to the steward to have their noses tweaked, their whiskers pulled, or to receive a slight box on the ear; and then they, too, got their 'quittance' like the rest. When all was done, the seigneur made a speech to his tenantry, who subsequently gathered round a homely but substantial banquet; but *en attendant* the preparation of the viands, they all set to work in a body to clear the castle-moat of frogs, a service they were bound to perform whenever the croakings disturbed the slumbers of my lord's family. Abundant records of similar tenures exist in other countries of Europe; we have space, however, but for a single specimen instance. The city and province of Altenburg was bequeathed by a queen of Hungary to one of her nobles, upon condition that he and his successors should always breed a certain number of peacocks, in default whereof the demesne should revert to the crown.

Tenancy by personal suit and service vanished, as we have said, from our English system, from between individual landlords and tenants, many centuries ago, being either abolished altogether, or commuted for a money-rent. To royalty, alone, a few of these old observances were still rendered by the heirs of some noble families, or, in other instances, by corporate bodies, who enjoy a still higher privilege of perpetuity. Of this description are the nail-counting and wood-chipping annually performed in Westminster Hall by the sheriffs elect, and the gold-fringed gloves presented by other corporations to the judges on circuit, as the representatives of majesty. The records, however, of such tenures still exist in great abundance in old chronicles and law-books—in the Exchequer-rolls, in the registers of 'inquisition,' in distinct 'cartularies,' and other muster-rolls of rights and titles. The customs therein recorded have long ago lapsed into desuetude, and the rents so paid are extinct with the families holding estates under them. Yet there is no slight interest, in an antiquarian point of view, about such arrangements of property; and we obtain many strange glimpses of national habits and relative values at remote periods of our history, from these sources of information. A curious collection of tenures and services, selected with a special view to their singularity, has fallen into our hands, from which we may contrive to pick out much interesting matter. Its author is one 'Thos. Blouse, of the Inner Temple, Esquire,' and the book is entitled *Antient Tenures of Land and Jocular Customs of some Mannours, made publick for the diversion of some and the instruction of others.* The book was printed in 1679, 'for Abel Roper at the Sun; Thos. Basset at the George; and Christopher Wilkinson at the Black Boy; all in Fleet Street;' and it bears, moreover, the imprimatur of the celebrated Francis North, who, 'well knowing the learning and industry of the author, doth allow the printing of this book.' But to our extracts.

War, naturally enough in those days—and we are engaged almost exclusively with the first Plantagenet kings—formed the chief object of anxiety and service. The obligation to serve, either personally or by deputy, in the royal army, with horse and arms for forty days, whenever the sovereign chose to go to war, formed the customary tenure on which a knight's fee was held. The conditions were, however, often varied. Some tenants undertook to supply one or more foot-soldiers, armed with pikes, bills, or bows; or else furnished weapons—200 arrows; so many bows without strings; sometimes, but more rarely, cross-bows; and once or twice we find the condition laid down of providing the larger description of dart and stone-throwing engine, called a catapulta. In some cases, also, the military services were to be rendered wherever it pleased the king to carry on hostilities; in others, the tenant was bound to follow his majesty only in his wars with Scotland or Wales. The barony of Burgh, on the sands of Cumberland, and some other estates in the same county, were granted to occupiers on the condition of their blowing horns, to give alarm whenever an invasion of the Scots was perceived. Wrenoe, son of Meuric, held lands in Shropshire upon the serjeantcy of officiating as *latimer*, or interpreter, between the English and Welsh on diplomatic occasions. The prices of certain weapons are shewn by the terms on which these articles might be commuted for money: thus, a pole-axe was redeemable for 12 pence, and a sword for 3s. 4d.

Sport came next to war. Innumerable estates were granted to holders on condition of keeping or training hawks and hounds for the king's use; of providing spurs, hunting-horns, cross-bows, arrows, for the chase; or of keeping a royal forest clear of destructive vermin. William the Conqueror granted to Robert Umframville the lordship, valley, and forest of Riddesdale, in Cumberland, under condition of his defending that part of the country 'for ever from wolves and enemies'—giving him, moreover, the sword worn by his majesty when he first entered the country. Johannes Engaym held an estate in Huntingdonshire from Henry III., subject to his chasing wolves, foxes, and cats—'currendi ad lupum, vulpem, et cattum'—and exterminating all manner of vermin in that part of the country. A manor in Kent was held under Edward I. by Bertram de Criol, on condition of providing a *vauterer*, or dog-leader, to take charge of the hounds trained to hunt the wild-boar, whenever the king visited Gascony. Vauterer, Latinised into *velterarius*, seems to be derived from the old French word *vaultre*, meaning a mongrel hound. The vauterer in the instance we have cited was engaged to accompany the royal train 'as long as a pair of shoes, worth four pence, would last.' This period of service is prescribed in many other instances. The high value attached to animals trained for the chase is curiously exemplified in the dues paid annually by the county of Wilts, and which comprise 'a hawk worth xx. pounds, and a horn worth xx. shillings.'

The Plantagenet kings were great travellers—rivalling in their locomotive propensities her present majesty, although they enjoyed no facilities of steam-yachts or special trains. For travelling, accordingly, they took care that their tenants should make fitting provision. Many manors were held on the tenure of furnishing bridles, housings, and other horse-gear for the king's use; of shoeing his majesty's horses, or carrying hay to his stables. An estate at Cuckney, in Notts, was held by a tenant who was bound to shoe the king's palfrey on all four feet, using, however, royal nails and materials. If, by his unskilfulness, the animal was lamed, the tenant was bound to provide another, of not less than four marks' value, or L.2, 3s. 4d. Edward I., consequently, paid at least forty-three shillings for his riding-horses. By way of provision for royal voyages by sea, several towns on the coast were under obligation to find ships, rigging, or sailors. Some lands were held by individuals on the tenure of pulling an oar or hauling at a rope in the royal galley. Among others, Solomon Attefeld enjoyed a manor in Kent, on the serjeantcy of holding the king's head whenever he journeyed by sea.

Many services now performed by the functionaries of the law were at this period attached to the tenures of landed estates. The duties of serving writs, acting as thief or debtor catchers—'cachepolli,' as they were called in the mongrel Latin of the time—of escorting money on its way to the royal exchequer, and of aiding in various shapes the administration of law or security of the subject, were imposed on many tenants under the crown in every county. The most disagreeable function of this kind, however, which we find recorded, devolved upon the occupiers of certain messuages and lands at Stanley, in Warwickshire, who held the property upon the service 'of erecting the gallows and hanging the thieves.'

We catch, in some of these tenures, curious glimpses of the homely and simple way in which even monarchs lived five or six centuries ago. Thus, Willielmus, filius Willielmi de Alesburg, for a manor in Bucks, provided straw for the king's bed, and rushes to strew his chamber; paying, besides, three eels in winter, and two green geese thrice a year, for his majesty's use. Richard Stanford paid a pair of tongs yearly into the royal exchequer. Bartholomew Peyteryn brought every Christmas a sextary—about a pint and a half—of gillyflower-wine. The Lord Stafford held a manor in Warwickshire from Edward I. upon paying annually a pair of scarlet hose, to which we find the extravagant value of 3s. was attached. Eustache de Corson paid to the king for his lands in Norfolk, 'twenty-four herring-pies, upon their first coming in.' Walter Truvell held a Cornish acre—equivalent to about sixty statute acres—on condition of finding a boat and tackle to fish for the king so long as he resided in Cornwall. One Robert, the son of Alexander, was tenant of the manor of Wrencholm, from King John, for keeping the royal hogs during certain months of the year. The nature of the service, and the absence of surname in this instance, prove that the tenant did not belong to the gentle races. Walter le Rus and his wife enjoyed twelve acres in Eggefield, for repairing the ironwork of the king's ploughs. William I. gave to Simon St Liz, a noble Norman, the town of Northampton and whole hundred of Fatheley, then together valued at L.40 per annum, to provide shoes for his horses. As singular characteristics of the times, we notice that several estates were held upon the service of maintaining a certain number of 'meretrices,' which the interpreters translate into 'laundresses,' at the royal court or camp in London or elsewhere. Finally, we may remark that Henry I. gave a manor in Salop to Sir Ralph de Pickford, to hold by the service of providing dry wood for the great chamber in the royal castle of Bridgenorth 'against the coming thither of his sovereign lord the king.'

Religious, ceremonial, and comical services were tolerably frequent. T. Winchord, for lands in Leicestershire, was bound to repeat daily five Paternosters, and as many Ave Marias, for the souls of the king's predecessors. Johannes Russell, for two hides of land at Papsworth, in Cambridgeshire, was required to feed two poor persons, and to pray for the souls of the royal progenitors. The market-price of 'Paternosters' is shewn by another tenure, in which the five daily repetitions are conditioned as rent for land valued only at 5s. a year. Among the ceremonial observances, or what would now be termed peppercorn-rents, were a silver needle, an arrow-head, a wicker-basket, a curry-comb, a white dove, a red rose, a maple-wood drinking-cup, and many others. The Countess of Warwick, in the reign of Edward I., held the manor of Hokenorton (Hogsnorton?), in Oxfordshire, by carving at the king's Christmas-dinner, keeping, moreover, the knife used on the occasion, by way of fee. But among the most ludicrous tenures was that of Rowland de Sarcere, who, for 110 acres of land in Suffolk, was bound every Christmas-day to come into the king's presence and there perform 'unum saltum et unum sufflum'—that is, to cut a caper and trumpet with his cheeks, together with some other antics for his majesty's diversion. This service was rendered to Edward I.; but afterwards, being considered indecorous—whether to the king or the performer, we are not told—was commuted for a fine of L.1, 8s. a year. The queen, when there was one, had her share in these services, receiving from all money-fines 10 per cent., under the denomination of 'queen's-gold;' but sometimes enjoying her peculiar and especial privileges. For example, Peter de Baldewyn, for his estate in Surrey, was under obligation 'to go wool-gathering for the queen among the thorns and briers,' or, in the original law-Latin, 'ad colligendam lanam per albas spinas.' By this service seems to be intended the collection, for the queen's use, of the locks of wool left by the sheep when feeding among the thorn-bushes. The duty was commutable at 20s. per annum.

The cost and value of sundry articles of manufacture, agricultural produce, and domestic animals, are shewn by the terms at which the fines were assessed. We have mentioned a few instances already. Some tenants of the Earl of Warwick, who were bound to mow his hay and reap his corn, were allowed, after hay-harvest, to take the earl's 'best mutton'—that is, sheep—'but one, or xiv*d.* in money;' and after corn-harvest, his 'best cheese but one, or vi*d.* in money,' together with the vat in which the cheese was made, full of salt. Our list is getting overlong, and yet might be curiously extended. We will finish it, however, by describing one of the most valid tenures or titles which the landed proprietors of those early days could produce for their estates. King Edward I., we are told, having caused inquisition to be made by his justices of certain of his great subjects concerning the warrant on which they held their lands, John Earl Warren and Surrey shewed them an old sword, saying: 'Behold my warrant! My ancestors coming into the land with William the Bastard, did obtain their lands with the sword; and I am resolved with the sword to defend them against whomsoever shall attempt to dispossess me. For the king did not himself conquer the land and subdue it; but our progenitors were sharers and assistants therein.' And, 'good sharers,' adds our author, 'were they; for it appears that the first Earl Warren was, at the time of the general survey, possessed of 200 lordships in several counties in England, whereof Coningsburg in Yorkshire was one, which had twenty-eight towns and hamlets within its soke.' Happily, no such accumulation of estated property is now to be found, even in the 'Dukery.'

ROMANCE OF NORTHERN TRAVEL.

THESE slight memorials of a residence in Sweden and a sail in the Baltic bear evidence of being written by a clever, observant, and withal amiable and womanly person, and a person accustomed to view the world not merely with an indulgent eye, but an eye

> That seems to love whate'er it looks upon.[*]

Miss Bunbury begins her Summer at the beginning, the poetical spring of Sweden being like our own—fudge. Spring is there 'the death-struggle and obsequies of brave old winter;' and when these are over, 'the touch that wakens summer-life gives to nature a sudden jerk, a start, a hasty coming out,' very different from her gradual awakening in other lands. The cold, dark, dreary, and dirty spring is only a morning thaw, and then summer bursts into her noontide at once.

The Baltic voyage is enlivened with the story of some of the authoress's companions. One is a lady who in her youth was betrothed to a young Swede; but on her going to visit some relations in Russia, a rich and elderly count took a fancy to her, and—the old story—she forgot her lover, and became a countess. In little more than a year her husband died; and the young and wealthy widow, returned to her home, purchased an estate, and devoted her year of mourning to the care of her infant child, and to dreaming of the generous amends she would make to the Swede for her broken faith. At last the time came, and she sought for him—but in vain. He had left the neighbourhood as soon as she reappeared in it; and much time passed before she learned his new address, and that he was living in deep poverty. She wrote to him; expressed contrition and unabated love; offered him her hand; and was refused. Not only was she refused: he instantly married another; and that other died at the birth of her first child.

They were now on equal terms: both faithless to their first and only love; but free to repair the wrong. But this was not to be. Twenty years passed away, during which the man starved as an author, a poet, and a dreamer; and then the countess received another letter from the betrothed of her youth: it was a letter from his death-bed, imploring her to come to Stockholm to see him. 'In one of these large, dreadfully high houses in a once fashionable but now very unfashionable locality, she mounted six flights of cold, dirty, dark stone-stairs, and ringing a bell, a door was opened by an old woman, shewing her within it a small bare room called the *salong*, with a still smaller one at each end of it. While she spoke to the old woman, a voice issued from one of these, calling her by name: "Leonore! Leonore!" Twenty-three years ago she had heard that voice; he who spoke had recognised her. She entered the little room, and a pair of immensely large, vividly bright black eyes met hers. The dying poet had been dreaming of his young happy days, and Leonore was pictured in his dream as she was then; his eyes watched for her actual appearance such as she had been; and when the faded, wan, shrivelled-up countess met his gaze, he dropped his face upon the pillow and wept.' To make an end of this anecdote, the lover died, bequeathing his child, a girl, to the countess. It was the first meeting many years after, of this girl and the countess's son, on board the vessel in which our authoress was breasting the waters of the Baltic, which attracted her attention, and led her to a knowledge of their parents' story. The youth was smitten at once; and in the fulness of time, his mother had the satisfaction of seeing him married to the daughter of him whose life her faithlessness had imbittered, and perhaps shortened.

---

[*] *A Summer in Northern Europe.* By Selina Bunbury, author of *Life in Sweden*, &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

Miss Bunbury's sketches of forest-scenery in Sweden are very good. The road sometimes runs for a vast number of miles in a straight line through one of these forests, and the dreary feeling of the traveller may be conceived. 'The solemn silence may be for hours unbroken by the slightest sound. It happened once that, by the upsetting of a carriage, I was left alone until the driver had ridden back to procure another, and during that time my only fear was that the silence to which I *listened* should be broken: the fall of a leaf would have terrified me.' Sometimes a conflagration occurs, which gives a new and terrible aspect to the scene. 'These devastating fires are generally the result of accident and carelessness; the dry white moss which covers the ground forms excellent tinder when the wood-cutters light their fires or smoke their pipes in the forests. I saw a whole island—or at least all that grew in it—consumed in this way, and a curiously beautiful sight it was, burning in the midst of a large and rapidly rushing river. Some fishermen had gone there, and made a fire and cooked some fish, and eaten a dinner, and they set the island on fire, and like a ship at sea, it burned down to the water's edge. In the dead of night, it was a very strange spectacle, a burning mass, so large, so bright, so furious, in the midst of rushing water. The tall dark heads rising above the flames till the flames rose over them, and then descended again satisfied with their prey, and lowering and lowering till they were obliged to die because they could destroy no more. And the green isle was a black heap of charcoal, with the waters circling round it.'

The next thing that strikes us in this pleasant book is the story of the Beauty of Dalecarlia, a young boatwoman of Stockholm, who was so celebrated for her personal attractions that she was even sent for to the palace that the royal family might see her. This girl, a peasant of Dalecarlia, was engaged to be married to a young man who could find no more agreeable way to rise in the world than to sink in the earth as a miner at Fahlun. Ebba would not have hesitated to join his dreary fortunes; but it occurred to her that by her own industry she might make money enough to enable them to marry and settle down in some employment more pleasing than labouring in the vaults of the earth. She therefore refused him her hand in the meantime, and explaining her intentions and hopes, became one of the Dalkuller, or boatwomen of the Mælar Lake. Her beauty very soon brought her not only renown but comparative riches; her boat was as successful in one summer as those of the other Dalkuller in three; and elated with her good-fortune, instead of returning home for the winter, when the boatwomen's occupation is gone, she remained in the capital working hard at creditable and lucrative employment. This tarrying in the capital, it seems, is injurious to the reputation of the Dalkuller: Ebba's beauty and success had made her many enemies; and many false reports reached the ears of her lover as he was toiling underground. The next summer, they met; the poor girl at the summit of her joy, and provided with her bag of money, to convince her lover of the practicability of her plans. Her reception was reproaches and bitter, awful words; the young man went back to the mines; and the beautiful Dalkulla sat down in her boat stupified, and then awaking, threw into the deep waters the bag that contained her whole fortune. At the beginning of the next summer, when her lover had repented his precipitation, and came to Stockholm to seek another interview, she was found dead in her boat.

The mines alluded to in this anecdote are the great copper-mines of Fahlun; which are very graphically described by Miss Bunbury—for everything in this work is picturesque or romantic. The road that led to them was through a forest, as straight as an arrow, with tall trees closing it in on both sides. 'A greenish sickly hue was soon observable, blending with the dark uprising cloud, and, its motion excepted, causing it to resemble London fog much more than London smoke. As we came nearer, a strong sulphurous smell tainted the clear sunny atmosphere; a pale-green, copper and copperas-covered church appeared in sight, and we were at Fahlun, at Stora-Kopparbergen.' At sight of the place, our authoress had the idea 'that Vesuvius had destroyed itself, and lay smoking in ruins.' . . . . 'A great open chasm 1000 feet long, and, I think, 400 deep, appears in the midst of the scoriæ, which, imperfectly cleared from the ore, has accumulated from age to age, and with the smoke rising up from it, certainly looks as if it had been cast up from the burning earth below. This great chasm has not been worked out, but formed by the tumbling in of the mine about 200 years ago; two great pillars of quartz rise at the bottom. The mine is shaped like a cone turned upside down: it consists of copper and iron pyrites mixed with the most beautiful crystals, which, when not long exposed to the air, sparkle like diamonds, and have a fine effect when an internal mine is lighted up. Sulphate of iron and copper is found, the former covering the woodworks of the mine, and the latter impregnating the water, from which it is extracted by an ingenious contrivance. The immense blocks of granite, felspar, hornblende, and chlorite slate which cover the plain around this vast mine, really in aspect reminded me of the lava-strewn fields of Vesuvius.'

The authentic annals of this mine go back to the year 1347, but tradition will have it, that at a much earlier date it disgorged the copper to be used by King Solomon in building the Temple of Jerusalem.

The descent into the crater is, for a certain distance, by a sort of winding wooden staircase, and so easy that our authoress, notwithstanding the caution of her guide, went rapidly and gaily down. 'We soon found ourselves in a large chamber, where the guide, lighting a great pine-torch, held it up to the walls, which sparkled with crystals green and white; beautiful stalactites of green vitriol, the sulphate of iron, which hung from the vaulted roofs, and clung to the brick or wooden works where the water used in working the mine has passed.' So far all was very agreeable; but here commenced a series of perpendicular ladders, descending in darkness from one small landing-place to another; with the gurgling of waters in your ears, and the ladders cold, slippery, and covered with mud and soft ice. 'Imagine an attempt to go down those in thick darkness, with a guide standing on the platform above you holding a torch, which casts its light on your head only to bewilder; for if you turn that head to look where your steps lead, you only see profound gloom beneath, and for aught you know, you are to step off that ladder into—what? That inquiry the man seems to think unnecessary—he tells you to go on. . . . A miner comes up the ascending ladder; as the torch-light flashed on his face, it appeared to me very like one of those that used to frighten my childhood, when seen in the reflection of blazing spirits and sulphur burned in a pewter dish. He looked at me, as we passed, and his look seemed to say: "I am glad to go up, and you are foolish to go down."' Our heroine at length arrived at a chamber of the mine where the kings of Sweden dine on their accession to the throne. The last royal guest was Bernadotte, with the Crown Prince, now King Oscar, and the now dowager queen. Oscar, fortunately for him, was not obliged to repeat his visit upon his accession to the crown, for in the interval, the flight of steps was accidentally destroyed which formerly led the whole way to the banqueting-room, and the descent became what Miss Bunbury found it. 'Not many visitors to this mine go further than this royal chamber; and indeed the vision to one who does so for only once in a lifetime—the first and only time—may haunt him afterwards. The glare of fitful light, the sulphurous form of those who seem to have parted for ever from the bright sun and the light of earth—the sound of unseen water—the horrid depths yawning so close, that a single step aside would send one down as the mine-master sent a large block of wood for my instruction, teaching me by action what he did not say in words. All this, and more than this, you will see, and hear the sound of the block as it rebounds from ledge to ledge, falling, falling, and the sound growing fainter, fainter, till after the lapse, I should think, of nearly a minute, it is heard no more. It was the discovery that, on landing on one of the very small platforms, I had stepped back within half a foot of one of these gulfs, that totally freed me from my desire to see more of the copper-mine of Fahlun. After that, my courage failed, and I only recollect clinging to an upright ladder, and crying to my stolid guide: "I will go up!—I will go up!"' This consummation was fortunate for the public, which could not afford to let so agreeable a writer meet the fate of the female mentioned by Dr Clarke in his account of another mine. 'Have a care,' said one of the miners to him: 'it was just so one of our women fell as she was descending to her work.' 'And what became of her?' 'Became of her?—she became *pankaka!*'—a pancake. Only a short time before Miss Bunbury's visit, the guide lost his torch, but urged two gentlemen he was conducting to proceed, assuring them that they might confidently rely on him, though in the dark. Stepping back at the moment, he went down into the abyss like the block of wood!

But we have now allotted to these amusing volumes as much space as we can afford, and must conclude with the following mention of a national custom, and the reflections thereupon of the authoress: 'We put up at a tidy cottage, which I believe was the post-station; but it was one of the quietest houses in the world. There was only an elderly woman visible in it, with the most charmingly bright-eyed and bright-cheeked little lass of ten years old. In my nice little chamber was a narrow-leaved myrtle, with branches extended on cross bits of wood; the child came in with an apology, carrying water for her myrtle, as she was evidently nurturing it carefully. I said so to her.

"Yes," she replied, looking up with great importance, "that it is necessary to do."

"And what do you intend to do with your myrtle?"

"That is for a bride's crown one day," she said, with a face of simplicity, and a graceful nod of her little head.

'The child rearing her myrtle to make her bridal-crown! Grave experience may look on, and see the tomb of such expectations looming in the distant future; and wise mothers and fathers in England would doubtless shake their heads, and look perfectly shocked at the idea of putting such notions into children's heads. They think it better such notions should come there secretly, and not openly; that the gravest, next to death, and the most important, so far as life goes, of earth's events, should only be thought of in a smothered titter or an idle jest; thought of only as something papa and mamma think it very wrong to think about.

'This little girl may never wear the myrtle-crown; she may wither before her plant; or she may grow on to see it wither, and her bridal-crown uncalled for—old maids are tolerably plentiful in Sweden, more so at least than in France. Yet is she not as well prepared to meet either destiny—that which may call her to a wedding-crown, or that which consigns her to a blessedness not so often coveted—as they are to whom the ordained lot of women is made a subject of concealment, of mystery, almost of impropriety? To know that it is the child's natural destiny to be what her mother is—may not that calm, innocent, inherent belief reprove the illusions of youth, and tend to prepare the heart and character for the trials and duties of common life?'

LITERARY PABULUM.

Few of our readers, while perusing flaming articles, in the *Times* and other big-wig journals and magazines, on the liberty of the press, are really aware of what this phrase actually indicates. They have a vague idea that there is now no Star-Chamber or High-Commission Court; that prosecutions for libel are much diminished in number, and altogether altered in kind; that a man cannot now be pilloried for the severest reflections on an 'old marquis,' or have his ears docked for contumelious comments on the bench of bishops; they glory in the thought that Higg, Snigg, or Blogg may start his penny journal in favour of oppressed nationalities, and ruin himself off-hand without any one caring a snuff about it—and a very glorious and admirable privilege this is too, we are not going to gainsay that; but all this time they never give a thought to the other side of the picture—never trouble themselves to inquire what kind of literary entertainment is kept for their poorer brethren; just as our great-great-great-grandfathers, who delivered us from popery and tyranny, never concerned themselves about the goings on at Newgate and Tyburn. A free government was the cry in one case; a free press is the cry in the other. But we must not let the advantages of the general principle blind us to the gross faults and shortcomings which exist in detail.

We have on our table before us some score of the penny publications which are provided for the hebdomadal amusement of the wives, sisters, and daughters of the British mechanic; and very stimulating and attractive their titles and contents are. We doubt whether any lady in the land—in fact, we don't doubt about it—gets as much excitement out of her circulating library, which supplies her with Jane Eyre, Zoé, Blondell, and other works of high art and delicate looseness, as Betty Lutestring or Bill Blinkers gets out of the Mudies and Cawthornes of the New Cut, Shoe Lane, and Holywell Street. The Poacher's Bride, or the Blasted Beech; The Brompton Burglar; The Spanish Brigands, or the Fatal Dagger; Sidney Belville, a Tale of the Present; Cœur de Lion, an Historical Romance; The Flower of the Farm, or the Titled Traitor—are a few of the epics and tragedies which are doubtless at this moment rending with passion or drowning with tears half the milliners' and shoemakers' apprentices in London. It is an indispensable qualification in all these serials that they should be illustrated. The first page of The Poacher's Bride contains a portrait of Arthur Coventry, a young gentleman who is a mysterious connection of the wealthy squire, who hates the poacher, who befriends Arthur, who has protected his bride from the 'lawless insults' of the 'purse-proud aristocrat,' who has therefore driven Arthur from his house, who has taken refuge in a hut in the forest, whence he sallies out every evening to meet the daughter of the clergyman, who is also beloved by the squire's nephew, who is accidentally slain by the aforesaid Arthur, who is very nearly hanged, but is rescued at the last moment by the poacher, who had been present at the blasted beech when the fatal deed was done, and who ultimately proves Arthur to be the legitimate son of the squire's elder brother. The young man in question is clad in the usual attire of an English gentleman—namely, a double-breasted sailor's jacket, with braid in front, and large buttons on the upper part of the cuffs; a short single-breasted waistcoat with brass buttons; turn-down collars; and tight white ducks. His hair is parted in the middle; and the expression of his countenance something between that of a chorus-singer at Evans's and a Jew-attorney in Gray's Inn of the name of H. Jones.

The Brompton Burglar is a different style of affair altogether. Here we have a frontispiece and no mistake, displaying citizens carousing, and attired in those marvellous garments which are known to the vulgar as trunk-hose, doublets, surcoats, &c. The enormous chests and sinewy legs of these worthies are delightful to look upon; and the gable-ended houses in the background are of that well-known character for which the Adelphi Theatre is so deservedly famous.

Cœur de Lion, by the author of Jack Cade, is the regular business—none of your mere flimsy love-stories or tales of low life, but a genuine historical novel on the grand James and Bulwer scale, where 'my halidome,' and 'my troth,' and 'b'yr lady,' form the staple of the dialogue; and the hero on his roan war-steed performs nearly as many marvellous feats as the author himself in his place at Astley's. He carries a banner which, from its size and shape, serves, we should think, for the counterpane of his bed at night; his lance is about the bulk of the mast of a ship, and his moustaches touch his shoulders. This hero has his good and his bad points—his good ones being an unvarying readiness to fight anybody he comes across, and a disposition on all occasions to throw down 'a handful of bezants;' his bad ones, a slight tendency to choler, which leads to many unfortunate mistakes in the way of hanging—an uncontrollable inclination to imitate the great King Edgar in the case of his female subjects, be they maids, wives, or widows, and, we must confess, a cruel but pious love of torturing Hebrews. Our old friend the banished noble, who lives in the woodman's cottage, and magnanimously saves the king's life when the boar is just going in to finish him, is of course a prominent character.

The Flower of the Farm is a harrowing tale of 'innocence betrayed,' but betrayed in such a remarkably agreeable manner that we are quite thankful to the author for sending us away in so good a humour. The noble seducer is certainly 'a villain,' and 'the flower' is certainly to be pitied. But she has such capital fun in the splendid villa—where, we suspect, ducks and green pease, with standard sherry, were placed upon the groaning board daily—has so many new dresses, and such 'brilliant gems,' that we cannot feel all the horror we ought. When, however, eventually forsaken, and presented with the L.100 cheque, which she gives in disgust to the crossing-sweeper, she returns to her broken-hearted parent, and dies in her arms, we feel that probability and morality are alike satisfied.

If our readers imagine that we have been practising on their credulity in the above sketch, they are wondrously mistaken; we have given but a faint picture of the absurdities which are every week served up to the fiction-loving portion of the poor. We have said not a word of the generous nobleman who, being repulsed in his overtures to the blacksmith's wife, immediately requests Heaven to inform him whether such things can be, bestows 60,000 crowns on the blacksmith's family, and invites the 'honest fellow' to supper the same night. We have said not a word of the high-born lady whose husband, a gallant knight, is thrown into a dungeon by his feudal lord, and whose release is only to be purchased by his wife's dishonour—this being, as is very well known, the recognised mode of proceeding among the nobility and gentry of the period. We have not attempted to describe the demeanour of the lady, as, with distended nostril and flashing eye, she assures the proud earl that, rather than submit 'to his loathed embrace,' she would bury herself in the depths of 'yon dark lake;' or, should all else fail, that she 'bears that about her will protect what she values more than life—base despot!' touching at the time the point of a dagger exquisitely polished and adorned at the hilt with jewels of inestimable value. We have altogether passed over the thrilling incident of the gentleman who murdered his betrothed in mistake for a chimney-sweep, and did penance for the rest of his life by wearing a scraper next his heart—of the noble-hearted damsel who hid herself for three days in the robbers' cave, to detect the foul conspiracy against the life of her lover, who was to be accused of poisoning his rival, who had in reality been put to death by the robber-chief, at the instigation of a neighbouring 'chatellane,' who coveted his broad lands—of the repentant miser, who succours the stranger youth something after this fashion:

'My business with thee is brief,' said the miser: 'thou 'rt unfortunate?'

'Alas!' replied Percy, 'I am wretched.'

'I pity thee—I pity thee.'

'Thanks, thanks, good Jasper,' said the young man; 'your commiseration for the misfortunes of your fellow-creatures does honour to your head and heart, and well becomes your gray hairs.'

'Bah!' exclaimed the miser: 'enough of this—thou 'rt ruined!'

'Beggared!'

'His words move me,' said the miser aside; 'and there is something in his voice and features that—— But pshaw! I am wandering. Thou lov'st the fair Alice Clifford?'

'To distraction,' said the youth.

'But her uncle has resolved to sacrifice her to another: is 't not so?'

'Alas!' said Percy, ''tis too true.'

'And what think'st thou of doing?'

'To win myself an honourable station in the service of my country, and forget that such a being as Alice ever existed.'

'A brave resolution, lad,' said the miser; 'but thou must not want money; thou 'lt need it.'

Percy looked at the wretched old man with more astonishment than ever; but the miser averted his gaze.

'Oh, where shall I find a helping-hand?' said the youth.

'Take this pocket-book,' replied Jasper: 'it contains a sum sufficient for thy wants for some time to come—take it, and may Heaven prosper thee!'

'Oh, generous sir'—— said Percy.

'Nay, nay,' interrupted Jasper: 'I am unused to gratitude. Take it; and when thou art in a foreign land, in thy prayers forget not the wretched old man Jasper Scrimpe: he needs them.'

'Good old man, hear me.'

'Away!' said the miser; 'I would be alone.'

Publications of this class generally run to some thirty or forty numbers, and the author is usually paid at the rate of about a guinea a sheet—the sheet, as our readers know, containing sixteen pages—and as, even in the smallest, a page contains upwards of forty lines, this is somewhere about the scale of a farthing and a half a line. They are greedily devoured by the whole class of domestic servants, especially housemaids and pages, by young gentlemen and ladies 'behind the bar,' and by shop-girls of every description. Their effect is not doubtful: the least pernicious consequence is, that it renders boys of this class dissatisfied with their situation in life, and leads them to form all manner of monstrous schemes for their advancement, which are well if they ended in nothing worse than disappointment. But on their female readers the effects are more dangerous: their heads are filled with visions of lords and ladies—of sudden conquests and brilliant nuptials—of dangers and temptations encountered and overcome by their favourite heroines, to which nine hundred and ninety-nine women in every thousand must have succumbed. Of course they believe they are capable of as much themselves—a delusion found out too late; at the same time, their passions being excited by highly-drawn scenes of love-making, which, though they contain nothing absolutely indecent or immoral, are still sufficiently suggestive to work an infinite amount of mischief. We most earnestly caution our humbler readers against this trashy and noxious species of literature, which, if introduced into their families, will too frequently send their sons to the recruiting-sergeant, and persuade their daughters to say 'Yes' to the first pair of handsome moustaches that asks them.

THE SECRETS OF NUMBERS.

We had ever supposed that the secrets of numbers were intimately connected with the binomial theorem, integral calculus, Napier's rods, Mr Babbage's calculating-machine, or some other equally abstruse and generally unknown methods of solving the deeper mysteries of numerical computation. And though we are not quite so arithmetically ignorant as the Yancos, an Indian tribe on the banks of the Amazon, who can reckon no further than three, for the very sufficient reason that their language is so complex as to require so long a word as *poetarararararorincoaroraoac* to express that number; yet, being neither a senior wrangler nor calculating boy, we must confess that to us, at least, multiplication is a vexed Bermoothes, division doubly worse, the rule of three a puzzle, and fractions madness. Imagine, then, our agreeable surprise, when, the other day, we picked up at a book-stall a treatise on the secrets of numbers. Carrying it off in triumph, we rejoiced to think that we had at last discovered the royal road to arithmetic. Alas! Hope told a flattering tale; the regal pathway was as distant as ever; but still we met with a mass of obsolete notions, propounded in all sober seriousness, though most quaintly and incongruously jumbled together. As some of those old ideas may be as new to the reader as they were to us, we shall here jot down a few of them, abstaining from those which relate to theological matters, and which, by the way, comprise the greater portion of the work.

One William Ingpen was the author of *The Secrets of Numbers*, published at London in 1624. Its title-page asserts that it is 'no other than a key to all doctrinal knowledge whatsoever;' and its preface states that the object of the work is to wean the world from that sordid preposterous kind of arithmetic which consists in reckoning money, cattle, corn, and other commodities, and from which *The Secrets* are as different as the torrid and frigid zones are distant from each other.

Speaking of numbers in a general point of view, the author informs us that they are divided into two great divisions—namely, odd and even. Odd is feminine, perfect, fertile, and indivisible; even is masculine, imperfect, barren, and divisible.

Commencing, as in duty bound, with number one, Ingpen tells us that it is not entitled to be a numeral, by reason of its indivisibility, but it is the beginning of numbers, and creates innumerable forms of things of and within itself. Anything remains in existence as long as it is one; divided into two, it forms mere fractions without unity. There is one world, Dr Whewell will be delighted to hear, one sun, one moon, one phœnix, one deluge, one king in a kingdom, one shepherd to a flock, one queen in a bee-hive, one leader among cranes, one soul and one head to every one body.

Two, because of itself it worketh nothing, is the weakest of numbers, though it has a considerable connection with the sciences; for history consists of two things, the serious and the fabulous, just as logic is the union of judgment and invention. Music is natural and artificial; medicine, theoretical and practical; astrology, judicial and speculative. The art of war is unavailable without the twins, men and ammunition; the soldier is useless if he want strength and discipline. Two, also, through some utterly incomprehensible connection with Castor and Pollux, is a *numerus infaustus*, an unlucky number, especially to English kings. William II. was shot to the heart by an arrow, and died miserably in the New Forest; Henry II., mortally wounded, by the little less keen ingratitude of his children, died of a broken heart; Edward II. and Richard II. were deposed and murdered; James II. was but slightly more fortunate.

Three is the first composite and perfect number. It is universal, entering into all matter; for every mundane thing has three periods—a beginning, a middle, and an end. There are, however, three things impossible to accomplish: Jupiter cannot be robbed of his thunderbolt, Hercules of his club, or Homer of his verses. A wise man is known by three things: by never telling a lie, by never speaking ill of his neighbour, and by never talking without sufficient cause. There is good cheer at three meals: a hunter's breakfast, a lawyer's dinner, and a friar's carousal. Ingpen must have had an antipathy to cheese, for he ironically states that it has three wonderful and valuable properties: those who eat cheese will never grow old, for they will be certain to die in their youth; their houses can never be robbed at night, for their incessant coughing will terrify the boldest burglar; and with common care, they need never be bitten by dogs, for their extreme debility will require them to walk with sticks.

Four, as it forms a square, is a noble number, and the great fountain of nature; for are there not four elements, each having four properties! Fire is hot, lucid, penetrating, and subtile; air is humid, transparent, light, and yielding; water is cold, white, ductile, and powerful; earth is thick, black, dry, and ponderous. There are four cardinal points of the compass, four virtues, four evangelists, four patriarchs, and four rivers environed the earthly paradise. Men have four rights: natural, civil, national, and military. War requires four things: money, weapons, provisions, and ammunition. A general should have four qualities: courage, wisdom, eloquence, and nimbleness. A bride should have four also: she should be well-born, well-bred, well-looking, and well-dowered.

Five is termed *signifer*, or standard-bearer, because it is placed in the middle of ten, with a host on each side. It contains more than common excellency, because it comprehends all things seen, felt, or understood. There are, however, five deceivers: small wisdom, weak virtue, distorted will, turbulent affections, and unbridled reason. Neither should we place confidence in five things: beauty, for it is uncertain; health, for it is frail; life, for it is short; honours, for they are transitory; and pleasure, for it is mixed with sorrow. There are five giants mentioned in Scripture—Nephan, Rephaim, Anakim, Og, and Goliath; there are also five noticed by profane writers—Mars, Tityus, Antæus, Turnus, and Atlas. A horse should have five qualities borrowed from five other animals: the speed of a hare, the eyesight of a fox, the appetite of a wolf, the sure-footedness of an ass, and the docility of a woman who loves her husband.

Six is in every respect full, perfect, and divine. Every narration should consist of six elements: the person, cause, place, time, matter, and the thing itself. There are six drinks, some allowable, others objectionable: the first for health, the second for pleasure, the third for sleep, the fourth for drunkenness, the fifth for noise, and the sixth for madness.

Seven is the number of perfection, because it contains three and four, the triangle and the square, by which all things are measured. There are seven stars, seven colours, seven champions, seven churches, seven hills, seven sleepers, seven sisters—— But hold!—we cannot attempt to follow Ingpen in his lengthened illustrations of this number; one sample must suffice. He says a clown has seven properties: the height of two pigmies, the breadth of two bacon hogs, the presumption of a giant, the power of a gnat, the wit of an ape, the manners of a knave, and the features of a crab. In 1502 a volume was published at Leipsic, divided into seven books, each book containing seven chapters, and each chapter seven heads; all in praise of the number seven. The ancient prestige of this number still lingers amongst us. An alleged seventh son of a seventh son carries on a prosperous trade, as a curer of all diseases, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Seven Dials; where children are being daily trained, not for a seven years' apprenticeship, but for a seven years' transportation. The collective wisdom of the nation recognises barristers of seven years' standing; the Income-tax was imposed for seven years at sevenpence in the pound.

Eight is a solid number, being created from the duplication of four, as four is made from two. We trust it is not the case now; but Ingpen tells us, that in his time there were eight things common at court—namely, terrible lies, false intelligence, dishonest women, feigned friendships, continual enmity, envenomed malice, foolish words, and vain hopes. As a threefold cord is stronger by being trebled, so in like manner nine possesses superior virtues than three. Ten is the number of all perfection, power, and virtue, within whose compass all others are contained. Eleven is a wicked, unlucky number; for is it not the first which breaks out of the pale of the whole ten commandments! Twelve, on the contrary, is a gracious, just, and fortunate number: are there not twelve apostles, and twelve signs of the zodiac!

We have had enough of this nonsense, and must now permit our author to fall back into his well-merited oblivion. Nor should we be too severe upon him—there are plenty of absurd books of our own day, for our descendants to laugh at for centuries to come. Let us conclude, then, speaking of Ingpen in the very words he uses when speaking of Dionysius the Areopagite: 'He writeth many things at random, others he dreameth; the best he writeth are but bare conjectures—childish, frivolous, and paradoxical.' So much, then, for the Secrets of Numbers.

THE LITTLE FIDDLER.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN.

Charlie Morris was a very good little boy, as boys go; he loved the truth, he was well-tempered, obliging, generous, and clever, and there are many little boys of whom we cannot say so much. But there was one sad drawback to those good qualities—you would smile to hear it called a serious one—he never could keep his fingers quiet for one single minute. In his idle hours, this did not signify much; but the worst of it was, that the more his thoughts were engaged, the busier he was at his lessons, whether learning or repeating them, the faster and faster the fingers went, to the certain injury of whatever happened to lie next to hand.

It were endless to tell of all the mischances brought about by those ten busy little idlers—how grandpapa's watch was broken, how the ink-bottle was upset on the carpet, what mischief ensued from breaking the seal of a letter lying near him on the table. And that table—easy it was to know the spot where Charlie had been sitting, by the scattered tufts of wool picked off the green cloth here and there, until at last it began to look as if nibbled all round by the mice. Then Charlie was banished to another table without any covering, which, it was hoped, would baffle his operations; but here, providing himself with a pin, the fingers worked harder than ever, and sundry scratches and devices on its surface soon proved it no gainer by the exchange.

His cousin Edward, who was a great favourite with Charlie, though many years older—indeed quite grown up—came to the house during one of his college vacations; and wishing to read in the study where our own little boy always learned his lessons, brought in a large pile of books, and stowed them on the table to which Charlie had been banished, never suspecting it was dangerous ground. But once within the reach of those fingers, they shared the fate of everything else; and Edward was more astonished than pleased one day to find the covers decorated with various unintelligible hieroglyphics, and the leaves folded up into 'pancakes' and 'cakes.'

Another person would have been very angry, but Edward loved Charlie, and was very good-tempered besides; so, though sorry for the mischief, and especially so to think that it was done by his little friend, he only laughed at him for this turn, warning him that if ever he caught him again at such work, he would give him the name of 'Charlie the fiddler.' He could not have devised a worse punishment: like many another little boy, Charlie had a great dislike to being laughed at, and the idea of getting a ridiculous name through his own folly was more than he could bear; so he promised Edward eagerly never to bring a pen near the table again, and that wherever else his fingers might wander, they should keep wide of his books. But neither little boys nor grown people can say: 'I will go *so* far, and no further;' Charlie one day stayed out later than usual playing, and to make up for lost time, went to learn his lessons by candle-light: this was not generally allowed; but this time the candle was placed out of every one's way, quite in the centre of the table, Edward busily studying at one end, Charlie learning his multiplication-table at the other—nothing could be safer. For once, the hands were quiet—one of them under Charlie's head, the other holding the book closely shut. 'Nine times nine?' whispered he to himself—'nine times nine?' It was a hard number. Not exactly finding it in his brain, Charlie looked up; he gazed at the candle, as if expecting it to throw some light on the question, and again softly repeated 'nine times nine?'

But the candle just then had business of its own; some draught had made it flicker, and the grease in running down had formed a fanciful pillar all along the side. Charlie fixed his eyes on this novel appendage, and absently repeating the still unresolved question, up strayed the fingers mechanically, slowly demolishing the structure as he went on with his sum.

Edward, deep in his studies, never raised his eyes from his book, until suddenly aroused by finding himself in total darkness, Charlie loudly exclaiming: 'Oh, Edward!—the candle. My hand is all burned. What shall I do?'

To run for more light, and discover the extent of the damage, was the work of a moment with Edward; to repair it, was not quite so easy a task. Charlie, in his half-unconscious efforts to remove the incumbrance from the candle, had given it a stronger jerk than was expedient, and had upset it, not only on his own hand, scorching it rather severely, but turning it over still further on his companion's book, leaving a line of hot grease all along the open page.

Edward could not help feeling angry now; he exclaimed: 'Well, you *are* Charlie the fiddler;' and he did not much mind the tears that quickly started at the opprobrious epithet, until poor little Charlie piteously replied:

'At anyrate, Edward, I am not sorry this hand was burned: as long as I feel the pain, as long as I see the mark, I don't think I will fiddle again. But your nice book—ah, I am afraid that will remain a remembrance for ever!'

'Yes, my boy,' answered his cousin, as once more, with his own good-natured smile, he kissed the little suffering hand, 'I hope it will be a remembrance for ever that this was the last time you offended so.'

Charlie was very glad to hear his cousin say this: he resolved to prove him right; but unluckily Edward was to go away the next day without waiting to see those good resolutions put into practice. The hand soon healed, the pain passed away, the mark was gone, and—why must it be told?—Charlie himself was obliged to confess that, however Edward came to the knowledge of the fact, there was too much reason for the reproof he administered in the following manner.

It was Christmas-eve, and with the post came a letter from Edward, and a neat little box. The letter was full of good wishes for young and old; the box, full of small remembrances: for Charlie's two sisters and eldest brother, each a beautiful penknife, exactly alike, in a red morocco case, with a tortoise-shell handle, and a silver plate on the side with the owner's name; for Charlie—ah, there was nothing he had so much longed for as a knife!—but for him there was a large parcel, a card fastened to the outside, saying that he too should have had the same as the others, only his cousin was afraid 'he would cut up the table into chips: within was a source of harmless amusement, to keep his fingers employed, were they ever so restless.' In all haste the parcel was opened: within was—what do you think?—an Indian tumbler, standing on a little arch with a weight to his feet, which, by a touch of the finger, sent him over and over, as often as you pleased.

'A foolish toy!' exclaimed Charlie, in deep mortification; 'did Edward think me a baby?' while a laugh, that even the most good-natured could not control, went round the little circle. Perhaps the deepest source of his mortification lay in the consciousness, as we have said, that he deserved this little reproof. He was the first to say so himself, when, on the following day, his mamma asked the children what messages she should write back to their cousin. 'Thank Edward for me, mamma, and tell him I do not think the tumbler so very foolish now: I hope yet to shew he has done me good. He shall stand opposite me on the table, to remind me what he is there for; and I think, mamma, we may call it a good day when he is not once pitched off of his perch.'

His mamma agreed it would be an excellent plan; and after a good long trial, was beginning to think it a successful one too. The tumbler maintained a marvellous steadiness during school-hours; no fresh engravings adorned the table, no new accidents had occurred elsewhere, and the time seemed drawing near when, by a secret arrangement between her and Edward, a knife similar to the others was to become Charlie's property also, when one day a little miniature of his sister Annie happened to be left on the table, in its morocco case, and nothing would do Charlie but to press open the spring and place it beside him as the companion of his studies.

This was no great wonder—all loved Annie; and now, that she was gone away to school, the picture seemed her second self, and no one could blame the kiss given to it by affectionate little Charlie as he laid it beside him. Still, better had he let it alone, or taking one look and kiss, had he shut it up carefully again; but no, his own rosy lips had left their mark upon the glass—it was no longer clear, and rubbing it with the sleeve of his jacket did not mend the matter: in fact, being like most little boys' everyday jackets, not always of the cleanest, the more he rubbed the glass with it the duller it grew. Charlie's next thought was to seek for some more effectual implement: a glass of water, in which was placed a bunch of roses, stood in the centre of the table; and it was the work of a moment to pop in the active fingers, bring out a clear drop on the tip of each, and sprinkle the glass of the picture: he was then proceeding to try whether washing would answer better than wiping, when his mamma's voice calling him, he laid by his experiment, and closing the spring hastily, away he ran.

His mamma wanted him to go with her into the garden and help to gather fruit for preserves. It was very pleasant work, and lasted for some hours: no wonder if the study, the lessons, even the miniature, were forgotten. Charlie thought of them no more for the rest of the day; indeed he never once remembered the latter until the following morning, when, sitting down to hear him his lessons, as usual, his mamma took the miniature up in her hand, to give one look at her own sweet Annie, before commencing the business of the day.

But what is this?—not sweet Annie's face—black, blue, and red, mixed up like a lowering thunder-cloud; never had Annie's face worn such an aspect as that. Gone were the smiling eyes, the rosy lips, the golden curls, or rather blended into one mass; that was all that could be seen of them now.

'Oh, Charlie!' exclaimed his mamma, at once guessing he had some hand in the mischief, and 'Oh, mamma!' reiterated Charlie, bursting into tears, as in a moment it flashed on his mind how it had occurred.

For some minutes neither spoke another word, both of them grieved for the fault and its consequences—both gazing at the wreck of what was lately so pretty and so valued. 'Oh, Charlie, what shall I do with you?' said his mamma at last.

'Oh, mamma, what shall I do with myself?' sobbed Charlie, as he related how the misfortune must have happened by shutting the drops of water up in the case; then soaking under the glass, they must have made the colours run; and he concluded as he had begun, with those words: 'Oh, mamma, what can I do with myself?'

'Yes, Charlie,' replied his mamma very gravely, 'that is now the question. You have been often punished by me, you have been punished by your cousin; you have been laughed at, you have suffered pain, you have suffered sorrow. Is all to be in vain? or is there any other punishment likely to be effectual? Think, Charlie. At last I must leave you to yourself.'

Charlie cried still more bitterly at those words; he would have been ready to bear whatever his mamma inflicted; he could not think any punishment too great for such a mischief as that before his eyes, and he felt as if he could not devise anything half bad enough for himself.

At length, raising his eyes mournfully to his mother's, he said: 'Mamma, it would be such a pleasure to get another picture like that, that I am afraid it could not be called a punishment.'

His mother could hardly help smiling as she answered: 'No indeed, Charlie, I don't think we could call it a punishment to have our dear picture restored: if you could do it, indeed, we might call it a reparation'——

'O yes, mamma; that is what I mean,' interrupted he eagerly; 'but when the reparation would be so great a pleasure, I am afraid it would be no punishment.'

'Not much use, I fear, in arguing that point. That miniature cost a great deal of money, and the gentleman who painted it has so much to do now, that I suppose he would require twice as much for another.'

Charlie's countenance fell: after a thoughtful pause, he returned to the subject. 'How much money did it cost, mamma?'

'Three guineas,' replied his mother.

'And twice three is six,' mused Charlie. 'But, mamma, there is a perhaps. The painter looked so very kind, and he seemed so fond of Annie, and of—of'—— Charlie hesitated.

'And of Charlie?' said his mamma, putting in the word with a smile.

'Yes, mamma, of poor little Charlie,' returned he with a half smile too. 'Well, mamma, and then if the painter would consent to do it over again for the same, or a little more; and if Annie would not mind the tiresomeness of sitting; and if I were totally to break myself off the fashion of meddling, before her next vacation; then, mamma—then perhaps you would grant me the reward of allowing it to be painted again.'

'Reward, Charlie! what do I hear you say? Wasn't it of punishment we were speaking?'

'O yes, mamma,' answered he, once more indulging in a merry laugh. 'Indeed, I forgot the punishment in the greatness of the reward; but it must come first all the same, to make way for the other; for you know, mamma, my three lambs are now nearly grown into three sheep, and the steward says they are worth from three to four guineas at least. Well, you know, he was to have sold them for me at All Hallow Fair, and with the money to have bought a pony: that is a year-old plan, since first I got the lambs;' and here Charlie cleared his throat, and manfully smothered a sigh. 'Well, mamma, that pony is now no more—that is my punishment; but let the picture be drawn for the money—and that will be my reward.'

His mother kissed his beaming face: she was pleased with her little boy, and approved of his resolution. After some further discussion, it was settled that when the sheep were sold, and their exact value ascertained, the subject should be mentioned to the painter, and, if possible, Annie's picture should be restored on her next return home.

But Charlie had yet to learn the lesson brought home to all our hearts, in some part or other of our lives, that repentance—amendment even—is one thing, reparation another. Ah, many a time would we have been less thoughtless, many a time would we have hesitated before committing a fault, had we felt that we never might repair it—had we known that before our sorrowing purpose ripened, the opportunity would pass away. Thus thought Charlie many a time, when news came that the measles had appeared in Annie's school, and that she was one of the severest sufferers. Ah, what sad news was that!—what lonely thoughts he had after his mamma was gone away to nurse her; often holding the defaced miniature in his hand, thinking, perhaps, that was all they would soon have left of Annie; often dropping on it self-reproachful tears—drops that could do it no harm now.

Many a day, and even week, of sad suspense thus passed by; at last a letter came—it said Annie was better; another and another followed, and then she was out of danger; and then, O joy! she was slowly travelling home. Yes, soon they had their own dear Annie again, pale and weak, indeed, but still her very self—better than a thousand pictures, were they ever so bright.

So mamma, Charlie, every one said; but still the picture was not forgotten—the punishment and the reward. The sheep having been sold for the expected sum, it was settled that when Annie's cheeks were round and rosy again, and her holidays over, on her way back to school the picture was to be drawn. If more money were wanted, mamma promised to add it from herself.

Again Charlie was lonely, for again mamma and Annie were gone away: he had not even the 'dirty old picture;' but that he did not much regret, as it had been taken to see whether the painter could turn it to any use. At last came the day of return, and if Annie did not come back, cousin Edward did; and as a long year had passed without seeing him, it was nearly as much joy.

He first jumped out of the carriage, then he handed out mamma; and, last of all, out came a small deal-case carefully twined. Soon the whole three were within the parlour walls, and many a greeting, many a question asked and answered with the two former, before any attention was given to the latter arrival. Its turn came at last; and seeing all eyes fixed in that direction, mamma quietly said: 'Charlie, that is your property; you may open it, if you please.'

He required no second bidding; the next moment he was beside it on the carpet, though hardly knowing what to expect; but those tiresome twines—they resisted all his efforts.

'Take your time, my boy!' exclaimed his cousin: 'those little fingers must be changed indeed if they object to a job.'

'Ah, Edward!' said Charlie reproachfully; then glanced proudly at his mamma, who came forward smiling, and taking his little hand, put it into Edward's, saying: 'Indeed, those fingers *are* changed: I have never had to give them one rap since the unhappy fate of the picture.'

Edward looked quite happy, yet always so good-natured, we think he must have had some little notion what the answer would be, or he never would have made the remark; at anyrate, he smiled very pleasantly now, as putting into the hand he still held in his own a knife exactly similar to those which had on a former day cost Charlie some tears, he exclaimed: 'Then take a short-cut with the knots: use this just as you like: fairly earned, at last 'tis your own!'

Charlie threw his arms round Edward's neck, and jumped for joy, twice as proud and as happy as if he had got it the first day. Again he turned to the box; the twines were cut; down fell the cover; and upright within the case stood a small but beautiful painting, in all but life—Annie herself.

A moment of silent admiration, then a full chorus of praise. Mamma explained it all: the painter *was* kind; he *was* fond of Annie, and of—Charlie too; and when he saw the sad condition, and heard the story of the miniature, he determined to place his next production beyond the reach of such accidents, and painted in oil the sweet portrait before them: more than that, he refused to take more than he had received for the miniature before.

It was hung up in the study just over Charlie's table; and if ever—though that is unlikely—if ever he had been tempted to transgress in his old fashion, the roguish smile on Annie's lips would have warned him to desist. He was the first to discover the fact, in which Edward fully agreed, that they had exactly the same look—a smile that would not be a laugh—with which she first heard Edward call him 'Charlie the fiddler.' We may remark, that by this time he was rather proud than ashamed of the name he no longer deserved.

One thing more our little readers will not be sorry to hear: through the kind painter's liberality, there was enough left of the price of the sheep, after paying for the painting, to purchase three other little lambs. They are thriving apace; the plan of the pony is revived; and unless some fresh accident—not likely to occur to a reformed character like Charlie—comes to pass, by the time another year is brought round, the self-inflicted punishment, having done its work, will exist no longer.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The quiet that usually follows the close of the season is in the present instance increased by the extreme heat which ushered in August, and all our philosophers and politicians, or at least as many as are able, are taking holiday: so there is not much to talk about. The British Association meeting at Cheltenham is now a thing of the past. Our Archæological Societies who time their annual gatherings in the summer, have met and disturbed some of the dust of antiquity, and made pleasant excursions with picnic appliances to hoary ruins and ancient barrows. The Archæological Institute held their meeting at Edinburgh, and visited the many remarkable antiquities of the city and its neighbourhood, and read interesting papers. The Middlesex Society, among other objects, took a survey of Westminster Abbey; and a hope is expressed that their visit will bring about the much needed restoration of that glorious old edifice. What with dirt, dust, and mutilation, many of its noblest monuments are now to be seen only at a disadvantage; and surely respect for the artistic efforts of our forefathers, if no other motive, should make us anxious to bring out once more the beauty and fair proportions of their works. To do this, would be one of the best ways of encouraging the now-much-talked-of love for art.

From Melbourne we learn that Dr Scoresby has accomplished his voyage, which, as our readers will remember, was undertaken with a view to carry out a careful series of experiments on the compass in an iron ship. He sailed in the *Royal Charter*, an iron vessel, and now finds the views he announced last year at Liverpool confirmed in all essential particulars. He says that the only way to keep the compass from being influenced by the magnetism of the vessel, is to elevate it above the reach of that influence, and that the compass was so elevated on board the *Royal Charter* without inconvenience. Should the return-voyage prove equally satisfactory, the principal cause of risk in the navigation of iron ships will be removed.

Commodore Trotter of the *Castor*, writing from the Cape of Good Hope, reports the truth of the news concerning Mr Livingstone. A letter had been received from the enterprising missionary traveller: he was at Tette, the remotest inland trading-post of the Portuguese in Eastern Africa, in good health, having once more crossed the African continent, from Angola. The cattle of his party had all died from the attacks of that terrible fly *Tetse*, and great fatigues had been undergone; but, to their praise be it recorded, the Portuguese had shewn much kindness to the adventurers. Mr Livingstone has thus the merit of shewing that Africa may be traversed from the Atlantic to the Mozambique Channel; and we think it likely that the narrative of his travels, when published, will prove singularly interesting. He deserves the best attentions of the Royal Geographical Society.

The notion that Sir John Franklin's ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, may yet be found within a small and given area, still holds; and a memorial has been presented to government, signed by the foremost of our arctic officers, praying that an expedition may be sent to search the area in question.—The Russian government are about to send out an exploring expedition—their thirty-ninth—to circumnavigate the globe, and, who knows, perhaps to take possession of some of the islands in the Pacific.

Sir Roderick Murchison recommends that an act should be passed to prevent the quarrying of cliffs and headlands, where, as in many instances is the case, waste of the adjacent lands would be the consequence. The destruction on some parts of our coasts is so great as to make this a matter of considerable importance.—The Society of Arts have published Herr Bruckmann's paper on 'Negative Artesian Wells'—that is, wells which take in instead of giving out water. Such wells serve as permanent drains; they are sunk in loose strata, or where communications exist with fathomless fissures or with deep-lying streams. Mr Bruckmann, who is a native of Würtemberg, states that they may be established 'in all the so-called normal or sediment formations; diluvium; tertiary deposits; chalk, Jurassic rocks,' and others. And he brings forward examples of the benefits that have followed the sinking of negative wells in towns or in swampy country districts. The drainage becomes at once perfect and constant; fluid matters of all kinds find their way to the mouth, and flow away, while solid matters may be stopped, and used in fertilisation. We should like to see this project brought to the test of fair experiment. What an enormous expense would be saved in the drainage of London, if the sinking of a few negative wells would really suffice for the discharge of all its fluid waste!

One of our show-places, the *Panopticon*, which was to do wonders in the way of popular education in science and art, is advertised to be sold by auction. While the *Polytechnic* lasts, there is but little chance for a second establishment, seeing that here in the metropolis popular science and art can live only by being very amusing or very funny.—The British Slag Company now talk of setting to work in earnest in their scheme for utilising furnace-refuse.—And a Boot and Shoe Company are talked about, who promise, with the machinery already at work, to produce 200 pair of boots and shoes per day; and as more than L.10,000,000 are spent on these useful articles every year in the United Kingdom, they think their scheme a hopeful one. The elder Brunel once constructed a machine for making boots and shoes for the army and navy, rapidly and without seams; but after some months' trial, it was abandoned.

The prize of 30,000 francs instituted by the Emperor of the French for the most notable discovery in science, is awarded to M. Fizeau for his experiments and demonstrations on the rapidity of the movement of light.—The spongy metals discovered by M. Chenot are found applicable to purposes for which castings have hitherto been used. The metal is subjected to hydraulic pressure, and any variety of form and surface may be produced, solid and durable, with great economy of time and expense. Aluminum is now manufactured on a large scale near Rouen; and the extraction of alcohol from beet-root, using the refuse pulp for cattle-feeding, has grown to such importance, that last year 9,000,000 kilogrammes of beet were converted at two establishments in the Pas de Calais.

Among the prizes offered by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, one is for the best paper on the perfecting of the mathematical theory of the tides; another is for marine steam-engines, which are to be very small, very powerful, and to consume but little coal. There are also questions in mathematical and physical science, and in botany, on which papers are invited.—M. Becquerel has met with important facts in his electrical researches: he finds that electricity is largely produced by the mere contact of earth with water—the fall of rain, along the shores of rivers and lakes, and still more so by the sea, the water being positive, the land negative. Investigation of the phenomena led to remarkable results, especially when carried on near a river. Alkaline streams take up positive electricity; acid streams, negative electricity; and along the margin where land and water meet, electric currents are developed at times sufficiently strong to affect a telegraphic needle some miles distant. An indication is here perceived of the cause of the different nature of clouds—the difference of the exhalations. As the water evaporates, it carries off the electricity; hence a powerful source of atmospheric electricity, and a reason why storms are most frequent in summer. The Monthyon prize has been awarded to Becquerel for his investigations of this interesting subject.

M. Carrère has shewn to the Academy that Newton's rings may be reproduced by letting fall on water a drop of a solution of bitumen of Judea, with benzine and naphtha. It is a curious optical experiment, and the more so, as the film may be taken off the surface of the water on a sheet of paper, and kept, when dry, for permanent observation.—Another correspondent states that the poisonous properties of paint do not arise from the lead or other mineral which constitutes its body, but solely from the turpentine; and that if turpentine were not used, we should never hear of paint-poison: an opinion which disagrees with the commonly received notion.—A chemist shews, by analysis, that the common chestnut, which grows abundantly in France, furnishes dextrine, glucose, oxalic acid, glue, alcohol, a farina of which bread may be made, and a refuse which is an excellent food for horses.—Another mixes four kilogrammes of wheat-flour with four of acorns, mashed, after having been boiled in a solution of carbonate of soda in vinegar, and so produces an economical and palatable kind of bread, which might be a resource for the poor in hard seasons.—Bernard is pursuing his researches in the subject which has been so much debated in the Academy—namely, the formation of sugar in the animal economy, and with confirmation of his views as to the function of the liver.—M. Reynoso contends that the formation of sugar in the blood, and the consequent distressing malady, diabetes, are entirely due to imperfect respiration. Let the respiration be normal and fully vigorous, and there will be no sugar.—Dr Waller, who some time ago declared the movement of the blood to be due to the action of the pulmonary cells, and not to that of the heart, reiterates his notion, finding it strengthened by further inquiry.—M. Sedillot has a paper on what he calls *cheiloplasty*, or the art of mending a damaged or cancerous lip by a piece taken from a sound lip; and he illustrates it by a daguerreotype portrait of a man on whom he has operated.

The French government have established a system of meteorological observations for the whole of France; and observations are now sent every day to the central observatory at Paris. This is following the example set on this side of the Channel, by the valuable system of observations so ably planned and directed by Mr Glaisher of Greenwich. When the French system shall have been connected with the systems of other countries, it will not be difficult to flash intelligence of coming storms by telegraph. At the request of Marshal Vaillant, M. Le Verrier has discussed the phenomena of that terrible hurricane in the Black Sea, November 14, 1854, when so many lives were lost and vessels wrecked. By communication with all the meteorological stations, he finds that a great atmospheric wave passed over Europe from west to east. It was observed at Paris on the 10th of the month—that is, the crest of the wave; its depression at Vienna on the 12th, and on the 14th it reached Balaklava. Thus, had there been a complete system of meteorological stations, there was ample time for flashing intelligence of the approach of this mighty wave, which covered one-eighth of the earth's surface in its sweep. We have yet to hear from America whether it was observed beyond the Atlantic.

Five meteorological observatories are also to be started in Algiers, three on the coast, two in the interior, whereby some knowledge will be arrived at of the atmospheric and other climatic phenomena of that part of Africa, and data will be obtained for comparison with those on the opposite side of the Mediterranean. The French government seems bent on developing the resources of Algeria in all possible ways: an annual prize of 20,000 francs is to be given for five years to the grower of the greatest quantity of cotton. We hear that the cultivation and the quality of the cotton improve every year.—The *Société d'Acclimation* offer prizes for the introduction into France of new species or useful varieties of animals or vegetables: improvements of the breeds of animals, and the bettering of agriculture generally. They report that a new kind of silk-worm has been introduced into Switzerland, and that in Cévennes a hectare of mulberry-trees yields a revenue of from 25,000 to 30,000 francs a year. The *sorgho*, which we have more than once mentioned, is flourishing in the south of France and in Algiers, and fully answers expectation by its produce of sugar, alcohol, and forage. They have also a new yam from New Zealand. We notice with satisfaction that the Society head with 500 francs the subscription-list for the widow and children of Joseph Rémy, the poor fisherman who introduced the pisciculture which has since been so successfully carried out in France.

There is something worth mention concerning two veterans of science. Old Bonpland, now in his eighty-third year, writes from Uruguay that he is about to cross the ocean to offer his collections of botany and natural history to the government at Paris, after which he will return to South America, and end his days on his plantations. And Biot, not less aged, has been elected into the Académie Française, so that he is now a member of three of the five academies which compose the Institute. This last is in recognition of his literary merits. Any one wishing to know what these are has only to consult the *Journal des Savans*, which contains numerous articles from his pen. One of the most recent is on the *Commercium Epistolicum*, the book which has originated so much controversy as to whether Newton stole fluxions from Leibnitz, or Leibnitz from Newton. Biot holds that the two great philosophers made their discovery independently of each other.

Hitherto the observations made at the Paris observatory have always been published in the rough, leaving to others the task of reducing and turning them to account. But henceforth they will be published as at Greenwich—that is, reduced and tabulated fit for use. This is really advancing science, not in a showy way, it is true; yet of far greater utility than the architectural embellishments by which some observatories are distinguished.—Pouillet says it is highly desirable to measure and record day by day the amount of sunshine ; and in a paper on solar intensity he describes an apparatus—a dark box with a roller inside covered with photogenic paper, and moved by clock-machinery. The light would leave its impression on the paper during the whole time of the sun's being visible, and thus there would remain a permanent record of the quantity and quality of sunshine. Considering how much we depend on the sun, and how often it is necessary to compare the sunshine of one season with that of another, M. Pouillet has done well to draw attention to the subject.

M. Ador of Lyon, who has been allowed to try his experiments before the government authorities at Vincennes, believes he has found out how to discharge missiles electrically. He decomposes water by a process, as yet secret, allows the gas to accumulate, and then uses it with all the force of an electric discharge.—Lacassagne and Thiers of the same city, have contrived a pile which is something new in electricity. No water or acids are used in its construction ; but instead thereof, anhydrous salts are employed, which being brought into igneous fusion, electricity is developed, and may be applied to purposes of illumination, and at the same time, aluminum is produced.

The United States government have sent to the government of France some of the results of their oceanic survey : a series of specimens of the sea-bottom, and a table of the microscopic shells of different latitudes. These are the first part of a collection of which much more will follow.—Lieutenant Maury of the United States Navy, to whose valuable labours we have made frequent reference, has prepared tables shewing the rain, calms, storms, fogs, &c., in their respective proportions in corresponding latitudes of the North and South Atlantic. These tables are based on a mass of 265,000 observations. They shew what will be a surprise to many, that calms are less frequent in the south than in the north, that the atmosphere is more variable, rain more abundant, fogs more numerous. And there is more thunder, especially between the equator and the fifty-fifth parallel.

THE LOST FALCON.

A friend of Colonel Bonham—the late Colonel Johnson of the Rifle Brigade—was ordered to Canada with his battalion, in which he was then a captain; and being very fond of falconry, to which he had devoted much time and expense, he took with him two of his favourite peregrines as his companions across the Atlantic. It was his constant habit during the voyage to allow them to fly every day, after feeding them up, that they might not be induced to rake off after a passing sea-gull, or wander out of sight of the vessel. Sometimes their rambles were very wide and protracted; at others, they would ascend to such a height as to be almost lost to view of the passengers, who soon found them an effectual means of relieving the tedium of a long sea-voyage, and naturally took a lively interest in their welfare; but as they were in the habit of returning regularly to the ship, no uneasiness was felt during their occasional absence. At last, one evening, after a longer flight than usual, one of the falcons returned alone; the other, the prime favourite, was missing. Day after day passed away, and however much he may have continued to regret his loss, Captain Johnson had at length fully made up his mind that it was irretrievable, and that he should never see her again. Soon after the arrival of the regiment in America, on casting his eyes over a Halifax newspaper, he was struck by a paragraph announcing that the captain of an American schooner had at that moment in his possession a fine hawk, which had suddenly made its appearance on board his ship during his late passage from Liverpool. The idea at once occurred to Captain Johnson that this could be no other than his much prized falcon; so, having obtained immediate leave of absence, he set out for Halifax, a journey of some days. On arriving there, he lost no time in waiting on the commander of the schooner, announcing the object of his journey, and requesting that he might be allowed to see the bird; but Jonathan had no idea of relinquishing his prize so easily, and stoutly refused to admit of the interview, 'guessing' that it was very well for an Englisher to lay claim to another man's property, but 'calculating' that it was a 'tarnation sight' harder for him to get possession of it; and concluding by asserting in unqualified terms his entire disbelief in the whole story. Captain Johnson's object, however, being rather to recover his falcon than to pick a quarrel with the truculent Yankee, he had fortunately sufficient self-command to curb his indignation, and proposed that his claim to the ownership of the bird should be at once put to the test by an experiment, which several Americans who were present admitted to be perfectly reasonable, and in which their countryman was at last persuaded to acquiesce. It was this: Captain Johnson was to be admitted to an interview with the hawk—which, by the way, had as yet shewn no partiality for any person since her arrival in the New World, but, on the contrary, had rather repelled all attempts at familiarity—and if at this meeting she should not only exhibit such unequivocal signs of attachment and recognition as should induce the majority of the bystanders to believe that he really was her original master, but especially if she should play with the buttons of his coat, then the American was at once to waive all claim to her. The trial was immediately made. The Yankee went up stairs, and shortly returned with the falcon; but the door was hardly opened before she darted from his fist, and perched on the shoulder of her beloved and long lost protector, evincing by every means in her power her delight and affection, rubbing her head against his cheek, and taking hold of the buttons of his coat, and champing them playfully between her mandibles, one after the other. This was enough. The jury were unanimous. A verdict for the plaintiff was pronounced: even the obdurate heart of the sea-captain was melted, and the falcon was at once restored to the arms of her rightful owner.—*Knox's Game-birds and Wild-fowl.*

TRADE OF HONG-KONG.

The rise of Hong-Kong in the space of a few years, from a village to a populous seaport, is one of the great facts of the age. We are sorry, however, to learn that some of the statistics published regarding it are to be taken under a reservation. For example, the statement of 600,000 tons of shipping annually must be to a great extent misleading, if it be true, as we are assured by a late resident, that it is the custom to include in the account every steamer conveying passengers along the river, and every ship calling for instructions on its way to the anchorage at Whampoa. The including of these vessels every time they touch at the port may be well meant; but it is obviously wrong, and the consequence unavoidably is, that Hong-Kong will get less than its due of credit as a rising port, and that even if a truer reckoning be adopted, some time will elapse before confidence in the statistics of the place can be re-established.

THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK AND THE CASTING-VOTE.

Sir Arthur Owen, Bart., of Orielton, in the county of Pembroke, is the individual who is asserted to have given the casting-vote which placed the Brunswick dynasty upon the throne of England. A lady now residing in Haverfordwest remembers her grandmother, who was staying at Orielton at the time when Sir Arthur Owen rode to London on *horseback*, for the purpose of recording his vote. He had relays of horses at the different posting-houses, and accomplished the journey in an incredibly short space of time; arriving at the precise juncture when his single vote caused the scale to preponderate in favour of the descendants of the Electress Sophia.—*Notes and Queries.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 140. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856. Price 1½*d.*

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN THE LIFE OF MR GRIFFIN.

BY A QUI HY.

We are now in the full enjoyment of all the manifold delights of the English dogdays. Old gentlemen mop their foreheads, and walk on the shady side of the street with their hats in their hands; small boys take cheap shower-baths under the spouts of the water-carts; young ladies subsist entirely on ice and wafers; and fussy people give you their word they never experienced anything like the heat in the whole course of their life. Let us, by way of contrast, change the scene for a short time to the plains of Hindostan, and see the kind of life led by some of our expatriated fellow-countrymen in that complexion-tanning, temper-trying, fever-catching, liver-inflaming, rupee-getting country, during the hot season.

I will be harlequin on the occasion. One blow of my magic-wand—the prompter sounds his whistle—and hey! presto! having insured our lives, and put on our most gossamer dress, we find ourselves, towards the small hours of the morning—the best time to travel in the tropics—in the middle of the station of Burragurrumpore, having beaten the overland mail by five weeks.

It is the beginning of June, before the rains have set in—not that they lessen the heat much, they only change its character: the air, from being dry and dusty, becomes moist and steamy—you live in a vapour-bath instead of a limekiln; and between Burragurrumpore and the lower regions, in point of heat, the natives themselves say there is only a sheet of brown paper.

The moon has just risen, and we can see, dotted about, the houses of the English residents, looking very snug and comfortable in the subdued light. Which shall we enter? Not the large pucka-built* bungalow in the splendid garden; *that* belongs to the commissioner, who gets 5000 rupees a month, and is, of course, supplied with every luxury and appliance that can lessen the heat, and render the life of the burra sahib, or great man, endurable. Rather let us choose the small cutcha-built one, standing in the perfectly bare compound,† the property of Baboo Chuckerbutty Bux, but let for the time being, and in consideration of the very irregular payment of thirty rupees per month, to Ensign Go-ahead Griffin, of the Seringapatam Slashers; and we will give him the honour of our society for the twenty-four hours we are going to spend together in the Company's dominions.

There is no Mrs Griffin, so we will walk in without ceremony. After stumbling over a bundle of clothes in the veranda, which grunts on being trod on, and turns out to be the chokydar, or watchman, refreshing himself with a nap, we enter the bungalow. Passing through a large sitting-room, we find ourselves in a sleeping-apartment, which is without a scrap of furniture excepting a bedstead—the legs of which stand in earthenware pans of water, to prevent foraging-excursions on the part of crawling and venomous insects—and a small table near it, on which are placed a bottle of brandy, a tumbler, and a cheroot-box. On the mattress there is a cool Calcutta mat; and on the mat, dressed in a shirt, and loose Turkish trousers, made of Delhi silk, our young friend is extended, panting with heat, and tossing and turning in vain attempts to sleep.

He has lately returned from mess; and his bearer, having divested his weary and passive limbs of his regimentals, and clothed him in the night-dress above hinted at, has retired to the veranda, where, curled up like a dog on the floor, he is sleeping calmly and placidly. Not so his master. The heat is stifling, and would be unbearable, but for the comparatively cool current of air caused by the punka—an enormous fan, suspended by ropes from hooks in the ceiling, and swinging with regular strokes over his head, the fringe within a few inches of his nose. The doors are wide open—and an Indian bungalow is *all* doors—but not a breath of air enters to cool his feverish brow; inside and out, it is like a furnace; the thermometer hanging on the wall indicates a temperature considered in England the maximum of a warm bath. The night is so still, the slightest sound falls with painful distinctness upon his unwilling ear: the distant and incessant bark of the village paria-dog; the everlasting beat of the tam-tam, or native drum, indicating some jollities going on in the bazaar; the periodical cry of conscientious chokydars, who, to prevent themselves from going to sleep on their posts, and to strike terror into the heart of any one prowling near with felonious intentions, continually shout through the night the warning, 'Khubada-a-a-a-r,' or 'Take care;' the muttered conversation and suppressed laughter of the grass-cutters in the compound, who never appear to go to sleep, but squat all night round a blazing fire, cooking jupatties, or wheaten cakes, and smoking their hubble-bubbles, the guggle-guggle of which tortures to madness his distracted tympanum—these, and a dozen other sounds, insignificant in themselves, but magnified by the stillness of the air and his longing for sleep, wring from the dissolving victim groans of wretchedness, and assume an importance in his feverish imagination which drives him almost frantic, till at last, worn out with fatigue, he sinks into a sort of apoplectic doze. His breathing is thick and irregular, his dreams are hideous, and he restlessly twists himself round, till his feet are on the pillow and his head over the side of the bed. In this uncomfortable position, he is rapidly getting black in the face—a horrible nightmare oppresses him; when all at once he wakes with a snort; he hears the most frightful complication of sounds that ever saluted mortal ears, as if ten thousand screeching imps had been let loose, mixed with the shrieks of women and cries of children—at one moment close to the house, the next, miles away, and scarcely audible; now in full and unearthly chorus of laughing, crying, moaning, howling, shrieking, and whooping; then getting lower and lower, and subsiding at last into a melancholy wail, only to burst out again with redoubled vigour and intensity. Half choked, he starts up and gets a smart crack on the head from the undulating punka, which thoroughly rouses him to the fact, that the horrible yells he has till now associated with his dreams are caused only by a pack of jackals on a scavengering expedition.

---

* A pucka-built bungalow is made of properly burnt bricks; a cutcha-built one only of squares of mud, dried in the sun. The term pucka brick applied to an individual, as it often is, requires no explanation.

† The enclosure in which the bungalow stands.

Disgusted beyond measure at the occurrence, he seeks consolation in his ice-tub, and tosses off a tumbler of deliciously cold water, which communicates a kind of electric shock to his parboiled anatomy: he could drink a gallon, but must economise the precious liquid. The ice-pits are opened only every second day, and the greatest amount of care and flannel will hardly make his share last the forty-eight hours. Carefully closing his treasure, he lights a cheroot by way of sedative, and takes a stroll in his compound. The moon is shining with a brilliancy only seen in tropical skies; but the beauty of the night has no charm for him—he prefers comfort, which is to be found nowhere but under the punka. He soon returns, and throwing himself on his bed, manfully determines he *will* go to sleep, in spite of jackals, chokydars, tam-tams, and hubble-bubbles!

He partially succeeds. His cheroot gradually goes out, and finally drops from his mouth: he is on the point of falling off into a delicious nap, when whirr! whirr! whirr! a sharp, clear, and continuous buzz, close to his ear: it is the trumpet of the mosquito; he knows his tiny enemy, and prepares to annihilate him. Breathless with anxiety, and 'profoundly impressed,' as the French say, with the conviction that the enjoyment of his night's rest depends very much upon the success of his operations, he stealthily disengages his right arm, raises it gently with extended hand, and waits his opportunity. The whirr ceases; his diminutive foe has settled on his cheek, and is about to plunge his proboscis up to the hilt in what he considers a nice juicy spot. 'Now, I've got him!' The sufferer's hand is poised for a moment over the unconscious little glutton, and then descends like lightning—smack! Our hero has dealt himself a severe facer; but he cares not for the tingle; he has smashed his tormentor—at least he thinks so; and with a light heart he turns over, and again composes himself to sleep. Unhappy mortal! He is gradually dropping off, going by easy stages into the land of dreams: he is already past the half-way house, when whirr! whirr! whirr! 'What, again!—*not* smashed!' This time his pitiless little assailant selects his nose as a likely diggin, and forthwith inserts his pick. Again the arm is raised—again the hand descends, inflicting serious damage on the olfactory organ, and once more the martyr exultingly sets out for the land of Nod. He has scarcely obtained that unsatisfactory modicum of repose vaguely designated 'forty winks,' when whirr! whirr! again announces the hostile approach of his insatiable tormentor, or another equally vindictive. It is in vain to cope with an enemy that bears a charmed life; and, as a last and desperate resource, our long-suffering sub seizes his hitherto discarded sheet, and, at the risk of suffocation, buries his head and face in its protecting folds.

Only those who have suffered, like Griffin, from similar attacks on a seething night—when a month's pay would willingly be given for an hour's sleep, if that precious commodity were saleable—can enter into his feelings under the trying circumstances. Exhausted nature at last gives in: overcome with fatigue, he falls into a sound sleep, only, however, to awake soon after to a dreamy consciousness of intolerable heat. He is in a perfect bath; the cause is soon explained—the huge fan above him is scarcely stirring. 'Pull the punka!' he shouts to the nodding native in the veranda, whose duty it is to create an artificially cool atmosphere in the room, by the means of a rope working through a hole in the wall of the apartment—'Pull the punka, you sleepy son of an owl!' The machine makes a frantic dash, and for a minute or two a small gale is blowing over our friend's head, soon, however, to moderate, and then subside into another suffocating calm. 'Will you pull the punka,' he roars out in Hindostanee, viciously shying a boot in the direction of the drowsy coolie, 'you lazy, good-for-nothing black pig?' Another violent squall takes place; the punka works with a swing that threatens to bring the whole apparatus down about his ears, causing a grateful diminution of temperature. But the pace is too good to last; the vibrations again become feeble and irregular, varied occasionally with a spasmodic jerk, as the nodding coolie finds he is falling off his stool, and brings himself up by the rope, only making the succeeding lull more unbearable. At last the motion ceases altogether. Human patience is limited, especially in India. A servant who is paid to keep awake, and goes to sleep in the execution of his duty, is guilty of a gross breach of contract—to say nothing of his presumption in doing with ease what his master has been so long unsuccessfully attempting. A stern sense of justice animates Mr Griffin. Grinding his teeth, he gets off his bed and fumbles for his slippers, which some time before he has hurled at a squeaking musk-rat. He can't find them. With bare feet, and at the risk of stepping upon a promenading centipede or scorpion, he gropes his way to his bath-room, and shouldering a large chattie, or earthenware vessel, full of water, staggers to the veranda, where he finds the sinning punka-puller—with his back against a pillar, and mechanically giving feeble tugs at the rope—not only fast asleep, but trumpeting aloud. He dashes a volume of water over the head and face of the culprit. It is bright moonlight; and he takes a malicious pleasure in watching the contortions of the startled native, as, gasping for breath, and his glistening teeth chattering with terror, he throws himself on his knees, and with clasped hands implores his 'lordship,' his 'father,' the 'protector of the poor'—meaning Griffin—not to drown him utterly. His lordship contents himself with an indignant kick, which hurts the unslippered foot of the protector of the poor much more than the bony frame of the coolie, who, however, out of compliment to his master, thinks it necessary to writhe as if suffering excruciating agony;

and with a threat of cutting off the offender's pay,* if he is ever caught napping again, the jaded ensign has recourse to another tumbler of iced water, which he qualifies this time with a dash of brandy, just to kill the animalculæ—an excuse current in India, the amount of alcohol necessary for the operation varying according to the taste of the imbiber.

Glowing with satisfaction and heat, from the judicial business in which he has been engaged, he throws himself on his mat, and again essays to propitiate the drowsy god. He is successful at last; the air, as the morning approaches, is perceptibly cooler, and the 'cold pig' has had a most enlivening effect upon the punka-wallah. In five minutes, Griffin is in a deep sleep that would require whole armies of mosquitoes to rouse him from; they might fly away with him, if they chose, without his knowing anything about it. But alas for the transitory nature of human happiness!—he has not enjoyed the long-wished-for repose more than an hour, when bang goes the morning-gun, shaking the whole house, and booming and echoing all over the station. Griffin, nevertheless, doesn't stir. Next, the réveille strikes up in half-a-dozen places at once, and the air resounds with the rattling of drums, the squeaking of fifes, and the clangour of trumpets and bugles, making enough noise to wake the seven sleepers, but not Griffin, who, happily unconscious of the uproar, remains wrapt in a slumber that Jullien's band, playing the *Row Polka* in his bedroom, would not break.

It requires the accustomed low, monotonous voice of his bearer, who, dressed in white, glides in like a ghost, and standing motionless at the side of the bed, commences in a deep sepulchral tone with 'Sahib.' No reply. 'Sahib.' A grunt is the only answer.

Bearer (in an awful voice). Sa-heeb!

Griffin (scarcely audible). All right.

B. The gun has fired, your lordship!

G. (with an impatient twist). Oh! (A pause, during which the bearer draws on one of his master's socks; he then makes another attempt.)

B. Sahib. (The sahib doesn't stir.)

B. (in a plaintive voice). My lord!

G. (incoherently). If you don't hold your tongue, I'll punch your head.

B. (unmoved). The gun has fired, protector of the poor! (The protector sleepily indulges in some untranslatable Hindostanee abuse.) Enter a khidmutgar, carrying a cup of tea, with a 'top' of foam from the fresh goat's milk.

Khidmutgar (at one side of the bed). My lord, I have brought your tea.

G. (turning away). Very good.

B. (at the other side). Your lordship's tea is brought.

G. (turning back again, and digging his face into the pillow). Oh! take it away, and don't bother. (The khidmutgar places tea on table, and retires, and the bearer puts on the other sock; he then returns to the charge.)

B. (in an injured tone). Sahib.

G. (with one eye open). Yes, yes, I know (impatiently).

B. (knowing he has the best of the argument, as his master *must* go to parade). Your lordship's horse is at the door.

This is a clencher. After many grunts and growls, interspersed with uncourteous reflections on the bearer's pedigree, Griffin wakes with parched throat and throbbing brow, and by the time he is thoroughly restored to consciousness, finds himself already half dressed under the clever hands of his noiseless domestic. He finishes his hasty toilet, swallows the tea, and, jaded and unrefreshed, mounts his horse and gallops off to parade, meeting on the road most of his acquaintances, male and female, on horseback or in carriages: the men on duty like himself; the ladies taking advantage of the only cool part of the day to get a little fresh air and exercise.

Although it is scarcely light when he arrives, the men have fallen in; and giving his horse to his syce, who has kept up with him, although he galloped the whole way, and his bungalow is a mile off, he sneaks round the rear of the regiment to prevent Colonel Ramrod or Adjutant Pipeclay from discovering that he is late. The latter sharp-sighted functionary has had his eye upon him, however; and having received from the former a severe 'wigging,' as a military reprimand is irreverently termed by young gentlemen with their organ of veneration imperfectly developed, the weary sub listlessly strolls through the ranks after his captain; with eyes feeling red hot in their sockets, inspects the arms and accoutrements; mechanically 'tells off' the company, and falls into his place like an automaton: an ensign's place, when he has not to stagger under a heavy colour, being usually in rear of the men, where his toes are trod on, his shins 'barked,' and where he is prodded with bayonets by awkward privates, and invariably 'pitched into' by the colonel when a mistake is made, and that dignitary is not sure whose fault it is. Captains are soon ordered to 'fall out,' and the regiment is handed over to the adjutant, who remorselessly trots it about on a hot and dusty plain, till the sun gets too powerful.

Griffin has then to attend a kind of military jail-delivery, called 'orderly-room,' and to sit on a court-martial for the trial of a soldier who has been found asleep on his post, with the feeling that all he requires to make him happy is to sink under the table and go to sleep himself.

Having got through his 'day's work' by about eight o'clock, our sub mounts his horse, and, under the rays of a scorching sun—to protect himself from which he has several yards of white linen wound round his forage-cap—starts homewards, paying a visit on his way to the shop of Rummeejee Jammeebhoy, the Parsee merchant—where, after spending half an hour in pulling about that respectable trader's wonderfully miscellaneous stock, which comprises everything from pickled salmon to a grand piano, he eventually buys a warming-pan, or something equally useless, and swallows a glass of curacoa and soda-water, which the polite fire-worshipper presses upon him in the most cordial manner, not forgetting, however, to charge for his hospitality in the bill.

Griffin then gallops home through a sun hot enough to make an omelet of any brains he may happen to have under his hat; his horse and himself looking as if they had just stepped out of a vapour-bath.

On arriving at his bungalow, which he finds carefully shut up, with a view of excluding the already heated atmosphere, and keeping in as much of the cool morning air as possible—he shouts for mangoes.

A basketful is brought; and sitting down in the veranda with a large basin of water before him, his jacket off, and shirt-sleeves tucked up to the elbows, he luxuriates in the delicious fruit, till his face and hands are covered with streams of their thick yellow juice. Having emptied the basket, he enters his bungalow, where he finds Tom,* the barber, awaiting him. This necessary functionary—for not even the private soldiers shave themselves in India—commences retailing little scraps of gossip, after the manner of barbers, whether in Bengal or Bond Street; and having invested master with a towel, proceeds to lather his face very gingerly, knowing from experience that his customer is apt to be slightly irritable at this time of the day; and should the most homœopathic particle of soap get into master's nose or mouth, that a sudden contraction of master's right leg would send him flying to the other end of the room.

---

* Four rupees, or eight shillings a month, on which he keeps a wife and family.

* For some unaccountable reason, a barber never goes by any other name than 'Tom;' a sepoy is always 'Jack.' Perhaps the editor of *Notes and Queries* can throw some light on the subject.

Tom then produces a razor from a collection of two or three dozen, which he keeps in a towel slung over his shoulder; and having stropped it on his Mechi—namely, the palm of his hand—seizes the protector of the poor by the nose, which indignity his highness is compelled to submit to as a necessary evil; and by half-a-dozen skilful scrapes leaves him shaven and shorn—carrying away with him his lordship's beard on his bare arm, where it is plastered in ridges together with those of other sahibs operated upon in the course of the morning.

Tom having retired with a deep salam—to the ensign's great relief, for the barber's partiality for garlic is painfully apparent—the sahib, with the assistance of his bearer, languidly divests himself of his reeking garments, and with feeble steps totters to his bath-room.

This is a small apartment generally enclosed from the veranda, with a plastered floor, and furnished with a tub of gigantic dimensions. Ranged round the room stand a dozen chatties, made of porous red earth, holding about two gallons, in which the water has stood all night, and which the process of evaporation has rendered comparatively cool, as the punka-wallah, when he got the ducking, could testify.

In the last stage of debility and bad temper, Griffin with difficulty raises a chattie in both hands above his head: he inverts it. 'Ha! ha! cured in an instant!' The water dashes over his splitting head and feverish body: he is a new creature. Another and another follows, till the whole dozen are emptied; he gasps with delight, and then tumbles into his tub, dashing and splashing the water about in pure enjoyment, and puffing and blowing like a grampus, till in about ten minutes he emerges, all pink and smoking, a happy man, and a triumphant demonstration of the excellence of the cold-water system. At peace with all the world, he subsides into a chair under the punka, and surrenders himself, an amiable doll, into the hands of his bearer, who, with the aid of rough towels, rubs him into a pleasant glow, dries his feet, pulls on his socks—in fact, completes his not very elaborate toilet, with the exception of a few finishing-touches, which he adds himself. In most ethereal attire, and with a feeling almost amounting to energy, he manfully walks to his sitting-room, and sets to work to study Hindostanee with his moonshee, or native professor, a very stout and dignified, but not particularly clean old gentleman, who indulges in various habits offensive to Europeans; the suppression of which, however, in oriental society, is not considered essential to the character of a well-bred man. After an hour's 'grind,' he dismisses his fat friend, who departs, and bestows his agreeable society on some other aspiring sub, ambitious of the honour of writing P. H. (Passed in Hindostanee) after his name, without which magical letters no staff-appointment can be obtained. Our ensign then sits down under the punka to a plentiful breakfast, consisting of curry, omelet, fish, rice, eggs, jam, and bottled-beer. What with the bath and Hindostanee, he is positively hungry; and when, after he has done full justice to his kurreem bux's cookery, he lolls back in his arm-chair, watching the smoke of his cheroot curling up over his head, he feels comparatively cool and comfortable, although the atmosphere is that of an iron-foundry.

By degrees, however, the refreshing effects of the bath, breakfast, and 'baccy,' begin to give way to the increasing heat of the day; languor gradually steals over his frame; drawing is too laborious, writing makes his head ache, and, as a last resource, he throws himself on a sofa, and tries to read—a work of difficulty in the darkened room. As a matter of course, he falls asleep, and awakes unrefreshed and feverish; he wanders restlessly about the house, and, for a change, goes into the veranda, where he superintends his dhurzee, or native Buckmaster, darning his stockings, sewing buttons on his shirts, or artistically imitating a pair of London-made pantaloons.

Everything out of doors looks red-hot, and there is that peculiar wavy appearance in the air that is seen at the mouth of a furnace. Brahminee kites and Egyptian vultures glide lazily about, apparently without the energy to give a single flap to their great wings, occasionally making a languid swoop, and audaciously carrying off a bone or piece of bread from under the very nose of its indignant proprietor dining in the compound. Melancholy adjutants mope on one leg, with their heads buried in their breasts, looking the concentrated essence of prostration and misery; and mangy paria-dogs lie panting in the dust, their frothy tongues and bloodshot eyes causing an involuntary shudder at the thought that they must be already suffering from incipient hydrophobia.

The only things at all lively are the ants, as big as beetles, that swarm in such myriads on the cracked and blistered ground, that it is impossible to walk a yard without crushing dozens; lizards, that glide with ceaseless activity over walls so hot you cannot keep your hand upon them; and troops of pretty little tabby squirrels, that play about in the shade of the mango-trees. Everything else appears to have succumbed to the intense heat, and to be indulging in a general siesta. Even the crows, usually so lively and impudent, sit gasping in long rows on the walls, incapable of motion, with their beaks wide open, and a helpless, idiotic expression on their generally wide-awake countenances.

Nearly scorched, Griffin goes in-doors, and, the twelve o'clock gun having fired, proceeds, nautically speaking, to 'splice the main-brace'—a figurative mode of describing a simple operation, which consists in skilfully combining one-third of brandy with two of water, and drinking it.

Tired of his own society, which he finds excessively stupid, Griffin orders his buggy, and determines to brave both sun and heat in search of a little excitement. Dressed in a highly starched white jacket, and continuations of the same colour and equal consistency, which give him a square, mathematical appearance, he drives to the bungalow of a married acquaintance. He is received at the entrance by a servant, who informs him with a salam that the 'doors are shut,' which means that the 'mem sahib,' or lady of the house, is either too hot or too lazy to receive visitors, being in all probability fast asleep on a couch, in extremely cool and comfortable, but totally unpresentable dishabille.

Our hero is more successful at the next house, where, having sent in his name—which, on its way to the interior, is transformed by the bearer into 'Gilpin sahib,' or something equally remote from the original—he is ushered into a lofty drawing-room, handsomely furnished, with innumerable little tables scattered about, to the bewilderment of the visitor, who finds he is hopelessly entangled in a labyrinth of these small articles of furniture, from which it is impossible to extricate himself without damaging the numerous nick-knacks with which they are crowded. He is rescued from his nervous position by the fair proprietress, who soon floats in on a cloud of muslin, looking very pretty in the subdued light, which does not reveal the ravages made by the climate in her complexion. The visit passes off as morning visits usually do, and Griffin, having exhausted his stock of small-talk, bows himself out, upsetting a table in his way, and drives to mess. He finds the billiard-room full of men, with their coats off; most of them engaged in smoking, and drinking the everlasting brandy pawnee. He plays a rubber with Sponge of the artillery for a gold mohur, which he wins; and the least he can do is to ask his opponent to tiffin. 'What will he have?' Sponge is indifferent; he doesn't feel very hungry, but is equal to any amount of liquid. They adjourn to the mess-room, and shout 'Qui hy!' till they are hoarse, making the immense apartment ring with their cries, and causing a bilious old major, who is spelling a paper in the anteroom, to turn green with indignation.

In rushes a frantic khidmutgar. 'What do their lordships want?' Their lordships want to know what there is for tiffin. The turbaned slave, with folded arms—an attitude of respectful attention in India—glances humbly at the table, which is laid out with different sorts of cold meat, casts his eyes up to the ceiling, as if for an immense effort of memory, then casts them down again, and, expecting an explosion, submissively falters out the daily answer: 'Mutton-chop—beefy steak.' He is satirically complimented on his cleverness by one impatient sub, and consigned to a remote and sultry region by the other.

Such tame and common-place dishes not being considered sufficiently enlivening, Griffin proposes a 'devil,' and immediately dismembers a turkey. He mixes mustard, cayenne, Worcestershire sauce, West India pickle, and other irritating stimulants, and, pouring the mixture over the *disjecta membra*, sends them out to be transformed into an angry grill, threatening the shrinking darky with instant decapitation in case of failure.

During its preparation, our two friends entertain themselves with a game of 'fly loo'—an amusement extremely popular in India, affording, as it does, a vast amount of intellectual excitement, with little or no exertion. It is played thus: A pool is formed, and a piece of sugar placed on the table before each player; whichever lump is first pitched upon by a fly, the lucky owner wins the pool. The anxiety with which an undecided insect is watched by the gamblers, is of course intense.

Six games have been decided, besides a dead-heat—a fly having settled on each lump at exactly the same moment—when the devil makes its appearance, and is so successful, the first mouthful brings tears into the gunner's eyes. By this time, the table is nearly full of men, who lounge in, attracted by the grill and its accompaniments, and, 'just for something to do,' follow the example of our heroes. After tiffin come brandy-and-water and cheroots, without which *addenda* no meal in India is complete. Some of the party saunter back into the billiard-room; but the majority sit smoking and drinking under the punka till it is time—the sun being nearly down—to ride or drive on the course.

Feeling none the steadier for the cup, or the brandy pawnee necessary to rectify it, Griffin having asked Sponge, who is rather uproarious, to dine with him, gets into his buggy and drives home. He then undergoes a species of torture in buttoning himself up in his uniform, and sallies out to 'eat the air,' which, although the sun is down, is still like the blast of a furnace, and a good deal adulterated with dust.

As Griffin rides quietly along the watered course, the trifling exertion necessary to keep his seat on his smooth-paced, but stumbling little Arab, puts him in a mild fever, while an unavoidable bow to the wife of a military bigwig, brings on a sharp attack of prickly heat—a kind of rash that afflicts the Anglo-Indian epidermis during the hot season, the sensation connected with which can only be compared to the united application of a mustard-plaster and a furze-bush.

Arriving at where the band is playing, he goes the round of the carriages, filled with lolling mem sahibs, dressed in medieval fashions, and looking rather dissipated. He does the amiable to all his dinner-giving acquaintance, and fights his way through a swarm of amorous bachelors, to pay his devotions, for Griffin is inflammable, after the manner of ensigns, to the belle of the station, a handsome overdressed girl, the only spinster for a hundred miles round, who, to the despair of some dozen spoony subalterns, Griffin included, will eventually marry the commissioner—a dried-up old gentleman, who owns, lucky girl! lacs of rupees, and, luckier still, an inflamed liver!

At the feet of this Delilah, our smitten hero remains till *God save the Queen* disperses the assembly; and he rides home to dress for dinner, calculating the chances of the divinity in the carriage ever becoming Mrs Griffin; forgetting, poor devil! that all *his* widow would get out of the fund would be perhaps a hundred a year; whereas, when malignant hepatitis carries off that valuable public servant, Capsicum Currie, Esq., C. S., a grateful Company will endow his heart-broken relict with a pension of not less than a thousand.

On getting to his bungalow, our friend again tries the effect of a bath, which, though not so invigorating as the morning one—the water is not so cold—freshens him up sufficiently for the arduous undertaking before him—a mess-dinner in the month of June.

While performing his ablutions, a continued hum in the room warns him that his enemies, the mosquitoes and sand-flies, are collecting their forces at the approach of night, and are thirsting for his blood.

> And around him the Suggema,
> The mosquitoes, sang their war-song.

His toilet progresses swimmingly as long as he keeps under the punka, but the moment he leaves that haven of refuge, his collars collapse, and fall limp and starchless over his neck-tie, and a map of England breaks out in the middle of his shirt-front. Reckless of appearances, he drives to mess, and finds the anteroom rapidly filling. It is 'guest-night,' and every service, regiment, and department has its representative got up according to regulation. There is the sensible white jacket of the native infantry, and the red-hot shell of the Queen's officer; the regular cavalry in French gray and silver, the irregular in scarlet and gold; riflemen in green, artillery in blue, and civilians in black; some buttoned up, others unbuttoned; with waistcoats, and without; all talking, laughing, and enjoying themselves, with none of the starch, frostiness, and awful pauses incident to the five minutes before dinner in England. Griffin prescribes a glass of sherry to Sponge, nothing loath; and by the time *Punch* and the *Illustrated*, five weeks old, which the mail has just brought, have been skimmed through, the bugles strike up the *Roast Beef;* and the chief butler, a portly old Mussulman, in snowy attire and a gorgeous turban, with bare feet and a beard nearly down to his waist, announces with a salam that dinner is on the table. At this signal, hosts and guests crowd into the mess-room, which is blazing with light, and take their seats indiscriminately at a long table, where covers are laid for about forty. Then commences a scramble of excited khidmutgars, each officer having one in attendance, who, in their struggles to supply the wants of their respective masters, fill up the doorways, and prevent a free current of air through the room—producing, with the assistance of the hot dishes and hot lamps, an atmosphere 'more easily imagined than described.' The table is supplied with all the delicacies of the season, including the eternal turkey and ham, without which no burra khana, or great dinner, is considered complete. Eating in such a temperature is a mere matter of form. Soup and hermetically sealed salmon are sent away untasted—entrées are only flirted with—joints positively shuddered at—and

Griffin makes a hearty meal off a quail, roasted in vine-leaves, and prawn curry, while Sponge only feels himself equal to an ortolan and a plantain fritter. Though the consumption of solids appears a toil to every one, except some ravenous young cornets and ensigns with ridiculous English appetites, beer, sherry, champagne, Moselle, and claret disappear in incredible quantities, to say nothing of shandygaff, badminton, and other insinuating preparations, that circulate with a rapidity marvellous to behold.

Dessert follows, consisting of dried fruit from England, and the productions of the country, such as mangoes, plantains, pomegranates, and water-melons. As soon as the wine is placed on the table, the president rises and proposes 'The Queen;' the vice echoes the toast. Her Majesty's health is drunk in a bumper, and the band strikes up the anthem. After the decanters have gone round five or six times, coffee is brought, and, simultaneously with it, a lighted cheroot appears in every man's mouth, unless there happen to be present one or two antediluvian old patriarchs, who prefer the almost exploded hookah. Wonderful unanimity prevails, however, with regard to brandy pawnee, a goblet of which universal liquid is placed before each smoker, irrespective of age or tobacco. As soon as the band has got through its programme, Griffin and Sponge adjourn to the billiard-room, where, already slightly excited—music always has such an extraordinary effect upon him, Sponge says—they further mystify themselves by a series of 'pegs' of brandy and soda-water, till the bombardier becomes quite incoherent, and chalks the top of his finger in mistake for his cue, and Griffin sees more balls on the table than are permitted by the rules of the game.

In this jovial state they are no longer fit society for the reader, and we will therefore cut their acquaintance, not caring to follow them into the mess-house, where 'vingt un' is going on, songs sung, grilled bones and iced beer discussed, and scenes enacted that are best untold, our friend Go-ahead keeping it up till past the hour when we were first introduced to him, and being put to bed by his bearer in a condition of utter helplessness—the united effect of heat and dissipation—where he will snooze away half the day in a miserable state, having taken the precaution, the evening before, in expectation of a 'wet night,' to ask for leave from parade on the plea of being indisposed—which he certainly was.

It is perhaps unnecessary, before making my bow, to assure parents and guardians that Griffin is not to be considered in the light of a model subaltern—far from it; and to enable the ship-loads of embryo members of council and generals of division, annually exported by Mr Green and the P. and O. Company, to avoid his errors and their consequences, let each young hero, on landing in the splendid country in which he has been fortunate enough to obtain an appointment, be guided by the following rules:—Eat sparingly; eschew heavy tiffins and hot suppers; drink in moderation; prefer beer to brandy; go to bed early; take regular exercise; avoid borrowing from a bank as you would the cholera; keep up your drawing, music, or any other little accomplishment you may have a taste for; study the language; get a staff-appointment; marry the first nice girl you can persuade to share your fortunes with you; and, in all human probability, by the time you have earned your pension, you will arrive at home still a young man, with a handsome competence, a healthy liver, a blooming wife and happy children, and will spend the evening of your days in the bosom of your family, in ease and comfort, with the consciousness of having deserved it. Having given which piece of advice gratis as a sort of moral, or 'tag,' the prompter's whistle sounds once more—half of Griffin's bungalow is drawn somewhere up into the roof, the other half is lowered through the stage into those mysterious lower regions whence issue, through unexpected trap-doors, imps, fairies, ghosts, and Corsican Brothers—the wings, covered with bamboo, palm, and cocoa-nut trees, disappear: we are again in dear Old England, which we never properly appreciate till we have been absent from it; and the Qui Hy makes his exit with a profound salam, trusting that the reader does not regret the twenty-four hours or thereabouts he has spent in the great John Company's Oven.

GLANCES AT DR DAUBENY'S CHELTENHAM ADDRESS.

In this authoritative exposition of the recent progress of science, there are some particulars well worthy of general observation. The learned president of the British Association remarked that 'the discovery of cyanogen in the first instance, and the recognition of several other compound radicals in organic chemistry more lately, naturally suggest the idea, that many of the so-called elements of inorganic matter may likewise be compounds, differing from the organic radicals above mentioned merely in their constituents being bound together by a closer affinity.' This Dr Daubeny recognises as a prognostic that the reveries of the alchemists may yet be realised; adding the remark, 'how frequently the discoveries of modern days have served to redeem the fancies of medieval times from the charge of absurdity.'

In organic chemistry, there are certain compounds which it has hitherto been the favourite doctrine to suppose only producible by the vital force. Within the last few years, several of these have been formed in the laboratory by art; and very recently, as we learn from Dr Daubeny, some others have been produced—'several species of alcohol from coal-gas by Berthelot, oil of mustard by the same chemist, and taurine, a principle elaborated in the liver, by Strecker.' This is not merely interesting, as illustrative of one of the profoundest mysteries of nature, but it is valuable, as giving a hope that certain highly useful, but rare articles of nature's laboratory may yet be formed in man's. 'If quinine, for instance, to which Peruvian bark owes its efficacy, be, as it would appear from recent researches, a modified condition of ammonia, why may not a Hofmann be able to produce it for us from its elements, as he has already done so many other alkaloids of similar constitution?' The learned doctor even glances at a possible artificial substitute for coal. Why not add, bread? Meanwhile, 'chemistry has given token of her powers, by threatening to alter the course of commerce and to reverse the tide of human industry. She has discovered, it is said, a substitute for the cochineal insect in a beautiful dye producible from guano. She has shewn that our supply of animal food might be obtained at a cheaper rate from the Antipodes, by simply boiling down the juices of the flesh of cattle now wasted and thrown aside in those countries, and importing the extract in a state of concentration. She has pointed out that one of the earths which constitute the principal material of our globe contains a metal, as light as glass, as malleable and ductile as copper, and as little liable to rust as silver; thus possessing properties so valuable, that when means have been found of separating it economically from its ore, it will be capable of superseding the metals in common use, and thus of rendering metallurgy an employment, not of certain districts only, but of every part of the earth to which science and civilisation have penetrated.' [A specimen of this metal, produced from clay, was shewn at one of the evening meetings of the Association.]

Dr Daubeny adverted to difficulties which had been seen to arise in regard to the principle of 'the derivation of each species [of plants] from an individual, or pair of individuals, created in one particular locality.' These anomalies, he says, 'were of two kinds, and pointed in two opposite directions; for we had in some cases to explain the occurrence of a peculiar flora in islands cut off from the rest of the world, except through the medium of a wide intervening ocean; and in other cases to reconcile the fact of the same or of allied species being diffused over vast areas, the several portions of which are at the present time separated from each other in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of the migration of plants from one to the other. Indeed, after making due allowances for those curious contrivances by which nature has in many instances provided for the transmission of species over different parts of the same continent, we are compelled to admit the apparent inefficiency of existing causes to account for the distribution of the larger number of species; and must confess that the explanation fails us often where it is most needed, for the Compositæ, in spite of those feathery appendages they possess, which are so favourable to the wide dissemination of their seeds, might be inferred, by their general absence from the fossil flora, to have diffused themselves in a less degree than many other families have done. And, on the other hand, it is found, that under existing circumstances, those Compositæ which are disseminated throughout the area of the Great Pacific, belong in many cases to species destitute of these auxiliaries to transmission.' He adverts to the aid which geology has given in solving these difficulties. 'By pointing out the probability of the submergence of continents on the one hand, and the elevation of tracts of land on the other, it enables us to explain the occurrence of the same plants in some islands or continents now wholly unconnected, and the existence of a distinct flora in others too isolated to obtain it under present circumstances from without. In the one case we may suppose the plants to have been distributed over the whole area before its several parts became disunited by the catastrophes which supervened; in the other, we may regard the peculiar flora now existing as merely the wreck, as it were, of one which once overspread a large tract of land, of which all but the little patch upon which it is now found had since been submerged.' We fear that Dr Daubeny has been here misled by a mere unsupported hypothesis, for assuredly we have nothing in favour of the idea but a certain mobility seen in the frame of the land, and not even an attempt has been made to shew traces of the great geological operations assumed. The notion is, in fact, irreconcilable with many features of the actual lands in question. It is particularly absurd in its application to the Pacific Islands, many of which are isolated coral formations, and where, as Dr Daubeny himself reports the recent observations of botanists, 'the families of plants which characterise some groups are of a more complicated organisation than those of another. Thus, whilst Otaheite chiefly contains Orchids, Apocyneæ, Asclepiadeæ, and Urticaceæ; the Sandwich Islands possess Lobeliaceæ and Goodenoviæ; and the Galapagos Islands, New Zealand, and Juan Fernandez, Compositæ, the highest form perhaps of dicotyledonous plants.'

The truth is, an indefinite mobility of the land is merely one of those ideas which every now and then arise as a means of explaining certain things, and which, by reason of their explaining them in a certain favourite direction, are admitted upon little or no evidence, and usually reign till their fallacy becomes too gross for even the weakest and most prejudiced understandings. Another of these ideas, not long ago in full authority, was an indefinite vitality of seeds. For any appearance of new plants, this explanation was ever ready—seeds can exist in the earth for any length of time, and, after all, germinate when the proper conditions arise. We never heard of any one looking for the seeds in the ground, where many of them must have been readily detected if they existed. Dr Daubeny now tells us that experiment speaks to the contrary purport. An inquiry conducted by the British Association itself has shewn that 'none of the seeds which were tested, although they had been placed under the most favourable artificial conditions that could be devised, vegetated after a period of forty-nine years; that only twenty out of 288 species did so after twenty years; whilst by far the larger number had lost their germinating power in the course of ten.'

The recent researches of Drs Hooker and Thomson in the botany of India have been in harmony with a movement which was conspicuous in the section of naturalists at Cheltenham, for the restriction of the number of species. It is now generally acknowledged that a mistake has been made in attaching the term species to so many forms of plants and animals, as a vast number of them are mere varieties resulting from slight differences of condition. Dr Daubeny views this with a confessed alarm, lest it favour a doctrine of startling consequences, that of transmutation of species. And he endeavours to repel that doctrine, but not, as it strikes us, with such powerful objections as may yet be presented. 'All I shall venture to remark on the subject,' he says, 'is, that had not nature herself assigned certain boundaries to the changes which plants are capable of undergoing, there would seem no reason why any species at all should be restricted within a definite area, since the unlimited adaptation to external conditions which it would then possess might enable it to diffuse itself throughout the world, as easily as it has done over that portion of space within which it is actually circumscribed. Dr Hooker instances certain species of *Coprosma*, of *Celmisia*, and a kind of Australian fern, the *Lomaria procera*, which have undergone such striking changes in their passage from one portion of the Great Pacific to another, that they are scarcely recognisable as the same, and have actually been regarded by preceding botanists as distinct species. But he does not state that any of these plants have ever been seen beyond the above-mentioned precincts; and yet if nature had not imposed some limits to their susceptibility of change, one does not see why they might not have spread over a much larger portion of the earth, in a form more or less modified by external circumstances. The younger Decandolle has enumerated about 117 species of plants which have been thus diffused over at least a third of the surface of the globe, but these apparently owed their power of transmigration to their insusceptibility of change, for it does not appear that they have been much modified by the effect of climate or locality, notwithstanding the extreme difference in the external conditions to which they were subjected. On the other hand, it seems to be a general law, that plants, whose organisation is more easily affected by external agencies, become, from that very cause, more circumscribed in their range of distribution; simply because a greater difference in the circumstances under which they would be placed, brought with it an amount of change in their structure, which exceeded the limits prescribed to it by nature.' Dr Daubeny thinks all this converges in favour of a law of permanence as presiding over the universe.

Towards the conclusion of his address, the learned president alluded to the variations of temperature proved by geology to have taken place at different periods, and puts this phenomenon into connection with the internal fires of volcanoes and with earthquakes. He points to a Report on Earthquake Phenomena published by Mr Mallet, as following up views of his own on volcanoes long ago published. 'If earthquakes,' he says, 'bring under our notice chiefly the dynamical effects of this hidden cause of movement and of change, those of volcanoes serve to reveal to us more especially their chemical ones; and it is only by combining the information obtained from these two sources, together with those from hot springs, especially as regards the gaseous products of each, that we can ever hope to penetrate the veil which shrouds the operations of this mysterious agent; so as to pronounce, with any confidence, whether the effects we witness are due simply to that incandescent state in which our planet was first launched into space, or to the exertion of those elective attractions which operate between its component elements—attractions which might be supposed to have given rise, in the first instance, to a more energetic action, and consequently to a greater evolution of heat, than is taking place at present, when their mutual affinities are in a greater measure assuaged.' The professor still leans, as before, to what may be called the chemical theory of volcanoes, reminding those who prefer the 'contrary hypothesis on the ground that the oblate figure of the earth is in itself a sufficient proof of its primeval fluidity, that this condition of things could only have been brought about in such materials by heat of an intensity sufficient, whilst it lasted, to annul all those combinations amongst the elements which chemical affinity would have a tendency to induce, and thus to render those actions to which I have ascribed the phenomena, not only conceivable, but even necessary consequences, of the cooling down of our planet from its original melted condition.'

BROWN'S AMANUENSIS.

Brown was a magazine-writer, of what is sometimes called the fast school. His were the veriest bubbles of the current literature of the day, the merest froth of the trifles which are skimmed rather than read by the busy world of pleasure. He touched—I borrow the beautiful language of a fashionable reviewer—he touched the passing follies of the day with a light and facile pen, and people smirked over his articles in a manner pleasant to witness. *My* opinion is, that his abilities were—in short, were not first-rate, but he used them very ably. He never wrote in men's language for a lady's magazine, and never threw away the delicate wit which suited its pages upon the middle-aged gentlemen who prefer scandal and satire.

To the world of periodicals, Brown was known as a rising comic writer, while to himself, he was a man of crushed ambition and rejected manuscripts. In a drawer of his writing-table, under a Chubbs' lock, were a treatise on ethics, several pamphlets on political and financial questions, a biography of the poet Mason —unduly neglected now, but who flourished a good deal in the last century—and, lastly, a history of Nova Zembla, with an account of the climate and productions of that isolated region. These several manuscripts were brought into existence when Mr Brown first came to London. While he had money, he wrote what he pleased; when he had not, he had the good sense (and good-fortune) to write what pleased the public. The result was, that he was in a fair way of doing well in his line of business.

But Brown was, unhappily, rather of a restless temper. 'I'll be a butterfly,' he said to himself, after he had hawked his ethics from west to east and back again; and for some months he laboured with fair success in the field of the lightest literature, and got his bread and butter by it, and amused himself in his leisure hours like any other young gentleman. It must be observed, however, that he never lost that lofty opinion of his own talents which had formerly stimulated his efforts, and he was on the look-out for a subject on which he might build a great work of fiction. 'Fiction,' he said to himself, 'is the thing. If I could only get hold of a plot, a real plot, I would write a romance which should commence a new era in the literature of this country.'

So Brown was accustomed to meditate; but it was not until very recently that anything came of it. It was after reading of important events taking place in Spain, that he determined to lay his scene there. Spain was the land of romance; his characters should be the men now swaying its destinies, his time the present day. 'I will read up the history,' he said; 'and with *Gil Blas*, Mr Borrow, and the *Tales of the Alhambra*, I think something may be done.' Familiarity with modern Spanish customs was, however, indispensable, and Brown's knowledge of that subject was limited. Fortunately, information, like any other article, can be obtained readily in London by those who can pay for it, and after ten minutes' reflection, which was as much as he now devoted to any question, Brown sent the following advertisement for insertion in the *Times:—*

Amanuensis Wanted.—The Applicant will be required to have recently travelled or resided in Spain. Remuneration according to qualifications. Apply to B. B., 99 Hampstead Road.

Brown had certain literary engagements which it was necessary to fulfil in a given time, and he set himself busily to work to get rid of these as soon as possible. To this end he shunned amusements, public and private, retired into the solitude of his apartments, and requested the prim maid-servant who attended at his call to receive all visitors with the assertion that he was out of town. In consequence of these arrangements, he was enabled to produce in the course of the day a great deal of what printers call 'copy'—a name which, in the present state of literature, is frequently correct in more senses than one.

On the morning when the advertisement appeared, Brown was seated at work as usual, and had just completed a philosophical paper 'On the Diminished Diameter of Ladies' Hats,' when the maid-servant, fresh from the country, opened the door.

'If you please, sir'——

'Well,' said Brown mildly.

'There's a lady down stairs, and she wants you, sir.'

Now Brown was not accustomed to receive visits from ladies, and the announcement caused him some little surprise; but he was not curious, and desired quiet. So he replied: 'She wants me, does she? I am very sorry, but she can't have me. Tell her so, Sarah, if you please.'

'Oh, sir, you're such a funny gentleman,' Sarah said, and lingered.

'That's how I pay my rent, Sarah,' replied Brown. 'Remember, in future, that I am out of town to everybody.'

'Please sir, it's B. B. she wants,' the girl persisted, who had received special directions as to answers to the advertisement.

'Eh! a lady? Shew her up.' And Brown hastily threw off his dressing-gown, and assumed a garment somewhat less variegated. 'Odd,' thought he—'decidedly;' and he seated himself in his chair to await the result. A light step was heard on the staircase, and the lady, who had sent no card, entered the room. Brown turned, and rose to offer her a chair, but paused suddenly without doing so. The visitor was equally embarrassed, and the silence endured until you have read the next paragraph. Brown paused; because instead of the middle-aged lady, with a British Museum complexion, whom he had expected to see, there stood before him a young girl, whose age could not have been more than twenty, and whose beauty was enhanced by the deep blush which rose to her downcast eyes.

Brown first recovered himself, I am happy to say; and having got hold of a chair, he jerked it rather nervously on to the ground, and said something about doing him the honour to be seated.

'I fear, sir, there is some mistake.' The voice was a very sweet one, as, indeed, it could not help being, Brown thought.

'You wished to make some inquiry about my advertisement,' he said, with some hesitation.

'Then you are B. B.?'

'I am B. B., madam.'

The visitor rose, and, bowing her head to him, said: 'I must apologise for having intruded upon you, and beg you to excuse the mistake which—which has caused this visit;' and she moved towards the door.

'I beg your pardon,' Brown said hastily. 'One moment. Will you be kind enough to explain'——

'Pray, do not ask me, sir;' and again she turned to the door. Brown was by no means satisfied.

'I have no right to detain you; but if I can be of service to you in any way, pray do me the pleasure of saying so.' It will be observed that Brown's language was remarkably polished—a trait on which he prided himself.

'It is impossible,' she said, looking up at him; and perhaps seeing something honest about his face, she continued: 'I saw the advertisement, which seemed so well suited to me, that I hoped it might be from a lady, or some one who—who could have accepted my services.'

'I should be most happy,' Brown began. She shook her head, and replied now without embarrassment:

'I was mistaken.'

'You have been in Spain?' Brown asked.

'I have only just returned from there.'

'I cannot, of course, press upon you anything to which you have an objection; but if you will permit me, it may be possible to arrange the matter in a way which will overcome any difficulty.'

She looked up, and Brown was encouraged to proceed.

'The assistance I require may be rendered at your own house, if such an arrangement would suit you.'

For a moment she looked as if it would, but glancing once more at Brown, she seemed to take another resolution, and wishing him good-day rather abruptly, she disappeared down the stairs. Brown is considered—by some people—a very handsome fellow; but whether that had anything to do with frightening her away, I must leave the ladies to determine.

Brown jumped up, and stepped to the window, which commanded a small strip of garden in front of the house. 'Very odd!—no name—no nothing! There she goes! Very pretty figure!—awful shabby bonnet!' Such was the turn of his thoughts while the shabby bonnet moved along the garden-wall and disappeared. Then he suddenly put on his hat, and followed it at a distance.

He admitted to himself that this was an absurd thing to do, and thought he would go back sensibly; then, as the bonnet passed round a corner, he quickened his steps, and meditated no more till he caught sight of it again. The bonnet passed round a great many corners, and hurried along at a speed which surprised him, leading him through dingy and narrow streets, and disappearing at length up a court, which seemed to be a playground for the children of the neighbourhood.

The door of one of the houses stood open, and Brown perceived a woman seated at work in a room on the ground-floor. Walking over some children who were strewn about the steps, he entered the room, and took his stand beside a cradle, while he addressed the mistress of the apartment. Did a young lady wearing so and so lodge there? She did—on the third floor back. The bell was broken, and he had better walk up.

Bashfulness had ceased to be one of Brown's failings, but yet he hesitated considerably at the door which was pointed out to him. At length he knocked nervously, and being told to 'come in,' did so.

It was a little sitting-room, the walls of which still retained some vestige of a dingy paper, which had once covered them. There were two chairs and two small tables, and a portrait of Her Majesty over the chimney-piece. A quantity of needle-work lay scattered about the room, which, in spite of its poor appearance, was clean, and even fragrant, for a large pot of mignonette stood outside the open window. A pale withered-looking woman sat in one of the chairs, propped up by cushions, and the object of Brown's impertinent inquiries stood near the window, looking at the intruder with great indignation.

Their story may be told in a very few lines. The elder lady, a widow, had supported herself for several years in a small shop, while her daughter, who in early life had been under the care of good masters, had accompanied a family to Spain, as governess. At length the widow fell into bad health, and being unable to attend to her little shop, was soon reduced to a condition of utter poverty, on which the daughter at once quitted her situation, and, under the protection of a family of tourists, returned to England. She could do little for her mother's support without again leaving her, a course which both were most anxious to avoid; and thus it happened that she had been attracted by the advertisement in the *Times*, lent her by a neighbour.

Brown learned half of this story in a glance round the room, and was encouraged to persevere. He introduced himself to the elder lady, and exerted himself to the utmost to remove the unfavourable impression he had produced. She received him with a politeness which at once put him at his ease, and gradually the daughter was induced to join in the conversation. What may have been said, I do not know, but the interview lasted for at least half an hour, and from that time Brown became a frequent visitor.

Somewhere under the shadow of the Wrekin in Shropshire, there lives a Mr Silas Brown, a retired medical practitioner, a bachelor, and Brown's uncle. When our Brown was a boy, his uncle Silas took a fancy to him, and even went so far as to buy a small piece of ground in his name in an improving neighbourhood. Brown had always shewn a proper sense of his uncle's generosity, though hitherto he had not derived any advantage from it, for the old gentleman persisted in retaining the property, and acting as trustee. *He* had worked his way up without help, and he was determined that his nephew should do the same. It was a fine thing for a young man. Besides, by keeping down the boy's income, he would be prevented from making some foolish marriage—a term which Silas Brown was used to apply to marriage under any circumstances.

About three months after the adventure of the advertisement, the old gentleman was startled by a letter from his nephew, in which the latter for the first time alluded rather pointedly to 'those three acres by the new church.'

'You have always told me, my dear uncle'—so ran the letter—'to consider this land as my own. I have no right to presume upon your kindness, but I should be very glad if you would allow me to derive some immediate advantage from it. The fact is, that I am engaged upon a work—scene laid in Spain—from which I hope great things, and I am compelled in consequence to keep an amanuensis, which is very expensive.'

The elder Mr Brown read this letter with a doubtful expression of face. 'Great work, indeed!' he said to himself. '*Chateau en Espagne!* I'll go to London, and see what that boy's doing.' And therefore Mr Brown wrote no reply to the letter, but he presented himself a few days afterwards at 99 Hampstead Road.

'Out of town!—nonsense, my good girl,' the old gentleman said to Sarah, who vainly attempted to oppose his entrance. 'This is the room, I think?' and he walked in without further ceremony. His face grew absolutely purple as he did so; for there was his nephew seated at a table busily writing, and opposite to him was a young lady, very simply dressed, but very good-looking.

'Well, sir!' he exclaimed, in a tone by no means pleasant.

Brown, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, shook his uncle's unwilling hand, and pressed him into a chair. As to the young lady, she blushed considerably, and seemed anxious to run away.

'Pray, sir, is this your—your amanuensis?'

Poor Brown hesitated, and at length said: 'Yes, sir.'

'What!' the old gentleman said in a tone so menacing, that Brown thought it best to lead the young lady out of the room, whispering to her some reassuring words.

The old gentleman wiped his brow. 'John, I can't tell you how grieved I am at what I have seen to-day. That you should be so lost, not only to principle, but even to ordinary propriety'——

'My dear uncle, what do you mean?'

'Mean?—why, you won't persist in the story of that young person being your amanuensis? What is she doing here, sir?'

'It's all over with the three acres,' Brown thought. 'I must tell him.'

'I admit, sir, that I have practised some little deception upon you, and yet I told the truth.'

'Eh?'

'I mean that that lady is indeed my amanuensis, but that she is also'——

'Well, sir?'

'My wife.'

'Now it's all over,' Brown said to himself. His uncle was evidently taken by surprise. He threw himself back in his chair, and drawing out his snuff-box, helped himself to several pinches successively. At last he spoke in a much calmer tone, and said gravely: 'I am very glad to hear it.'

Brown would have been ill fitted for his position as a comic writer if he had not possessed a profound knowledge of human nature. Thought he, this is the proper time to say nothing. In dealing with one's relations, there is the great advantage of knowing that *their* hearts are in the right place, whatever may be the case with the rest of the world. Uncle Silas is one of the family, and he'll come round by degrees.

Uncle Silas might or might not be coming round, but in the meantime he sat in profound silence, using his snuff-box at intervals. At last he spoke.

'John, I have been mistaken in you. Don't suppose that I object to marriage; on the contrary, I approve of it when undertaken prudently—not otherwise. Yours has been most imprudent. Not only that, sir, but you have been guilty of a deception which is unmanly and disgraceful.'

Brown felt the truth of this, and shewed it in his face.

'For that, sir, I have to beg your pardon.'

'Humph!' said his uncle.

'But as regards the imprudence of my marriage, sir, consider that I live by writing light articles for the magazines.'

'Pretty business it is to support a wife!'

'And consider the advantage one derives in such work from the graceful fancy and admirable taste of a woman. How many writers enjoy a reputation which has been chiefly earned by their wives? When you hear of Mr A., author of So-and-So, you may not suspect how much Mrs A. had to do with that celebrated work; how she pointed A.'s dialogue for him, and managed his love-scenes, and helped him with an idea when his plot got into inextricable confusion. And then, sir, my case'——

'I don't want to hear any more, John. Remember, I am not in a passion; I am not angry, mind; but I shall leave it to time to shew whether you have acted prudently or not. Don't attempt to argue: I consider that by deceiving me, you have forfeited any claim you had upon me;' and Mr Brown took up his hat, as if with the intention of leaving the house.

'If by claim you mean money, sir, I can do without it; but I am sorry, indeed, to have lost your good opinion. Still'——

'You would do it again in the same way, I suppose.'

Brown hesitated. 'After all,' he thought, 'I have done no wrong; why should I speak like a criminal?'

'Well, perhaps I would; but I assure you'—— He stopped, for his uncle had dashed his hat on to the table, and scattered Brown's card-basket to the four winds.

'Very well, sir,' the old gentleman said; 'I see how it is. You know how valuable the land now is, and you know, too, that it was bought in your name. You are of age, sir, and may set your old uncle at defiance.'

'You do me great injustice,' Brown said, and repeated the same thing several times, while Mr Silas promenaded the hearth-rug, with one hand behind him, and the other firmly grasping his snuff-box. Presently, the snuff-box disappeared into one pocket, and out of another came a paper of a discoloured legal appearance, which also descended violently upon the card-basket.

'There is the title to the land. You will find it all in form, and so good-morning to you.' And Mr Silas caught up his hat, brushed past his nephew, and walked at a tremendous pace down the garden-walk.

Brown, I regret to say, was not remarkable for decision of character. He stood gazing stupidly at the paper on the table, while a person glided gently into the room, laid a little white hand upon his shoulder, and looked up anxiously into his face.

'What's the matter, dear?'

Brown collected his thoughts, and explained that the dirty piece of paper was the title to the land which his uncle had bought for him in the days of yore, and now regretted his generosity.

'Of course, you will not accept a repented benevolence?'

'What am I to do? It is a more puzzling affair than you think. If my uncle cannot, and I will not make use of the property, the thing will be neutralised.'

'But you can thank your uncle for his gift, and then go to your man of business, and restore the gift by means of transfer.'

'That's the very thing! I'll get Cramp to do it for me; he lives at the bottom of the hill;' and Brown seized the paper and hastily quitted the house. Mrs Brown—I have great pleasure in giving her proper title—went to the window, whence by straining her eyes she could command a view of the lawyer's door.

Meanwhile Mr Silas Brown, who had taken the same direction, had slackened his pace considerably, and she saw her husband overtake his uncle, and address him once more. The old gentleman appeared to listen without any further attempt to escape; the snuff-box being again put into requisition. At length they reached the lawyer's house, and entered it together.

The bright eyes at the window grew dim, as their owner thought that for her sake Brown had quarrelled with his relations and destroyed his future prospects; so dim were they, that she did not at first see that the two persons who after a few moments quitted the lawyer's house, arm in arm, were her husband and his uncle: yet so it was. Mr Silas Brown could not maintain his position against his nephew's new mode of attack; for if there was one thing more calculated than another to please him, it was that spirit of manly independence which Brown had exhibited.

The bright eyes looked brighter than ever when Mr Silas entered the house with his nephew and took her by the hand gravely, but kindly. What were his impressions of the bride may be conceived from the following remarkable speech which fell from his lips, as he kissed her forehead:

'If my nephew has acted without my permission, I see here the best excuse he could offer.'

Some days afterwards, when Brown, in the exuberance of his joy, related these circumstances to an intimate friend—the present writer in point of fact—he made a tremendous bull, which, as some people persist in thinking him clever, I shall put on record.

'It was a very good thing my uncle was one of the family,' he said, 'otherwise I don't think he would ever have come round.'

ENGLISH HEROES AND FRENCH HONOURS.

'Can honour set to a leg or an arm, or take away the grief of a wound?' asks Sir John Falstaff; and then, by a subtle negation, he reduces honour to a word—to mere air, and would prove discretion to be the better part of valour. 'Out upon thee!' we may say, 'thou clay-brained, cowardly mountain of flesh!' and learn, if thou canst, that honour is something more than a name, and reputation than a jest. The olive, the laurel, and the parsley, the rewards of success at the Olympian games, were prized by the early Greeks, in the simplicity of their manners, more highly than in a later and degenerate day were statues of gold and marble monuments. The great and noble have in all ages estimated the distinguished opinion of mankind as something superior to the ephemeral possession of wealth; and whatever mark serves to perpetuate this opinion, is prized in proportion. Napoleon, perceiving this passion strong in man, instituted his renowned Legion of Honour—a mighty engine, whereby he created, out of nothing, as it were, the power of attracting thousands to his interests. By the establishment of this celebrated order, he at once effected an inexpensive yet priceless system of rewards, and threw open, to the most obscure in his empire, avenues to fame and promotion.

In this practical country, the government has till now left duty and virtue to be their own reward: no fictitious stimulants, no merely glittering prizes, were thought necessary; hence we were always tardy to encourage, by nominal distinctions, the talents and inventive powers, the courage and the heroism, of our countrymen. Public opinion, however, recognising the devotion and gallantry of the British army in the east, was brought to bear strongly upon those high in office and authority; and honourable marks of their country's gratitude have been distributed to those who had fought its battles and achieved its triumphs. The Crimean medals and clasps are proudly worn; and few can imagine the exultation with which they are treasured up by the men who have been pronounced worthy to wear them.

But what will perhaps be felt as a still higher distinction by the brave of our army, especially those who have been selected to receive the decoration of the French military war-medal, is, that their names and their deeds are recorded in the annals of their country; that not only can they and their friends read the specific grounds of their being rewarded, but that centuries hence, this same document will describe to the curious antiquary something of the chivalry of the present time; in a word, that their names and personal achievements are written on the scroll of history.

It is our intention, in the present article, to give an analysis of the contents of this document, and lay before the reader, as far as our space will permit, the grounds upon which this distinction has been individually conferred upon the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the several battalions and regiments which served during the campaigns of Bulgaria and the Crimea. Doubtless, the persons named in the parliamentary paper recently published, are but a fraction of those who have acted with similar heroism, whose brilliant exploits, under another star, would perhaps have been also conspicuously noticed; for where a selection of this kind takes place, it stands to reason that some deserving must be omitted. We do not doubt, however, that the choice made has been regulated with the utmost impartiality, and that no one has been overlooked or neglected, but from the impossibility of deciding upon and rewarding the merits of all.

It appears, then, that a list of 320 names of non-commissioned officers and soldiers, selected for recommendation to His Majesty the Emperor of the French, to receive the decoration of the French military war-medal, has been given in, of which 124 are privates, 45 corporals, 129 sergeants, and the rest gunners, drivers, and bombardiers, with one drummer, one trumpeter, and one bugler. The more general claims to reward are presented to us under the heads: 'Distinguished services;' 'zeal and gallant conduct;' 'general coolness and gallantry under fire.' Sometimes it is recorded: 'Intrepid conduct;' 'volunteering to bring in wounded men from the front;' 'firing on the enemy after being wounded;' 'zeal and activity for the performance of duties in the trenches.' On other occasions it is: 'Never absent from the regiment;' 'a clean and well-conducted soldier in camp and in the trenches;' 'volunteered and employed as a sharpshooter;' 'behaved well at a sortie.' Again, we have: 'Present during the whole siege;' 'refused to go to rear, although severely wounded with a spent shot;' 'joined his regiment [at the Battle of Inkermann], having marched that morning from Balaklava on hearing the firing, although on detached duty;' 'went in search of wounded comrades under a heavy fire.' We also find it noticed of some that they set a good example to their comrades, always encouraging them by a cheerful manner of performing their duties, and that by their conduct and discipline they kept the young recruits up to the mark of their duties. These brief headings—the preamble, as it were, of the parliamentary document—will give the reader some idea of the general services rendered and appreciated. But in addition to these, it should be observed that most of the men selected for notice had been in all the principal engagements, had distinguished themselves in action, and that many of them had been severely wounded. We could wish that the terms in which their conduct is described were not so concise and general, that the secretary of each commanding officer had gone a little more into detail, and given us a few more personal anecdotes of their men. However, we are not left altogether destitute of some individual instances of heroism, and from these we will extract a few for the pleasure of the reader, premising that we do not intend to raise by this selection the names and exploits of those we choose above those of others, whose deeds may have been equally daring, but not of such singular interest.

Sergeant Seth Bond, of the 11th Regiment of Hussars, is honourably mentioned, as having served in the campaign of Bulgaria in 1854; as having been present at the affair of Bulganak, and the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann; and as having at Alma, when ordered to pursue and capture prisoners, exhibited great subordination in sparing, at the suggestion of a staff-officer, a Russian, who had wounded him. He was in the action at Balaklava, where his coolness and gallantry were noticed; and served in the whole campaign from 1854 to 1856. Lance-corporal Harrison, of the same regiment, is also specially named, as having 'behaved very gallantly in galloping to the rescue of several comrades who were fighting against overwhelming odds.' Of Gunner-and-driver Davis, belonging to the Royal Regiment of Artillery, we are told that he distinguished himself in Sand-bag Battery.

When the embrasure had caught fire, he leaped into it and extinguished the flame, though exposed to a very heavy fire. Acting Bombardier Jenkin, of the same regiment, 'spiked the guns in the redoubt on Canrobert's Hill, on the 25th of October 1854; remained in the works after the Turks had fled; and, although the Russians were advancing rapidly up the hill, did not quit the place until he had spiked every gun.' We are also glad to find the name of Bombardier Angus Sutherland, also belonging to this company of salamanders, amongst the number of those selected to receive a French military war-medal. His heroism has already been made public; but we will give the account of his distinguished services in the words of the parliamentary paper. 'He landed with the siege-train; served in the first bombardment, and was severely wounded in both legs by the bursting of a shell. He served again in the April and subsequent bombardments. *At the explosion of the French gun-park, he was one of the first men to volunteer to carry away a number of live shell and carcasses.*' It would be perhaps difficult to find one more peculiarly meriting the honourable recognition of the French emperor.

It may perhaps seem invidious at first sight to single out instances of individual gallantry, when all appear to have acted with exemplary courage; yet we cannot forbear noticing some more special cases of great daring. For example, William Hennessey, a private of the 20th Regiment, who was present at all the actions which took place in the Crimea, and during the whole of the siege operations is reported to have 'behaved with great spirit in the trenches.' A live shell fell amongst his party, which deprived one of his comrades of his presence of mind so effectually, that he remained standing near it. Seeing the danger, private Hennessey rushed out, and brought the man under cover at the peril of his own life. Charles Godden, of the 23d Regiment, is mentioned particularly as having distinguished himself on the 21st of September 1854, by remaining at his post, Ajax-like, after the rest of the party had been driven in from the advanced trenches by the Russians. Two privates of the 31st Regiment, Richard Stapleton and James Rutts, are also memorialised for similar conduct. They were strongly recommended by Captain Rowland of the 41st Regiment, who commanded the party engaged in the rifle-pits, in the advance of the right sap, advanced trench, on the night of the 4th of September 1855, for great coolness and bravery in keeping possession of one of the pits for half an hour, until they were ordered to retire.

We can easily imagine of what value a character like Colour-sergeant Ridley, of the 42d Regiment, must be to an officer eager to push forward some important outwork. On the 3d of July 1855, this brave soldier was one of a working-party employed in turning an old Russian trench in the advanced parallel, the party being under fire, and much exposed. He encouraged the men by working with them himself in the most exposed position; and it was mainly owing to his example and good conduct, we are informed, that the work was speedily and satisfactorily done. Another sergeant of the same regiment, William Strathearn, on the 11th of October 1854, at the commencement of the siege, when with a covering-party on the right attack, the enemy came out in force, and attacked with heavy field-pieces, exhibited great bravery by volunteering to pass, under a heavy fire, to a party of the Rifle Brigade, with orders to bring them up to the assistance of the party in the battery. In fact, the men of the 42d Regiment seem especially to have displayed coolness and intrepidity. Lance-corporal Bennet, on the night of the 18th of June 1855, when a sortie was expected, and a sudden alarm given, the men of another regiment immediately on the left of where he was having retired, mainly contributed, by his steadiness and example, to keep the men of his party on their ground. He stood fast himself, and by coolness and self-possession encouraged the others to do so. Again, private Carmichael, on the night of the 6th of August 1855, when a partial attack was made by some of the enemy's pickets, distinguished himself by similar behaviour. On the same night, an attack was expected from the Redan. He was one of those who volunteered to go out to the front, under fire, to watch it closely. He always, when an opportunity offered, by his brave conduct set a good example to young soldiers.

The perils of war do not consist in the charge, the battle, and the pursuit alone; there are many episodes still more terrible, but less exciting. Take, for example, the service of Colour-sergeant M'Donald of the 47th Regiment. Whilst holding the Quarries on the 7th of June—the detachment running short of ammunition—this non-commissioned officer passed through a heavy fire of grape, shell, and musketry, for ammunition, and returned through the same fire with a barrel of ammunition on his shoulder. Private Daniel Flanagan volunteered, under a very heavy fire, to place sand-bags in the embrasures of 21-gun Battery, 9th of April 1855; whilst Acting Sergeant Francis, of the 48th Regiment, is recommended for having, when on duty in the trenches on the night of the 4th of June 1855, when an alarm was given that the Russians were approaching, and a sortie about to be made, and when the sentries in advance had retired in some confusion, supplied their place by a new line of sentries, which he formed out of a number of volunteers who offered themselves, and thereby prevented the further advance of the Russians. This took place under a very heavy fire. The endurance of pain is curiously exemplified by Corporal Patrick Finns of the 68th Regiment, who particularly distinguished himself at Inkermann. Two musket-balls pierced his jaws, yet he never went into hospital, and did his duty in the trenches through the siege. Thomas Handley, private of the 88th Regiment, is noticed as having distinguished himself on the night of the 14th of August 1855, when some young sentries were disposed to retire before a body of Russians, by forcing them back to their posts, and remaining out himself all night close to a Russian rifle-pit.

We close our list with the name of Private Peter M'Kay, who served throughout the war, was present at the battles of Alma and Balaklava, and the assaults of the 18th of June and 8th of September 1855. He is represented as being the first man of the volunteers of his regiment who entered the Redan on the night of the fall of Sebastopol.

Such are some of the deeds of common and individual gallantry which have entitled certain of our Crimean heroes to the special privilege of being decorated with the French military war-medal. Undoubtedly the honour will be well appreciated, for the occasion is novel in the history of the two nations. It is the seal of mutual amity, and as a seal, is beautifully and exquisitely executed. It has been too truly urged against the war-medal produced by our artists, that it is little better than a half-crown appended to the breast of the soldier; and we must confess it does look like one. But for the clasps and the ribbon, and without close inspection, it might easily be mistaken for a two-and-sixpenny piece. It is solid and substantial, it is true; but where does it display any trace of art, of fine taste—any of that originality which, in our estimation, ought to characterise a national gift for such an occasion? The French medal, on the contrary, is not only a memento, it is a memento worthy the occasion. It is a work of art, and pleases the eye whilst it satisfies the sentiment. A silver wreath encircles a golden eagle on one side, and a head of Napoleon on the reverse. The rest of the medal is inlaid with a beautiful blue enamel, which harmonises exquisitely with the gold and the silver. 'Valour and Discipline' is the simple motto. Already, it is said, our soldiers appreciate the artistic difference of the French and British medals; and we must ourselves regret, that when a national token of the kind is struck, a little more fancy is not allowed to have play. In all our national devices there is the same square-and-rule principle at work, the same formula. May we not hope that our Schools of Design will teach our rising pupils better things, and that henceforth our British taste will take a wider range, and learn to create rather than reproduce?

This is, however, regarding the subject-matter of the present paper from a material point of view. Whatever be the design or form of the offering, we are sure it will be equally prized by those who won it by their deeds. It will be to them the symbol of their country's gratitude, a memorial of bygone dangers. It is pleasant to remember past perils. The events of the recent campaigns will be to those who have served in the east a source of perpetual pride; and many a Nestor will recount, years to come, his particular achievement at Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and Sebastopol:

> Then will he strip his sleeve and shew his scars.
> Old men forget; yea, all shall be forgot,
> But he 'll remember with advantages
> The feats he did that day.

ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

From the time the Landers solved the great African problem, by descending the Quóra, or Niger, from Yaúri to the sea, many eyes, philanthropical, commercial, and cosmopolitan, have been turned with intense interest towards this noble highway connecting Central Africa with the outer world. The enterprise of some Liverpool merchants speedily seized upon the route; and Laird, Oldfield, and Allen sailed up the renowned river as far as Rábba, and likewise explored upwards of eighty miles of a previously unknown affluent, stretching eastward, called the Tsádda. In 1841, government made an attempt on a large scale, but resulting in little else than misery to the explorers and loss of life; and the late Mr Beecroft, up to 1845, added his quota to our knowledge of the Quóra, and likewise entered and explored the Wóri branch.

The adventure, however, had always proved difficult and disastrous, and nothing more was thought of it till 1852, when it was suddenly announced by Dr Barth, that in his journey across the Great Desert, to reach if possible the province of Adamáwa, he had crossed a large stream called the Bínue, which he conjectured to be identical with the affluent of the Quóra already known as the Tsádda. This woke up the government again; and an iron screw-schooner called the *Pleiad* was built, equipped, and despatched in 1854, with instructions from the Admiralty to pursue the course of the Tsádda from the point where the explorations of Allen and Oldfield had ceased, and to endeavour to meet and afford assistance to Drs Barth and Vogel.

Three works respecting this voyage have already appeared, the last and most detailed by Dr Baikie, who was appointed medical officer and naturalist, but who, after the death of Mr Beecher, undertook, as senior officer, the charge of the expedition, and who, at the most interesting point of the route—namely, at that part of the Tsádda where their chief business was to begin—assumed the direction of the vessel, in consequence of the alleged apathy of Mr Taylor, the master.* At a considerable distance beyond this point everything was encouraging. 'Though no towns or villages could be seen to enliven the prospect, yet everything around us wore a smiling aspect. The river, still upwards of a mile in breadth, preserved its noble appearance; the neighbouring soil teemed with a diversified vegetation, and the frequent recurrence of hill and dale pleased the eye. Nor was animal life wanting, for from our mast-head we enjoyed the novel sight of a large herd of elephants, upwards of a hundred in number, crossing a little streamlet not much more than a mile from us.' Their anxiety for the appearance of the abodes of men was speedily relieved by the discovery of a large walled town, off which, although it was now late in the day, they anchored, and Dr Baikie landed. Numbers of people had been observed on the banks, gazing at the steamer; but on the gig approaching the land, they all disappeared but one man. This individual was at first in an agony of terror and astonishment; but when the white man went up to him, and offered his hand, he suddenly threw down his spear, and danced and shouted for joy. He would insist upon carrying the stranger through some marshy ground, vociferating all the time in the Housa language: 'White men, white men!—the Nazarenes have come. White men good, white men rich, white men kings; white men, white men!' The townsmen now came forth, joining in the shouts, and many rolling on the ground, and exhibiting an extravagance of delight. The king they found standing to receive them under the shade of a wide-spreading tree; and when they approached, looking upwards, he thanked God that white men had come to his country. Dr Baikie visited other towns occupied by the same tribe —a tribe half of whom are Mohammedans, and the other half pagans—and found them little centres of a civilisation, curious to us Europeans as occurring in Central Africa, and in a region where white men were known only by reputation. Little plots of ground surrounded the towns, planted with vegetables—the first signs of horticulture they had yet met with. 'On the sides and roofs of the huts were trained pumpkins, gourds, and other cucurbitaceous species; while in the gardens were numerous plants of ochro and graceful papaws, with still unripe fruit. In a little market we found women bartering beer for bundles of corn of different kinds. Hearing that there were horses, we asked to see them, and were accordingly shewn several fine Arabs, nicely groomed and cared for, and in fine condition. In each stable hung oval-shaped shields, made of elephant hides, large enough to protect both rider and steed. . . . Most of the inhabitants were in native-made clothes, but some appeared in garments made of goat-skins, while a few wore still more scanty coverings of green leaves.'

On reading this description, some readers will doubtless be induced to speculate on the utility—apart from religion—of our attempting to introduce a new kind of civilisation among such a people, inquiring what benefit we can expect them to derive from our extending the circle of their wants and ambitions. The whole country, it will be seen from these pages, on both banks of the two great streams, is divided into little 'kingdoms,' more or less independent, with sovereigns who live in huts for palaces, and give audience under the shade of spreading trees, and peoples whose industry is competent to supply their own limited demands. But on examining closer the condition of these communities, it becomes obvious that, although doubtless progressing, they are as yet far behind in that appointed march of development, not from, but to the state of nature—the state in which social happiness may be enjoyed, with or without the luxuries of European civilisation. Even in the instances now adverted to, the apparently peaceful inhabitants of the towns are a foreign force of Púlo, Fúlo, or Feléta (best known under the last name), who, failing in a hostile expedition, preferred settling themselves in the country, and intermarrying with the natives, to returning home; and every year they make a grand excursion among their neighbours to collect slaves.

---

* *Narrative of an Exploring Voyage up the Rivers Quóra and Bínue (commonly known as the Niger and Tsádda) in* 1854. *Published with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Government.* By William Balfour Baikie, M.D., &c., in command of the Expedition. London: Murray. 1856.

These Púlo are Mohammedans, and in their own region—that is, when they are of unmixed blood—are far removed in appearance from the negro. Their profile is almost European. 'Their foreheads are high, and at times expansive; the features long, and the chin pointed; the nose is straight, or at times almost aquiline; the usually blue expressive eye has a wandering, restless cast; while the lips, which are inclined to be thick, exhibit the only marked Ethiopic affinity. They occupy a high place in the scale of intelligence and quickness, and in commercial concerns they are keen and active.'

We will now give a little adventure of our author, characteristic of a country where there are no conveyances. Returning alone to his vessel from a visit to one of the towns still further up the Bínue than those we have mentioned, he walked barefoot through a swampy country seven or eight miles, and then lost almost all trace of the path. He tried to proceed by his pocket-compass, but soon became bewildered. He climbed several trees, but could discern no landmark; and finally the grass and brushwood became so long, thick, and close, that there was hardly any moving at all. The sun had set; the darkness was coming rapidly down; and it was no longer a question of proceeding on his journey, but of passing the night in the wilderness. He determined that the safest and most comfortable plan would be to perch upon a tree, and accordingly, having selected one, he proceeded to climb to his roost. 'Luckily for me, it had a double trunk, with a distance between of about two feet; so tying my shoes together, and casting them over my shoulder, I placed my back against the one trunk, and my feet against the other, and so managed to climb until I got hold of a branch by which I swung myself further up, and finally got into a spot about twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. Here I placed myself upon a branch about a foot in diameter, projecting at nearly right angles; and by leaning against the main trunk, and stretching out my legs before me, I found I had a tolerably comfortable seat, whence I might peer into the surrounding obscure. The night, fortunately, was not very dark, the stars gleamed overhead, while vivid flashes of lightning over the neighbouring hills enabled me from time to time to cast a momentary glance around me. I got on my shoes and stockings, as a protection against insects, then passed a piece of cord loosely round the branch, so that I could pass my arm through it and steady myself, and finally made preparations for repose by nicking two places in the bark of the tree for my heels to rest in. About eight o'clock, I distinctly heard in the distance the hum of human voices, and shouted to try and attract attention, but to no avail; believing, however, that there were some huts near, I marked the direction by a large tree. Feeling rather tired, I lay down on my face along the branch, and passing each of my hands into the opposite sleeve, to prevent them from being bitten, I was soon in a state of oblivion. I must have slept upwards of four hours, when I awoke, rather stiff from my constrained position, and had to try a change of attitude. To pass the time, I lit a cigar, and, as I had but one, I only smoked half of it, carefully putting back the remainder to serve for my breakfast. A dew was now falling; crickets and frogs innumerable were celebrating nocturnal orgies; huge mosquitoes, making a noise as loud as bees, were assaulting me on all sides; and some large birds were roosting on the tree over my head. I tried in vain to doze away the hours; but I had had my usual allowance of sleep, and not being a bigoted partisan of the drowsy god, even when I really required his aid, he refused to attend to my invocations. I watched with most painful interest the rising and setting of various constellations, and was at length delighted with the appearance of Venus, shewing that morning was not now far off. A fresh novelty next presented itself, in the form of sundry denizens of the forest crowding to pay homage to their visitor. Howls of various degrees of intensity continually reached my ears, some resembling more the high notes of the hyæna, with occasional variations; and others, very close to me, being unquestionably the deep notes of the leopard. I once fancied that I saw a figure moving not far from me, but could not be positive. As light began to suffuse itself over the eastern sky, my nocturnal companions gradually retired, until at last I was left alone, but not solitary, for that I could not be as long as the incessant buzzing in my ears told me that my lilliputian winged antagonists were yet unwearied in their attacks, and still unsatiated with blood. At length, as gray dawn was being supplanted by brighter daylight, I ventured to descend from my roosting-place, where I had spent, not altogether without comfort, upwards of eleven hours.'

This is a finished sketch, and one of the best of its kind: but a literary picture is beyond our author's skill. He attempts no filling up, no reflections, to give depth and originality to a situation which, considered in reference to the locality, a wilderness in the heart of Africa, where white men were objects only of report or tradition, was nothing less than sublime. We have only to add to his account of the adventure, that after many fatiguing attempts to get through the long damp grass, which in one place formed a kind of tunnel half a mile long, through which he was obliged almost to creep, he came to some native huts, and by the aid of the inhabitants, at length reached his vessel. We may mention here, in reference to the vague hints about wild animals given in the above sketch, that there are fewer notices in the volume of the fauna of the country than might have been expected. The hippopotami are more frequently mentioned than any other species; they were frequently seen from the deck gamboling in the shallow and reedy water near the banks, or one of them, perhaps, popping its head up suddenly within an oar's length of them, to gaze for a moment at the unaccustomed visitors. These animals, however, rarely venture into deep water; they delight to lie upon sand-banks covered by water, with their heads only above the surface, basking in the sun. 'When more sportively inclined, they may be observed splashing clumsily about, opening their enormous jaws, displaying their tusks, and tossing their huge heads in anything but a graceful manner.' Their flesh is much prized by the natives; and their tusks are much more valuable as ivory than those of the elephant.

As they ascended the river further and further towards the east, the aspect and manners of the people became more and more savage; and in one place, where the author had landed in the gig, their rude attentions became very suspicious. They insisted on his spending the night with them; and it was only by a ruse, that he and his companions regained the boat, and pushed off. On another occasion, they ran nearly the same risk—if risk it was—in a locality so remarkable that we must describe it in the author's own words. 'We entered a creek on the north side, running nearly parallel with the river, and shortly afterwards sighted a village, at which we soon arrived. To our astonishment, the first thing that brought us up was our running the bow of the gig against a hut, and on looking around, we found the whole place to be flooded. We advanced right into the middle of the village, and found no resting-place—right and left, before and behind, all was water. People came out of the huts to gaze at the apparition, and standing at the doors of their abodes, were, without the smallest exaggeration, immersed nearly to their knees, and one child I particularly observed, up to its waist. How the interiors of the huts of these amphibious creatures were constructed, I cannot conjecture, but we saw dwellings from which, if inhabited, the natives must have dived like beavers to get outside. We pulled in speechless amazement through this city of waters, wondering greatly that human beings could exist under such conditions. We had heard of wild tribes living in caverns and among rocks; we had read of races in Hindostan roosting in trees, of whole families in China spending their lives in rafts or in boats in their rivers and their canals; we knew, too, of Tuariks and Shanbah roaming over vast sandy deserts, and of Eskimo burrowing in snow-retreats; but never had we witnessed, or ever dreamt of such a spectacle as that of creatures endowed like ourselves, living by choice like a colony of beavers, or after the fashion of the hippopotami and crocodiles of the neighbouring swamps.'

Observing a patch of dry land round a large tree, they landed with their instruments, and took some hurried observations; but soon after, the behaviour of the wild people—more savage than any they had yet encountered—attracted their notice. 'The men began to draw closer around us, to exhibit their arms, and to send away their women and children. Their attentions became more and more familiar, and they plainly evidenced a desire to seize and plunder our boat. A sour-looking old gentleman, who was squatting on the branch of a tree, was mentioned as their king; but if so, he made no endeavour to restrain the cupidity of his sans culottes. Part of a red shirt belonging to one of our Krumen was seen peeping out from below a bag, and some advanced to lay hold of it, when suddenly my little dog, which had been lying quietly in the stern-sheets, raised her head to see what was causing such commotion. Her sudden appearance startled the Dulti warriors, who had never seen such an animal before; so they drew back to take counsel together, making signs to me to know if she could bite, to which I replied in the affirmative. . . . At length we shoved in among some long grass, hoping to find dry land; but after having proceeded until completely stopped by the thickness of the growth, we still found upwards of a fathom of water. At this moment, Mr May's ear caught a voice not far behind us; so we shoved quietly back, and found a couple of canoes trying to cut off our retreat. Seeing this, we paddled vigorously back, there not being room for using our oars, and the canoes did not venture to molest us. We were quickly paddling across the flooded plain, when suddenly a train of canoes in eager pursuit issued out upon us. . . . Not knowing how matters might terminate, we thought it advisable to prepare for defence; so I took our revolver to load it; but now, when it was needed, the ramrod was stiff and quite immovable. Mr May got a little pocket-pistol ready, and we had, if required, a cutlass and a ship's musket, which the Krumen—by this time in a desperate fright—wished to see prepared, calling out to us: "Load de big gun—load de big gun!" Could an unconcerned spectator have witnessed the scene, he would have been struck with the amount of the ludicrous it contained. There were our Kruboys, all as pale as black men could be, the perspiration starting from every pore, exerting to the utmost their powerful muscles; while Mr May and I were trying to look as unconcerned as possible, and, to lessen the indignity of our retreat, were smiling and bowing to the Dulti people, and beckoning them to follow us. Their light canoes were very narrow, and the people were obliged to stand upright. The blades of their paddles, instead of being of the usual lozenge shape, were oblong and rectangular, and all curved in the direction of the propulsion. It was almost a regatta, our gig taking and keeping the lead. Ahead, we saw an opening in the bush, by which we hoped to make our final retreat; but we were prepared, should the boat take the ground, to jump out at once and shove her into deep water. Fortune favoured us; we reached the doubtful spot, and with a single stroke of our paddles, shot into the open river. Here we knew we were comparatively safe, as, if the natives tried to molest us in the clear water, all we had to do was to give their canoes the stern, and so upset them; our only fear had been that of being surrounded by them when entangled among the bushes. Our pursuers apparently guessed that we had now got the advantage, as they declined following us into the river, but turning, paddled back to their watery abodes; and so ended the grand Dulti chase.'

Previously to this adventure, it had been determined that the explorations were to end here; and accordingly the rest of the volume is taken up with the incidents of the return. Very different was the moral as well as material aspect of the village capitals lower down the river from that of the amphibious city of huts. One of these, which in the upward passage had been almost deserted, in consequence of a threatened Púlo invasion, was now full of life and bustle. Although the day was well advanced, business still went merrily on, traders were eager and energetic, and artisans continued plying industriously at their trades. Among the commodities in the market were salt, beer, palm-oil, shea-butter, corn, yams, dried yams for making fufu, dried fish, the powdered leaves of the baobab-tree, used for colouring various dishes, seeds of different kinds, mats, bags, cotton-grass and mixed cloths, the bulb of an orchidaceous plant used as food, impure lime, camwood, &c. Here and there were extensive dye-works and scouring establishments, and a blacksmith was hard at work at his forge. At this place, they went to visit an old lady, who, remarking with a smile that she was rather in dishabille, produced a little bit of looking-glass and her galena-case, and proceeded to stain her eyelids and arrange her head-dress.

This, it will be seen, is a very interesting as well as informing book; and it relates, on the best authority, the progress of an expedition of more importance than will perhaps be visible to inattentive readers. It has identified the Bínue and Tsádda, and thus discovered a navigable river conducting to the very heart of Africa; while it has demonstrated the erroneousness of the theory which derived the Bínue from Lake Tsad. It has enabled us to reconcile the accounts of ancient geographers, who confounded the main river and its noble confluent, the one running east, and the other west; and it has added considerably to our knowledge of the richness of the soil, and the commercial bent of the various tribes who inhabit it. Dr Baikie, notwithstanding his regatta with the Dulti, has formed a high opinion of the African, who is by nature, he thinks, 'mild and friendly, apt to learn, and desirous of being taught.' He considers that his intellect, when duly cultivated, will rank with that of the white man. The grand blot on his character is not domestic slavery—which with him is of a mild and kindly nature, and an institution so essentially belonging to the state of society, that it can be done away with only by slow degrees—but the foreign slave-hunts, slave-hunting, and all its scarcely imaginable horrors. 'The only real method of effectually checking this detestable trade is by striking at the root of the supply, by going directly to the fountain-head. It is by doing our utmost to inform the natives, by softening their feelings, and by shewing them how much more advantageous it would be for them to retain their countrymen at home, even as hewers of wood and drawers of water, than to depopulate the land, that we shall succeed in our efforts. For this purpose, no auxiliary is more effectual than commerce, which to minds constituted like those of the African is highly intelligible. Prove to them that they can derive more benefit by cultivating the ground, and by selling their grain, their camwood, their palm-oil, their shea-butter, than by living in a state of perpetual warfare. Convince them how much happier it would be for all to be able to rest quietly under their own vines and fig-trees, than, as at present, living in daily, nay, hourly dread of being carried off into captivity by some one more powerful than themselves. And, lastly, offer them, as long as they abide by our wishes and directions, whatever advantages it may be in our power to present to them.'

THE MAGICAL MANGO.

Everybody has heard of the Indian juggler's trick of producing a young mango-tree from a seed which he takes from his bag, and submits to your examination. The seed is sound, and fit for planting. The juggler collects a quantity of earth, moistens it with water, and, taking a mango-stone from his bag, plants it in the earth he has prepared. Over all, he places a moderate-sized round basket, upon which he spreads his cloth or a native blanket. After an interval of discordant music and incantation, the cloth and basket are removed, the muddy seed is taken from the earth, and you observe that long, slender, white fibres, forming the root, have suddenly shot out. Again it is planted, and covered as before, and the music becomes more discordant, and the incantation more furious. At length the charm is complete, and the removal of the basket displays a young and tender shoot, with two opening leaves at its summit. Exclamations of surprise from the bystanders, and satisfaction from the band of jugglers, complete the second act. Again all is covered up anew, and the ear-splitting music goes on. Suddenly the coverings are removed, and, to the amazement and delight of all, the first shoot of a young mango-tree, with its small light-coloured leaves, makes its appearance. Seven years ago, I was the spectator of such a scene at Madras, where I had gone on sick leave, and was glad of any amusement to relieve the monotony of a forced confinement to the house. I had a shrewd suspicion that, if I could examine this tree of miraculous growth, it would turn out a very simple affair. Acting on this idea, I suddenly seized it, and, in spite of the clamour of the jugglers, bore it off. It certainly had the appearance of a real mango-shoot. There was the dirty stone, wet and discoloured, with the earth clinging to it. From its lower part, the white fibres of the recent root streamed out with a most natural appearance, whilst from the upper side sprang a perfect young shoot, six or eight inches in height, with the leaves in their earliest growth. A basin of water solved the mystery, for, on washing the stone, I found it old and dry, and split down on one side. From its cavity I took out a small bundle of grass roots, one end of which was tied with thread, and withdrew the young shoot of the mango from the top of the stone. Here you have only one part of the apparatus of deception. It is perfected in the following manner:—The mango, an evergreen, grows in almost every large garden in India. A confederate first pulls a sufficient quantity of the roots of grass which are white, long, and fibrous, and resemble the first growth of roots from the mango-seed. He ties them up, inserts the tied end in the cleft stone, and gives them secretly with the cloth to his chief, who plants a mango-stone before your eyes, and whilst putting the cloth over the basket, dexterously withdraws it, and substitutes the stone with the roots. The moist earth in which it is buried removes all appearance of deception. Again the confederate is ready with his progressive slips of mango, which, at every removal of the basket, he contrives to place within reach of the operator without being seen; and the latter, in his manipulations whilst covering up the basket with the cloth, slips them into the upper part of the slit in the mango-stone. The same process may be continued so as to give you the fruit growing in its various stages, but this of course must depend on the trick being performed in the fruit-season. I was twenty-three years in India, and never met with anybody who could explain the *modus operandi* of this trick, though almost all—not all!—felt satisfied that it was a trick.—*From a Correspondent.*

WHO ARE THE GREAT OF EARTH?

Who are the mighty? sing,
The chiefs of old renown,
On some red field who won the victor's crown
Of tears and triumphing?
The northmen bold, who first o'er stormy seas
Sent down the 'raven' banner on the breeze?
Not these—O no—not these!

Who are the great of earth?
The mighty hunters? kings of ancient line,
For ages traced, half fable, half divine,
Whose stone-wrought lions guard in heathen pride
Their tomb-like palaces? where *now* we read,
They lived, and reigned, and died!
Who spoke, and millions rushed to toil and bleed?
Not these—not these indeed!

Who are the mighty? they!
The builders of Egyptian pyramids?
The unknown kings, on whose stone-coffin lids
Strange forms are scrolled? or men, whose awful sway
Wrought the rock-temple, reared the cromlech gray,
Whose smoke, and fire, and incense darkened day?
Not they—O no—not they!

Who are the great of earth?
Mark, where yon prophet stands,
The loadstar needle trembles in his hands,
O'er western seas he finds for mind a throne—
Or he on whose wrapt sight new wonders shone,
Where heavenward turned, his glass made worlds his own—
Not he—not these alone!

Who are the mighty? see,
Where art 's a wizard; where the marble rife
With grace and beauty quickens into life—
Or where, as danger's waves beat wild and free,
Some 'glorious arm' like Moses' parts the sea,
That a vexed people yet redeemed may be—
The statesman?—sage?—is 't he?

O no—not these the noblest triumphs prove.
Go, where forgiveness turning like the dove
Alights o'er life's dark flood on some lone heart—
Where men to men, truth, justice, peace, impart,
As best interpreters of Godlike love—
Where all life's noblest charities have birth:
There dwell the great, the kings of peerless worth—
They shall subdue the earth!

J. B.

RAILWAY CUSTOM.

While passing from Ghent to Antwerp, in 1855, through the Pays de Waes, I observed a singular custom, of which I could not obtain any explanation. When the railway-train was in motion, the labourers, both men and women, engaged in the fields, joined hands, formed themselves in line; and either turning their backs on the carriages or at right angles with them, bent, and in some cases knelt down, preserving this attitude until the train had passed. It is worth noting, that only such as were engaged on a piece of ground where there were crops growing acted in this way; those standing on the road or on ploughed land taking no notice of the train at all; nor, indeed, did any do so save while it was actually moving. I have never seen or heard of this custom elsewhere.—*Notes and Queries.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 141. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

YACHTING.

A YACHTSMAN, like a poet, must be born with a leaning towards his vocation: he must have an inherent love of salt water, and be destitute of that hydrophobia—which, by the way, rabid animals do not possess—which prompts one to avoid water as much as possible, and makes him think he would much rather walk the dry land, 'like a thing of life,' with a dry jacket and an appetite for his dinner, than walk the waters like a half-dead-and-alive creature, with a reeling brain and nauseated stomach.

If a 'wet sheet' be synonymous in his mind with a wet blanket—if he be scrupulous about contaminating his hands with tar and grease—if he require punctual meals and undisturbed nights' rest—if he be of precise habits and formal notions, let him stay on shore; he will never make a yachtsman.

Except for a short sail on a very fine day, we would give the same advice to our lady-readers. Ashore, they are truly, as the Persian poet sings, 'the roses in the flower-garden of our existence;' but transplanted to the deck of a yacht, they become briers and thistles, alike useless, inconvenient, and unsightly. If a lady get a fall from her horse, or tumble into a pond, or sink in a swoon from fright, or any other cause, or no cause at all, there may be some romance in rescuing and consoling her, though her garments be smeared with mud or covered with dust, and her hair disordered; but sentiment and sea-sickness cannot possibly exist together. The most devoted admirer will never sympathise with, seldom even pity, your sufferings. If he be well himself, he will chuckle internally at the proud consciousness of his immunity from such a misfortune; and if he also be ill, his own peculiar misery is too absorbing to admit of any compassion for others.

To all such persons a yacht is anything but a pleasure-boat; but if a man has a real taste for amateur seamanship, and also time, opportunity, and, above all, sufficient means for the purpose, there cannot be a more enjoyable, fascinating pursuit.

As sociability was found considerably to increase the interest in this amusement, various associations, styling themselves Royal Yacht Clubs, were formed in various ports of the United Kingdom, of which the names and stations are as follows:—Royal Squadron, Cowes; Royal Cork, Cork; Royal Dee, Chester; Royal Eastern, Edinburgh; Royal Harwich, Harwich; Royal Irish, Kingstown; Royal Mersey, Liverpool; Royal Northern, Firth of Clyde; Royal Southern, Southampton; Royal St George's, Kingstown; Royal Thames, London; Royal Victoria, Ryde; Royal Welsh, Carnarvon; Royal Western of England, Plymouth; Royal Western of Ireland, Valentia; Royal Yorkshire, Hull and Whitby; Royal London, Thames; Prince of Wales, Thames.

Each of these clubs has its own admiral and vice-admiral, or commodore and vice-commodore, committee and secretary, its own flags, which being issued by special Admiralty warrant, entitle vessels sailing under them to certain privileges, such as exemption from harbour-dues, &c., not only in home, but foreign ports. They have also their distinct case of rules and sailing-regulations. The difference in the latter is often productive of confusion, particularly that for the measurement of tonnage, the method for finding which varies so much, that the difference of several tons is often the result.

It would seem to the uninitiated an easy matter to determine the exact measurement of any vessel, but this is far from being the case. The best method in vogue does not pretend to do more than closely approximate to the correct capacity; and this difficulty is considerably increased by the common practice of purposely building yachts to evade these rules and measure less than their real tonnage, which can be done in several ways, interesting only to those who are conversant with such matters.

This is not considered to be taking an improper advantage, as in love, war, and yacht-sailing, everything is considered fair. There is, perhaps, as much jockeying in boat-racing as in horse-racing; and though the sailing-regulations are apparently most stringent, yet means may be found of evading the spirit of many of them, without actually infringing the letter. The proper trim and handling of any craft are even more necessary to insure victory than the seat and touch of the jockey. The celebrated schooner *America*, when she first came over, was supposed to owe her speed entirely to the formation of her hull and cut of her sails. Dozens of yachts were built on her lines—all of them failures too—sails were cut to stand like hers; but as soon as she passed into another's hands, it was found that, like the wonderful lamp, all her virtues consisted in the knowledge of the owner how to bring them into play.

Local knowledge of the coast and harbours is nearly as useful in racing as smart seamanship; and though a right line is unquestionably the shortest distance between two points, yet the skilful pilot well knows that if, by diverging considerably from the direct course, he can avoid an opposing tide, or avail himself of a favourable current, he will arrive at the goal long before those who pursue the straight course all through. All the principal regattas are now held under the patronage and direction of some yacht-club in their vicinity; and in consequence, the prizes are larger and the attendance more respectable than it could be otherwise.

This has induced great competition, and consequent improvements, in yacht-building; so much so, that the greatest clippers find themselves, as it is termed, 'built out' in the course of a couple of seasons; that is to say, some newer rival starts up, which triumphantly defeats them, and maintains her post of pre-eminence in every match, until she is in turn outsailed by another.

There is no doubt, however, that comfort and sea-worthiness have, in consequence of this competition, been sacrificed to speed. It is impossible for fair sea-going boats to carry the spars and canvas used in racing; and many of the yachts which are carrying off prizes this season are mere shells, without cabin-fittings or internal accommodations of any kind, as it is found that bulkheads, or anything which lessens the elasticity of a vessel's sides, diminishes her speed.

With one exception, all these clubs are of recent date—nearly all of them having sprung up within the last twenty years. The exception is the Royal Cork Yacht-club, which dates back to 1720, and is doubtless the oldest society of the kind in the world. Its antiquity is confirmed by the manner in which it is spoken of in a work, entitled *A Tour through Ireland by two English Gentlemen* (London, printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick Lane, 1748). 'I shall now acquaint your lordships with a ceremony they have at Cork. It is somewhat like that of the doge of Venice's wedding the sea. A set of worthy gentlemen, who have formed themselves into a body, which they call the *Water-club*, proceed a few leagues out to sea once a year, in a number of little vessels which, for painting and gilding, exceed the king's yacht at Greenwich and Deptford. Their admiral, who is elected annually, and hoists his flag on board his little vessel, leads the van, and receives the honours of the flag. The rest of the fleet fall in their proper stations, and keep their line in the same manner as the king's ships. This fleet is attended with a prodigious number of boats, which, with their colours flying, drums beating, and trumpets sounding, forms one of the most agreeable and splendid sights your lordships can conceive.'

The old rules, as they existed in 1720, are still extant, and some of them are so characteristic of the good old times as to be worth transcribing.

Rule No. 2 directs, 'that no admiral do bring more than two dishes of meat for the entertainment of the club.' The apparent moderation of this 'poor half-penny worth of bread' is rather put out of countenance by the 'intolerable deal of sack' which follows, as it appears by No. 3, that it was 'resolved that no admiral presume to bring more than two dozen of wine to his treat, for it has always been deemed a breach of the ancient rules and constitutions of the club, except when my lords the judges are invited.' Rather a doubtful compliment to their lordships; but it proves there must have been good heads on the bench in those days. After such copious libations, we cannot but commend the prudence of No. 16, which directs that 'all business of the club be done before dinner, except appointing the time of the next meeting, or presenting, mulcting, or levying fines.' No. 9 orders 'that no long-tail wigs, large sleeves, or ruffles, be worn by any member at the club.' No. 14 says, 'that such members of the club, or others, as shall talk of sailing after dinner, be fined a bumper.' We wonder how often this rule was infringed, both unwittingly and of malice aforethought, and how willingly did the culprit pay the penalty. It would seem, however, that as time wore on, and it ceased to be a necessary qualification for a gentleman to be able to carry himself discreetly with half-a-dozen bottles under his belt, the good old Irish gentlemen resolved to conform to the custom of the times, and stint themselves in their liquor, for we find an edict added, dated the 21st of April 1737: 'Ordered, that for the future, unless the number of the company exceed fifteen, no man be allowed more than one bottle to his share, and a peremptory.' What is meant by a 'peremptory' does not transpire; but it probably was meant to express an unknown quantity, varying according to circumstances, with the inclination and capability of the individual—like the Scotch bittock, which means any distance from half a mile to five.

A list of members, commencing with Lord Inchiquin, is appended, and a list of sailing-directions, which are quaint enough in their way, but would hardly pass muster in these degenerate days. Some of them, however, are worthy of being retained, particularly that one which provides for the unpleasant but common contingency contemplated in the regulation beginning: 'If a captain has any body very sick on board him,' &c.

Persons accustomed only to large vessels are often surprised that so few accidents occur to pleasure-boats; besides which, the real tars are apt to look down on yachtsmen's seamanship, and regard them as a kind of naval militia. Perhaps in yachting, as in many of the graver positions in life, much pleasure would be marred by a knowledge of our present insecurity and impending danger. As the old quartermaster of the flag-ship used pithily to express it, when he saw a small-craft carrying too much canvas: 'There they goes a carryin' on; they fears nothin', because they knows nothin'.'

Yacht-clubs are not confined to the United Kingdom, but are scattered over various parts of the world—at St Petersburg, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, westwards to New York, and eastwards to Bombay. The last-named harbour is admirably adapted for yachting. For six months in the year, a fine steady sea-breeze prevails all day from eleven A.M., which seldom, as long as daylight lasts, subsides into a calm, or rises to a gale. The wide expanse of water gives a scope and variety which can seldom be found elsewhere; the shores are picturesque and varied; numerous islands, wooded to the water's edge, are scattered over its surface; and on these, within a few miles of the hum of commerce and centre of eastern civilisation, may be found the original jungle, uncultivated and silent as it has been for countless ages past; perhaps more silent, for in one of these islands is the eighth humbug of the world, the far-famed Caves of Elephanta, as the English call them, though their real name is Garipoora. They are curious, certainly, from their remote antiquity—too remote to be correctly ascertained, but hardly repay the toil of the long ascent, under a burning sun, of the steep, uneven path which leads from the landing-place to the top of the hill where the caves are situated. The view from the summit is better worth seeing than the Caves; not only of the fine sheet of water which forms the harbour, but the innumerable variety of European and native craft. Some of the latter look most picturesque in the distance. When running before the wind, they boom out a lateen-sail on either side, and the yards pointing upwards in opposite directions, appear exactly like the pinions of a sea-bird resting on the water, and just preparing for flight; but when they approach nearer, you perceive that the hull, built on the lines of Noah's Ark, is clumsily made, and ill put together; the scanty rigging composed of different kinds of ropes knotted together; one mast bends gracefully forward, whilst the other is tumbling back towards the stern; the rudder and other appliances are of the most primitive description, and there is more than one 'Kinsale reef'* in the canvas.

Yacht-races frequently take place under the auspices of the Bombay Club; the manner of conducting which, and the vessels that run in them, are quite the opposite of our European customs and ideas.

At regattas in this country, all yachts start together, the time for difference of tonnage being allowed according to a fixed scale, on their arrival at the winning flag-boat. Schooners are given more in proportion than cutters, in consequence of the disadvantage they labour under when beating to windward.

At Bombay, the time allowed is given at starting, the one receiving most time starting first, and the others in succession after her, when the prescribed interval has elapsed. In arranging this time, the stewards do not pay so much attention to the size, as to the rig and reputation for speed of the different yachts. Some of these are of the description called Bombay fishing-boats, and are so fast that no cutter or schooner can compete with them without receiving long odds: one of them has been known to give a schooner several tons larger than herself an hour's start, and beat her well. It is surprising that boats of this kind have never been introduced into England, as they are probably the fastest in the world in moderate weather and a fair wind. Their great drawback is that, in turning to windward, they are obliged to wear instead of tack—that is to say, go round with their stern towards the wind. In doing this, there is not only the loss of time in describing two-thirds of a circle, instead of one-third, but also the disadvantage of going bodily away to leeward. In tacking, every vessel 'forereaches' more or less—that is to say, when thrown up in the wind, her impetus carries her some distance in the right direction. In wearing, the reverse of this is the case.

The Bombay fishing-boats carry one very small mast and one very large lateen-sail. The short mast is stepped far forward, with a slight rake towards the bows—on this is hoisted an enormous lateen-sail. Some idea of their spread of canvas may be formed when it is stated that a boat of eighteen tons often carries a yard eighty feet long. The formation of the hull varies considerably from our European ideas of speed and symmetry; but the chief peculiarity is, that they draw considerably more water forward than aft; whereas all sailing-vessels, of every rig, in this country are precisely the reverse of this, being deeper aft than forward. It is quite evident to any one who has ever seen the model of a Bombay fishing-boat, that if they are right, we must be wrong.

Brother Jonathan has already somewhat opened the eyes of our yachtsmen to the fact that they have still a great deal to learn, and given them a lesson which they do not appear to have forgotten as yet—at least, no one has accepted the fair and manly challenge given by the owner of the *America*. It was to the effect, that having come over and defeated English yachtsmen on their own ground, he would consider himself master of the field until some of them came over to New York and did the same by him; when he would not only endeavour to shew them good sport, but also to return some of the hospitality and kindness he had received from them.

The 'log of the *Pet*' is a curious and interesting record of what a small-craft of only eight tons can accomplish in skilful hands. Previous to Mr Hughes' cruises in the Baltic, most persons would have considered such a project chimerical, and its results certain to be disastrous; and even now, though its having been twice successfully accomplished places its possibility beyond a doubt, yet the repetition of such a fact can hardly be considered safe or prudent. Setting safety aside, there can be no comfort at sea, being in a cabin where there is not room to swing a cat. To be sure, the owner might say with Master Richard, that as he was never likely to have occasion to resort to so inhuman a practice, that was of no consequence to him.

THE LIFE-ASSURANCE COMPANIES OF THE LAST TWELVE YEARS.

Some idea may now be formed regarding the success of the many life-offices started in consequence of the act 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 110 (*anno* 1844), returns having been made to the House of Commons of the accounts of a large proportion of these concerns. From an instructive analysis of these accounts, published by Mr Robert Christie of Edinburgh,* the public may obtain a ready and serviceable light on the subject; and we know few on which it imports them more to be well informed.

It must be generally known that, previous to 1844, there were comparatively few life-assurance offices in the United Kingdom, and that these were mostly of old standing, extensive business, and large means. To add in a few years as many as 131 new offices to the comparatively small number previously existing, was a proceeding about the prudence of which doubts might reasonably be entertained, seeing that each new concern must necessarily have large expenses in proportion to the business done; while if the same business could have been as well done by the old offices, all new expense whatever was just so much money thrown away. The positive results shew that the doubts on this subject were well founded. We find that generally the business effected by the new offices has been small in amount, while the expenses are in proportion great. Thus, for example, we have one office receiving in all of premiums L.86,592, and disbursing L.35,165 in expenses. Another has L.11,394 of premiums, and L.10,262 of expenses. A third has L.20,054 of premiums, and L.25,539 of expenses! The two relative sums are in other cases L.22,630 and L.14,396; L.25,867 and L.22,637; L.4026 and L.6304; L.24,891 and L.24,080. One office, which has been particularly demonstrative about its success, shews of business L.13,711, and of expenses L.32,349, or about 2 to 5. Another, of the same character, exhibits L.12,981 of business, and L.11,539 of expenses. In eighteen offices, chiefly of recent origin, the aggregate premiums received have been L.69,748, or about as much as one good old office will receive in a quarter of a year; while the expenses have been L.86,548, or L.17,000 more than the premiums. Some allowance ought here to be made for the newness of things; but take thirty-four of the oldest of the set, and what do we find? Against L.1,466,393 of premiums, L.801,377 of expenses!

We are here dealing with fifty-two offices which have registered their accounts. There are other sixteen of those registered, whose accounts being either defective or indistinct, do not appear in the analysis referred to, and there are sixty-five which have failed to register, without any reason being given. Generally, we may well believe, these last are not likely to be more flourishing than the others.

Now, let it be considered what an extent of obligation is implied in the words 'premiums received.' We estimate that in the fifty-two offices which have registered their accounts, there are policies standing to the amount of not less than *sixteen millions.* What a gulf is here to be filled up before any prosperity can be attained! Is one in six of these concerns likely to struggle through its early difficulties? What, in a great number of instances, are the prospects of payment for the parties who have invested their savings in these offices?

---

* A term used by Kinsale hookermen to express a large hole in the mainsail.

* Thomas Constable & Co., Edinburgh; Hamilton, Adams, & Co., London.

The whole affair points to a great defect in the political economy received and acted upon by the public. Because good effects are seen to arise from competition in some matters, it is hastily assumed that competition is a healthy and serviceable thing in all. The truth is, there are many things in which competition only speaks of unnecessary expense—injudicious application of labour and capital. The supply of water and gas, the railway service, life-assurance, and assurance in general, are of this nature. If the million and a half of premiums received by the fifty-two new offices had been distributed over the old ones, the public would have been as well served in all conceivable respects, there would have been perfect certainty of all obligations being fulfilled, and the expense of the business would have probably been, as we believe it generally is, under ten per cent.

Experience and proved results now entitle us, we think, to say more emphatically than ever, let no life-policy be taken out in any office of date subsequent to 1844. While those old, solid, well-known concerns, the Globe, Sun, Equitable, Rock, and many others, in England, and the Widows' Fund, Scottish Equitable, Scottish Provident, Standard, and others, in Scotland —in which country there has never yet been one unsound establishment for life-assurance—offer such benefits along with perfect security, it is little less than madness to embark money with any of the fry of the last few years. The public should be only too happy to think that there are offices which have, through age, attained perfect solidity, and by large business come to the minimum of relative expenses. To pass over these, and take up with new establishments, is voluntarily and wantonly to forego a great advantage. He who goes into a newly plastered house when he can get a seasoned one, who munches hard gooseberries when he can get ripe apricots, who reverses the whole philosophy of the oaths of Highgate, affords but a faint type of such folly.

THE OVERWROUGHT MILLINER QUESTION FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW.

Nearly fifteen years have passed away since I hailed with as much enthusiasm as the exhaustion of muscular and nervous energy permitted, the first movement of the influential association formed for the benevolent purpose of alleviating, by the agency of public opinion, the 'oppressed condition of milliners' and dressmakers' assistants.' My sense of the evils which that association proposed, and proposes to remedy, is as keen now as then; but the hopeful enthusiasm is, I regret to say, utterly gone—quenched by the stern teachings of those years beyond the power of the most glittering phrases to re-illume. With the general sayings and doings of the busy and brilliant world by which my own narrow circle of life is circumscribed and controlled, I, partly from temperament, partly from self-distrust, concern myself but little. Its eloquential splendour, I have found, dazzles and blinds, rather than instructs or enlightens me, confusing, as I am apt to do, the excellence of the arguments with the grace and dignity of the orator; but in this question of milliners and dressmakers, I defy diction, however brilliant and imposing; and so entirely, that whilst yet the cheers of Exeter Hall, on the evening of the 11th of July last, were ringing in my ears, I had mentally reduced to its true value the sonorous dictum of the Right Reverend Bishop of Oxford—'that it was for flower-shows, balls, and other entertainments; it was for the gay dancing of painted butterflies in the summer sun; it was for such things as those, that their sisters and daughters were to be offered up at the shrine of this modern Moloch in the valley of abominations.' Few fine things—and fine things I have noticed to have a general tendency that way—could be more erroneous or misleading than those eloquent words—as erroneous and misleading as the excellent prelate's concluding and common-place remark—'that the identity of the interests of the employer and employed, is a great eternal truth'—was pertinent and just. How it has happened that I, one of the bishop's hypothetical sisters and daughters, and without any figure of speech, an oppressed milliner, have become so firmly settled in adverse opinion to his lordship's, as to resist his impulsive flights into the regions of the unreal—especially in reference to the influence upon our means of life and wellbeing of flower-shows, balls, and the gay dancing of painted butterflies in the summer's sun —I propose to shew by a brief outline of my own very prosaic, very ordinary experience; but first let me disclaim any thought of disparaging the motives of the distinguished persons who, with ardent, if somewhat fitful and capricious zeal, from time to time swoop down from their lofty heights into the abysses of woful working-life, and select with admirable judgment the most effective illustrations wherewith to excite the sympathy of crowded audiences. Far from me be such rebellious—and futile as rebellious—folly, sitting as they do so high above the range of my feeble pen points; and if a tinge of bitterness shall be found to colour unjustly the few words I have to say, let it be imputed to the infirmity of the writer, who having once in her life permitted herself to be mocked and led astray by illusive platform promises, is hardly capable of distinguishing between the pure motives and the poor performances of the well-meaning persons by whose eloquent breath those brilliant bubbles were generated. Just now, the partial success of the admirable early-closing movement—which a police act, had one been obtainable, would have achieved—appears to have confirmed them in their original misapprehension of the true remedy for the evils they so happily illustrate; and what, permit me to ask, but continuance in error can be predicated of an association whose most dignified orator denounces the best friends—the most potent patrons of milliners' and dressmakers' assistants as their worst foes? But for the gay butterflies dancing in the sun, let me, with all humility, assure the Bishop of Oxford, hundreds, ay, thousands of his suffering 'sisters and daughters' would be offered up at the shrine of a Moloch, ancient it is true, and horrible as ancient, in a valley of abominations compared with which, hot, stifling workrooms, late hours, scant fare, and the premature yielding up of unstained life, were blessings priceless. Not the less is incessant, exhausting female drudgery a giant evil requiring swiftest remedy, if remedy there be in the legislative or social pharmacopœia of nations. That there is such remedy, a slowly, silently operating, but sure one, I firmly believe—yet more firmly that it will not be found amongst the prescriptions of legislative or social quacksalvers, however amiable and well-intentioned these may be.

Passing from preface and assumption to narrative and fact, I venture to transcribe a few passages from my own humble, but, as I believe, instructive experience, interweaving therewith, partly by way of relief to the else prosy details, the story, well known to many persons, of Ellen M——. That story is, I admit, quite an exceptional one; but it will be found, I think, to cast a vivid if incidental light upon some of the obstacles that stand in the way of effectual relief to assistant dressmakers and milliners, as well as to dissipate a very absurd assumption. I do not give, because I have no right to give, the poor girl's surname; indeed, I am not sure that that by which I knew her was the true one. There are veils worn in lowly as in high life, which, if justice requires not their removal, should be held sacred; and I will not attempt to uplift a corner of that with which a much-tried spirit here below, and now, I trust, an angel in heaven, chose to shroud the earlier years of her sad pilgrimage.

I made Ellen's acquaintance in the winter of 1841–2—a dreary, bitter time, as thousands must remember, during which a cry of 'Wo! wo!' arose from the hives of industry throughout the startled land. Everywhere labour was scant, ill-paid, diminishing; whilst the causes of the general distress were discussed, I well remember, with a vehement ignorance which, contemplated by the enlightening experience of subsequent years, appears absolutely ludicrous. The want of sufficiently restrictive protection to native industry was the watchword that seemed to be echoed by the greatest number of dupes, myself included; though how *our* distress could be caused by the freer importation of silks and ribbons, would, I should think, have puzzled me to answer, except by the mournful admission, that under no amount of paternal legislation could the lot of dressmakers and milliners be other than one of periodical privation. With the voices of the quacks there mingled, though not for a while so loud or numerous, those of thoughtful men, who pointed to the failure of three successive harvests, aggravated by protective legislation, as the true causes of the wide-spread distress; conspicuous, too, amidst the general gloom shone the perennial rays of British benevolence. The eleemosynary doles of the House of Have to the Hut of Want—kindly intended, but ludicrously inadequate help to failing industry—were largely outpoured; and influential associations were rapidly formed, by which it was confidently believed that 'the grinding collision between capital and labour'—this expression I find repeated over and over again in my note-book, shewing that it must have been in very frequent use during that miserable year—would be speedily put an end to by some magical, and because magical, I suppose, not very clearly explained process. Paramount amongst these, to my eagerly watchful eyes, was that for 'ameliorating the oppressed condition of milliners' and dressmakers' assistants.' With what delight did my ear drink in eloquently graphic details of familiar woes, which, coming from noble and right honourable lips, appeared to be so many titles to the compensating thereafter promised to us, and which, thereafter, being apparently so facile of accomplishment, had been, to my mind, most unaccountably delayed! I myself drew up tabular statistics of our work, meal and sleeping hours, average wages, &c., and had the pleasure of reading my answers to the queries addressed to me by the noble members of the Lords' Committee in the large print of a parliamentary Blue-book. I remember, withal, to have been fretfully impatient of reasoning with disputatious dissidents as to the practical mode by which the promised succour was to reach us, forasmuch that, as I may here confess, I had felt from the first an unconquerable distrust of the moral pressure to be exercised upon our employers by the refusal of ladies to order fashionable novelties that, during the busy season, might overtax our powers to supply in time; my secret and cherished hope being that parliament would compel milliner and dressmaking capitalists to give us better wages for less work, as well as more constant and equally-timed employment.

I was rudely shaken out of that pleasant dream by finding myself suddenly discharged in what should have been the height of the season; but, alas! the claims of charity, the warnings of prudence, and in some degree, if I remember rightly, news of military disaster from India, had eclipsed the gaiety of the *beau-monde;* the painted butterflies ceased to dance in the sun or gas shine; and the fashionable milliner by whom I was employed, and who rented a house in Regent Street at L.350 per annum, was compelled, first to reduce, and ultimately, in consequence of an execution for rent, sent in by one of the noblest of the Lords' Committee, to close her establishment.

No case this for the benevolent intervention of gentlemen associated to *shorten* milliners' and dressmakers' assistants hours of labour!—a sad one, withal; for thirty-five hands were thereby sent adrift into the seething whirlpool of London labour-life; and as the same causes that had shattered our employer's roof-tree, shook threateningly those of others, compelling strictest circumspection, the search for admission into already overcrowded and tottering houses was a hopeless one—at all events, becoming hopeless even to my ever-hopeful self, as days, weeks, months went by, and left me still seeking for employment; and in that wearying quest, ever gravitating further and further eastward, from the comparatively liberal salary of the west-end *artiste*, to the copper-counted wage of the city-warehouse milliner's workwoman. There was, however, no help for it: lips, whether blooming or withered, must still be fed, and I was at length fain to jostle with the crowd of hungry competitors—literally a crowd, the sole qualification being a commonly adroit use of the needle, for the distressful bread which they clamorously disputed with each other!

One of that crowd was Ellen M——, a pale girl of about eighteen summers' growth, upon whose well-turned cheeks there still faintly lingered some sparkles of the light and freshness of her country home—a seaside village, I afterwards knew, in Somersetshire. She would, it immediately struck me, have been more than pretty—approaching to the beautiful, had not some untimely blight, whether of betrayed affection, of sudden poverty, the loss of parents—peradventure of all those griefs combined—checked that beauty in the bud, though not till it had been sufficiently disclosed to shew how bright those dark, deep eyes would be did happiness shine through them—how radiantly lustrous that finely chiseled countenance, if lit up with girlish gaiety and joy. Her figure, too, was charming, though rather *petite;* and there was a natural grace in her movements which seemed to flout, as it were, and render more apparent the meanness of the rusty mourning in which she was scantily clad. This poor child and I became, from companionship in disappointed effort, associated in life and in friendship. The first time I actually saw how wonderfully joy could transfigure her pensive features, was one morning in the late autumn as she was standing, on tiptoe with impatience, in wait for me at the Finsbury end of Sun Street, Bishopsgate. She had found work for both of us in John Street, Clerkenwell, at making artificial fronts of ribbon in imitation of plaited-hair; and poor as the price seemed, I caught at the offer, more eagerly for her sake than my own; for although I was nearly at my last sovereign, she, poor girl, was, I knew, at her last sixpence—a difference of condition, with its antecedent corollaries, under such circumstances, difficult to appreciate by those who only know the relative significance of those coins as trade-counters.

Well, we forthwith rented a back-room in a decent house near the 'front' factory, in which we slept, ate, and worked together; and so much better than we anticipated did our new employment pay, that after the first two or three weeks, we could earn, by rising early and sitting up late, about sixteen shillings between us weekly. This sufficed for our absolute needs. And by and by, after a long and trying interval of many months, it seemed that the pressure upon the springs of industry was sensibly lessened: there had been, I saw by the newspapers, an abundant harvest; millinery of the common kind began 'to look up,' in city phrase, and Ellen and I were offered more work than we could possibly perform, of course at advancing prices. Another winter, summer, autumn, came and passed; there was again a 'full year;' and but for some secret drain upon her purse, Ellen's savings would have exceeded mine, for she was a much quicker hand than I at the kind of work we were chiefly supplied with. As it fell out, she was ever bare of coin; yet by such an impassable atmosphere of reserve was she encompassed, that I found it impossible to urgently question her upon the evidently painful topic. Several times I had seen her, myself unnoticed, and always as darkness was falling, in hurried conversation with a sometimes showily, sometimes shabbily dressed young man, whose features I could never obtain a distinct view of. As Ellen, after each of those interviews, was terribly excited and disturbed, I concluded in my own mind that the stranger was in some way connected with the absorption of her earnings, and the profound and growing melancholy which weighed down her naturally buoyant spirit. Once I asked her how many 'sweethearts' she had crazed in her time.

'I have loved,' she replied with the strange gravity of tone occasional with her, 'and have been beloved, by one now long since dead. Had he lived, I should not have been here.'

'And have you no male relative?' I ventured to add, fearful, as I always was, of giving her pain—of striking unawares upon some hidden chord of anguish.

'Yes,' she said, 'one—a brother;' adding, as she rose and left the room, 'a sea-faring youth.'

The following year was a generally prosperous one; the London season had recovered its wonted brilliancy, and my services were required at an establishment in New Bond Street. Ellen might have accompanied me, but she preferred accepting an engagement with a city house, where, from peculiar circumstances, she would be able to earn more money than at the West End. I have seldom known a cleverer, more tasteful hand than Ellen; and so decided was her superiority, that she quickly commanded the very highest remuneration that could be afforded, and was, moreover, enabled to *insist* upon being supplied with an amount of piece-work which she could only get through with by sitting up three parts of the night. She was killing herself—that was quite plain, and this in spite of the remonstrances of Mrs Turner, who at length sent for me, with the hope that my influence might prevail with the wilful young woman to moderate her suicidal toil. It will sound strangely to many, that an employer should condescend to persuade a workwoman to abate her exertions, and condescend in vain; but the fact is frequent, nevertheless, and the explanation in this case easy. Mrs Turner's connection lay chiefly with rich, *serious* families; the May-meetings were close at hand, and the consequent pressure upon the establishment was intense, it being undeniable that a serious lady is no more willing to wear an old-fashioned bonnet or a dowdy dress at a crowded religious festival, or even at church, than the gaudiest butterfly that ever fluttered at Almack's would be to do so at a profane ball or flower-show. With several of those families, and Mrs Turner's most profitable patrons, Ellen had soon become a first favourite. They would be waited upon by no one else, and thought no cap or bonnet elegant or becoming that had not passed through her fairy-like, transforming fingers. What, then, could poor Mrs Turner do, beyond quietly remonstrating with the insatiate worker, whose craving after money seemed, in one so young, perfectly astounding, inexplicable? We were thus debating, when Ellen entered the room with a peremptory 'made-up-my-mind' look and air, which, at sight of me, changed instantly to an expression of surprise and—shame, shall I say? No, not shame—a kind of vexed confusion rather, though her greeting, after a few moments' hesitation, was kindly and cordial as ever.

'The wan, haggard, dying girl!—what madness can possess her to thus sacrifice herself?'—was my mental exclamation as I held her thin, wasted hands in mine, and gazed with a sort of fascination into her eyes, now preternaturally bright with the fire of her consuming life-blood. She comprehended that silent questioning, and in reply said, in a low sad voice: 'There is a cause, Mary. I *cannot* just yet slacken my exertions; and it would be useless even for you to urge compliance with this good lady's kind admonitions. —Is it agreed,' she quickly added, addressing Mrs Turner with the hectoring manner which sat so strangely upon her, 'that I undertake the whole of the order I received on Saturday from Mrs ——?'

'You could not possibly accomplish it,' replied Mrs Turner. 'This is Monday; and on Thursday evening every article must, as you know, be delivered.'

'I can—I *will* accomplish it, unless you give the work to some one else, in which case I shall at once inform Mrs —— that I have transferred my services to over the way; and my reason for doing so.'

The words 'insufferable insolence, ingratitude!' were on my tongue, and would have been spoken but for Ellen's deprecating glance and exclamation: 'There is a cause, I tell you, Mary; and you shall know hereafter why I want a particular sum by Thursday evening.'

'Well—but'——

'Why, I must *earn* a particular sum by Thursday evening at latest,' interrupted the excited girl with flashing, prideful eyes.

It would, I saw, be time thrown away to combat her fixed purpose; and Mrs Turner had no choice but to yield or jeopardise her connection. The manufacturer by machinery may hasten, retard, stop his inanimate machines at pleasure: one shuttle or pin, and I suppose one all but inanimate attendant upon shuttle and pin will answer as well as another: not so where the work depends upon the cultivated taste and skill of the individual worker; especially not so, when, under penalty of ruin, Fashion with its capricious changes must be kept constant, unresting pace with.

On that very Thursday evening, when her self-imposed task was fulfilled, and she held in her hand the money-price of her life, Ellen's strong will gave sudden way: she was seized with violent hysterical and fainting-fits, during which some baffled but imperious purpose made itself inarticulately manifest, so to speak, till my arrival, when my unhappy friend, seizing my arm with a gripe of steel, and pulling my head down close to hers, gasped out: 'The money, Mary—*this* money: this—take it to 15 Hosier Lane; lose not a moment: my brother waits for it there; he is unworthy; but—still, still, our mother's son!'

Her bidding was performed; and the vile, dissolute brother, whom the delay of a few hours would have consigned to Newgate, and who, by devices familiar to such villains, had despoiled his sister of her hard earnings, embarked the next day for America. Ellen died on the eleventh of the following September, calmly, peacefully as a child that falls asleep from very weariness—a victim, the reverend gentleman who improved her death declared, to the cruel exigencies of her vocation as a milliner's assistant! Untrue, no doubt; but as I have previously remarked poor Ellen's experience was altogether exceptional, and valuable only, with reference to the purpose of this paper, inasmuch that it incidentally gives to view some of the exigencies and difficulties that wait upon the supply of fashionable apparel to saints equally with sinners. And now to resume briefly and conclude my own particular story.

Restored to my former position, I naturally looked around for some evidence of the labours of the Association and the Lords' Committee; but not a particle thereof could I discern. There was the same influx as formerly of candidates for millinery martyrdom, comprising amongst them, as Lord Shaftesbury very truly remarked at the Exeter-Hall meeting, many 'of gentle birth and superior education, daughters of clergymen, of non-conformist ministers, and half-pay officers;' the same continuous round of wearing labour during the season, the same compulsory idleness for occasional hands when the season had passed, and but for the following instructive occurrence, I should have concluded that these influential agencies had wrought no result whatever.

We were exceedingly busy; no more *capable* hands were to be had, when a note was received from one of the most beauteous and amiable of English countesses, requiring my employer's attendance on the following day to take directions for the wedding trousseau of her ladyship's eldest daughter. I accompanied Mrs —— to the stately mansion, and assisted her to receive one of the most costly orders she had ever been favoured with. At last the long and anxious deliberation was at an end; colours, patterns, fashions were decided upon, and we were about to go, when the countess seating herself, with preparation so to speak, in a magnificent fauteuil, commanded, in her graciously majestic way, silence and attention, and being obeyed, though less promptly by her lady-daughters than ourselves, said: 'There is an essential point, Mrs ——, upon which, before I finally decide upon giving you this order, we must come to a clear understanding. It is this: Have you, or can you procure a sufficient number of experienced hands to complete the order by the day named, without subjecting them to the killing overwork to which so many unfortunate young persons in your profession have fallen victims?'

I dared not look at poor Mrs ——, to whom I knew the countess's order was just then especially opportune, her ladyship being both prompt and liberal in her payments; and I could hardly hear her faint, stammering reply: 'I—I am afraid I do not quite understand your ladyship.'

'I say,' resumed the countess, 'that if the execution of this order will impose extra hours of labour upon your people, I shall feel myself obliged to employ some one else. I shall be obliged by a candid answer to a very plain question,' added her ladyship.

And her ladyship, the moralist will say, had a right to a candid answer. I do not dispute that; but I know that the answer she *did* receive was that which, under the same circumstances, would have been given by ninety-nine out of a hundred, ay, by the entire *centaine* of mistress-milliners in town or country. It was, that 'her ladyship's kindly considerate wishes should be strictly respected;' which assurance satisfied the conscience of the countess, and did not, I think, greatly distress that of my employer. In sooth, her ladyship's suggestion, or command, was an altogether unreasonable one, and could not have been complied with by any establishment at the west end of London. There was, in fact, only one way by which the countess's humane stipulation could have been carried into effect; and that was, by postponing the wedding till the dull season arrived; and I would just ask how, in the reader's opinion, the moral pressure of such a suggestion from Mrs —— would have been received?

Supposing, too, that her ladyship had not been so easily satisfied with the evasive assurance she received, could she have sent her confidential waiting-woman every evening to ascertain personally that the millinery people at No. — New Bond Street, after partaking of a light, wholesome supper, were all in bed by half-past ten; and again in the morning, to be sure they were not set to work before breakfast, and eight o'clock, at earliest? The pressure of enlightened public opinion may close shops, an open one being an undeniable, staring fact; but how it should control the sleeping, working, eating hours of grown-up people, whom an enlightened public cannot see to bed, at work, or at meals, passeth understanding.

The years 1847–8–9, it is essential to add, were years of cruel suffering to milliners' and dressmakers' assistants. In 1850 the pressure abated; and during the two following years we were in a better position in all respects—better able to insist upon fair terms with our employers, than at any time, not in my experience alone, but in that of much older hands. Then the war-cloud overgrew and darkened the glad sunshine—ultimately burst in all its terrors; the glories of Alma and Inkermann robed the painted butterflies of fashion in dismal crape, and lo! just as we are emerging, with somewhat better hopes of the future, from the half-war, half-peace season of 1855–6, and settling down as we best may for the long, dreary vacation—our worst affliction! Exeter Hall suddenly rouses itself to insist upon shortening our hours of labour! I was about to subjoin Mr Burchell's expressive monosyllable, but it might perhaps be thought vulgar to do so.

The foregoing narrative of familiar facts teaches, it seems to me, that schemes for regulating by moral pressure the hours of labour in so peculiar, fitful, fluctuating an occupation as ours, are and must be delusions—broken cisterns that can hold no water: that in times of dearth we suffer, in years of plenty rejoice with the bulk of the people; and that our particular wellbeing, therefore, can only be effectually promoted by helping forward the general prosperity of the nation. I hold, moreover, that when the great and good Sir Robert Peel, rising above the politics of a party, gave, as far as human legislation can give, abundance to the people, he did more for milliners' and dressmakers' assistants than could be effected by a thousand influential associations in a thousand years; in proof whereof, I point to the Registrar-general's return of *the relative number of marriages in years of scarcity and abundance.* The old mythology was at fault in not espousing Ceres to Cupid, it being undeniable that cheap bread has an irresistible tendency to convert bachelors into benedicts; and nothing, let me, in all seriousness, assure the reader, could have so effectually relieved the oppressed condition of milliners' and dressmakers' assistants, as did the rapid increase in 1851–2 of the number of marriages. All, in truth, that is wanted is a much larger proportional number of painted butterflies to those who adorn them; a desideratum which, I from experience state, was in rapid course of accomplishment, when war and scarcity intervened, and transferred the task of bettering our condition from Hymen to the Earl of Shaftesbury—a bad exchange! So, at least, with all respect for the virtues of that distinguished nobleman, thinks his Lordship's very humble servant—MARY S——.

[We do not altogether agree with our fair correspondent, if we rightly understand her somewhat wordy argument. The success of what is called the early-closing movement is of itself sufficient proof of the efficacy of moral force in changing the social habits of purchasers and the business rules of employers; and we see no greater difficulty in the case of the milliners' assistants. If the *quasi* humane countess referred to above—who *knew* that the answer she received was false—had simply divided her order among several persons in the trade, or had even given it to the same individual a week or two earlier—for neither marriages nor balls are very sudden matters in that rank—the difficulty would have been surmounted. Milliners' assistants are in the position of skilled labourers; and although they must of course feel the fluctuations of trade like other work-people, there can be no good reason why, in a civilised country, these should go the length, as a general rule, of destroying their health and shortening their lives.—Ed.]

NEWTON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF NEWTON.

There is a very interesting variety of the human race which may be distinctively designated the 'big-brained.' Individuals who belong to this variety, work, not because they have some object to accomplish, but because they cannot help themselves. They are annoyed, rather than otherwise, if asked to take stock, or cast up an account of their gains. Like huge water-wheels, they move slowly and relentlessly, and are never caught flitting about out of their normal beat and pace; you never see them basking on green banks among flowers, or hear them whistling in the sunshine with their hands in their pockets: if they take any kind of recreation, it is in some dream-land, to which other mortals cannot follow them. Ambition exercises no power over them, and wealth is for them devoid of all charm: if you give them money, they put it into a box by an open window, and dispense it by handfuls to the first-comers. They make trusty and faithful servants of their senses, and are never capriciously led by their agency. Nevertheless, they are themselves, in the main, the slaves of a very ruthless tyrant, who rules over their lives with despotic sway. Large hemispherical nerve-masses, that dwell just behind their foreheads, drive them unceasingly, and deprive them, for the most part, of the chief privileges of freedom. In short, they are, as it were, *brain-ridden*, and have to follow obediently the path that is indicated by the guiding-rein.

The personal character of Sir Isaac Newton possesses a peculiar attractiveness, apart from all consideration of the substantial benefits the illustrious philosopher has bequeathed to mankind, on account of its furnishing one of the purest exemplifications of humanity in its 'big-brained' phase. The listener never grows weary of hearing about this large-headed sage and his doings. It is delightful to contemplate him losing his dinner in his 'fluxions,' and losing himself in his 'binomial' maze. It is felt to be somewhat hard to have to give up the dog 'Diamond' as a myth, upon the ground that neither purring Puss nor sprightly Poodle was ever allowed within the sacred precincts of the thought-hallowed rooms; but the sacrifice is made with a very good grace, so soon as it is understood that new lights are to be reflected upon the personality of the recluse out of the self-same documents that upset the old story. The third edition of the *Principia* was printed during Sir Isaac Newton's lifetime, under the editorship of the talented young Plumian Professor of Astronomy of the day; and the correspondence that passed between the author and the editor on the occasion was carefully preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, to be only recently disinterred. Other valuable letters have also been of late drawn from various sources, and Sir David Brewster has availed himself of all these in the preparation of a work, entitled *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*, which, to say the least of it, has the high merit of furnishing many more particulars regarding the philosopher than any sketch that has ever been printed before.

It appears that on Christmas-day 1642, a weak and puny infant was brought prematurely into the world, in a farmhouse within six miles of Grantham, in Lincolnshire. Great alarm was felt at the time for the life of the frail 'Neogilos' by the attendants and friends; but it managed to keep hold of 'the stage,' upon which it had been thus inauspiciously introduced; and, by dint of crying and sleeping, at length established a claim to have a *rôle* allotted to it there. At first it did not seem to be altogether clear what the part should be; for its father—who had succeeded to the possession of an estate, worth some trifling forty or fifty pounds a year—only a little more than a year before, had taken to himself a wife with another farm of fifty pounds a year of her own, and had then died, leaving his widow to do the best she could for the offspring that was about to present itself, upon the produce of the two farms.

The estate on which Isaac Newton was born, although of such small absolute value, possessed the dignity of manorial rights; under the designation of Woolsthorpe, it ranked as a dependent hamlet of the village of Colsterworth. Here, for three years, the widow made the best struggle she could; but at the end of that time seems to have been persuaded to accept the addresses and the hand of the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, the Rev. Barnabas Smith, of North Witham. When she left Woolsthorpe for her new abode, the mother of her first husband came to the manor-house, to take charge of its infantile heir. The good old grandmother appears to have been skilled in nurse-craft, for the sickly child, under her judicious management, soon acquired vigour enough to be trusted at the schools of two of the neighbouring villages. In these humble academies, the intellect that was to fathom the great physical mystery of the universe, and that was to stretch forth co-equal with its span, took its first lessons in knowledge and wisdom. Scarcely anything is on record regarding this period of Newton's life. He had not then begun to write his own unconscious memoirs, and no one else, excepting perhaps the fond old grandmother, thought enough about him to have anything to note. Fancy, nevertheless, can supply the deficiency, and see the heavy-browed, 'big-brained' lad sitting listlessly and dreamily, with pale face, broad shoulders, and deep speculative eyes, amidst his companions, wondering at life, whilst they were enjoying it, and calmly abiding his time upon the confines of the vast mathematical Charybdis that was to have him in its whirlpools by and by.

In the next scene of the drama, Isaac Newton appears in a garret of an old house at Grantham. There are rough bold drawings on paper pinned up on the walls; there are antiquated treatises on the mechanical sciences lying in the room; and there are rudely finished working-models of water-mills and other odd contrivances—one intended to measure time by the dripping of water; and another, an embryo sun-dial, that is to be completed by the holidays, and erected at Woolsthorpe. Newton is now fifteen years old, and has been attending the classes of the grammar-school at Grantham for three years. The revenues of Woolsthorpe and of the maternal farm of Sewsterne, have been laid under contribution, the proceeds being probably augmented by the kindness of the incumbent of North Witham, and the scholar lodges in an apartment, in the upper story, of an apothecary of the town.

In the apothecary's garret at Grantham, an apparition of flesh and blood presents itself, amidst the models and drawings. A certain Mistress Storey, a relative of the master of the house, aged twelve years, and with a very pretty face and comely person of her own, haunts the room. The substantial phantom seems, however, to have no terrors for the future philosopher; on the contrary, its presence appears to have communicated a certain degree of fascination to the humble room, even after the models and drawings had ceased to have any legitimate right there, in consequence of the studious tenant having been recalled home from the grammar-school. A year or two subsequently, when Newton came to Grantham from Woolsthorpe, with an old servant, to transact farming-business in the market-town, he was often found in the old garret, following old pursuits, when he was presumed to be among the farmers in the corn-market, fitting himself for new ones. It would be a curious question, could it be determined, whether the clepsydræ and mechanics, or Mistress Storey, exercised the greater influence over the agricultural truant in those young days? However this may have been, there is no doubt which ultimately was the victrix, for the pretty face disappears entirely from the scene. Big-brainedness, when in the highest phase of perfection, tolerates no mistress as a sharer in its reign.

When Newton was fifteen years old, his stepfather, Mr Smith, died, and his mother came home to Woolsthorpe with three children, a half-brother and two half-sisters, and he was recalled at once from Grantham school to manage the farm, and be their companion. After a fair trial, it was, however, discovered that there was very little chance of either bullocks or fields attaining to any improvement of condition through his superintendence; and, in accordance with the judicious advice of a maternal uncle, the boy was sent back to Grantham to complete his preparation for the scholarly life of college.

The year 1661 found Newton matriculated as a sizar at Trinity College, Cambridge, but very little is known of his proceedings at this period. He proved to be already an adept in the principles of logic, and was set to read Kepler's book on optics with a class; but the tutor observed that he had thoroughly mastered the treatise by the time his companions had got fairly launched in the preliminary chapters. Paying a chance visit to Stourbridge fair, he purchased an old work on judicial astronomy; unable, however, to understand this without some acquaintance with the processes of mathematical reasoning, he was led to attack Euclid's treatise on the elements of the science. This seemed to him so tedious, on account of the length of the great geometer's demonstrations, that he managed to devise shorter routes to the conclusions for himself. It is a very curious fact, that the future calculator of the planetary perturbations and the future expositor of the geometry of the heavens, had his attention drawn to mathematics while a student in the university that is now the great focus of mathematical light, by the chance acquisition of an old astrological book.

In 1664, Newton was elected a scholar of Trinity College, and in 1665 took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. It appears that he was now deeply absorbed in devising a means for effecting, by broad comprehensive rules, sundry complex calculations that had hitherto been made only by tedious isolated processes gone through in successive stages. In the summers of 1665 and 1666, the plague visited the banks of the Cam, and the students were all dismissed from the colleges in consequence. The scholar of Trinity went home to Woolsthorpe, and pondered his fluxions under the shadow of his paternal trees. According to tradition, it was during one of these summers, and amidst these shadows, that 'gravitation' fell into his apprehension, as an apple fell to the earth from over his head.

These several particulars have been ascertained only by gathering them carefully from a diversity of sources. In the year 1682, however, the curtain is again fairly drawn up, and the person of the sage is once more before the eye: he is now a Master of Arts, the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and has been fifteen years a fellow of his college; he dwells in collegiate apartments, just to the north of the great gateway of the college, and has a small piece of garden between his rooms and the outer boundary-wall, in which a small building has been erected to serve as a chemical laboratory; he is forty years old, but his hair is prematurely gray; he has sent up the first reflecting-telescope ever made to the Royal Society, because he has been pressed by friends to do so, remarking at the same time, 'had the communication not been desired, I might have still let it remain in private, as it hath already done several years;' he has been admitted into the Royal Society with open arms on the part of the fellows, and has communicated to them 'the oddest detection hitherto made in the operations of nature,' which oddest detection proved to be the unequal bending capacities of different coloured lights, when passed through transparent media. A royal patent has been issued to dispense with the necessity of his taking holy orders while holding his mathematical professorship, and he has contributed sundry valuable communications to the Philosophical Transactions, but always under the persuasion of friends, and with the stipulation that his name is not to appear, for 'he sees not what there is desirable in public esteem, were he able to acquire and maintain it. It would perhaps increase his acquaintance, which he chiefly studies to decline.' Notwithstanding these big-brained idiosyncrasies and instincts, he nevertheless has had to submit to the fate which the world keeps in reserve for its sages; he has been dragged into controversy in spite of himself; and a weary experience he must have had of it, if his own words may be received, for he writes in one of his letters: 'Mr Leibnitz endeavoured to engage me, against my will, in new disputes about *occult qualities*, *universal gravity*, *the sensorium of God*, *space*, *time*, *vacuum*, *atoms*, *the perfection of the world*, *supra-mundane intelligence*, and *mathematical problems!*' Well, indeed, might the big-brained philosopher, smarting under his dire experience, regret that he had ever allowed the ungracious world to trespass within his calm domains, even by an eye-glance; and well might he write in another place: 'I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or become a slave to defend it. . . . I was so persecuted with discussions arising out of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet, to run after a shadow.'

About this time a poor kinsman, Humphrey Newton, is admitted into the philosopher's rooms upon terms of domestic familiarity, but in what precise capacity no one knows. The occurrence is, however, one of great moment to the world; for the simple dependent contributes some very illustrative allusions to the habits and appearance of his benefactor, which almost enable a daguerreotype picture of his presence to be brought before the imagination. A man of sedate and gentle demeanour, with a meek, languid air, and a face pleasant and comely to look upon, although wearing habitually an expression of profound thought, only now and then enlivened by the flash of a quick, piercing eye, appears at the bidding of the humble and unconscious sketcher. The features of this face are gracious and calm; Master Humphrey, during a long experience, has never once seen them ruffled with a frown, and has *only once* seen them wrinkled with a laugh. The original of the portrait is at this time buried in abstruse speculations, and cannot find any leisure for gadding. He very rarely leaves his chamber, excepting to deliver the mathematical lecture which no one comes to hear, because it is in advance of every one's faculties of apprehension. Occasionally he receives two or three visitors, most probably self-invited, and steals off to find a bottle of wine for their entertainment; but there is very small chance of his returning, either with or without the wine, unless he is reminded to do so by some very decided monition from without. He walks much in his study, thus getting some muscular exercise without the expense of distracted attention and loss of time. He never does anything with his own hands in his little garden, but it is evidently a favourite spot; he cannot bear that a single weed should derange its trimness, and upon a rare occasion it occurs to him that he will take a turn among its fresh green leaves. By the time he has got half-way down, however, he comes to a sudden pause, for a new idea looms upon him from some of its boughs, and he wheels about and runs up stairs, and falls to writing at his desk standing, lest the thought should escape him before it is recorded. He never sits down by his fire, in a comfortable, cozy way, excepting in the very coldest weather of winter-time; he even performs the necessary and unwelcome task of eating his meals on his feet—that is, when he remembers to do so at all. Not uncommonly, he is surprised, hours after the proper time, to learn that his dinner has been untouched; and he hastens to make amends to the neglected meal by cramming in three or four mouthfuls as rapidly as he can. Just as frequently his bed-maker saves him this trouble, and adroitly turns the untasted food into an attendant's perquisite. On public feast-days, it is but seemly that he should dine with his compeers in the hall; so, having been duly admonished of the hour, he saunters down through the quadrangle hall-wards, and some friend meets him on the way, with his hair uncombed, his shoes down at heels, his stockings untied, and, as a completion of his dinner-toilet, with his white surplice hanging from his shoulders. Once, when on a visit to Woolsthorpe, it was his purpose to ride over from Grantham on horseback; and he led his horse by the bridle up a steep hill at the town's end. Arrived at the top of the hill, he turned to mount his steed; but, alas! there remained nothing to mount but the bridle which he carried in his hand. The horse had taken unfair advantage of its master's reverie, and had gone on before to announce his approach.

It is a curious fact that large brains are light sleepers, and require, on the whole, considerably less sleep than small ones. Newton scarcely ever went to bed until two or three o'clock in the morning—sometimes not until five or six o'clock; then he would sleep for from four to five hours, and after this short repose, arise quite refreshed, and prepared for renewed work. At spring-time, and at the fall of the leaf, he allowed himself a sort of six weeks' holiday; and signalised the period of recreation by sitting up altogether on alternate nights with Master Humphrey, in order that the fire of his chemical laboratory, in which he then worked, might never go out.

WANDERINGS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Some sixteen years ago, M. Ferrier, a French military gentleman, was selected, with other officers, to go to Persia, to drill and organise the Persian army. In this employment he appears to have earned distinction; but getting into trouble with the diplomatists at the Persian court, he was obliged at length to leave the country, by order of the government. His offence lay in the opposition which he manifested towards Russian interests, and he believes that his dismissal was owing mainly to the intrigues of the ambassador from St Petersburg. Returning to France in 1843, he sought for some redress through the French ministry; but M. Guizot, who was then in office, was pursuing a temporising policy, for the sake of peace and quietness; and accordingly M. Ferrier's complaints against the Persian government were put aside as matters too troublesome to be concerned with. After waiting a couple of years in France, in the hope of obtaining some assistance or employment from the state, and finding his expectations frustrated, the resolute soldier turned his steps once more towards the east, determined to seek his fortunes in Lahore, where several of his countrymen were serving under Runjeet Singh. On his way, he stayed a while in Bagdad, and then, on the 1st of April 1845, set out upon his journey through Persia and Afghanistan.

At this point his present narrative begins.* It is a history of highly interesting adventure, and containing animated descriptions of scenes and places in great part hitherto unknown to European readers. Beyond the Persian frontier, the traveller's route lay through territories so dangerous and difficult, that scarcely anybody has attempted to explore them. What befell M. Ferrier by the way, what perils he escaped, what troubles he encountered, what singular bed-fellows he got acquainted with, is all related with graphic minuteness and an entertaining pleasantry. No recent traveller has gone through such a range of diversified experiences, or has so vividly depicted the peculiar excitements attendant on adventure and discovery. We can furnish the reader with only an imperfect notion of the interest of the work in these pages; yet, dipping here and there, we shall be able to shew him that the book is one of more than ordinary attractions.

M. Ferrier's journey through the Persian kingdom is detailed with great spirit and liveliness; but as this part of the narrative is less striking than the later portions, we shall pass it over—simply stating that it was performed partly in connection with a trading caravan, and partly in company with a band of pilgrims proceeding to the holy city of Meshed, whither, at length, the author arrived on the 25th of May, nearly two months after setting out from Bagdad. At Meshed he engaged camels to carry him onwards to Herat, where he was hospitably received by Yar Mohamed Khan, the ruler of that city and neighbourhood, and a person also of some historical importance. Yar Mohamed was what is vulgarly styled a usurper and a regicide—he having mounted the throne by strangling his sovereign, and having furthermore distinguished himself by selling hundreds of his subjects into captivity to the Turcomans. Nevertheless, as an oriental, his sublime mightiness was an able and efficient governor; and it is but justice towards him to make it known that his people and dependents, on the whole, enjoyed more security and prosperity than had previously been their lot under the dethroned dynasty. Though totally devoid of moral and political principle, and guilty of nearly all the crimes that can be conceived of an eastern despot, he was at the same time far from being the worst man of his order; for he was really a fellow of keen insight, prudence, and sagacity; did upon occasion many notable, approvable things, and would not in all likelihood have committed so much wickedness, had the course of his ambition been less beset with difficulties. Towards our traveller he conducted himself with courtesy and friendliness, and styles him, in a letter to another Afghan potentate, 'the sublime General Ferrier, a lord of the kingdom of France;' though at first he would not believe that he was anything but an Englishman who had come into the country charged with a secret diplomatic mission. Under this impression, on hearing of his approach, he had planned a public procession to go and meet him at some distance from Herat; an honour, however, which M. Ferrier evaded by hastening his journey, and so reaching the city before the time appointed for the ceremony. 'How,' says he, 'could I make a public entrance, hanging on one side of a camel, and my servant on the other, with one solitary baggage-camel in the rear?' The thing would have been ridiculous, and was not to be endured, if it could be possibly avoided. So, favoured by his Afghan disguise, he passed the town-gate in his litter without being recognised as a European. The officer in command of the gate was not prepared to see the august visitor making his entrance in a manner so unostentatious; and on discovering that the individual on the camel was actually the man, he was astounded, and burst out into cries and lamentations. 'By Allah,' said he, 'I am a lost man; our most high and excellent vezir will cut my head off. My orders were to send a naïb to a point two hours' distance from the town, to tell this European to defer his entrance until a happy constellation had been observed in the heavens, and after that I was to fire a gun to give notice of his approach. In my ignorance of this early arrival, I have done neither the one nor the other: I am a ruined man.'

---

* *Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Afghanistan, Turkestan, and Beloochistan; with Historical Notices of the Countries lying between Russia and India.* By J. P. Ferrier, formerly of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and late Adjutant-general of the Persian army. *Translated from the Original Unpublished Manuscript.* By Captain William Jesse. Edited by H. D. Seymour, M.P. London: Murray.

M. Ferrier presented himself in his proper character of a Frenchman, but, as already hinted, he was not believed; and, singular to say, his supposed duplicity had the effect of raising him in the estimation of the Afghans. They accounted his story about going to take service in India as a clever invention, designed to conceal his secret purposes in connection with his presumed political mission. He was visited by sundry people of rank; amongst others, by a number of learned doctors, the *Hakim bashee*, who hold a high position in the society of Herat. These doctors are a remarkable fraternity, and may be said to hold astonishing opinions. 'As in their eyes,' says our traveller, 'every European must be a doctor, the conversation never ceased running on the healing art, of which they considered themselves such distinguished professors: each, in turn, was anxious to give me a high opinion of his talent, and I was condemned to listen to a long and absurd display of Afghan erudition. They also brought with them some of their drugs, in order that I might give them some notion of the manner in which certain chemical preparations which they had received from British India should be employed, as they were ignorant of their effects. They had, they said, up to that time given these medicines in progressive doses, until they ascertained the cases to which they were applicable. How many of their unfortunate patients had been killed by this system, I dared not ask; but Mirza Asker filled up the blank by pulling from his pocket a bottle of the cyanate of mercury, requesting to know what devil of a salt this could be. "It has been of no use to me," he added, "for of one hundred patients that I have given it to, only one was cured—all the rest died." Having finished with medicine, alchemy had its turn, for some of these idiots spend all they possess in their search after the philosopher's stone. They are convinced that the English have found it, and attribute their riches to that discovery. They imagine all European gold coins are at the outset only bits of iron rubbed with a certain preparation, and then placed in devil's water from some well or spring, which metamorphoses it into gold. The doctors entreated me to initiate them into the secret; but I could only, in a most learned discourse, refer them to humanity, civilisation, political economy, and the rights of man, assuring them that it was only to these and our principles of order and justice that we owed the riches they envied us. This they would not believe, and from that moment conceived the highest opinion of my diplomatic talents, admiring the cleverness with which I eluded their pressing and repeated inquiries.'

Though hospitably entertained in the house of the Sertip Lal Mohamed, a confidential functionary of the vezir's, M. Ferrier was very closely watched, and was never left alone for a single moment. The Vezir Sahib, meanwhile, evinced no hurry to receive him, but, on the pretext of a feigned indisposition, delayed the reception from day to day. 'In thus adjourning it,' says M. Ferrier, 'he hoped before seeing me to learn the object of the political mission with which I was charged; and my obstinacy in persisting in my first statement only confirmed him in the belief that I was a shrewd, cunning fellow, and *busior pookhte*—well cooked.' In spite of this, everything was done to make his semi-captivity as little irksome as possible. 'Sometimes,' says he, 'the Sertip passed the evening with me, and brought with him some *bayadères*, whose dances were frequently prolonged into the night. These ladies were accompanied by a band of musicians, and the wine-cup circled with rapidity amongst them. The Sertip wished to include me in the libations, and seemed surprised that I shewed so little inclination for them; but wine I had always eschewed since I had resided in hot climates; and for the best reason—namely, to avoid the inevitable consequences—broken health. The Sertip could not understand this self-denial in a European, for I only quaffed two cups of his wine during my stay, and it was not particularly good. A Mussulman thinks more of strength than flavour, for his only idea in connection with drinking is to get drunk; the one has no attraction for him unless it is followed by the other, and, generally speaking, I found that the precepts of the Koran on this subject were very little attended to in these countries; if a man has the means of indulging himself, he gets drunk every night. No one may make wine at Herat; but the use of it is not altogether forbidden. To be positively authorised to drink it, a medical certificate is necessary; and this is readily given by the doctors, to whom the infirmity requiring this genial medicine is a source of revenue. The Sertip was the more chagrined at my abstemious habits, as he no doubt expected that I should in my cups let him into all my secrets: he tried this game several times without the least success, and I declined his pressing solicitations in so decided a manner, that he at length desisted.'

The author's account of his interview with Yar Mohamed, which took place after six or seven days' delay, is characteristic and amusing, but much too long for insertion here; suffice it to say, that with infinite difficulty the Vezir Sahib was at length convinced M. Ferrier had no object but that of journeying to Lahore, and granted him permission to pass through his territories. So away goes the traveller, by successive marches, through a varied and rudely settled country—over mountains and pasture-lands, and among the tent-dwellers in plains and deserts—onwards as fast as possible towards Balkh, the original capital of Persia, which he reached on the 4th of July, about a fortnight after his departure from Herat. This place was prosperous when Alexander of Macedon marched into it, and though since devastated by Genghis Khan and Timour, still flourishes 'the Mother of Cities,' in the midst of orchards and luxuriant meadows. Thence he goes onwards, across the Paropamisan range, among the Hazarah Tatars, in whose settlements no European had previously set his foot. Travelling in company with two persons of the tribe, however, M. Ferrier got on very well amongst them, though they are such arrant plunderers that no unaccompanied stranger could pass through their domains in safety. Some distance beyond Balkh, and not far from Cabool, the tribes of the country were found to be at war, a circumstance which hindered any further travelling in that direction. M. Ferrier was therefore induced to turn back by another road, hoping to make his way to Candahar. On this route he passed through the country of the Seherais, a tribe of Tatar pagans, of a patriarchal cast of habits. The name they bear (Seherai) signifies inhabitants of the plain, and they form a small republic, of which we have the following account:—'They pretend to have been settled there by Genghis Khan, and to have braved the efforts of every conqueror since the days of that grand exterminator. Having seen how difficult is the access to their country, I could believe it—the more so as their plain produces everything necessary for their maintenance. They are not obliged to have dealings with or in any way concern themselves about their neighbours. The Seherai have a vague idea of Islamism, and sometimes swear by Ali and the Prophet; but these words are, I apprehend, mere relics of their former intercourse with the Mohammedan world, for as far as I could discover, their worship is real idolatry. Like the ancient Persians, they recognise a principle of good and a principle of evil, but under the modern names of Khoda and Shaïtan, signifying God and devil—they are uncircumcised, never pray, and condemn no animal as unclean. Their habits are quite patriarchal: living far from the din of cities, and ignorant of their refinements as well as their superfluities, their manners have something wild and savage that at first sight shocks a stranger; but the feeling of dislike soon wears off, when you find that, ignorant as they are of all that in our eyes contributes to social wellbeing, they are not the less content, and are exempt from many tribulations which we inflict upon ourselves in search of happiness.'

The chieftain of this tribe was Timour Beg, at whose court the author received some singular attentions. 'Timour Beg,' says he, 'welcomed me with the rough and simple cordiality natural to Tatars. He was between thirty-five and forty years of age, almost beardless, short, and built like a Hercules; a kind smile animated his countenance, and his features were far less ugly than those of Mongols in general. He received us with great cordiality, and immediately ordered a repast which would have sufficed for at least thirty persons; the beverage at this meal was a description of cider, with which he finished by intoxicating himself, and when we heard him snore, we requested permission to retire: this was granted, and the Seherai ladies, who had waited during dinner, conducted us to our apartments. Their subsequent attentions were remarkable, for they not only assisted at our toilet, but washed our feet, and, to my great astonishment, subsequently shampooed me from head to foot, and this too in the most free and easy manner possible. I did not think it necessary to refuse attentions which they thought it a duty to pay me under the sacred name of hospitality, for it has always been my habit to respect the customs of those countries through which I travel; but having a long ride before me on the morrow, I ventured to request the lady who had charge of me to moderate her exertions, and leave me to take some repose. Such is the invariable custom practised towards strangers at Div Hissar. At first I flattered myself that mine was an exceptional case, and intended as a special mark of honour on the part of Timour Beg; but I subsequently ascertained that my fellow-travellers, and even my servant, were equally the objects of the ladies' care, and that the chief's daughter is not exempt from the duties attendant upon this singular custom.'

M. Ferrier was not permitted to proceed peaceably to Candahar, but was stopped at Zerni, the capital of the district of Gour, and sent back to Herat. He subsequently endeavoured to reach India through Southern Afghanistan, by way of Girishk, a town not very distant from Candahar; which place, also, he eventually reached, and was there for a considerable time detained. He never got further eastwards than this city, but under various pretexts was passed on from place to place backwards, till he began to find his original undertaking hopeless. In this way, he traversed countries which he would not otherwise have seen, and his account of them forms one of the most interesting portions of his narrative. His adventures in these regions are truly marvellous. He witnessed the strangest illustrations of the primitive forms of social life; was several times imprisoned, and endured endless hardships; in some places he was most cruelly treated, and threatened with the acutest tortures; in others, entertained with the most seducing hospitalities. All this in the recital gives his narrative an animated and continuous fascination, such as is paralleled only in the stories of the old celebrated travellers. There is also wrought in by the way an immense number of details highly valuable as contributions to geography and history. For instance, M. Ferrier describes the great river Helmund, which rises among the mountains near Cabool, and falls after a long circuitous course into the Lake Seistan; gives us a full account of the province of Seistan itself; and accompanies the statement with a good deal of information respecting the Turcomans, the Belooches, Usbeks, and other races, that occupy the region which spreads from the northern sea to the Chinese mountains. His sketches of these singular people are taken in all varieties of situation—in bazaars, coffee-houses, camps, travelling-caravans, walled villages, palaces, prisons, among shepherds, and soldiers, and gipsies, and banditti lurking to pillage strangers. A most varied, interesting narrative, supplying at once the latest and the best account that we possess of Central Asia.

Many of the races or tribes of people occupying this region have been hitherto almost entirely unknown to Europeans. The particulars given us respecting some of them are very striking and extraordinary—witness the following concerning the Belooches:—'The Belooches have the most singular ideas of a European that can well be conceived: struck with all they have heard and seen of their power, intelligence, and riches, they think not only that they can make gold, but also that their bodies, and everything belonging to or in contact with them, contains the precious metal. A few years before the date at which I am writing, Ali Khan received a visit at Sheikh Nassoor from an English doctor of the name of Forbes. He had been warned of the consequences which would assuredly befall him if he ventured within the clutches of this monster; but it was of no use—he was bent upon undertaking the journey, and paid the penalty of his curiosity with his life. Ali Khan murdered him in his sleep, and hung poor Forbes's body up in front of his own tent, which he ordered to be deluged with water during fifteen days consecutively. "You will see," he said to his people, "that this dog of an infidel will at last be transformed into good ducats." Finding, however, to his great amazement, that this proceeding did not produce the expected result, he thought he would boil the water with which the corpse had been washed; but with no better effect. It then occurred to him that the doctor, to play him a trick, had, before his death, made the gold pass from his body into the clothes and books which filled his trunks. Instead of burning these impurities, which had been his original intention, he had them cut and torn up into little bits, and mixed with the mortar destined to plaster his house. He had not yet had occasion to use it; but he informed us, as he related the details of this disgusting tragedy, that when he did, he expected to see his house covered with a layer of the precious metal. Nothing would ever have induced him to forego this belief; and he did not disguise from me that he would have been happy if he could have added my poor corpse to the mortar in question.'

A story like this, were it not given on such good authority, would seem incredible. We can well understand that M. Ferrier 'did not feel very comfortable' in the neighbourhood of such a monster; nor is it surprising that he should get away as soon as possible. He had sufficient opportunities, however, while travelling round Lake Seistan, to take note of the general habits and customs of the Belooche tribes; and, as the result of his observations, presents us with a curious succession of particulars; some of which may be extracted for the entertainment of our readers.

'The life led by these nomads is as savage as that of the wild beasts which, like them, rove through their deserts. To observe laws like other nations, to work, to traffic, or obey a master, are things to them impossible. The most complete liberty of action is an imperious necessity of their nature; they are as proud of their crimes as we of our good actions; and the law of revenge is the only one which is invariably observed. When blood has been spilt, eternal hatred, which outlives generations in the families in which the deed was done, is the result; a reconciliation even cemented by a marriage, or the good offices and intervention of a *Peer*—holy man—will not be permanent; the *vendetta* alone is always remembered. To gratify this, they will track their enemy with a quiet perseverance perfectly wonderful, and either openly or secretly, frequently in ambush, or laying some snare, will cut his throat with a savage barbarity really inconceivable. Two Belooches of adverse tribes, or who have a family feud, and never saw one another, have a marvellous instinct in divining the fact; they scent it like a pointer: when they find themselves in presence of each other, there is no burst of furious outbreak, they regard one another for a moment in silence; but this calm is the sure forerunner of the death of one, and sometimes of both—I may say often. They are without pity, and if unarmed, they will tear each other like tigers with their nails, bite with their teeth, or strangle one another without making the least cry.

'The Belooches call themselves Mussulmans, but they do not observe the precepts of the Koran; their religious ideas are a mixture of Islamism, Christianity, and idolatry—the whole seasoned with the grossest superstitions. The greater part are not circumcised, do not fast, do not pray, and, although acknowledging that Mohammed is a prophet, there is another they consider of much greater importance than he, and as second only to God, with whom they sometimes confound him. The power of this being is unlimited: he is called the Peer Kisri; and when they swear by him they may be trusted, but only then. The Belooches are ardent, impulsive, well formed, and nervous; .... their features express astuteness and ferocity; they are insensible to privations, and support them and fatigue in the most admirable manner. .... Their most extraordinary physical characteristic is the facility with which, camel-like, they can for so long a time go without drink in their burning country—a draught of water once in the twenty-four hours is sufficient for them, even on a journey; they have also a particular instinct for ascertaining the spot at which water is nearest the surface of the soil, and they rarely dig further than three feet without coming to it.

'They march with a rapidity which it is impossible to conceive, and will walk faster than the best horse; there are instances amongst them of men who will tire out three horses, one after another, in this manner. They eat very little, and believe most implicitly in auguries; the cry of a wild beast, the sight of a serpent, a bird on the wing, a flight of birds, or a troop of wild asses which separate into two divisions, is sufficient to stop them short suddenly in the midst of their journey. They will never leave the place they are in before the sun, under which they were warned by this augury, has set and risen again; this delay is to allow Fate time to alter her intentions, should they happen to be adverse. When the opportunity for pillage arrives, their activity is amazing; their plans are undertaken and executed with great promptitude, and courage, and wonderful address; life is as nothing to them, and they will expose it for the least trifle; theft is an irresistible habit. They sit back to back on a dromedary, that they may have a perfect view in every direction, and on these beasts they will cover in a short time immense distances. They scour the southern roads of Afghanistan, and sometimes carry their raids into the centre of Persia; they kill all prisoners they cannot carry away with them, and will sometimes ride a race of several score miles for the chance of getting a handkerchief or a rag—the smallest trifle, in short, will excite their avidity. They know so thoroughly how strong is their predilection for thieving, how inveterate the habit, that two friends, two brothers, ay, even a father and a son, travelling together, will take good care not to sleep close to one another. When the time for rest arrives, one will point out to the other a spot one hundred yards off where he had better sleep, and they both swear by Peer Kisri not to approach each other until the hour of departure. They have a remarkably quick sense of hearing, and the least noise or movement made by one will be sure to awake the other, who reminds him of the Peer Kisri. Sometimes a Belooche will kill another for his dress, the value of which may be about three shillings.'

These singular people justify their passion for plunder by what seems to themselves a certain show of reasoning. 'Some thousand years ago,' they say, 'God divided the good things of this life in a manner far from equitable. Whether from forgetfulness, or at the instigation of some evil genii, the Belooches received nothing from him beyond an arid, ungrateful, and unproductive soil. This was unjust; and it is very natural,' they add, 'that we should try and take from others that which has been so unjustly withheld from ourselves.' As a sort of corollary to this argument, they cite the etymology of their name: *bê* in Persia signifies without; and *leuct* means naked, stripped; whence, by corruption of the latter word into *loucht*, the two united make *be-loucht*, which denotes that they came into the world naked, and without their share of the world's goods; and upon these grounds they consider themselves authorised to lay their hands upon anything that comes in their way. The reasoning, perhaps, is not extremely logical; but the Belooches may plead an imperfect education. They have no schools or colleges, and, what is worse, they are not so hospitable to strangers as other nomadic tribes, and, except under the protection of the Peer Kisri, it is dangerous to put any faith in them. 'They look upon Europeans as castaways, deriving their origin from genii, being in league with the devil, who has taught them how to make gold, and as having the power of the evil eye, and of being able to find hidden treasures: the ardour with which they see us examining and groping amongst old ruins confirms them in this last opinion.'

We might go on quoting curious and amusing passages from this book to almost any extent; but the restrictions of space remind us that we must come shortly to a close. The following singular legend in connection with a Persian fishpond being brief, may, however, be permitted to come in:—'I saw at Noovaran a large fishpond, so full, that it was impossible to plunge one's hand in without touching a fish. They were each about two pounds in weight, and so tame, that they came and fed out of my hand. Expressing my great surprise at their being in such numbers, a bystander accounted for it as follows: "You must know that once upon a time the inhabitants of Noovaran committed some great crime, when the genii turned them into fish; and," said he, "were any one to eat them, he would certainly die." When I told him that I fully intended to have one for dinner, great was his consternation; but he was somewhat pacified when I boasted that I was possessed of a talisman: nevertheless, when he saw me actually devour, with good appetite, one of the finny criminals, he retired, evidently with the firm conviction that I was a sorcerer, or something of the kind.'

M. Ferrier, having found his attempted road to India impracticable, by reason of the jealousy of the Afghan chieftains, was constrained to return by way of Herat to Persia. He reached Teheran on the 13th of January 1846, a little more than nine months after the commencement of his wanderings. As Saul, the son of Kish, in looking after his father's asses, found a kingdom, so may M. Ferrier be said to have gained more by the accidents and hardships of his intercepted journey, than he would be likely to have got had his road been smooth before him; his perilous and diversified experiences forming matter for one of the most attractive volumes of travel that has appeared in modern times. The reader may be glad to hear that, notwithstanding obstacles, M. Ferrier, by some other route or line of passage, eventually reached India, and is now holding a government appointment at Pondicherry. It was there that Mr Danby Seymour, the editor of the volume, saw him about two years ago, and took charge of his manuscript, with a promise to try and get an English publisher to bring out a translation of it. Captain Jesse appears to have executed his undertaking admirably; and, every way considered, the work is one which may be pronounced thoroughly well deserving of all the popularity it can attain among English readers.

MY WATERING-PLACE.

My medical man is one of those benevolent persons who go about visiting in dark alleys and four-pair backs from pure motives of humanity, and as though fees were mere matters of tradition. It is true that I had known him in other days, and had prophesied his future advancement—things which he remembered with gratitude. It is a wise and prudent thing to make friends of young men, for really it is astonishing how some of them get on in a few years' time. There can be no harm in telling a young fellow that he is clever, and will one day become great. If he does not, he is flattered; and if he does, he never forgets you.

One day, at the beginning of the present summer—that is to say, at the end of June—my doctor was good enough to call upon me, and sit quiet while I detailed a list of symptoms. He had evidently been thinking of something else; but when I had done, he remarked generally, that what I wanted was not iron but air, and that I must go abroad for a month. I said that the thing was impossible, and intimated that my extensive engagements——

The doctor took up his hat impatiently, and I was glad to enter into a compromise for a fortnight at the sea-side. I remembered to have heard that at Sandfield, a watering-place somewhere near the Nore, I should find a pretty neighbourhood and unsophisticated landladies.

That same evening I placed myself at 6-35 in a second-class carriage of a train for Sandfield, and occupied myself in brushing away the cobwebs which are apt to accumulate in working-men's brains at that hour in the evening. At length the engine gave a great snort, and drew us from under the glass roof out among the chimney-pots. It must be confessed that London has not a pleasant appearance from the railway point of view. We passed miles of houses which seemed to have been dropped there in a heap, and the narrow passages which served for streets hollowed out among them afterwards. We saw the back parts of these houses, and something of the actual life of the inhabitants, as distinguished from the false show with which the fronts made effort to deceive the passer-by. Sometimes a broken mug appeared at a window, sometimes a child's head, and both equally dirty and unwholesome looking. They say that London smoke is passing away, and that not only in the Temple gardens, but also in Wapping and Whitechapel, smuts will soon cease to float in the cerulean air. I only hope I may live to see it. Meanwhile, he who travels among the tiles of London, even though at railway speed, can hardly fail to see what an Augean task lies before the Sanitary Commissioners, and wonder at the apathy with which the people of the Far West and golden East permit the existence of so much misery near them.

Calling to mind former experiences in second-class carriages, I had secured to myself a corner, where I sat in profound silence according to the custom of my country. The carriage was full, and near to me sat a stout sleepy-looking man, evidently a farmer, and with that indescribable complexion, between purple and chocolate colour, which sometimes results from hard work and beer taken habitually.

'Master,' said he to me, 'will you let my little girl sit on your knee? She wants to see out of window?'

I said I should be very happy, if the little girl herself would like it; and she presently answered in the affirmative. Fortunately she had no point of resemblance to her father, but, on the contrary, was a delicate little thing, weighing nothing to speak of. She entertained me with general conversation, and never suffered any object of interest to escape my attention. 'On a railway, solitude is impossible,' I said to myself, as I patted her on the head; 'but one might almost as well be married as go through this sort of thing.' Ultimately we arrived where she was to get out, and I then requested her to give me a kiss. Her father, who appeared to be a selfish old person, could not understand this proceeding; however I got the kiss, and paid no attention to his remark on the subject. She did not cry—that was some comfort.

We now approached our destination, and the only person remaining in the carriage with me was a fat, rather asthmatic gentleman, who I learnt was on his way to Sandfield as well as myself. Choosing a moment when the engine was not whistling—engines whistle more on this line of railway than any other I know of—I entered into conversation with this gentleman. Two hours' silent contemplation of a fellow-creature have a tendency to overcome one's reserve, and he was good enough to answer me. Did he know Sandfield? Well, now, he couldn't say he did, but he had lived there about a week. Was it a nice place? Well, yes, for those that liked it; couldn't say he did; perhaps he might, if he had gone there for pleasure, which he didn't. Was it a cheap place? Ha, ha, ha! not exactly.

Addressing my companion with more earnestness and some anxiety, I requested him to explain himself. He did so; and the conclusion to be arrived at from his statements was, that the lodging-houses were dear, but that the hotels were dreadful, and that, in fact, it was just like any other watering-place. 'Is there no such thing as a quiet, primitive sort of inn?' I inquired. 'I am a moderate man—clean sheets and a conscientious landlord are all I want.'

My friend had tried to find such an inn, but quite without success. He entertained me with an account of a luncheon he had eaten at the Premier Hotel. *He* called it luncheon; the waiter persisted in describing it as a dinner. 'What were the odds?' he asked himself after an altercation on the subject; but when he looked in the bill he found them: dinner, 4s.; etceteras, 1s.; waiter, what you please, sir. He declared to me that he had eaten nothing but a slice of beef and bread, and that the etceteras were things of which he was wholly innocent.

At this moment the train stopped at Cawthorne, a village three miles from Sandfield. Here at least, thought I, I can stay for a week without being ruined. I got out of the carriage, wished my friend good-night, and committed my bag to the charge of a porter, who requested to know where I was going to put up. I examined his face by the lantern, and perceived that it was intelligent, so I took his advice about the matter. I had no reason to regret doing so; for he conducted me to an old-fashioned inn, whose sign of the Cat and

Triangles was by no means suggestive of the quiet to be enjoyed within.

On the way thither, we passed the stall of a travelling hawker, who was selling his goods by auction. In country places, where public amusements are scarce, the people are glad of any pretence to get up a crowd. Joe has an opportunity of saying something privately to Mary, being perhaps the first time he has been able to explain his intentions to the young woman. I saw him at it, and presently a similar scene took place on the other side of me. There was a good deal of laughing going on generally, and half the crowd seemed to be occupied with amusing themselves. Nevertheless, the hawker appeared to sell his goods very easily. He used plenty of words, flavoured with that remarkable tone which appears to be peculiar to persons in his line of business. Sometimes he stated that he should be driven to turn Cheap John, if trade did not improve; and sometimes he would try to enhance the value of an article by declaring that 'his uncle' would give more than that for it. That relative, however, did not appear, and I observed that the article always passed into the hands of strangers. It was curious to notice some object of vertû originally put up at ten shillings, and soon afterwards knocked down for twopence half-penny; but such instances were by no means uncommon.

Arrived at my inn, I partook with great contentment of a meal consisting of indifferent tea, excellent butter, fresh eggs, a snowy table-cloth, a vase of magnificent flowers, and a landscape which stretched before the window. These latter items were not edible, it is true; but it is certain, nevertheless, that they formed part of the entertainment. In another room, to which I afterwards adjourned, was a worthy bricklayer and his wife, who had come to pay a friendly visit to the landlady; and with them I had some edifying and entertaining conversation on smoking, chimney ornaments, and marriage.

My landlady lighted me to my room, according to the old custom. The accommodation was not splendid, but the exquisite neatness of the room invited to slumber; songs and water, when applied to sheets, having a soporific influence, with or without lavender.

A fortnight passed, during which my first impressions of Cawthorne were confirmed day by day. I bathed where I pleased; I dined not luxuriously, but reasonably; I found society, which, if not refined, was at least hearty and honest; and I can say emphatically that when I parted from my landlord, we retained our mutual good opinion. On reflection, I do not find that I had more than one cause of complaint. Cawthorne is almost exclusively inhabited by fishermen, which appeared to be a principal reason why no fish could be obtained there. Directly the boats came in, their cargoes were packed off to London. I had a vivid recollection of some herrings I had tasted at Ballachulish—and which, I am ready to maintain, were equal to any in Loch Fyne—I knew that almost any fish eats well if cooked immediately after being caught, and I requested that the boats might be waylaid, and fish forcibly purchased therefrom. These instructions were acted upon; but the result was only a few small plaice, the only instance in which the London fishmongers could be forced to give place to other purchasers.

The badness of watering-place accommodation is proverbial, and its costliness equally so. There can be no objection to a person paying highly for taking sea-air in fashionable society, if he chooses to do so, but it is matter for grumbling to people of humbler tastes that the fashion which they do not court, should be charged so severely in the bill. I suppose that few persons, sitting down to a dear and scanty watering-place dinner, will deny the justice of the proverb, that it is the company and not the charge that makes the feast. What is a watering-place? I asked myself, as I took my second-class ticket homewards with new health and spirits. Why should Robinson pinch himself at home, for the purpose of taking his wife and family for a month to expensive lodgings at a fashionable place on the coast, when there are plenty of other places on the coast, not fashionable, equally healthy, and very considerably cheaper?

Lest it should be supposed that my opinion of Sandfield is founded on the mere word of a stranger, I may as well mention that I passed a day and a night in that place to the entire satisfaction of any doubts I might have had on the subject, and at the same time to the damage of my purse. It is true, that I got into fashionable company, but really that was not the purpose for which I went out of town. What were the pier and the bathing-machines, and the umbrella-hats and the Rotunda, and the perambulators and the library to me, that they should affect the price of my shrimps and the comfort of my lodgings? The thing really did not admit of argument, I said to myself; and I returned with great contentment to the unsophisticated neighbourhood of the Cat and Triangles.

BIRDS AT NEST-TIME.

On the pretty little branch of the Great Western line that runs from Maidenhead to Wycombe, crossing the Thames a little above Cookham, a remarkable instance of the tameness of the skylark at nest-time occurred this year. Close to this line of rail, on which at least ten trains were passing and repassing each day, a pair of skylarks—birds so wild in their usual nature—built their nest and hatched their young ones. The nest was built in a tuft of short grass, not two feet from the tram. After the young ones were partly fledged, one of the attendants on the line, fearing for their safety, removed the nest and the young family to an open cage, where the old ones came regularly to feed them; so that, perhaps, they will have to pay for their parents' temerity by passing their little futures in bondage—not a consummation to be wished, for one cannot hear a lark singing in his cage but he seems yearning for his native fields of air.

Strange as this confidence on the part of the lark may appear in choosing a spot for rearing its young so close to the roar of the engine, the rush of the train, the forty-woman power shriek of the whistle, and not secure from occasional cinders, it is not wholly without parallel in the same bird, though not perhaps to the same degree. I recollect, years ago, finding on a dusty high road, between two market-towns in the east of England, where vehicles of all descriptions were constantly passing, on a little strip of low grass, not above a foot wide, which ran at intervals between the roadway and the footpath, another skylark's nest with its little group of brown eggs in it. I certainly should not have discovered it had I not stepped at that point from the road to the path, when I put up the old bird almost with my foot. I marked the place by sticking a branch into the bank opposite, and guided by this, looked at it again when I passed by two or three days afterwards. At that time, they were still there; but I do not know anything of their after-fate. The precaution of marking the nest was quite requisite; for one thing that no doubt gives confidence to the lark tribe as to placing their nests, is the remarkable way in which these escape the eye, even when you know all but their exact position. Indeed, they are usually discovered only by the flight of the old bird. I have not unfrequently found a lark's nest on the ground in an open grassfield, the usual place of building, and marked it by placing a stick upright at about a couple of yards' distance, and noting its exact relation to the nest. On going again, I have actually, even with this guide, looked for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour all about the grass, certainly not more than a yard or two square, where my eye must have frequently passed over it, without observing the nest, and then I have discovered it only at the moment when I had come to the conclusion that the stick must have been moved from its place.

That this could occur, without dulness of sight on my part, will hardly be realised by those not acquainted with such country matters; nevertheless, I believe my vision is as keen as most people's, and I was thought among my school-fellows, when a boy, to have a quick eye for a nest. The reason, of course, for the domestic arrangements of the lark so escaping observation, is, that they offer so little in form, colour, or shadow different from the surrounding herbage, which at the nesting-time of year has generally a brown tinge. The nest is on the plain sward, with no high tuft or shrub indicating the probability of its presence. It is of grass, and shallow, throwing but little shadow, and the eggs are brown like haystalks; and when the old bird is on, unless she betrays her fear by movement, which she rarely does unless actually almost put up by the foot, it is still more difficult to discover than under other circumstances; for she so completely fills up the hollow, and tucks her feathers so snugly round the margin of her children's cradle, that there is no inequality to arrest the eye.

The skylark, however, is by no means the only bird that at nest-time shews a confidence approaching to audacity. There is no shyer bird than the nightingale; so much so, that doubtless many who have been delighted by its song in the woods have never seen it but in a cage. I call to mind, however, at Sandwich, on the coast of Kent, a nightingale building in a low shrub, close to a French window, in the front of a gentleman's house (I mean one of those windows that open like doors, which this did on the lawn); and through this a merry family of little boys and girls were often running in and out at high romps, without disturbing in the least the feathered family close by. The children, however, were very good, and never peeped into the bush. They were proud of their neighbours, and tenacious of their seclusion; and whenever the slender and elegant but sober-coloured figure of one of the parents was seen emerging from or entering the shrub, it produced a hush among the little prattlers, who would indicate its presence only by silent gestures. The country around was open, and afforded little harbour for so recluse a bird; and perhaps the low shrubberies about this house assimilated more with the underwood which is so much the haunt of this songster, than most of the spots in the neighbourhood. Whether this was the sole cause of this pair of nightingales relinquishing their usual reserve and habits of concealment, I cannot say.

The best known of the swallow tribe and the missel or misseltoe thrush are shy birds; but at nest-time they not only affect the neighbourhood of man, but choose such places for building as are easily detected—the former ensconcing their bracket-like clay habitations in chimneys or under eaves, and the latter placing their nests openly, often not higher than a man can reach, in the crotch of some stout tree, and frequently in the least concealed part of a garden; whence, however, with shrill discordant cries, they seek to drive away any intruder, feathered or otherwise. These birds, however, do not always confine themselves to cries, but have recourse to stronger measures, for which their hard beaks are well adapted. A pair having built in an apple-tree, under some high trees occupied by rooks, a young flapper of the latter fell a victim to his having, in evil hour, fluttered down to the tree below, ignorant of the jealous tempers of its occupants. I heard the threatening cries of onset, and saw the two parent birds rushing on wing through the branches by him, but had no idea that they would do more than drive him away. The result, however, was fatal, for I found the poor young black gentleman lying 'stiff and stark' under the tree a few hours after.

THE PERVIOUS HEEL.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I know a scent which to me brings restoring freshness, yet
That floating fragrance on its wings a seal of pain hath set,
For with it sickness mars the health of one I value well;
Thus, what attracts *me* more than wealth, *another* may repel.

The boisterous wind, that stirs your blood with wholesome life, may be
A cause of pain—misunderstood—to others, as to me:
Our human nerves act not alike, our human hopes and fears
A wild and different music strike, to waken smiles or tears.

What strong man, then, should mock the weak? Be sure the strongest hath
A tender part, where pain may wreak the tortures of its wrath!
Antagonisms through nature run, and 'tis enough to know
That health may fill the gale for one which lays another low!

There may be tears for all who weep, but not for all who die;
We need not grieve for that last sleep which breaks and wakes on high;
But should poor nature then demand a burst of human grief,
Why should we cruelly withstand the storm that gives relief?

Still, while we feel our own sad wants, and sympathise with those
Whose path a different terror haunts, whose frame new weakness shews,
Let us take comfort, giving it; and with a brother's arm
Support the faint who are not fit to bear their share of harm!

HANDEL OUT OF TUNE.

This celebrated composer, though of a very robust and uncouth appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritability of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra on a night when the late Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and *untuned* all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito;* but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a *double-bass* which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced *bear*headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude, he stood staring and stamping for some moments amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, till the prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.—*Political Magazine*, 1786.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 142. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

PARLIAMENTARY FRAGMENTS.

The parliamentary ceremonial has varied but little for many centuries. Foreigners are obliged every year to repeat their astonishment when they see the beef-eaters of the Tudor princes, and other relics of the middle ages, still holding their place among the 'most progressive of nations.' No notice of an English ceremonial can appear in a foreign newspaper without this necessary reflection. A very worthy Swiss gentleman, who visited England during the Exhibition of 1851, published an amusing account of his experiences in the *Revue Suisse.* He there sets down this as the most striking characteristic of the nation, and gives as an instance of the difficulty with which England 'breaks with the past,' that the scholars of Winchester College, although excellent Protestants, never pass an image of the Virgin without raising their hats. Where the excellent and simple-minded mountaineer got at this fact, it would be difficult to say, seeing that images of the Virgin, to go no further, are not common at Winchester. But the very assertion proves the general notion on the continent, that the true Briton will part with no tittle of his forms and ceremonies, whatever else may be changing around him.

Of these permanent features of our customs, the parliamentary manners are amongst the most persistent and the most striking. While the political features of either House are altered—how altered, none but those intimately acquainted with its internal proceedings can fully appreciate—the habits of 500 years back are still preserved. The sovereign enters in the guise of a despot, the peers comport themselves with the haughty rudeness of the military baron, and the commons are still, externally, the humble *bourgeoisie,* from which their title of burgesses is derived. Yet even here, a few changes have developed themselves in the general bearing and conduct of the members of either branch of the legislature. The lounging attitude which once brought upon a statesman, now pre-eminently distinguished, the question, whether he, as well as his petition, was going to 'lie upon the table?'—this almost impertinent *insouciance* is now rarely to be seen. There is, again, no longer the spectacle of a minister or a great orator venturing into the assembly so drunk that he could not keep his legs—a spectacle which the present generation has seen more than once. No modern orator would venture even to raise his spirits or excite his imagination by an appeal to the bottle-imp, to whom so many great speakers of old sold their souls for an inspiration. The House gains in decorum, but in consequence it loses in liveliness. Here, in fact, lie the great superficial differences between the modern and the ancient House of Commons. The art of joking is lost. Men at the head of their respective parties, who owe their position to their sarcastic talent, have not even ventured on the confines of a jest for the last two sessions. A minister evading a troublesome question by an off-hand reply, is the only distinguished specimen left of the great artist in parliamentary art who could once overturn ministries and almost endanger thrones. But as even the House of Commons must be amused, it takes refuge in occasional outbreaks of its own, highly characteristic of its present temper and position. There are one or two members noted for the oddity of their gesticulations, their curious phraseology, and strange emission of opinion. If, in the midst of the most important debate, one of these men rises with two or three others, though the last may be among the most influential speakers in the House, he is sure to be called for on all sides. As soon as he is once established, every member wakes up, and prepares for a bit of fun. At every fresh gesticulation, the House is convulsed with laughter. It pauses to hear what it takes for granted is some droll notion or other, set off by a yet droller twist of the body; and the wall of the British House of Commons will ring with merriment for five minutes together, during which the member is developing his notion, in happy unconsciousness of the cause of his popularity. The House, then, as it had had the fun of setting the man up, now proceeds to that of putting him down, which it does, in these cases, by drowning his voice, till he is fairly tired of shouting against the uproar. The House then quietly settles down once more to its debate.

The putting down of an obnoxious or tedious speaker has always been one of the liveliest passages of a parliamentary evening. Hitherto, the ordinary custom has been to keep up a perpetual sing-song of the word 'Divide, divide,' till the unpopular orator resumes his seat. Some time ago, an improvement was discovered upon the process, in the shape of getting up a series of loud cheers, which at first so utterly disconcerted the member that he broke down in astonishment. This joke, when it was understood, went out of fashion, but a new one has this year been put in its place: the heavy speaker is assailed with cries of 'Order.' The speaker starts, stammers, looks round, and asks where he is out of order. The House, in place of a reply, bursts out laughing, and the puzzled member runs the chance of being so effectually put out as to be unable to go on.

One of the most serious, but least popular speakers in the House, began a speech, not long ago, with 'I shall not trouble the House at any length.' 'Hear, hear, hear,' shouted the House. The honourable member waited till they had done, and then coolly repeated his sentence. The House, on this, repeated its cheers. This actually took place not less than seven times, the member as often repeating his sentence with equal coolness, and triumphing at the last.

Another member, talking about the police, said that we were making 'jindarmes' of them. The House laughed at the pronunciation. The member thought they were laughing at the idea, and told them that they might laugh, but that our whole system of police was an organised 'jindarmerie.' The House was in a roar for two minutes. Such are legislative pastimes.

The real business of the House has been transacted, this year still more than the last, after twelve o'clock at night. In fact, with the exception of the money-votes, it would be difficult to find any practical business which has been got through at any other time. It is really curious, after a long debate—in which an infinity of words have been expended, all ending in some bill being withdrawn, or some division on an abstract question determined—to see the House settle down to do something useful. All the political members—the Disraelis and the Walpoles, the Milner Gibsons and the Roebucks—and all the young lords and commoners, the dandy portion of the community, are gone away—the one to their beds, the other to their clubs. There remain about fifty members—at least one half of them Scotch or Irish. On the ministerial bench are Mr Wilson, Mr Hayter, Mr Bouverie, the Lord Advocate, and Mr Horsman. Unwonted forms appear beside them on the ministerial bench—Mr Apsley Pellatt, perhaps, or some other member of the same stamp, charged with the conduct of one of the bills to be got through. Mr Fitzroy takes the chair, reads rapidly through the clauses of the bill, and, with a pencil in his hand, notes down the corrections to be introduced, and talks them over with the parties proposing them in a quiet conversational way. A dozen members make little practical speeches, so much to the purpose, and in so short a time, that one cannot help wondering if these are the same men who, a few hours before, spent hours in talking sentences without a single practical idea in any one of them. In half-an-hour, multitudes of provisions—affecting the homes and the daily pursuits of thousands—are got through in a simple and easy style, and seldom with any great mistakes. It is well known that almost all the erroneous and impracticable bills are those which have been subjected to great debate. The proceedings after twelve are very much those of a board of good practical directors, who have a certain business to get through, and who get through it in the most practical way. No crotchets are heard in the House after twelve o'clock; wit and whimsicality are all banished; long speeches are of course out of the question; and any man who should attempt to indulge in an idea unnecessary to the business would be instantly put down. It is at this time that the first readings of bills are taken. The uninitiated may often be surprised to find bill after bill stand for second reading, of which they never heard before, and wonder if the first reading was in nubibus or not. It was not in nubibus; but it was in the House at one o'clock in the morning, with about ten members present. Then, the other business having been disposed, a member is seen to walk to the door of the House, wheels round, and returns with a paper in his hand, of which he reads the title; the clerk of the House takes it, and reads the title after him. This is the first reading of a bill in the House of Commons. It has happened more than once, that the bill itself not being ready, some blank pieces of paper have been placed between a covering of parchment, on which covering was the name of the bill; this name was given out, and thus a bill was supposed to have passed its first reading. Two instances of this are said to have occurred in the present session, one of them, too, a bill approved by the government, on the poor-laws. We have heard, in the palmy days of joint-stock companies, of a popular conveyancer charged with the deed of settlement of one of these companies, who delayed so long in drawing it, that at last he felt it necessary to do something; so he attended the next meeting, and exhibited a large sheet of blank parchment. 'I have not had time to draw the deed,' he said; 'but here is the place where it is to be.' The cases are somewhat parallel.

The commencement of business in the Commons—which is devoted to private business—is got through in a manner equally hurried in appearance; the two ends of the sitting are, in fact, the true periods of business. But let us not forget that there is another branch of the legislature.

The uniform readiness of the speakers in the House of Lords forms, perhaps, its most striking contrast in debate with the other, at first sight. It is very rarely that any one stutters or stammers in this House. The reasons are manifold—one of them being, that the speakers are almost always the same; another, that they have almost all had long practice in the House of Commons, so that even a new member seldom comes to the Lords an untried man. But the great reason is the limited range of the debate. Of the multifarious topics discussed in the Commons, not one-fifth are more than barely mentioned in the Lords; and the remainder consist of matters which each debater has talked of a thousand times over dinner-tables, at clubs, and political gatherings: besides that, one-half of his opinions are derived from tradition, and are an echo of the lessons he learned in childhood. In the House of Lords, lawyers are not found, at a moment's notice, to speak to points of religious discipline; aldermen on county-rates; and ministers on every subject under the sun. Hence, though the listener is often wearied in the House of Lords, he is seldom annoyed; the stream, such as it is, flows on regularly and continuously, neither spreading into deep, stagnant pools, nor losing itself altogether under ground—as happens to honourable debaters elsewhere.

Nothing can be more languid than the opening of business in the House of Lords. Every one must notice the severe punctuality and immediate procedure of business in the Commons. In the Lords, the chancellor drops quietly in a few minutes after five o'clock, and usually finds the House assembled—for the *habitués* have come to chat and pass away the time, and have had no motive for being behindhand. He sits down; and for ten minutes nothing whatever is done, and it would be difficult to say what the Peers are there for. At last he rises, mutters some unintelligible phrases; upon which the clerk at the table reads some unintelligible sentences. It is a bill being advanced a stage. Again the House relapses—not into silence, for the members are busy enough talking—but into doing nothing. In five minutes more, some noble lord rises and commences a speech, which, from his gesticulations, contortions, thumping of his hands, and the sentences heard at intervals—denouncing the criminality, injustice, folly, and so on, of something or other—one would take to be a matter of vital interest alike to the House and the nation. The only wonder is, that so far as the House is concerned, nobody appears to pay the slightest attention. He is moving for some returns respecting criminal offenders, and is declaiming on the imperfections of criminal justice in the country; the only excuse for the indifference of the Peers is, that he has already made the same speech three times within the past month. When he sits down, after a harangue of three-quarters of an hour, the chancellor gets up, marches some yards up the House, opens the palm of his right hand, puts in it the forefinger of the left—in the proper attitude of a man laying down the law—which he certainly is not doing, at anyrate, in an offensive sense. Always sober, clear, impressive, he makes up for the want of energy and originality in his speeches by the perfect good faith of his sentiments and the general soundness of his arguments. He is always listened to with respect and attention, though not often, it must be admitted, with higher feelings.

There are times when the appearance of the House of Lords shews the sense of the regulation of the Commons, which prescribes a fixed number of members to make a House. A noble lord will be delivering a speech on the items of the Russian trade to two peers on one side of the House and one on the other—personal friends who wish to save him the ridicule of giving up because the House is absolutely empty, or of addressing the lord chancellor by name as his only auditor—as Swift began the church-service to his sole audience, the clerk, with 'Dearly beloved Roger.' The proceedings of the House, however, are half the time of such a listless character that the audience seem ready to drop off every moment; and the only persons interested are the visitors to the strangers-gallery, now come to make themselves acquainted with the faces of Lord This and the Earl of That. It is strange what an influence a title has on the gaze of these people: the most forcible speech from a plebeian member elsewhere may probably fail to induce them to ask his name, while they will stare for half an hour on the unmeaning face of a duke, that they may be sure to know it again. Then, besides the gallery, there is a small crowd about the throne; one or two peers have their children there, curly-headed youths, in white trousers, to whom they are pointing out the different places of ministry and opposition, indoctrinating them into the first mysteries of parliamentary tactics, and teaching them betimes to connect the good of their country with their own personal conveniences, ambitions, or expectations.

In truth, were there a far more lively set of debaters, with more lively matters in hand, it would be impossible to be in spirits in such a chamber as the House of Lords. Its golden magnificence oppresses you with the full weight of the metal from which it is derived. Those grim old Magna Charta barons that gaze over their descendants in sable majesty—they are of the blackest bronze—from the niches above, seem to command, with a more than paternal gravity, order and respect in their presence. The eternal carvings, the never-ending devices, all press upon you with their cumbrous magnificence; you need not the throne to remind you that you are supposed to be in presence of majesty; and a royal dinner-party itself would be scarcely more repugnant to a flight of imagination, than Sir C. Barry's bedizened, be-sculptured, and be-filigreed hall of the fatherless—as the old Irishwoman in pitying accents called the Peers of the United Kingdom. Those pursy walls seem as if they would refuse to echo anything less grave than the sententious traditions which form the staple of the eloquence delivered before them.

The relief to this solemnity of grandeur is the presence of the ladies. On every field-night each intending orator brings the females of his family to hear him; it is an occasion for new dresses, and there is not a better place in existence for studying the latest fashions. Almost the whole of the two sides of the House is devoted to gallantry, together with almost all the available room down stairs. The Peers pay the ladies visits at intervals, evidently making very merry with the proceedings down stairs. Lord Redesdale made himself very unpopular a few weeks ago by commenting upon this mode of transacting the business of the nation, and said that it made the House like a casino. This last allusion gave an opening for ridicule against his remarks, which were true in the main notwithstanding. When this kind of attraction is present, the younger peers will make speeches as much at the women as at the nation; the flirting and allusion going on seem out of place and undignified in the gravest assembly in the world; and business may be seriously hindered when it is sure to be made a subject of quizzification afterwards; for the fair spectators are certain to have an acquaintance, more or less, with at least half of the orators, and are too glad to have something so pregnant with satire to talk about as a parliamentary debate. Besides this, the members of the other House are grievously cramped for room, in consequence of this misplaced gallantry. They have but a couple of corners of the galleries cut off for their accommodation, and are carefully fenced off from intruding beyond; so that a most important member of the House—unless he happens to be a privy-councillor, in which case he has a place by the throne—may be compelled to hear a debate on his knees, with two fat fellow-members crossing their corporations immediately over him, while a bevy of fair dames just by are laughing, flirting, and chatting at their ease. No wonder if complaints are now and then heard in the Commons of the imperfect accommodation afforded them 'elsewhere.'

Even the presence of ladies does not lighten the intensely heavy appearance of the House. On the contrary, they seem to form a part and parcel of its laboured magnificence, and add a few more to the oppressive splendours which weigh on the aristocratic atmosphere. One longs to shake one's self, to get rid of the chillness which has taken hold of the spirits, and feel a vigour from fresh air and the simplicity of the blue sky. All this does not at all abate the eagerness of the public to obtain admission to the Lords' debate; the innate love of gazing at the aristocracy which belongs to the British public gives them an interest in looking at the dullest speech from a nobleman; as for hearing it, this is a luxury by no means common, except from one or two speakers.

Both Houses are often graced by the presence of Indian chiefs, who always appear in full oriental costume for the occasion. During the past year, soldiers have for the first time been admitted in their proper dress to the strangers-gallery. It is strange that up to this time the wearing of the uniform of his country has been an insuperable bar to the presence of any person at the debates of its legislators.

NEWTON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

NEWTON IN ACTIVE LIFE.

It was the habit of Newton, in his Cambridge-days, to turn aside from mathematics, and work in his chemical laboratory for six weeks every spring and autumn. During this time, he experimented very assiduously, his kinsman, Humphrey Newton, lending him a hand; but the assistant never could make out exactly what the master was doing. The experimenter's manner was always grave and uncommunicative. There were glass receivers and vessels in the laboratory, but these were scarcely ever touched; the principal business seemed to lie with metals, which were continuously under fusion; the philosopher building and altering his brick-furnaces with his own hands. Antimony was in great request. No result appeared ever to come out of the labours. The experimenter had the air of a man who was 'aiming at something beyond the reach of human art and industry.' There was an old mouldy book in the apartment, entitled *Agricola on the Metals*, into which the persevering operator occasionally looked.

Fortunately, there are other sources, more precise than Humphrey Newton's impressions, now available to the curious inquirer, which reveal what the 'aim beyond the reach of human art and industry' was. Newton was trying his hand at the transmutation of metals. There are books on alchemy extant, the margins of which are covered with notes in the philosopher's own handwriting; and Sir David Brewster has seen copies of extracts from alchemical works in the same character. In a letter to a Mr Aston, Newton requests that gentleman to inquire concerning a noted alchemist in Holland, reputed to be in possession of important secrets, and he asks him in general terms to investigate everything that falls in his way during his travels which bears at all upon the processes of transmutation —'the most luciferous and lucriferous experiments in philosophy.'

Whilst Newton was engaged in his subtile mathematical investigations, and still more subtile 'illuminating and gainful' experiments, a visitor arrived at Cambridge, upon what proved to be a very momentous mission. Dr Halley had been for some time endeavouring to determine the laws of the planetary movements, when it occurred to him to try whether he could ascertain by calculation the possibility of those movements being represented by elliptical courses. He found, however, that this calculation was too complex for him to effect as he wished, and he therefore went over to Cambridge to consult Newton upon the matter. To his surprise, he found, in conversation, that the philosopher had long since determined a ready means of accomplishing what he desired, but had so little valued his success, that he had dismissed the subject from his thoughts; and could not now even lay his hand upon the notes he had made of his work at the time. Upon the urgent solicitation of Halley, he again entered upon the same train of investigation, and soon reproduced the method in detail: this was in 1684. The result was communicated to the Royal Society, and, under the management of Halley, printed not long afterwards. This communication formed the first instalment of the immortal work now known under the familiar denomination of *The Principia*, more correctly *The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*. Halley took care now to keep his illustrious friend at his proper occupation; the laboratory and lucriferous experiments were forgotten, and the real luciferous labours were pushed forward unintermittingly. In three years, the doctrines of gravitation were applied to the peculiarities of elliptical movement, and were traced out into all their magic results; and the great code-book of the physical laws of nature was before the world as a completed whole. There can be no doubt that the gratitude of that world for the rich present is in a great measure due to the judicious determination and management whereby Dr Halley overcame the dislike of the studious recluse to fame and notoriety.

A very beautiful little episode is enacted about this time. The mighty sage is interrupted in the midst of his victorious career against the mysteries of the material universe, by a touchingly human interest. He has left Cambridge for a season, and is at Woolsthorpe, watching by the sick-bed of his mother. She is ill with a malignant fever: her days are numbered; and the still form of her illustrious son bends over the bed by night and by day, administering with its own hands the requisite medicines to the sufferer. The great magician is forgetful of his magic in anxiety for his parent. The big brain, at anyrate, cannot preclude the large heart from taking its proper share also in the destinies of humanity: the philosopher's solicitous care is, however, all in vain—his mother dies of the fever, and is interred at Colsterworth.

The scene about the year 1692 changes altogether, and Newton appears in a perfectly different aspect. He now bitterly proves the accuracy of his own suspicion, that quiet is a greater blessing than notoriety, and finds he has to pay a heavy tax for the right of enlightening the world. Before he can complete his investigations concerning the movements of the moon, he has to ask the astronomer-royal, Flamsteed, to furnish him with a new series of observations of the luminary. These observations, however, are not forthcoming so immediately as his impatience leads him to fancy they might be. The German philosopher, Leibnitz, too, imagines that certain discoveries of his own detract from the value of some of Newton's early mathematical labours, and presses his claim in no very patient terms. These and other like annoyances take the recluse, in spite of himself, so far out of the habits and pursuits which are most congenial and suitable to his temperament, that his bodily health fails under the irritation. For two years, he has been seriously ill; the bodily ailments, of course, react upon the mind; the temper, before so suave, is now suspicious and irritable. All at once the sage, so indifferent to temporal renown, has become exacting, and jealous of his own importance. He writes irritable, and sometimes incoherent notes to his friends; he is pugnacious with both Flamsteed and Leibnitz. Upon one occasion, he is in the chair as president of the Royal Society, when, upon observing certain unseemly grimaces on the part of Dr Sloane, he tells him that he is a 'tricking fellow, a villain, and a rascal.' There can be no doubt that the close and incessant labour which Newton encountered when he undertook to unravel the seemingly tangled skein of the lunar movements, has been too hard a task, even for his gigantic intellect, and that his mind has been somewhat unhinged by the mental effort. He has himself remarked, upon more than one occasion, that his head never ached except when he was studying the complicated conditions of the lunar movements. He writes to Locke, in extenuation of some impatient expression he has used towards him: 'When I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink.' In this there is the clearest evidence that the irritability of the overtasked philosopher is a morbid result, and not a natural trait. His brain, large as it is, has been placed through labour in that exhausted condition in which sleep cannot be enjoyed, and then the sleeplessness has perpetuated and aggravated the irritable condition. Viewed in this light, the irascibility of Newton assumes a very interesting aspect, for it serves to connect the almost superhuman mind of the philosopher with the fates of ordinary humanity. It is more pleasant, after all, to think of the great sage who was able to weigh the stars, and measure their courses, as sharing with common mortals the responsibilities and weaknesses which are inseparable from their organisation and state, than it would be to have to contemplate him as of another and higher order of beings. It is agreeable, too, to find that the big brain, tyrant as it is, nevertheless is in a degree dependent for its own uninterrupted rule upon the integrity of the economy with which it is associated. The weakness of Newton dignifies mankind, but his faultless perfection would have been a reproach to the human race.

In a very unpretending and admirable article in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, occasion has been taken to allude to the question of the temper of Sir Isaac Newton. The conclusion at which the writer arrives, after a consideration of the evidence that has been advanced on opposite sides by prejudiced antagonists and indiscreet friends, is, that the philosopher possessed that negative kind of imperturbability which arose from intense absorption in his pursuits and insensibility to things around him; but that whatever tended to arouse him from this absorption, and to take him out of himself, also awakened a sort of resistance and resentment. He was imperturbable when there was nothing to perturb him; but once thrown off from his balance, he had little self-control, and became irritable, and could be even intemperate. It was really a natural sensitiveness of mind—a quality commonly present in the finest natures—which was exaggerated into irritability by hard work and ill health, and which then led to the quarrel with Flamsteed, to the jealousy and suspicion of Leibnitz, to the undignified scene at the Royal Society, and to other passages of a like kind. The mind which had fathomed the mysteries of external nature, proved to be unable to understand or master itself. Under this irritability, Newton unquestionably possessed the noblest qualities: he was forgiving, courageous, transparently honest, and incorruptibly pure. As a matter of course, he was generous—such a man could not be mean or narrow in his sympathies. His idea of the intrinsic value of money was just what might have been anticipated in one who had so thorough an acquaintance with the real coin of nature's treasury. Hearing, upon one occasion, that a mathematician had an ingenious book ready for the press, which could not be printed from want of means, he forthwith offered a bag of money to defray the expense. His notion of a doctor's fee was a handful of gold taken from his coat-pocket; and when the famous surgeon, Cheselden, once remonstrated with him for remunerating his professional services after this fashion, he rejoined laughingly: 'Why, doctor, what if I do give you more than your fee?'

The last scene of this interesting life-drama has now to be glanced at. The rooms in Trinity College and the trim garden are deserted; the professorship and fellowship at Cambridge have been resigned, and the philosopher, full of years and of honours, is residing in a town-house, presided over by a graceful housekeeper, Catherine Barton, the child of one of his half-sisters, who has been educated at his own cost, and has grown to woman's estate. All the distinguished men of the age flock to the house of the illustrious sage, and are hospitably received and entertained by him, principally through the good management of the clever niece. Newton seems to have recovered his health, and to a great extent his mental equanimity, but he has been drawn considerably out of his life of seclusion and his abstract studies. He is now a public servant in a practical sense, and is filling the important post of mastership to the mint. At the end of the seventeenth century, Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, was Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain; when he took office, he found the current coin of the realm so depreciated by the dishonest practices of many years, that the worst of results were feared for commercial interests. The silver coin had been systematically clipt and pared down, by men who made fortunes by the robbery, even from before the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In 1695, it was considered a mere accident whether a shilling, taken as a legal tender, would prove to be worth more or less than fourpence. One hundred pounds in silver money were weighed upon several occasions, and it was found that the weight which ought to have been four hundred ounces, was only two hundred and forty ounces at Bristol, two hundred and eight ounces in London, and *one hundred and sixteen* ounces at Oxford. Half, or more than half of the metal originally contained in the coin had been pared away.

The government, having very anxiously deliberated upon this state of affairs, resolved that there was no other remedy for it than to call in all the old coin, and issue in the place of it new *milled* coin, which could not be pared at the edges without immediate detection. Arrangements were made for carrying this purpose into effect, and a day was named as the last upon which the light coin should be allowed to circulate. Ten furnaces were built in the garden behind the Treasury, and heaps of mutilated crowns and shillings were every day melted into massy ingots, which were sent off to the mint to be recoined. King William was at this time at the head of an army in the Netherlands, and sent home for L.200,000, as absolutely essential for the payment of his troops. The officers at the mint declared that it was impossible, under any circumstances, to turn out more than L.15,000 worth of new coin every week. The chancellor of the Exchequer had known Newton at Cambridge, and had sat with him in parliament for a short interval some time before; and the statesman appealed to the patriotism of the physical philosopher to come to his aid in this great difficulty. Newton responded cordially to the appeal; and accepted the office first of warden, and afterwards of master, to the coining establishment of the realm. He turned aside from his abstruse studies, and threw the energies of his character entirely into the work that he had taken in hand. Very soon there were nineteen mills working together at the Tower, and auxiliary mints were brought into activity in the five principal extra-metropolitan cities of the kingdom. L.120,000 worth a week of silver money was by this means issued to meet the wants of the king and the land; and by the end of the century, the tempest had been victoriously encountered, and the state safely steered through the threatening dangers of the storm.

As might have been anticipated, Lord Halifax became, after this co-operation, the grateful friend of the philosopher. During the early years of the eighteenth century, the distinguished statesman was constantly seen at the little levées of the monarch of science. When he died in 1715, he left his friend's niece a legacy of L.5000, and all his jewels, besides having procured for her a crown-grant of the rangership and lodge of Bushy Park. Two years subsequently, Catherine Barton married a gentleman of the county of Hampshire, John Conduitt: the newly married pair lived with the philosopher in his house in Martin Street, Leicester Square, for four years, the husband helping the master of the mint in his labours; and when, six years subsequently to that, the master laid down his office in the ordinary course of nature, at the advanced age of eighty-four years, his nephew by marriage became his successor.

Newton was knighted by Queen Anne in 1705, for his services to the state, and in recognition of his great attainments. The picture presented of him in his later years possesses a peculiar charm. It is probable that the gentle violence put upon his inclinations, at the instance of his friend Lord Halifax, really lengthened his days, by withdrawing him from the routine of exhausting thought in which he had previously involved himself. His hair was then as white as snow, but this was almost the only sign he bore of the wearing effect of time. He seemed to have entirely recovered from his temporary impairment of vigour. His senses were penetrating and clear, and his intellect still powerful and keen. His extraordinary life had comprised within itself a long series of triumphs and victories, but not the least remarkable of these was the one which he achieved over his natural despot, the big brain, when, having accepted the wardenship of the mint, he wrote to the astronomer-royal: 'I do not like to be dunned and teased by foreigners about mathematical things, or to be thought by our own people to be trifling away my time about them, when I am about the king's business.' It is very pleasant to think of the discoverer of universal gravitation thus in the end emancipating himself from the thraldom of his own idiosyncrasies, and coming down from the heavens to go about the 'king's business' with the simple earnestness of one led solely by the sense of duty.

DR KLINDINGER'S CREOLE SERVANT.

Many years ago, a certain doctor, Hermann Klindinger, came to reside in a small town in the south of Italy. With a profound store of practical knowledge, Dr Klindinger was also known as a man singularly devoted to the pursuits of experimental science; sometimes so manifested as to cause no small amount of apprehension in the minds of the simple race around him. He had been heard to talk mysteriously of some curious secrets he possessed relative to the vital principle; and awful were the pranks he played on the bodies of two malefactors who had been executed for murder in a neighbouring district; and which he had, though with some difficulty, obtained from the authorities. The good padre of the little town came at length to remonstrate against proceedings which every one said bore the stamp of diabolical agency; and which threatened to clash so seriously with the pious opinions of his flock.

'Most worthy Dr Klindinger,' said the priest, 'your experiments, though doubtless intended for an excellent purpose, are certainly quite opposed to the spirit of religion. It is a dangerous presumption with which men are now-a-days possessed—that of investigating those sacred mysteries of nature which Providence meant should be for ever veiled from us in this life. Our Holy Mother, the Church, has always wisely discountenanced any tendency in that direction, as being subversive of true faith and simplicity of heart; and I would suggest to you, signor—who, being a heretic and a stranger, are very likely not aware of the objections which exist here to your scientific experiments—the wisdom of at least confining them within narrower limits.' As the padre spoke, he gazed curiously at the physician, whose manner, however, betrayed neither annoyance nor alarm at this somewhat authoritative address.

'Very reverend padre,' said he, 'the experiments you speak of are, I should imagine, not of any reprehensible nature, being calculated to promote the progress of humanity—an end which, it seems to me, is peculiarly within the province of true religion. Since, however, there exists a prejudice against them in the community of which I am a member, it is certainly desirable that they should be concealed as much as possible from public knowledge.' The physician spoke these words with perfect courtesy, but accompanied with a sort of mocking, icy smile, which was, however, not perceived by his visitor. He was a man of middle age, whose very pallid face was warmed by no breath of human passion, but seemed informed solely by the clear, cold light of intellect. Opposite to him sat the worthy padre, with the veritable priestly visage which is known all the world over.

The doctor again addressed his visitor. 'Perhaps, excellent padre, you would condescend to partake of some refreshment in my house? Although devoted to the interests of science, I do not quite forget the wants of the body; and I can promise to set before you some of the very choicest vintage.'

'Thanks, worthy doctor,' said the priest; 'your hospitality I shall be happy to accept.' The doctor rose, and, walking to the door, was heard to give directions to a domestic on the subject of the proposed refreshment. In a few minutes the door opened, and a young man, dressed in a rich and fanciful costume, entered, bearing in his hand a salver, on which sparkled, like ruby, the rich and generous wine; but it was not on the wine, much as he appreciated its promised qualities, that the eye of Padre Boboli rested—he started up in terror, and a shock passed over his face.

'It is only my creole servant, Diego,' said the doctor. 'But my inoffensive attendant seems to produce a strangely unpleasant impression upon the good people of this village; thus it is that I so seldom allow him out of doors. Within, he has but one to terrify, and that is my old housekeeper, Gianetta, whom I can scarcely prevail upon to sit with him in the same room.'

'Mother of God!' said the priest with a shudder. 'Surely, signor, there is something more than natural in the aspect of your servant. His look appals me—it is diabolical! O signor, signor, surely here has been your art at work in some way—this man is a horrible lusus naturæ!'

'Nay, nay, indeed, Padre Boboli. Poor Diego exists in perfect accordance with the usual laws of humanity, even as you and myself. Pray, look at him again, and you will find on closer inspection that he is really, if anything, a well-looking fellow.'

The padre did look, and shrank back again with even greater terror than before. Yet the doctor spoke truly when he called Diego a good-looking fellow—that he certainly was, so far as mere physique went: he was tall, of a figure perfectly symmetrical, and with much of the indolent grace so characteristic of the creole; his features were regular and delicately chiseled, but his complexion was of a colourless, almost livid hue, made more strikingly conspicuous by a mass of ebon hair and an eye of burning black. But the expression—ay, ay, there it was!—the expression of that face was in truth appallingly horrible: it made the heart of poor Father Boboli actually bound and leap up into his throat: it was like no other face he had ever seen, and suggested the idea as of one divided from natural existence by some strange and indefinable barrier. By its means, all the physical perfection before described became transmuted into something a thousand times more repulsive than the presence of absolute ugliness and deformity; and yet in it there was nothing evil—only a terrible discordancy, as it were, with all that was perfect and admirable in the organisation. Something great and sacred had been neutralised or profaned—it was impossible to say what; but this belief gradually stole upon the mind, that here had been violated some great law of being—in this human face, ruined and distorted, was apparent the diablerie of art in antagonism with the sanctity of nature. The priest, after a few moments of terrified silence, at length muttered something about taking leave, and moved hurriedly towards the door.

'May I beg, Signor Padre,' said the physician, 'that you will not depart so soon, and without the refreshment already at hand. If the presence of my servant be repugnant to your reverence, I shall dismiss him forthwith. Diego,' he added, 'thou mayst now retire; we can dispense with thy attendance.'

The creole looked up with a vacant stare, and, with a sort of crouching obeisance to his master, slowly left the room.

Padre Boboli drew a long breath, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. 'Heaven be thanked,' he said, 'that this creature has disappeared! I protest, signor, I shall not soon recover the shock of his presence. Forgive my suspicions,' said the priest, with a glance as keen as an arrow, 'but I do apprehend, Dr Klindinger, that there is some awful mystery connected with your creole.'

The doctor smiled his icy smile, and with the most unruffled politeness and apparent good-humour, endeavoured to dispel the impressions of the alarmed cleric.

'Truly, good padre,' he said, 'you are quite mistaken. My servant, I do confess, is certainly a singular-looking being, but that is explicable on very simple grounds: to say truth, when I first saw him it was as a supposed incurable lunatic. I once visited Porto Rico on some business connected with my profession, and in a barbarously neglected asylum for the insane this man attracted my particular notice. He had been for two years outrageously mad, in consequence of a severe brain fever. I proposed to take him under my care, and was allowed to do so without any opposition. A desire to test the power of my art, I confess, actuated me to this proceeding more than any feelings of benevolence, as it is one of my theories that *no* lunatic is incurable; and in this instance, my efforts to restore comparative sanity have been successful. Diego, as you see, has become my attendant, and is really a most trustworthy and devoted creature. He is still a *little* amiss in the cranium—there is a jar somewhere; but in time I hope to remove it. To convince you, worthy padre, of his perfect harmlessness, I can assure you he sleeps in a room inside that which I myself occupy.'

As the doctor gave this explanation, there was a triumphant mockery in his eye—too dimly visible, however, to strike upon the disturbed perception of Father Boboli. The priest tried to be satisfied with the story he had heard, but his trouble could not subside instantaneously: to aid, however, in that desirable effect, he applied to his lips the goblet of Lachrymæ, handed to him by the physician, and after one or two draughts, became a much more tranquil man. His eye lost its look of overwrought terror, and the ruddy tinge came back to the plump cheek, which before had lost every trace of colour.

'Signor Klindinger,' he said, 'how is it that you fear not to retain this man in your service, considering he may one day break out a more violent lunatic than before? And, truly, notwithstanding your confidence in your art, I should be inclined to predict some such catastrophe; for methinks nothing but smouldering madness could produce an expression like that which I have beheld. The eye,' continued the padre, shuddering slightly—'ah! that was indeed terrible. Why, signor, the man might well be taken for a *jettatore.* I felt that glance shoot through my marrow, and congeal my very blood. Would to God, worthy doctor, you were a believer in our holy church—then would it be possible to exercise on this wretched being the healing power of religion. I, signor, possess a reliquary, which has in truth effected wondrous miracles, and this I shall be happy to place at your disposal: even with the drawback of incredulity, I doubt not that it will prove beneficial.'

The doctor listened with much apparent deference, and thanking the good padre, professed himself imbued with much respect towards the miraculous relics, although he could not, unfortunately, lay claim to the requisite amount of faith. At this moment, the door opened, and Diego again appeared, and approached, as if for the purpose of making some communication. His eye blazed very bright, and was directed towards the priest with an unpleasant stare. He seemed inclined to speak, but his lips emitted nothing more than a vague, hoarse murmur: his master at once comprehended this rude language, and turning to the terrified priest, informed him that the message of Diego was to convey that he—the padre—was required without. The good man, hurriedly taking leave of his host, started up, and as quickly as possible made his way out of the house. On his disappearance, the doctor indulged in a short sardonic laugh; and with an expression coldly malignant, turning to Diego, said: 'Truly, my domestic, thy precious existence promises to attain to some notoriety. Here am I, even in this remote corner of the globe, taken to task for my grand experiment. Holy church, in the shape of this corpulent padre, will, I fear, cause me no small amount of trouble.' As he directed his eye towards the creole, the features of the man became darkened with a sort of animal rage; but there was blended with it a certain bewildered look, as of one wandering in the delirium of a fever, which was truly piteous to behold. With an uncertain movement, he advanced towards his master, and emitted the same hoarse murmur before described. The physician looked scrutinisingly at his servant, as if coolly observing the symptoms of a patient, and then addressing him said: 'Good Diego, go down to old Gianetta, who will doubtless be pleased with her companion. I can now quite dispense with your presence.' The creole moved mechanically to the door, much with the same aspect as a dog which obeys the command of a human creature, whom it feels to be a superior and controlling power.

This Diego was doubtless a singular and fearful puzzle: whatever might be the secret connected with him, it was known to no other than the man of science, who regarded him, apparently, more in the light of a cunning machine than as a being of the same species with himself. It is a fact well ascertained, subsequent to the occurrences here narrated, that Doctor Klindinger had been known to remove suddenly from various places where he had made his abode, in consequence of the attention attracted by this hateful creole. Half-whispered stories there were of various mysterious doings between master and servant, which made people's blood run somewhat cold, and rendered the presence of the physician excessively odious and repulsive. In this simple Italian village, he had reckoned, it seemed, on being left to follow out his scientific ideas in peace; but he was wofully mistaken. The good folks had eyes, ears, and tongues, and made up for their incapacity to discover the secret of the doctor's art, by an amount of conjecture which, if not of the most acute kind, was at least rich in fancy. Not many weeks had Dr Klindinger been settled in his new abode, and already had his pursuits been closely watched, and he himself the subject of general inquiry. The old woman whom he had employed as his housekeeper, after the first day, absolutely refused to sleep in the house. She would not, she said, rest under the same roof with this diavolo creole. With difficulty did the physician, by ample recompense, induce her to remain even during the day. It was not alone pecuniary consideration, however, which induced the excellent Gianetta to do even so much. Her curiosity was strongly at work; and what with the desire of satisfying it, and the importance of being in a position to do so more easily than her neighbours, the good woman's terror was sufficiently neutralised and kept within due bounds. She had, nevertheless, still need of great powers of endurance, for startling and fearful were the appearances around her. This hideous Diego seemed actually possessed of a devil. He was as mischievous as a baboon, unless under the eyes of his master, and, like that animal, was endowed with singular powers of uncouth mimicry; he also appeared to have some faint perception of the faculty of humour, and in several ways worried and tortured his ancient fellow-servant: he would steal behind her back at times, and on suddenly turning round, she would catch him grinning diabolically, as if enjoying her terror; then he stole her cates and preserves, for he was an enormous glutton, with a maw, in fact, which appeared as if it could never be appeased. It was evident, however, with all the pranks of Diego, that he still laboured under a sense of restraint and inferiority; he would often crouch in a corner on hearing the voice of his master, and exhibit every symptom of the most abject terror. Even of Gianetta he entertained a sort of apprehension, for she had only to look at him somewhat sternly, when he would sneak off with a subdued and drooping aspect. There were occasions, certainly, when he did indulge in desperate paroxysms of fury, and he was then intolerable to behold. Once that Gianetta had threatened to have him corrected by his master for some piece of thievery, he started up and sprang at her like a tiger, with such a desperate, fiendish look and howl, that the poor dame declared to the doctor that no reward would induce her to remain another hour in the house. In vain the Signor Klindinger promised, for the future, to keep such a watch over the creole that he would never again venture upon such measures—in vain he inflicted on the offender the severest corporal punishment, still Gianetta's terror could in nowise be allayed; she would not stay, and departed with her nerves dreadfully shaken, and the mystery she had come to investigate still undiscovered. No other ancient female could be found to replace her; so the doctor, albeit averse to a juvenile domestic, as being likely to promote greater facility of intercourse between his establishment and his curious neighbours, was compelled to accept the proffered services of a certain young damsel named Bianca, whose glowing olive cheek and clear eye indicated a considerable amount of health and spirit. Bianca was a plump and handsome Hebe, and the horrible creole at first sight of her actually betrayed considerable signs of admiration: he stared and chattered until the poor girl became faint with terror; and it was not until the doctor had subjected him to another course of discipline, that he ceased his disagreeable manifestations.

The occupation of Diego was solely to wait upon his master; this office he performed in much the same manner which one would observe in the movements of a well-trained monkey: his actions seemed to be the result of simple instinct alone, directed into a certain channel by means of the controlling human agency to which he was subject; his attempts at speech were barbarous, resembling the jabber of an idiot; but his master could, after some pains, teach him to pronounce many words and phrases, so as to make himself quite intelligible; yet with such a voice and manner as one could not, after all, suppose were those of a human creature. Sometimes it seemed not less astonishing to hear speech from Diego, than if it were emitted from the mouth of an orang-outang, or even the most inferior species of monkey.

Dr Klindinger, it was observed, had an antipathy, if not a feeling of positive malignity, towards his unfortunate attendant. Cold as he now was, the man of science bore in his face the traces of intense and violent passions: that icy aspect was evidently the result of a nature once convulsed to its centre, and at length, exhausted of all its fire, arisen from the ruins of the past into the calm cold region of intellectual abstraction. With his mysterious attendant, the doctor was frequently shut up, and loud altercations, as it were, had been heard between them. Once, the girl Bianca was intrepid enough to steal on tiptoe to the chamber door, and peep within. There she saw a strange sight: the creole, apparently a corpse, lying back on a couch, and the doctor administering to him some liquor out of a phial. After a short time, the creature revived, and then the girl heard an angry howl, but not certainly proceeding from the lips of Diego; no—it came as if from another corner of the room. And now—was it fancy?—a third, a shadowy presence as it seemed, hovered above the pair. The girl might be mistaken, for she could not see quite distinctly. A creeping sensation of terror at length overcame her, and she was fain to betake herself immediately to the lower apartments.

It was now about midsummer, and as Father Boboli was returning from a distant mission, he had occasion to pass by the secluded residence of Dr Klindinger. The evening had begun to set in, and the padre was not free from some serious apprehensions as he approached the mysterious premises. There was a large garden adjoining the cottage, dark with tall yews and myrtles, and having a wilderness of rich flowers now trailing around, half wild from neglect. In this garden, the priest heard the unskilful tinkle of a guitar, accompanied by a strange hoarse voice; then a slight rustle, and at length the words 'Padre Boboli, Padre Boboli!' pronounced with a chuckling accent. All at once, the head of the creole was seen to emerge from the shade of the trees, and appear over the slight enclosure of the garden, looking out with a grotesquely horrible grin at the unhappy priest. He seemed mischievously inclined, but at this moment the doctor was heard in a loud voice to summon 'Diego.' The creole instantly retreated, and the padre was not slow in hastening in another direction. He had received a serious fright, from the effects of which he actually became ill. In his sick-chamber he requested the attendance of Dr Klindinger, and was in due time waited upon by the physician.

'Are you aware, Signor Doctor,' said the padre, 'that my present illness has been actually caused by the sudden and threatening appearance of your creole last evening? Doctor, doctor! why do you persist in allowing that horrible being to rove at liberty, and thus perhaps endanger the life and reason of many persons? You will infallibly bring upon yourself the censures of the church and the authority of the law. He should be at once confined in some safe asylum, or evil will undoubtedly come of the affair.'

'I protest, reverend padre,' said the doctor, 'you are unnecessarily alarmed. My servant is incapable of committing any dangerous deed, unless on some serious provocation, or when injudiciously treated. I allow him sometimes to walk in that garden for the necessary air and exercise: it is the only spot he can seek for that purpose, since our worthy villagers would certainly stone him were he seen outside the bounds of my residence. His sudden appearance before you, Signor Padre, was simply a token of recognition, perhaps of reverence; for be it known to you, that this man had been, as I understand, before his unfortunate madness, a devout and zealous Roman Catholic.'

'Say you so, indeed?' replied the priest. 'Then, of a truth, the poor wretch must have meant to solicit my ghostly ministration in some way. I would he were not so horrible, and I would certainly impart to him all the consolation in my power. As it is, however, I cannot overcome the terror I feel at the sight of him: it is unaccountable, inexplicable,' said the puzzled padre.

'It may be,' said the doctor, 'that after a space Diego will be so far advanced towards perfect sanity, as to lose in some measure this expression, which seems to have so strange an effect upon your reverence. It was produced, I have no doubt, by the poor wretch's gross ill-treatment in that miserable asylum from whence he was rescued by me. It is simply the effect of suffering and terror, reverend padre, and will, in all probability, fade away by degrees out of his countenance.'

The padre appeared more composed at this suggestion; and after receiving a prescription at the hands of the physician, allowed him to take his departure homewards.

Some days after the attendance of the physician upon Father Boboli, it was understood in the village that Dr Klindinger had asked and obtained permission to remove from his present abode to an ancient mansion in the vicinity, for many years unoccupied, and now in some degree a ruin. The flickering light of a torch fell upon the figures of the pale physician and his servant as they entered the gloomy portal in the stillness of the night. The giant pines and larches moped and mowed to each other with faint whispers of some stranger advent than these old walls had ever witnessed before. Mystery and horror were now within them;

so said each leafy tongue to the low winds which stole on hurriedly to hear the story.

The old castello was, in truth, remote and desolate enough to secure the new inmates from all intrusion: thither none of the villagers ever ventured. Year by year had the sculptured lions above the gateway frowned grimly down upon vacancy and silence, and the discoloured and fungi-clothed walls been unwarmed by any human breath. In the neglected garden, a white marble fountain sent up its melancholy song to the sky out of the graceful ruins of its beauty; the broken figures of faun and dryad lay on the ground, wreathed with the flowering creepers which overran the crumbling structure. One statue only remained perfect—that of the rural Pan, whose ludicrous deformity contrasted strangely with the sad loneliness of the surrounding scene. In this abode of departed grandeur had the doctor and his servant now resided for many weeks, uninterrupted save by the daily visits of Bianca in her character as superintendent of the household. She, poor damsel, was rather ill at ease, for besides the chilling solitude of the castello, which could not but raise up superstitious fancies in her head, she had also to contend with the disagreeable attentions of Signor Diego. He haunted her footsteps perseveringly, but yet in a timid, sneaking way, as if still fearful of punishment. It was inexpressibly repulsive to her to behold this being, wearing all the outward attributes of humanity, imbued with all the fulness of life, yet wanting, apparently, its highest and most precious element. He would sit for hours in a corner of the room, with his peculiar vacant stare, and muttering from time to time some unintelligible gibberish. There seemed really to be no spiritual link connecting his nature with that of the human family—no mental affinity of any kind. Some fatal but indefinable want was there, which deprived him of any place in the scale of his species. On the brute creation he appeared to have the same repulsive effect; the house-dog shrank from his touch with dismay, as if, by its instinct, it recognised a thing anomalous in creation. There were moments when Diego knew absolute gaiety. He grew horribly frolicsome, and then his degradation was more painfully apparent: he would dance, and caper, and whoop after a hearty meal—the very realisation of the mere human animal. Many of the lower passions were strongly developed in him, and looked out with fearful distinctness from those perfect and chiseled features. He could exhibit a strong degree of envy and jealousy upon occasions of a kind perfectly identical with those passions in the inferior animals. He positively abhorred the sight of a handsome young fellow whom he had seen sometimes rather lovingly caress the fair Bianca outside the latticed window, and who generally contrived to see her once, at least, in every week. He certainly possessed strong acquisitive propensities, for the jingling and sparkling of some gold-pieces which he once beheld so wrought upon him, that he instantly darted upon the treasure, and was with much difficulty deprived of it. All these frailties did, like so many rank weeds, flourish luxuriantly in the nature of the unhappy Diego; but they were none which are not indigenous to the material soil of humanity. Sacred is the thought that to this source alone is to be attributed the empire of that evil by which our world is darkened and disfigured—finite in its nature as the corporeal frame from whence it sprang, so must all *evil* one day dissolve and perish, leaving that soul which is incapable of pollution free to seek its native sphere.

Meanwhile, the meditations of Padre Boboli tended not a little in the direction of the old castello, though, sooth to say, it was not within the power of all his curiosity ever to lead him thither. 'Ah!' thought the good padre, 'could I but gain access for only one hour to the secluded apartment in which this strange doctor, I am informed, pursues his diabolical studies, then might I hope for some ray of light whereby to discover the mystery.' But vain was that wish. Dr Klindinger's was a Bluebeard chamber, into which no being but himself ever dared to enter, and which was always secured in his absence beyond the possibility of access. Had the worthy padre been able to accomplish his wishes, he might certainly have made strange discoveries. Among the multifarious papers of the physician, many speculations might be seen by which the man of orthodoxy would have been doubtless puzzled. Here were curious thoughts on the nature of matter and spirit, wild and improbable to the last degree. In the fragments of an old journal were those extravagant ideas: 'It is hardly possible to suppose that *life* and the soul are not two distinct principles; that life does not exist independently of the soul, and might continue to exist even were it deserted by the spiritual essence—the soul calmly informing the mortal structure, yet infusing not what we call vitality. This last it is which acknowledges the might of the sharp dagger and the subtile poison. Were the connection, then, dissolved between soul and body, it is my aim to demonstrate that I, Arnold von Ebhrenstein, might still, by the grand power of that science whose worshipper I am, maintain the vital principle within that mortal frame.'

Other memoranda there were, evidently relating to the early life of the writer—the history of a dreadful wrong, written in words of scorching fire. There had been a tragedy, such as men talk of with pale cheek and faltering tongue: a woman, young and beautiful, the adored of her husband, had been the victim of unlawful passion, even in the first May morn of wedded life. Under the lurid sky of that Indian island, fate had laid upon three persons her iron grasp; there where the gorgeous flower droops and dies from the rich fulness of its own beauty, and the yellow snake coils in the rank luxuriance of the forest. Then came an hour of vengeance and of blood. But wrongs there are for which blood cannot atone, for which men would gladly follow the destroyer into the shadows of eternity. 'Yes,' said the record, 'men say I am avenged; but well can this heart feel that for me it is no atonement—for me, over whose head the vast universe has reeled and crumbled into ruins—whom the passions of the fiery gulf have blasted with their thunder: the flame which before shot through my veins, is now become a subtile, deadly poison. I am cold—cold. Now for my purpose, be thou my handmaid, great goddess of science!' It rambled on again: 'Am I then successful? Most meet, in sooth, is thy condition of being, O man of merciless and brutal passion. Here grovel in the dust at my feet—crawl as a serpent: thou shalt drink to the dregs of misery and debasement. . . . . Come, then, impalpable thing!—come and mourn over thy vile habitation. It *is* the subtile torture I designed. It may be hellish, be it so—but it is *revenge*. Here it lives and glows, a portion of the fiery tortures of mine own soul. Ah! there is an irresistible fascination, a fatal necessity, full of misery and despair, by which men are hurried on as surely as by the intensest longing of the heart after happiness and rest. Strange it is that the strongest and most ungovernable impulses of humanity, instead of pleasure, involve only pain. . . . . Is this the end, then, of those dreams so pure and lofty in their aim? Now, now alone, wandering through the vast solitudes of space, in that awful self-containment which overleaps for ever the bounding-line of mortality.'

But out of this chaos of faded and crumpled manuscripts, it would, however, have been rather a difficult task even for the prying eyes of Father Boboli to put together an intelligible or connected story; it would scarcely have done more than to whet his curiosity to a very acute point, and fill his mind with ideas of vague horror. Better far for the worthy padre that his hand should never grasp those evidences of an overwrought and unhappy nature.

It was late one autumn night when Dr Klindinger retired to his antiquated sleeping-apartment, lit only by a single lamp. Pacing up and down, the physician found himself suddenly standing opposite a huge, half-dimmed mirror, with a curious frame of arabesque devices, where his figure was fully reflected; while, at the same time, it was reproduced upon the opposite wall in dark and gigantic shadow. The sight seemed to call up a disagreeable sensation, for the gazer turned away with a shrinking and uneasy gesture. There *was* something indescribably spectral in the aspect of that triad group—those hollow, flashing eyes, that bloodless cheek and lip, appearing with awful fidelity in the dim and silent mirror, the faint outline on floor and wall imaging forth more appropriately still this idea of impalpable spirit; so the three figures stood, until there might have well risen up in the mind of the physician a strange confusion of ideas regarding the identity of the elusive and impalpable ego. Then his thoughts wound on and on; and he, the man of intellect and science, who had delved and wandered through all the intricacies of being, and snatched therefrom secrets dark and dread, now stood vainly and franticly, as of old, seeking for that great *central point* to which the might of mind ever aspires, yet can never, in mortality, hope to attain. But this man, even within the narrow whirling circle of the human, had he not with desperate hand seized upon the operative power of nature, and profanely wrested its prerogatives to his own wrong purposes! The occult and daring investigations of the physician tended not in the direction of that golden track which leads to the knowledge and development of the harmonies of creation, which is the end and aim of a philosophy holy and wise; but rather, for his heavier curse, in that false path of discordancy and opposition, by which the springs of the great machinery are disordered and broken.

After a short space, Dr Klindinger turned away, and opening a cabinet of inlaid ebony, took from it a little phial filled with a beautiful vermilion liquor, clear and pure as the loveliest rose diamond: he removed the stopper, and an odour so exquisite filled the apartment that it might well seem as if wafted from the bowers of the primal Eden. He poured a few drops into a little cup of crystal water, and entering an inner apartment, approached a couch, upon which lay the motionless figure of the creole: he lay in a painful and rigid attitude, and it could scarcely be ascertained whether indeed he slept, or was not locked in the clasp of some hideous cataleptic death. The old expression was still on the face, the paleness of which was so intense that one could not but gaze with awe, questioning within himself whether here were not before him the silent and deserted abode of a departed intelligence. The physician stooped over the couch, and gently poured through the half-open lips of its occupant a portion of the red and perfumed liquor. There was an instant movement—the eyes gradually opened, and the frame became instinct with life. The creole started up with a convulsive movement, and gazed upon the doctor with that look so often described in all its strange and undefinable horror.

'Of a verity,' exclaimed the physician, with a hoarse laugh, 'why, old Simon Magus could not have done it better, neither could the great Albertus himself. Ah!' he said in lower tones, 'they worked not, after all, as I have done, those princes of the crucible and furnace.'

Now another figure appeared in the room, hovering with threatening air over the couch of the creole. This was a shape dark and shadowy, bearing in every lineament a fearfully exact likeness to the mysterious Diego—a resemblance vivid and distinct indeed, yet with a certain singular dissimilarity. Could it be imagined that the earthly and degraded form of the creole had actually put on the lucid robe of immortality, leaving behind all the grossness of the mortal frame, then could this strange apparition be easily realised; but there still lay the half-recumbent figure of Diego, looking convulsively upward, and seeming to claim a certain affinity to the shape which hovered above. The physician regarded the dual figures with an expression somewhat approaching to awe, and yet with a mixture of defiance and evil passion impossible to describe. The shadow seemed ever and anon to emit cries of despair; in its lineaments were depicted unutterable misery and pain, yet mingled with a sort of sad and majestic sublimity. 'Torment me not!' it was heard to say. 'Let the hour of forgiveness come. Thou and I shall meet again!' Gazing down on the horrible aspect of the creole, it seemed to writhe with agony. Face to face now stood the two, looking fixedly on each other with frenzy nameless and unknown; then the voice sounded no more; the shadowy presence faded into air, and with a sigh of relief the physician walked slowly away.

Some days after this inexplicable scene, as Padre Boboli was walking in his cassock from the church, he saw outside the humble hotel of the village a party of travellers, who seemed seeking for a further mode of conveyance on their journey. Just as the padre was about to accost one of the group, he saw crossing the narrow pathway the tall figure of Dr Klindinger. As he approached, one of the travellers, a man of noble and distinguished air, started back with a look of amazement and terror, as if he could not trust the evidence of his senses. The doctor, on his part, seemed not less startled; he paused, changed colour, and finally walked on with hurried steps. The gentleman approached the priest, and said in a very agitated voice:

'May I beg, Signor Padre, that you will give me some information with regard to the person whom I have just now seen—that tall man who has so quickly disappeared?'

'Certainly, signor,' said the padre. 'That is our resident physician, Dr Klindinger, a stranger who some time since settled mysteriously in our locality. He is a singular man,' continued the padre, 'as you, signor, might easily learn were I to tell you all I know of him.'

'Dr Klindinger!' said the stranger. 'Ah, truly, good padre, you are mistaken; that undoubtedly is not—— But,' continued he, 'I do not wish to say more on this subject.'

'Truly, signor,' said the reverend father impatiently, 'it would be desirable that you should, if possible, give every information in your power relative to the said Dr Klindinger. There are strange rumours abroad with regard to him and his creole servant—that diabolical being! And methinks it would be more conducive to the benefit of our rustic community had the said Dr Klindinger never been seen amongst us.'

'*Creole servant*, did you say?' questioned the gentleman. 'How extraordinary!' He thought for a few moments with evident terror, and then turning to the priest, said: 'Good padre, as I and my fellow-travellers intend remaining here for the night, I shall, if you condescend to wait upon us, communicate to you all I know of this so-called Dr Klindinger.'

The priest called at the appointed hour, was received by the stranger, and then a very singular narrative came to be related.

'He, Signor Padre, whom you call Dr Klindinger, was once known by the name of Arnold von Ebhrenstein, a man famous for his devotedness to the cause of science. Going to one of the West Indian Islands, he there met a young and lovely girl, whom he married, and who was ruined by the base passion of a certain Signor Alonzo de Castro, a Spanish creole, who had been a discarded lover. A terrible revenge was taken by the frantic husband. Hate seemed to have transformed Arnold von Ebhrenstein into a fiend: he murdered, barbarously murdered this man, and immediately disappeared from the island, taking with him the body of his enemy.'

'How, signor?' said the priest with starting eyes; 'what do you say?—took with him the body of the creole?'

'Ay, truly, reverend padre, did he; but for what purpose is not understood.'

The countenance of the priest grew deadly pale; he muttered and crossed himself, the very picture of the most extreme and abject fear. 'O signor, signor! this is dreadful!'

'Explain, good padre,' said the gentleman.

'Did I not tell you, signor, that the doctor had with him a creole servant—a horrible, hideous being, who is the plague of every one around him?'

The stranger listened, half curiously, half fearfully, as if with some hidden thought, which, however, assumed no distinct shape. The priest went on.

'Signor, have you seen, ever seen this creole who was murdered?'

'Yes, good padre; he was a man of remarkable appearance—handsome in an eminent degree.'

That evening the padre contrived, by means of Bianca, to introduce the stranger into the garden of the doctor's residence, where Diego was listlessly wandering up and down. The creole went on, pacing slowly, then turned round, and revealed fully to the beholders the entire horror of his hideous visage. The stranger uttered a terrible cry, and fell at length totally insensible to the ground. At this moment, attracted by the noise, appeared the pale face of Dr Klindinger, who beheld with dismay the spectacle before him, whereby he felt convinced the mystery of his life had been, by some strange accident, discovered.

Next morning, the lifeless body of Diego was found carefully disposed upon a couch, bearing no trace of its former frightful expression. Of Dr Klindinger, notwithstanding the most rigorous search made for him in all directions, no further intelligence could be ever after obtained; but he assuredly left behind him recollections, which could not easily be effaced, of both himself and his creole servant Diego.

'THE PIKE, SIR.'

Was there ever anything so absurd as a turnpike? You start on a summer pleasure-excursion—sunshine, mirth, anticipations of the pleasant picnic, perhaps secret hopes of the smiles of one of the fair constituents of the party: all is rattle and glee. Before getting a mile on, you are arrested by a gate, and a surly Cerberus attending it. 'The pike, sir.' It is not a great sum you have to pay—but what a time for paying anything! What a squirt of cold water it throws in upon the steam of hilarity! Or say you are setting out on an unavoidable winter-journey, outside of some sort of vehicle—gloved, great-coated, muffled up, to meet the inclemency of the day—hands thrust in somewhere, to keep them warm. Every few miles, you come to a toll, where all your mufflings have to be undone, in order to get at the shilling which carries you through! Could a petty tax be levied in a more harassing way? Ten payments, perhaps, in one day. Surely it is the very perfection of incommodiousness for the subject.

The public taxes are raised by a machinery which costs, we believe, about three per cent. of the sum exacted. But suppose we were to be visited every day for fifteenpence of house or window duty, what would the percentage of cost be then? That would assuredly be a very absurd way of raising a house or window duty. Well, it is precisely the plan we take for raising the tax required to keep roads in repair. Every six or seven miles, and everywhere at the borders of a county, we set down a man in a small house by the wayside, to exact from each traveller the portion of tax for the brief space of road over which he has to travel before he comes to another officer of the same kind. We give ourselves the cumber of satisfying perhaps half-a-dozen collectors for one species of tax in a single day. And all these men, of course, have to be supported. Everybody, of course, wishes them—anywhere; but they must all, nevertheless, make a living by their wretched idle trade.

In a moderate-sized county in Scotland (Forfarshire) there are forty-one such tax-shops, each with its tax-man. The whole money annually collected by the trustees, on an average of three recent years, was L.9731, or L.237 per toll. Think of keeping up a man with a wife and family to collect so small a sum! Why, he must have at least a fourth, if not a third more, to himself, for his trouble. The cost of collecting of this tax appears to be fully *twenty-five* per cent. It is perfectly monstrous.

What stamps the plan with a peculiarly barbarous character, is the principle at the bottom of it. Tolls, it appears, are established in one district solely with a view to tax another. 'At the best,' says a late report for Forfarshire, 'it [the system] is a device by which one county or district is enabled to throw a portion of the expense of its roads upon its neighbours, while these neighbours in their turn adopt of necessity the same expensive machinery to tax others. If a correct debtor-and-creditor account could be made up for the whole country, shewing, on the one hand, the receipts derived from through-traffic, and, on the other, the expense of keeping up toll-houses and bars, and paying tacksmen, it is thought that the latter would nearly neutralise the former. A district might thus shew that it gained L.1000 from their neighbours at an expense of L.800, leaving a balance of L.200 in its favour, while their neighbours might shew a similar profit. But it is quite clear that there is here an immense loss to the general community.' The system reminds us of the illustration given a great many years ago for a pamphlet of worthy old Perronet Thomson on the corn-laws, representing the monkeys of Exeter Change all striving to filch from each other's pans, and destroying a large proportion of the entire food of the party in the process.

How strange it seems that a system so preposterous should have been fully exposed upwards of ten years ago,* should have then been the subject of much discussion, and generally admitted to be bad, and yet should still survive!

TRUTHFULNESS IN WORKS OF ART.†

At a performance in the theatre of ——, one of the scenes was an oval edifice in the form of an amphitheatre, in which were painted several spectators in the position of looking at the representation below. Many of the real spectators in the pit and boxes were displeased with the idea of a subject so unreal and so improbable being placed before them. On this point, the following conversation took place between the artist who painted the scene and one of the spectators:—

Spectator. I cannot comprehend on what grounds you can defend such a representation.

Artist. I still think I shall be able to do so to your satisfaction. When you go to a theatre, do you expect that everything which you are going to see shall be true and real?

---

* In an able treatise, entitled *Road Reform*, by Mr W. Pagan, Cupar-Fife.

† Translated from the works of Goethe.

Sp. No, I do not; but what I do expect is, that everything shall *seem* true and real.

Art. Pardon me, my friend, if I deny you that. I maintain that you do not expect any such thing.

Sp. Well, this really is strange. If the spectator did not wish everything that is represented at least to *seem* true and real, why should the painter take so much trouble to draw every line strictly in accordance with the rules of perspective, and to represent every object to perfection? Why should there be so much pains taken, so much money expended, to keep true to the costume of the times to which the spectator is to be transferred? Why do we consider him the greatest actor who expresses feelings most truly, whose speech, attitude, and mien approach nearest to the truth—who, in fact, carries illusion so far that we imagine we see the reality, and not merely an imitation of it?

Art. You express your feelings very well, but it is more difficult than you perhaps imagine to know clearly what you feel. What will you say if I tell you that theatrical representations never *seem true*, but that they have only a semblance of truth?

Sp. You draw a fine distinction between words, which indeed seems to me to be merely an equivocation.

Art. When we speak of mental effects, we cannot choose our words too nicely; and I think an equivocation of this kind indicates that, being unable to state clearly what our inward feeling is, we endeavour to answer the question at once from two points of view by using expressions of a double meaning.

Sp. Be it so. But I would wish you to explain your meaning by examples.

Art. Nothing will be easier. When you go to the Opera, is it not a real perfect enjoyment to you?

Sp. One of the most perfect that I know, if everything is in accordance.

Art. But when you hear that the people on the stage meet *singing*, that they greet each other *singing*, that they *sing* the letters they receive, express their love, their hatred, all their passions in songs, that they fight *singing*, and die *singing*—can you say that the whole representation, or a part of it, seems true, or that it even has a semblance of truth?

Sp. I must confess, if I consider it that way, I cannot say that I think the representation true.

Art. And yet you will allow you derive real enjoyment from it?

Sp. I cannot deny it. It is true, I remember the time when people used to ridicule operas on account of their gross improbabilities: but I also know that I nevertheless always derived great pleasure from it, and that I derive more and more through the progress we have made in operatic performances.

Art. Do you, then, even in an opera, find the illusion perfect?

Sp. Illusion! Well, I do not think I would use that expression; and yet it is a kind of illusion, at least something very nearly related to it.

Art. Might you not say that it is a forgetting of yourself; you feel charmed?

Sp. I have felt so in many instances.

Art. Can you point out to me under what circumstances this has happened?

Sp. It is difficult to say, but I think I felt most charmed when everything presented the greatest harmony.

Art. In those cases, did the performance present a perfect harmony within itself, or was it the harmony of that performance with some other work of nature?

Sp. Undoubtedly the harmony of the piece within itself.

Art. But you will allow that harmony to have been a work of art?

Sp. Decidedly so.

Art. We just now denied to operas a kind of truthfulness; we said that what was there imitated was not represented in a probable manner; but can you deny to an opera that inner truth which arises from the harmony of a work of art?

Sp. A good opera creates a little world for itself, in which everything is done according to certain laws, and which ought to be judged by its own rules.

Art. Perfectly correct. And does it not follow from this that there is a vast difference between what is true to art and what is true to nature? and that an artist should not, indeed must not, endeavour to give his works the appearance of works of nature?

Sp. And yet very often works of art do appear to us like works of nature.

Art. So they do; but I venture to say that it is only to the uneducated spectator they appear like works of nature. The artist certainly esteems this kind of admirers likewise, but he knows they are only of the lowest grade. Such an admirer will be contented as long as the artist descends to his low degree of appreciation, but he will never be able to raise himself with the artist, and follow him in the lofty flights of his genius.

Sp. The idea is strange, but I do not dislike it.

Art. You would dislike it, if you did not yourself stand upon a higher degree of education.

Sp. You say then, only to the uneducated, works of art appear as works of nature.

Art. Precisely so. Do you remember the birds that flew up to the cherries painted by the great master of antiquity?

Sp. I do; and does not this circumstance prove that the fruit must have been excellently painted?

Art. Not at all; on the contrary, it proves to me that these admirers were true sparrows.

Sp. And yet I surely could not help considering such a painting excellent.

Art. I will tell you an instance of more modern date. A celebrated naturalist had among his domestic animals a monkey, which he missed one day, and which, after a long search, he found in his library. The animal was sitting on the floor, and had spread round him the illustrations belonging to a new work on natural history. The professor approached with a smile at the literary taste of his companion; but what was his surprise and vexation when he found that the monkey had torn out and eaten up all the beetles he could find in the work!

Sp. Your story is, at all events, amusing.

Art. And applicable too, I hope. You would, of course, not think of comparing these illustrations with the work of so great an artist as the painter of the cherries?

Sp. Certainly not.

Art. But you will reckon the monkey among the uneducated admirers.

Sp. And among the greedy ones besides. This reflection leads me to a strange idea. Should it be that the uneducated require a work of art to be natural, for the very purpose of being able to enjoy it in a natural, and frequently unworthy manner?

Art. I am entirely of that opinion.

Sp. And you think that an artist would humble himself by endeavouring to produce this effect?

Art. I am perfectly convinced of it.

Sp. But tell me this: you were polite enough to place me above the uneducated lovers of art; why, then, does an excellent work of art appear to me as a work of nature?

Art. Because it harmonises with your better nature, because it is supernatural, but not unnatural. An excellent work of art is a production of the human mind, and so far it is also a work of nature. But in combining divided individualities, and presenting even the commonest objects in their utmost importance and dignity, it is above nature. It must be appreciated by a mind formed and educated in harmony, and such a mind will find excellence and perfection, wherever he meets with them, in accordance with his nature. The common beholder has no idea of this, he looks upon a work of art as upon an article found in the market-place; but the true lover of art does not only see the truthfulness of the imitation, but also the excellences of the subject itself, the ingenuity of the combination, and the supernatural beauty in the little world of art: he feels that he must raise himself with the artist in order to enjoy his work, he feels that he must leave the world of common things, dwell with the work of art, contemplate it repeatedly, and so create for himself a higher life.

Sp. I feel the truth of what you say, and have often felt similar impressions. But methinks we have strayed too far from the subject that gave rise to our conversation. You wished to convince me that the painted spectators in the scene of our opera were perfectly admissible, but I do not yet see how you have done this.

Art. Fortunately, the same opera will be repeated to-night; will you be at the performance?

Sp. I shall not deny myself that treat.

Art. And the painted spectators?

Sp. Will not scare me away, since I consider myself rather better than a sparrow.

Art. Well, then, my friend, I have certainly gained my point.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

We have the privilege, or esteemed it so until lately, of living in one of the pleasantest spots of the pleasantest country in the world. Our village of Riversmeet has nothing but picturesque dwellings in it, although not two of them are alike; and here is Seaview Cottage upon the very brink of the beach, and in a line with the little pier-head, very elegantly but strongly built of flint-stone—as it has need to be when the nor'-easters set this way—with a stone-balcony running round the upper story, from which there is a grand view of the high white cliffs about St Bride's in Wales, the green Glamorgan Mountains, and the crowded Channel; and at night a no less interesting one of moving lights at sea and stationary lights on dangerous rocks and at the mouths of narrow harbours. There is Marine Villa, with its union-jack upon the lawn in front, a boat stuck up on end for a summer-house, and walks behind that run zigzag up the cliff. Then, as we get more inland by some fifty yards, there is, close by the stream, Bridge Hall, a four-roomed little doll's house of a place, with a flight of steps down to the water's edge, and a little maid upon them always washing dishes; then Rose Bower, whose lattice windows can scarcely be shut for the white and red blossoms that will push their fragrant faces within; and then—one, two, three, yes, fifthly—there is Woodbine Lodge, in magnificent grounds of its own, nearly half an acre, with honeysuckle, and woodbine, and sweetbrier running riot all over the place, as though Mrs Fairseat did not keep a gardener—which she does in common with ourselves and the rector—working for each of us on alternate days; sixthly, comes our own dear darling home, 'the Fishery,' which from the east looks down upon the river, and from the south right up the wooded gorge over the Ivy Bridge and the salmon weir to Lillie's Leap, that great dark pool among the shadows, where the cavalier lady drowned herself when her lover married some other pretty young person—as was the custom, it seems, in the Stuart times. From those of our upper windows which look northward, we catch glimpses of the Channel through the trees; and if you want a whiff of the heather and the finest air in Devonshire, you have only to climb the hill behind the house to get it. 'Henrietta'—that's me—'Henrietta always gets prosy over the scenery,' my brother says; and, indeed, I do like to dilate a little about the Fishery and Riversmeet, I'll own; the very street is so charming in its quaintness and irregularity—here a bow-window and there a bay, and here again the simplest little diamond panes, through which you can scarcely see what is for sale inside. Riversmeet is not London, to be sure, nor Paris, but it supplies all we can require; and as for scenery!—well, until Cousin Clara and her niece came down to stay with us last month, I thought our scenery peerless. They had been on the continent exactly a year; but one would have thought, to hear them, they were some of those unhappy foreigners whose mission it is to prophesy, with such infallible accuracy, the date of Perfide Albion's downfall, and to underrate every excellence she boasts. 'O my dear Henrietta,' said Clara, the instant her arms were off my neck at our first meeting, and the kissing was over—'we've got so much to tell you that I don't know where to begin; we've had such a delightful year, such a charming expedition! Italy, Austria, the Ionian Islands, Greece, Constantinople, Switzerland, and France (but that's nothing)! Nice place you've got here; but you must not expect us to admire *English* scenery, after what we've been used to. Must she, Charlotte?'

Charlotte, her niece, is a round piece of luggage, with a single sentence attaching to her by way of address, which she exhibits very good-naturedly whenever spoken to—'I'm sur I don no, auntie.' The rest of her labels—for she had some others before she started, I know—have been torn off and utterly lost in change of trains, diligences, steam-packets, vetturinos, and the like, and in conflicts with extortioners and official persons. She remembers dimly some of her foreign sufferings and discomforts, but has forgotten everything else.

'I'm sur I don no, auntie.'

'Well, cousins,' said I laughing, 'since you have never been at Riversmeet before, it will be strange indeed if we can't shew you something here both new and striking.'

'What, my dear?' said Clara, stopping on the landing, half-way to the red-room, which we had prepared for her, and which looks on one side to the river, and on one side to the sea—'what can you possibly have to shew me? Temple, whirlpool, ruin, cathedral, picture-gallery, snow-mountain, geyser, volcano—we've seen them all. Ah, my dear Henrietta,' she went on, sitting down upon the fifth step from the top, 'you should have climbed Vesuvius. These stairs remind me a good deal, do you know, of Vesuvius—only there are no steps there, of course, and no carpet, for the ground is red hot to tread upon; and there was a naked man, or nearly so, pulling me up by a rope, and another pushing me behind. Some were carried in a sort of sedan; but that's dreadfully dangerous, your heels being higher than your head, and the bearers wanted two pound ten, or it might have been two and tenpence, for we could never calculate those scudi. . . . Well, what a nice little bedroom! Ah, but you should see the bedrooms in Germany, snowy white and eider-down; the bed is a-top of you, and the furniture just like that of a sitting-room. Gedenken Sie unser Bedroom zu Cologne, Charlotte?'

'I'm sur I—— O yes, it was where we got taken up by the police. Wasn't it, auntie?'

'What was that?' said I, beginning to feel interested.

'O nothing,' said Clara; 'only a ridiculous business about passports. Charlotte, in my absence, was asked if we had got passports, and she very foolishly said that she was sure she did not know, and they locked us up. It was nothing. What a pretty little river!

Ah, you should see the Mosel—you pronounce it wrongly in England—fifty times its breadth, and with ever so much bigger rocks in it than these, shooting, whirling, fizzing. . . . There now, that little bay across the Channel reminds me immensely of the Gulf of Catania, in Sicily, only, of course, on a very humble scale. This sort of thing seems all so dwarfed and insignificant after having been so much abroad—that's the advantage of foreign travel, it enlarges your mind so much. What a little tuppeny-hapenny pier you've got! Ah, you should have seen the—— Dear me! that's the second dinner-bell, isn't it? Do you know, in some places in the Tyrol we were summoned to table by a horn—so romantic, was it not? And so were the pigs. We'll be down directly; we never took more than five minutes to dress when we were travelling—table d'hôtes never wait, you know. La, Henrietta'—as I was leaving the room—'how queerly your dress sits behind. I never saw a dress sit so in my life, except once, at the baths of Leuk, in Switzerland; but there they wore crowns on their heads, and you don't do that, of course.' She had got her face in the water, but was talking on for all that, when I went down.

It is a thousand pities, thought I, that Cousin Clara, who has been a pleasant person enough for thirty years, should be so changed by thirteen months of foreign experience, as not to permit me to get a word into the conversation—the monologue rather—edgeways; and I wickedly called to memory Mr Hood's similitude of some travelled minds to copper-wires, which get the narrower by going further, for I was outraged by the comparisons which put our dear Riversmeet so completely in the shade; however, determining not to annoy my brother John with complaints, and trusting that memory would fail our guest at last, I came smiling down to dinner. John had been out all the afternoon providing for our table with his rod, and there was a very fine salmon and some trout.

'Trout! I adore trout,' Clara began; 'and these, for their size, are excellent; but you should have seen the trout at'——

I managed to get a bone in my throat, and to enlist Clara's services in patting my back and giving me bread, just here, or John, who is an enthusiast about his trout, would have been much annoyed, I'm sure, by the promised comparison. On she went again!

'Roe? No, thank you; salmon-roe is nothing after caviare. "Caviare to the multitude," you know, because everybody eats it on the west coast of Italy.'

'I thought caviare was a Russian dish?' said I innocently.

'Well, yes, it is in some sort a Russian dish; but it is also a very favourite food with the Italians. Anchovy? Please. Anchovy comes from Italy too, as you may have heard, and gives its name to the island of—— No, that's sardines, by the by. But it don't matter. Thank you, yes. This mutton reminds me: did you ever happen to taste sheep's ribs dried in the sun, Cousin John?' (My brother, who is fond of delicate eating, here gave a little shudder.) 'Well, you've no idea how good it is; we had it in the Tyrol; no—at St Quirico, in Italy. Didn't we, Charlotte?'

'I'm sur I don no, auntie.'

'Nonsense, child! Don't you remember how angry you made the woman by offering to count her beads for her, if she would only cook our dinner? Charlotte was such a plague that day to us, and would not sleep at night.'

'Mosquitoes,' murmured the niece, 'and a tarantula.'

'O yes, of course,' said Clara, just glancing at the interruption, 'we had our pains as well as our pleasures, privations at times; but then at times what luxuries! Why, this light wine here, which I daresay you give five shillings a bottle for'——

'I give ten!' shrieked brother John, 'and it's real johannisberg.'

'Bless me, is it, indeed? Well, now, that stood us in Florence about a quarter of a scudo—about a shilling.'

John to himself, but very audibly: 'That's a whopper.'

'These are capital dumplings, however, of yours; you never get a dumpling out of England, that I will say for it: and the grapes, I suppose, from your nice little hothouse yonder. Ah, if you went to Rome, you'd never touch a grape at home afterwards.'

'What are you eating them for, then?' demanded brother John rather rudely; but as he spends half the day in pruning them, it was enough to put him out.

He was not at all recovered, I could see, when he came to us ladies in the drawing-room, but Clara did not perceive it. 'Well, John, I've been talking to Henrietta, and I must say I think you ought to take her a little ramble abroad next summer—just into Switzerland, or to the shores of the Mediterranean.'

'I'm'—— I dropped a cup here, with a great noise, and so lost brother John's answer, but I'm pretty sure he said 'no' by her reply.

'Well, I'm surprised at you, cousin! Men with only one lady to take care of, think themselves exceedingly fortunate abroad, I promise you. Your sister need not have another bonnet, and but very little luggage: it's not usual, I assure you; Charlotte and I travelled all over the south of Europe with a carpet-bag between us. And you can buy your shirts—I heard this from a very nice man whom I sat next to at the Switzer Hof at Lucerne—buy a shirt when you want it, wear it as long as you can without a *blanchisseuse*, and then buy another. Ah, John, you'd so enjoy Napoli!'

'What's that?' growled brother John.

'What you English call Naples, to be sure. Such an enchanting place! Everybody a nobleman, except quite the rabble; and such macaroni! you have to hold it ever so high in the air, throw your head back, and let it settle down gradually upon your stomach. Tea? Thank you. You should taste the Russian tea.'

'This *is* the Russian tea, my dear Clara,' said I, 'for we are extremely particular about this matter.'

'O dear no; nothing of the sort. Excuse me: your London tradesmen are such cheats. It comes upon camels the whole way, and therefore it is absurd that you should think to get it in England. I like your cream, though, very much. You should taste the goat's-milk upon the Wengern Alps; shouldn't they, Charlotte?'

'Sour,' said Charlotte with a jerk, but very sleepily.

'Yes; there is a piquancy about goat's-milk which requires a continental taste to appreciate it, perhaps. But how late you are,' she broke out; 'it's nine o'clock. We rarely, or never, were up after eight, abroad—seven hours' travelling, seven hours' sight-seeing, and a little time for meals. (John groaned.) Oh, we never stinted ourselves, I assure you; we almost always had one good meal in the day; didn't we, Charlotte? There she's asleep. I've got so much to tell you to-morrow. *Buono notti*, as we used to say at Florence. *Gute nacht*. Good-night to you.'

'Thank Heaven!' said brother John with earnestness.

'Hi! there's no key to the door,' hollowed Clara presently over the banisters. 'I can't sleep without a key, ever since that adventure we had among the Euganean Hills, on the road from Padua to—— Oh, never mind, thank you; Charlotte has found our door-fastener; we never travelled without it when we were in the'——

'Shut the door!' roared brother John; and I cut short the reminiscence accordingly.

It was pitch dark when I was awakened by my brother's getting up in the next room. I heard him take down the sword that hung over his mantel-piece, and knew at once that there were robbers in the house. I was too terrified to articulate, but I got out and bolted the door. Presently he went down very cautiously, and immediately afterwards there was a dreadful scream. He had come suddenly with his night-cap and his sabre upon Clara and Charlotte, who, having been accustomed to rise regularly at four o'clock, in order to pursue their journeys, could not now rest in bed after that hour, and were reading by the moderator-lamp in the drawing-room. Though the room had not been touched, of course, and everything was in the last stage of discomfort and disarray, they did not seem to mind it in the least. 'La, bless me, John,' I could hear Clara cry, 'how you did make me jump! Well, I daresay you English people do think us strange; but you don't know what you lose by getting up so late.'

'Late! why it's the middle of the night, woman,' said John.

'Bless you, no; it's long past four. Oh, don't mind; we're quite used to seeing people in dishabille: how queer you look, though, with that thing tied under your chin. Now, you won't believe it, but at Venice I wore just such a thing as that, with a mask for the face besides, on account of the mosquitoes; but we could never keep them off. It was rather interesting to watch them thrusting their delicate little proboscisses, like stings'——

Here my brother ran up stairs three steps at a time, slammed to his door, and tossed and tumbled upon his bed, as though he were at Venice himself, until it was really morning.

Directly after breakfast—during which we had a few passing observations upon the Campagna, the Engadine, and the Dardanelles, which seemed to escape less by the opening of any particular valve than through the absence of any sort of plug whatever—brother John rode off to Stapleton to fetch Dr Bland; he is the cleverest person about Riversmeet, by far the best read and the most anxious for information; and John thought he would be a sort of conductor to Cousin Clara, who had evidently a huge mass of intelligence to let off still. He offered to pay the doctor just the same as for his professional services, if he would consent to remain at the Fishery until Clara should go, which she had promised to do upon the fourth day. In the meantime, poor Riversmeet and I suffered terribly. I took the two travellers to every spot which I thought interesting, and each reminded them of another spot which was twice as good: the Ivy Bridge was condemned by a comparison with that of the St Gothard Pass; Lillie's Leap was likened to some place upon the Rhine, where another young lady had committed a much more determined suicide; and as for our little town, what was it to Interlacken? All these home-beauties, which were once so dear to me, are now inseparably associated with unseen, perhaps imaginary, splendours, before which they pale and shrink. Beside our little mountain tarn, I dream of Como; and when I look up to our church's oaken roof, I sigh for the Vatican.

My brother brought his prize, the doctor, home with him to dinner, and the campaign, as I expected, was opened with the soup-tureen.

'These beautiful Devon scenes,' said Dr Bland, 'must be a pleasant relief to you, Miss Clara, after the more brilliant pictures you have met with in foreign travel?'

'Ah, sir,' replied my cousin, with a pitying shake of her head, 'you have evidently never been in the Tyrol.'

'Nay,' said he, 'I am perfectly acquainted with every detail of that country. Does not this very spot remind you somewhat of the Valley of the Inn, near Innsprück? What a charming convent that is of Landeck, which looks down upon just such a scene as the Fishery looks up towards!'

'Well, perhaps it does,' confessed Clara; 'but then how small, how confined!'

'Nay,' urged Dr Bland, 'but I think a cabinet picture has its charms as well as a cartoon: Grasmere is, for instance, to the full as lovely as Lake Leman, and infinitely more complete. Must beauty, then, as well as grandeur, be always 10,000 feet above the sea? Look at Suss now, in the Engadine Oberland. You have not seen it? Ah, then, you have missed something indeed.'

'I should like to see Suss exceedingly,' said brother John, rubbing his hands.

'To tell you the truth,' resumed Clara, rather vexed, I thought, 'Italy, and more particularly Turkey, effaced a good deal of the Swiss scenery from our recollection.'

'Indeed,' said the doctor, in a tone of curiosity, dangerous as it seemed to me in the extreme, 'what places particularly struck you?'

'Well, the village of Rocca di Papa, for example, that is exceedingly wonderful, but out of the ordinary (stress upon this word) tourist's way.'

'O yes; the little place at the foot of Mount Caro. Did you stay at the "Sons of Italy" inn? and had the charming bow-windowed room over the river too? That spot reminds me very much of Lynmouth, do you know; but it wants the sea, that makes Lynmouth finer.'

'But, after all,' resumed Cousin Clara, after a pause, 'Italy has something soft and effeminate about it, which you must penetrate still more eastward to lose. Now, I suppose, Dr Bland, you never got so far as the Temple of Ægina?'

'There are two,' said the doctor. 'Do you mean that in the Saronic Gulf, opposite Salamis? Ah! well, should you call that particularly masculine? I know many spots in Great Britain grander than that, and equally lovely.'

I confess I began to feel a good deal pleased. Brother John hung upon the doctor's words, as though a relation of foreign experiences was the subject that was dearest to him beneath the sun. There was, too, I think, a sort of dull ray of satisfaction emanating from Charlotte, as though she had never seen her aunt catching a Tartar before. That persevering lady, however, was not going to be beaten without another struggle. Constantinople—she called it Stamboul—was the very extremity of her travelling tether, and the time had now arrived to stake her all upon the chance of the doctor's wanderings not having extended quite so far. Like all travellers who tell tales, she would have much preferred relating them to stay-at-homes, just as Box in the play desires to fight only when he has made himself certain that Cox doesn't know how; but if she could get in an unknown land, the doctor would be as much at her mercy as we. We could see by her collected appearance that she was now about to dispute some last position with all the tenacity of despair.

'Well, Dr Bland, there is a good deal in what you say: neither Greece nor Italy can be said to combine every excellence of natural scenery; it is reserved, I think, for Turkey, the Garden of the World, to surpass all countries in that particular grace wherein each boasts.'

'You don't say so. I should like to hear you speak of two or three of the more remarkable Turkish places, for I have but a very small experience of the empire of the Crescent myself.'

'Well, then, I should say the finest spot in the world—(Cousin Clara kept her eye steadily fixed upon the doctor, and spoke very slowly)—in the whole world for scenery, is, without exception, Buyuk Tchekmedge, upon the Sea of Marmora. Its mosque, its minarets, its kiosk, I shall never forget them; shall you, Charlotte?'

'I'm sur I don no, auntie. O yes, I do—the cucumbers. You wouldn't get up there, you know, nor so much as look out of window.'

'Pooh, pooh; I don't mean the eating. Do you remember the beautiful solemn burial-grounds? and the'——

'Pardon me,' interrupted the doctor, 'I think you must mean Kutchuk Tchekmedge, not Buyuk Tchekmedge. I know one as well as the other: they are both pretty, but the former has the burial-grounds. The whole mere tourist—(the stress returned with interest)—part of Turkey is as familiar to me as that of France or Belgium, but I thought you might have seen some more of the Balkan than I. A walking-tour over these mountains is the pleasantest thing you can imagine; but mine was scarcely worth mentioning, it was so short. I know nothing like them in Europe, except the hills about Wastwater in Cumberland, which have nearly the same effects. Indeed, after all our toils, Miss Clara, we must agree, I fear, with our two untravelled friends here, that there is no place like home. From Switzerland, from Turkey, from Russia even—although there is a good deal of fine hill-scenery about the Don—I return to Stapleton and to Riversmeet, having found nowhere anything more charming.'

'Thank you, doctor,' said brother John with fervour.

'There's a great deal in what you say, sir,' said Cousin Clara, perfectly humbled.

She never used her memory, 'that tremendous engine of conversation,' despotically from that date; and although we kept Dr Bland in the house until the last, for fear of a relapse, his remedies were no further found to be necessary. The moment she had gone, brother John and I began to thank him warmly for his services. 'It was the luckiest thing in the world, doctor, that you happened to be a traveller; we had not the least idea of it when we sent for you.'

'No more had I,' said he, laughing in his queer silent way. 'I have never been out of England in my life, but I have read a good deal about foreign parts; and if you really do want any "mere tourist" information about them, I can lend you *the whole of Murray's handbooks.*'

EXPENSE OF THE WAR.

It has been roughly estimated that the total sum expended by all the belligerents during the war cannot fall far short of 2,000,000,000 dollars [L.400,000,000]. If to this sum be added the value of property sacrificed in consequence of the war, of the fleets destroyed, the towns burnt, the fortresses, harbours, bridges demolished—all of which cost millions upon millions in their construction—if account be taken of the property of private individuals utterly devastated in the course of the struggle, and of the untold losses occasioned by the withdrawal of hundreds of thousands of men from the ordinary industrial and productive employments of peace, some idea may then be formed of the deplorable expenditures of the war. During the two short years of the war, it is estimated that upwards of three-quarters of a million perished on the field in fight, on the wayside from cold or want, or in the hospital from disease, who, had they been left to pursue their ordinary avocations, might have enriched their country and benefited their fellow-men. But apart from the material considerations of pecuniary profit or loss, considering the question as one affecting the cause and interests of humanity, who can compute the anguish, the misery, the despair, which war brings in its train? Who can estimate the blighted hopes, the desolate hearths, the crushed fortunes, and countless domestic miseries which war occasions? They are not remembered when the triumph of the hero is celebrated; they are not noted by the chronicler; they are not taken into account by those who engage or provoke the contest to satisfy ambition, lust for power, or some other unworthy passion; and yet they are the saddest, because irremediable, consequences of war.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

THE SUN AT HOME.

If we be blithe and warm at heart,
If we be sound and pure within,
No sorrow shall abide with us
Longer than dwells the sin;
Though autumn fogs the landscape fold,
Though autumn tempests roam,
Our summer is not over yet—
We keep the sun *at home.*

But if our heart be void and cold,
Be sure no good will live therein,
But sorrow for the sorrow's sake,
And sin because of sin;
And aye, the dropping of the leaf,
And aye, the falling of the snow,
And aye, the barren, barren earth—
Though summer winds do blow.

J. P.

A MISSISSIPPI STEAM-BOAT.

There is a good reason why it is built with so little depth of hold. It is to allow the boats to pass the shoal water in many parts of the river, and particularly during the season of drought. For such purpose, the lighter the draught the greater the advantage; and a Mississippi captain, boasting of the capacity of his boat in this respect, declared, that all he wanted was a heavy dew upon the grass to enable him to propel her across the prairies! If there is little of a Mississippi steam-boat under the water, the reverse is true of what may be seen above its surface. Fancy a two-story house some 200 feet in length, built of plank, and painted to the whiteness of snow; fancy along the upper story a row of green-latticed windows, thickly set, and opening out upon a narrow balcony; fancy a flattened or slightly rounded roof covered with tarred canvas, and in the centre a range of skylights like glass forcing-pits; fancy, towering above all, two enormous black cylinders of sheet-iron, each ten feet in diameter, and nearly ten times as high, the funnels of the boat; a small cylinder on one side, the 'scape-pipe; a tall flagstaff standing up from the extreme end of the prow, with the 'star-spangled banner' flying from its peak—fancy all these, and you may form some idea of the characteristic features of a steam-boat on the Mississippi.—*Captain Mayne Reid's Quadroon.*

FIRST ATTEMPT AT THE PROBLEM OF THE ISTHMUS.

The *Hinchinbroke* was, in the spring of 1780, employed on an expedition to the Spanish main, where it was proposed to pass into the South Sea, by a navigation of boats along the river San Juan and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon. The plan was formed without a sufficient knowledge of the country, which presented difficulties not to be surmounted by human skill or perseverance. It was dangerous to proceed on the river, from the rapidity of the current, and the numerous falls over rocks which intercepted the navigation; the climate, too, was deadly, and no constitution could resist its effects. At San Juan, I joined the *Hinchinbroke*, and succeeded Lord Nelson, who was promoted to a larger ship; but he had received the infection of the climate before he went from the port, and had a fever, from which he could not recover until he quitted his ship and went to England. My constitution resisted many attacks, and I survived most of my ship's company, having buried, in four months, 180 of the 200 who composed it. Mine was not a singular case, for every ship that was long there suffered in the same degree. The transports' men all died, and some of the ships, having none left to take care of them, sunk in the harbour; but transport-ships were not wanted, for the troops whom they had brought were no more; they had fallen, not by the hand of an enemy, but from the contagion of the climate.—*Correspondence of Lord Collingwood, published in* 1828.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 143. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

THE APOCRYPHAL IN PORTRAITURE.

During the late popular excitement caused by a certain trial, a speculator, more artful than honest, having by some means procured an engraved plate that had already done good service in the palmy days of the League, erased the words Richard Cobden, and substituting in their stead William Palmer, printed off a large number of copies, which were eagerly purchased by the duped multitude as genuine representations of the unhappy criminal. Such tricks are not uncommon, and may be illustrated by almost parallel cases. When a similar excitement prevailed in Paris respecting the trial of Cartouche, the French Jack Shepherd, two totally different engravings were published, and had a rapid sale as correct likenesses of the robber. Yet neither was genuine. One was a long previously engraved portrait of Aubert, the designer; the other, of Le Gallois, the author. Again, at the restoration of Louis XVIII., a Parisian printseller issued a portrait of the restored monarch; but it was in reality an engraving of the First Napoleon by Bertrandi, from Gerardot's well-known picture. The head only being altered, is as the head of a Bourbon, while the body remains in the imperial, semi-theatrical attitude and costume of the Bonaparte. A similar proceeding took place, years before, in our own country. During the Protectorate, Faithorne, the engraver, being imprisoned for his adherence to the royal cause, procured his release by executing the celebrated full-length portrait of Cromwell in armour, as the emblem of England's freedom and happiness. The Restoration came, and the plate had to be concealed; but at length the Revolution placed another warrior on the throne, and then Faithorne's son altered Cromwell's head to that of William III., who, in his turn, to his own party at least, emblematised the happiness and freedom of England.

The early printers and publishers have numerous deceptions of this kind to answer for: we shall give but one instance, out of many. Collectors of portraits and admirers of Skelton, whose poetry had no small effect in promoting the Reformation in England, had long and eagerly searched for some painted or engraved memento of his features; at last an original, unmutilated copy of Skelton's *Dyvers Balletts* turned up, with the author's engraved portrait on the title-page. The long-sought-for acquisition was hailed with joy, and preparations were making to have the rude wood-cut engraved, *pro bono publico*, when it was discovered that, in a nearly contemporary work, *The Boke of Knowledge*, the very same engraving represented *its* author, a certain Dr Boorde.

A portrait of Skelton, then, was still a great desideratum, and fortunately another was found on the reverse of the title-page of a well-preserved copy of his *Chapelet of Laurell.* It represented the full-length figure of a man, holding a branch in one hand, and a flower in the other. There could be no mistake this time; for above the engraving were the words 'Skeltona Poeta,' and beneath it four commendatory Latin lines, in which the poet's name was honourably mentioned. Here, then, was Skelton at last. Steevens made a highly finished tracing of this impression, from which it was re-engraved, published in the *British Bibliographer*, and extensively circulated among the cognoscenti. But, alas! as our worthy neighbour Brown, the market-gardener, rather paradoxically says, when deploring the precarious nature of horticultural profits—'there is nothing certain but uncertainty.' It has since been discovered that this very same alleged engraving of Skelton had done duty as the author of the French *Danse Macabre;* had also typified the month of April in a French almanac; and on its first appearance, had represented no less a personage than the knave of clubs in a very early German pack of playing-cards!

Few, in fact, of the earlier engravings, found in old books, are genuine portraits of the persons they assume to represent. The early printers were too glad to get hold of any engraving for the purpose, which they displayed with as little compunction as the Seven Dials' press of the present day issues its wood-cut counterfeits. Volumes might be written on the apocryphal in engraved portraits; every print-shop offers a copious study for the subject, so we shall at once pass on to paintings.

'A portrait,' says Dr Johnson, 'is truth itself, and calls up so many collateral ideas, as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species of painting.' Yet the collateral ideas called up in the mind of Chrystal Croftangry, as he meditatively paced the picture-gallery in Holyroodhouse, were those of wonder and astonishment, particularly why the 106 portraits of Scottish kings there exhibited, 'should be each and every one painted with a nose like the knocker of a door.' These paintings, however, belong to the class which our French neighbours term the impossible in portraiture—a class which, comprising portraits of Mohammed, Bajazet, Attila, and numberless other heroes of antiquity, forms a wide district in the domain of the apocryphal.

In like manner, we may see at Versailles a complete series of portraits of the early French kings—all without exception belonging to the class impossible. Some, we must confess, were taken from impressions on existing coins of the respective monarchs; but as numismatists assert that the earlier French coins were merely rude copies of those of the Lower Empire, these paintings are as apocryphal as the others, which were fabricated according to the artists' fancy. A complete mania once existed for possessing impossible portraits. Cardinal Mazarin, from whom we would have expected a better taste, adorned his gallery with portraits of all the popes, from the reigning pontiff up to Peter the Apostle!

Few, if any, illustrious names have more frequently been the subject of fictitious portraits than Shakspeare. The authentic presentments of his face are well known —the engraved head by Droeshout on the title of the first folio; the celebrated Chandos portrait, traced with tolerable clearness back to the possession of his godson, Sir William Davenant; and the Jansens portrait, once the property of Prince Rupert, and now, we believe, in the possession of the Duke of Somerset. Of the pseudo-portraits of the bard of Avon, the name is legion. About the latter part of the last century, one Zincke, an artist of little note, but grandson of the celebrated enameller of that name, manufactured fictitious Shakspeares by the score. One morning, a friend calling on Zincke, found him attentively contemplating two old portraits, of an alderman and a lady, that he had just purchased. Ere the shades of evening closed, however, the alderman was metamorphosed into Cromwell; the lady, into Shakspeare. Error has an amazing vitality, and assumes the most Protean forms. Though the Zincke Shakspeares have been exposed over and over again, still they occasionally reappear, go the round of the newspapers with flying colours, and create no little local excitement in provincial districts. Nor must all this be attributed to fraudulent motives—it simply happens thus: the first purchaser, finding he has been cheated, takes down the picture from its pride of place, and consigns it to some lumber-room, untenanted garret, or dark closet. The subject, being what is generally termed a sore one, is never alluded to. Time rolls on, generations pass away, repairs or alterations are required in the old hall or manor-house, and, lo! an original Shakspeare is found, that may have lain hid, how long, ah, who knows how long! The local papers announce the interesting occurrence; letters are written to the leading literary and artistic journals, and they are published, but with editorial comments expressive of doubt; then a connoisseur, who knows a Zincke as well as he does a bank-note, sees the picture, and the bubble bursts, but in all probability not for ever, as the same picture, in a similar manner, may turn up and be a nine days' wonder half a century afterwards.

The most famous of Zincke's productions is the well-known Talma Shakspeare, which gentle Charles Lamb made a pilgrimage to Paris to see; and when he did see, knelt down and kissed with idolatrous veneration. Zincke painted it on a larger panel than was necessary for the size of the picture, and then cut away the superfluous wood, so as to leave the remainder in the shape of a pair of bellows. Then he carved on it the following lines:—

Poins.—Whome have we here
Stucke on the bellowes?
Thatte prince of good fellowes
Willie Shakspere.
Qh! curste untowarde lucke,
To be thus meanlie stucke.

Then follow four more lines from Pistol; but as they smack of that braggart's usual profanity, we are forced to omit them. Their meaning, however, is that a bellows is a most appropriate place for the portrait of him whose fame rides on the wings of the wind. Zincke probably was thinking of 'a muse of fire' when he adopted this strange method of raising the wind; but he made little by it, for the dealer into whose hands the picture passed, sold it as a curiosity, not an original portrait, for L.5. The buyer being a person of ingenuity, and fonder of money than curiosities, fabricated a series of letters to and from Sir Kenelm Digby, and, passing over to France, *planted*—the slang term used among the less honest of the curiosity-dealing fraternity—the picture and the letters in an old château near Paris. Of course a confederate managed to discover the *plant*, in the presence of witnesses, and great was the excitement that ensued. Sir Kenelm Digby had been in France in the reign of Charles I., and the fictitious correspondence *proved* that the picture was an original, and had been painted by Queen Elizabeth's command, on the lid of her favourite pair of bellows!

It really would seem that the more absurd a deception is, the better it succeeds. All Paris was in delight at possessing an original Shakspeare, while the London amateurs were in despair at such a treasure being lost to England. The ingenious person soon found a purchaser, and a high price recompensed him for his trouble. But more remains to be told. The happy purchaser took his treasure to Ribet, the first Parisian picture-cleaner of the day, to be cleaned. Ribet set to work; but we may fancy his surprise as the superficial *impasto* of Zincke washed off beneath the sponge, and Shakspeare became a female in a lofty headgear adorned with blue ribbons. In a furious passion the purchaser ran to the seller. 'Let us talk over the affair quietly,' said the latter; 'I have been cheated as well as you: let us keep the matter secret; if we let the public know it, all Paris, and even London too, will be laughing at us. I will return you your money, and take back the picture, if you will employ Ribet to restore it to the same condition as it was in when you received it.' This fair proposition was acceded to, and Ribet restored the picture; but as he was a superior artist to Zincke, he greatly improved it, and this improvement was attributed to his skill as a cleaner. The secret being kept, and the picture, improved by cleaning, being again in the market, Talma, the great tragedian, purchased it at even a higher price than that given by the first buyer. Talma valued it highly; enclosed it in a case of morocco and gold, and subsequently refused 1000 Napoleons for it; and even when at last its whole history was disclosed, he still cherished it as a genuine memorial of the great bard.

A want of sufficient knowledge, combined with the long habitude of taking everything we are told for granted, without examination or discussion, contributes more even than fraud to the apocryphal in portraiture. There are three well-known portraits, each and all alike, representing the same person, at the same age, and in the same costume; the only difference being that in one of them he is painted with an arrow in his hand. At Dijon, one of this trio correctly personates Philippe the Good, Duke of Burgundy; but another, at Versailles, figures as Charles VII. of France; while the third, bearing the arrow, looks down from the wall of a French gallery, in the character of William Tell! Thousands have been disappointed by the portrait of Columbus at the Louvre. Can that be Columbus! is the general exclamation. That unintellectual-looking, vulgar, common-place, unmistakable Teuton. The face, certainly, has the indescribable air of salt-water, that few, if any, but seamen can recognise in each other, but we cannot acknowledge *him* to be Columbus. He may have been the skipper of a Dutch herring-buss, or haply, the commander of a Batavia trader, but never the discoverer of a new world. And we are right. In the palace of the Duke de Veraguas, a descendant of the great navigator, at Madrid, there is a veritable authentic portrait of Columbus. In it we see a commanding figure, with a mien of dignified authority; a rather long face, slightly aquiline nose, blue eyes, clear complexion, tanned by exposure to a tropical sun, hair silvered o'er by thought—in short, as like the Dutchman at the Louvre as Hyperion to a satyr.

There is a shadowy Countess of Desmond, whom antiquaries occasionally stumble over, to fall in a slough of doubt, discussion, and disappointment. This lady is said to have been born in the reign of Edward IV., danced with Richard III., and outliving the seventh and eighth Henries, Mary, Elizabeth, and James, to have died when about 170 years of age, in the reign of Charles I. She renewed her teeth three times, and probably might have lived till now, if she had not been so fond of climbing apple-trees, her death having been occasioned by a fall when enjoying so girlish an amusement. Observe, we are only telling the tale as it is told to us. The countess, having outlived the ninety-nine years for which her jointure was settled, fell into poverty; so, leaving Ireland, she passed over to Bristol, and from thence, when 140 years old, walked up to London, to solicit a pension from Queen Elizabeth. Both Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Bacon saw her on this occasion, and it is from them we glean the very doubtful little that is known about her. There are, however, several alleged portraits of this lady of eightscore still extant, and, as representations of so very remarkable a character, they are highly valued. Alas! all is vanity. These portraits have latterly been indubitably established to be likenesses of Rembrandt's mother.

The rational pleasure derived from the inspection of portraits depends upon the assurance of identity, for they, reflecting, as in a mirror, real persons with their features, costume, and characteristic expression, as in life, hand down to posterity the correct semblance of those who have merited the gratitude of mankind, or were distinguished by their valour, virtues, writings, or even position in society. The greatest care, then, should be taken to exclude the doubtful in the verification of a portrait; yet even in the highest places we continually meet with error upon error.

As the apocryphal in history is mainly detected by contemporaneous documents, so it is in portraiture by contemporaneous pictures and engravings. The finest portrait in the world, with respect to execution—the wonder and despair of modern portrait-painters, as Mrs Jameson ably and truly terms it—is in our own National Gallery. It is by Vandyck, and is catalogued and exhibited as the portrait of Gevartius. Yet even this great picture, representing a most important epoch in the history of art, is wrongly named. By two authentic engravings, executed during the lifetime of Vandyck, the error is detected. One of Gevartius himself has no resemblance whatever to the picture; while another proves that it is the portrait of Cornelius Van der Geest, an amateur and patron of art, the person for whom Rubens painted his magnificent work the Battle of the Amazons, now at Munich. When we see so gross an error perpetrated in a national collection, we may expect to find confusion worse confounded in a private one. Several excellent copies of this misnamed Gevartius, painted probably by Vandyck's own pupils, are in existence—in Scotland, these copies represent George Buchanan; in England, Lord Bacon.

On the very same wall in the National Gallery, and within a few feet of the picture we have just alluded to, there is another painting by Vandyck, exhibited as a portrait of Rubens. This fine and remarkable picture evidently represents a real occurrence. The principal figure, grossly misnamed Rubens, is represented as speaking, with authority, on some point in art, which is illustrated by a statuette, held by an attendant in the rear. Few painters have introduced their own portraits into their works so often as Rubens, and few persons, however slightly acquainted with art, but know the features of that painter as well as they do those of Queen Victoria; and yet there is no more resemblance in this painting to the portrait of Rubens, than Fluellen found to exist between Monmouth and Macedon. Most decidedly, it is not the portrait of Rubens. Who, then, does it really represent? Mrs Jameson says that it may possibly be Luke Vosterman, the engraver. It is with deference we beg leave to differ from so excellent an authority; we can trace no resemblance whatever between this picture and the engraved portrait of Vosterman. It certainly resembles Robert Van der Voerst, another contemporary engraver; but we have no doubt in our own mind that it is the portrait of that great Englishman, Inigo Jones.

Again, in that portion of the National Gallery exhibited at Marlborough House, there is an alleged portrait of Milton by Van der Plaas. It is carefully painted, and bears that indescribable expression which proves a portrait to be a likeness of the sitter, whoever he may have been—most certainly, in this instance, it was not Milton. The author of *Paradise Lost* was pre-eminently beautiful; so much so, that he was called the lady of his college; and a well-known romantic story, relating to his beauty, is told of an adventure which happened to him in Italy. It is enough to say that the person whom this picture represents had no such personal advantages. Besides, there are two indisputable authentic portraits of Milton—one by Jansens, who thus, it will be seen, had the rare distinction of painting both Shakspeare and Milton—when the latter was only ten years old; the other, taken at a maturer age, exhibits the same features developed into manhood. Consequently, these pictures corroborate each other, while they contradict the almost libellous counterfeit of Marlborough House. It is a good picture, nevertheless, representing a stern, determined man—we may say puritan—with an expression of religious excitement. Most persons capable of judging, say that it is the portrait of John Bunyan; we rather incline to the same opinion, but still have doubts, probably suggested by a fancy of our own too vague to bear recording here. In all these instances, the false name is legibly painted on the frame of each picture, to the open stultification of the authorities, and the deception of the public.

It is pleasant to know that these errors will speedily be reformed. A National Portrait Gallery is about to be established, and the name of Earl Stanhope—better known as Lord Mahon, the historian—at its head, is quite sufficient to justify our warmest hopes. Already has the Earl of Ellesmere most munificently presented the Chandos Shakspeare to this Gallery, and, we may add, to a grateful nation. It is not generally known that no country is so rich in portraits as England—the French term it the classic land of portraiture. Ere our own artists had attained distinction with the pencil, Holbein, Rubens, Vandyck, Lely, Kneller (besides the Scotch Jameson), had visited us, and left behind them numerous title-deeds of beauty, claiming an almost imperishable renown.

There is a minor description of the apocryphal in portraiture that must not be passed unnoticed. Genuine likeness is too frequently falsified by the personal vanity of the painted and the interested adulation of the painter; moreover, fashion and the affectations of the period give to a numerous crowd of sitters a general air of identity, which is further strengthened by the peculiar mannerism of the artist. As men, by constantly repeating a fiction, at last come to believe it, so, in like manner, painters, by adopting and constantly pursuing some peculiar deviation from the truth of nature, in course of time acquire a vitiated eye, which sees things not as they really are, but as the mind would make them. If John Gilpin, of credit and renown, had sat to Reynolds, the artist would have given to the train-band captain the picturesque air of a hero of romance; if Tilly Slowboy had been painted by Lawrence, he would have delineated her with all the grace of a countess. Of all artists, Vandyck, more than any other, avoided such errors. In his portraits of the First Charles, the pencil of the painter seems to have acquired the inspiration of the prophet, for in the melancholy grace of the monarch's countenance may be discerned the dim presage of his sad destiny. Indeed, Vandyck's portraits, being all natural, lifelike, and habited in the costume of the age, are the most valuable as faithful records of the past. Lely, at the first, painted in the style of Vandyck, but soon altered it to suit the form and pressure of the time. The court of the Restoration, corrupt, gaudy, and meretricious, was as destitute of good taste as of good morals, and Lely pandered to the fashion and follies of his era. Dryden truly tells us that he drew many graceful pictures, but few were like. Forming an ideal model in his own brain, his female portraits have all the same voluptuous expression, a sort of blended sweetness and drowsiness, while he draped them in a fantastic kind of night-gown, fastened by a brooch, and thus satirised by Pope—

> Your night-gown, fastened by a single pin,
> Fancy improved the wondrous charms within.

Lely, consequently, made an immense fortune; but Riley, the best English artist of the day, ruined himself by painting Charles II. 'Is this like me?' exclaimed the king; 'then, ods fish, I am an ugly fellow indeed.' The too truthful artist was never employed at court again. Cromwell disdained such flattery. When he sat to Lely, he said: 'Now, Mr Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses—pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will not pay you one farthing for it.'

Queen Elizabeth, the vainest of women, delighted in being painted, and taxed the skill and ingenuity of the artist to the utmost point of flattery. Even after the marks of advanced age had disgusted her with the reflection of her own features, after she had ordered that *thing*, the mirror, to be taken out of her dressing-room, she still would be painted, but wo to the artist if he delineated any '*shadows*'—for so she termed wrinkles—on her face! Some of those *shadowless* portraits are at Hampton Court, and ghastly-looking sights they are. But why speak of Elizabeth—have we not all of us some vanity or other of our own? The great moralist, Dr Johnson, quarrelled with Reynolds for handing him down to posterity as 'Blinking Sam.'

Lely's bed-gown, and

> Sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul,

were followed by the equally false style of Kneller, who absurdly endeavoured to combine portrait with historical painting; and thus we find in his portraits noble shepherds and shepherdesses in flowing wigs, lace, velvet, and brocade; aldermen in classic togas figuring as Roman emperors; antiquated dowagers in the guise of Hebes; humble-looking Junos, scowling Allegros, and smiling Penseroses.

Not daring to trifle with the patience of the reader, we must now conclude, though we have adverted only to a few of the more striking features of a great giant, who still casts a baleful shadow over the glorious realm of art; though we have now done with the subject, the world still abounds with the Apocryphal in Portraiture.

THE BAGH-NUK.

It sometimes happens that two individuals of utterly dissimilar tastes and dispositions are thrown together, by 'God's servant, Fate,' under circumstances which make them thenceforward sworn allies, or, what is far better, sincere friends for life, without the encumbrance of any oath of fealty. It so chanced that Mark Thorne and I, both cadets, were fellow-passengers in the *David Scott*, bound for Madras. He was a fine robust young fellow of nineteen, two years my senior, and more than double that time my superior in every quality and qualification that fits a man for active duties. Bold, dashing, yet neither presumptuous nor scornful, he soon became a favourite with everybody; and though not handsome—for a defect in one of his cheek-bones, occasioned by an accident in extreme youth, marred the symmetry of one side of his face—his fine dark eyes, genial and expressive, and well-proportioned figure, were decidedly in his favour. Fond of all masculine sports, jocular and jovial, yet without boisterous or coarse habits, he was little addicted to reading; whilst I, the opposite of all this, was a shy, sickly lad, much given to the perusal of sentimental romances, timid and awkward, with a strong tendency to secret verse-making—the least likely individual in the world to become the intimate companion of one whose character was so different. I am not too proud to confess that the interest he took in me might have had its rise in a sort of commiseration. He saw my embarrassment and restraint when quizzed by less generous shipmates than himself; and thence sprang up a desire and a determination to defend me. Moreover, it so happened, that at Madeira, where we landed for a day, I awkwardly stepped from the boat which was taking us ashore into the deep sea, where, not being a swimmer, I might have rested till now had not Mark Thorne instantly plunged into the water, and, at the peril of his life, rescued me. From that day, he accounted me as his particular charge—patronised me with the affection of an elder brother, and was the kindly means of improving me into a passably manly and rational youth. As for me, I was proud of his friendship, and loved him beyond all my former experience of attachment. As it was, I am not sure that I did not exercise some beneficial influence over him, in my turn, for I believe that I inoculated him with a share of my love of books.

Amongst our fellow-passengers there were but two characters who need specification in my narrative—Mrs Irwin, the wife of a civilian, returning to India, and a little bright-eyed, tawny-skinned girl, the daughter of her Mohammedan ayah, who died at the commencement of our voyage, leaving Hazàra to the protection of her kind mistress. It seems that the ayah had been for many years the attendant of Mrs Irwin—had married a worthless creature, who had abandoned her, taken to evil courses, and latterly escaped from justice, having joined a party of plunderers, and been suspected of even worse crimes than robbery. Hazàra took a wonderful fancy to Mark, insomuch that it became a standing jest of the quarter-deck to ask him how his little swarthy wife was—a joke that, though received by him with a laugh, excited furious anger in the youthful ayah, whose fiery nature Mrs Irwin had some difficulty in controlling. Hazàra, not yet twelve, was a woman in feeling and thought, and the susceptibility of her temperament called for more serious restraint than the gentle disposition of her mistress was accustomed to exercise. When we landed at Madras, her grief was so uncontrollable, that a new light struck upon all of us, and Mark himself felt it a relief to be rid of her presence.

We were separated—he and I—and when we met again, after some five years, it was not as strangers, for the epistolary link which unites severed friends had been faithfully kept in repair. I was then *en route* to rejoin my regiment at Nagpore, and he was holding a staff-appointment at Bellary, where I had determined on remaining his guest for a week. In the Madras presidency there is no hotter station than Bellary, and no hotter month than March; and of all days in the year, that March morning—when, with cramped limbs, and worn out from sleepless night-travel, I jumped out of my palanquin, resolved to refresh and cool myself by walking the three miles which still lay between me and my friend's bungalow—was the sultriest in my experience. The sun had just begun to throw out his *avant-courier* beams; and the air, which had no dewy grass to sweep over, came with a warm kiss that menaced increasing heat as the day grew older. The cantonment of Bellary is placed amidst a grotesque assemblage of rocky mountains; and as I moved on languidly, I came upon a cluster of singularly shaped cliffs on the sterile plain, amongst which, nestling in a cranny, beneficently shaded by an enormous banian-tree, I observed the red and white flag of a *tekiah*, or shrine, where the buried remains of some saintly devotee is watched over by a fakir, or religious mendicant of the Moslem creed; and sure enough, as I drew near, I became aware of a gaunt and grisly man, who stood in earnest conversation with a female, half hidden by one of the corner pillars of the quadrangular structure which composed the dervish's tomb. At my approach, disturbed by the hum of the palanquin-bearers' song, the speakers turned round, and I could not but observe the striking contrast presented by the singular beauty of the woman and the forbidding aspect of the man. My glance occasioned her to draw her *chudder* quickly round the lower part of her face, yet not so quickly as to prevent me from observing a style of expression which struck me as being familiar. Her dress was simply that of a Mohammedan woman in comfortable circumstances. Far from favourable was the impression her companion made on me; for his was one of those types of countenance which, originally handsome, become absolutely ugly from the collision of such passions as deform all beauty. As he thrust the woman roughly behind him, and came forward with the whining demand for alms that is observable only in the least worthy members of the fakirhood, an inconceivable dislike of the man pervaded, so to speak, my whole nature. There are few of us who have not, at some period or other of our lives, felt this mysterious, and apparently causeless, shrinking from certain individuals; and is it a superstitious weakness if I profess my belief that such feelings are given in warning, if not as prophecy? Time will shew how far those sensations were warranted towards Boorhun Sha, the fakir of Bellary.

Warm as the climate was the welcome I received from Mark Thorne, whom I found but indifferently well, though surrounded by all the comforts of an elevated position. He told me that ere long he hoped to wed the only woman he had ever loved. 'She is here,' said he, 'residing with her aunt, an old friend of mine and yours. You remember Mrs Irwin?'

'Perfectly,' said I. And after a moment's silence: 'As sure as I live, I saw that wild, passionate little Hazăra this very morning.' And I told him of the impression made upon me by the fakir.

'Yes,' said he; 'you are right. In another month, I hope to be the husband of the sweetest creature on earth; and good and gentle as Mrs Irwin is, I shall be glad to take her niece to a home of her own, where she will be free from the strange but very unmistakable tyranny which Hazăra exercises over that household. She is a singular girl, and since Mr Irwin's decease has managed to regulate all the widow's actions; herself influenced, as I have reason to believe, by that odious fakir, Boorhun Sha, her father.'

'Odious, indeed,' I added. 'I cannot account for the disagreeable impression he made on me. But what else is known about him?'

'It appears,' said Mark, 'that he treated his wife—whom you may recollect as Mrs Irwin's ayah—so cruelly, that her husband, as collector of Cuddapah, where they then were, interfered, and had him punished. He disappeared for some years, and then started up all at once at Nagpore, where I first saw him. He was then, as now, a fakir; but his conduct, in insulting some English ladies, came under the eye of the resident; and I had the merit, for such I account it, of having him seized, and in accordance with the judgment of a *punchayet* (native jury) he was severely flogged, and obliged to leave the cantonment. Neither my astonishment nor my regret was small to find him, after five years, established here, and in close correspondence with Mrs Irwin, whose indulgent affection towards his daughter blinded her to the insolent intrusiveness of the fellow. His looks, as I pass him, constantly remind me of the *dawa*—the revenge he vowed against me, when I superintended his expulsion from Nagpore.'

A week passed pleasantly at Bellary; my friend's temporary indisposition had disappeared, and I was introduced to Margaret Douglas. She was a sweet gentle creature, evidently much attached to him; and there was nothing to anticipate but happiness in the union which was so soon to be solemnised, and to *assist* at which I had consented to apply for leave—leave granted as soon as solicited. I cannot say that during this period any suspicions were excited in my mind by the assuredly eccentric conduct of Hazăra, for I had come to consider her simply as a girl of passionate and capricious disposition, so spoiled by the over-indulgence of a weak mistress as to render her both presuming and intrusive. More than once I was cognizant of her almost insolent behaviour to Margaret, and more than twice the same idea that haunted me on board ship flitted across my thoughts, and I set her down in my mind as being, so to speak, in love with Mark. But I kept such thoughts to myself, whether wisely or well, I dare not say. However, it so befell, that a few nights before the day fixed for the marriage-ceremony, Mrs Irwin, contrary to her habits, complained of her attendant's wild and singular behaviour of late, and turning to Margaret, asked if she had observed it.

'Why, yes,' was the reply. 'I must confess she became quite angry this morning because I persisted in refusing to swallow, fasting, a magical draught, which, she assures me, will not only increase my attractions, but make me always appear youthful in the eyes of my husband.'

'How ridiculous!' said Mark. 'I did not think she was such a fool.'

'She has been too much with her father of late,' said Mrs Irwin, 'and he has put some superstitious notions into her head.'

'Well,' added Margaret, 'she cried so bitterly about it, and pleaded so hard, that I actually promised to quaff the precious potion to-night.'

'Do no such thing,' cried I. 'Who can tell what kind of mixture it may be?'

Everybody laughed at me; and Margaret, turning to Mark, said: 'It is only some sherbet, over which an incantation of great power (of course) has been uttered by her father. Do you really wish me not to take it?'

'I often take her draughts,' said Mrs Irwin. 'It pleases her, and does me no harm.'

'Do as you please,' said Mark; 'but really I am tired of the girl's folly and bad temper.'

That night, some hours after we had left the Irwin bungalow, and whilst we were chatting quietly in the veranda before retiring to our sleeping-quarters, loud cries and exclamations reached us across the dense hedge of cactus which separated us from our friends. Up we started, and before three minutes had passed, were running up the gravel-path that led to the house, where we were met by the head-servant of Mrs Irwin, in great agitation, who, as soon as he saw us, shouted out to some of the numerous menials that are at all hours to be found about the establishment of certain classes in India, to run for the doctor-sahib.

'What is the matter?'

'O sahib!—ayah, sahib! Chotee beebee make die—all one herself! Murtee hye; she make die very quick!'

The poor man was so terrified that he could not express his meaning; and with the terrible impression his words conveyed that his young mistress was dying, we rushed into the hall. The sight that met us was sufficiently startling, but a glance shewed us that Margaret Douglas and her aunt were safe. In frightful convulsions, Hazàra, supported between them, lay on the mats; and before we had time to ask for or hear an explanation, the wretched girl with a shriek fell back, silent and fixed.

'She is dead!' said Dr Thomson, after calmly regarding her, and taking from Margaret's tremulous hand a *kuttora*, or small china goblet, to which she pointed. I need not be diffuse: the story was briefly revealed. On retiring for the night, Margaret found on her table the goblet containing the draught which she had promised to swallow. She had been left alone, and was on the point of quaffing the potion, when Hazàra staggered into the room, her looks haggard, her accents loud and wild. 'Drink it not!' she said; and as Margaret stared upon her, the goblet still in her hand, the girl, snatching it from her, emptied it at a draught, and exclaiming: 'I am poisoned!—I wished to kill you, for you are loved by one who cares not for me, and now I shall die!' Ere Margaret could summon Mrs Irwin and the servants, the truth of Hazàra's assertions became visible. Her shrieks, at first loud, became weaker; and just before she became speechless for ever, she named her father and Mark Thorne. Her father had given her the potion for the *bridegroom*, and she had sworn to administer it.

It was a sad and restless night that which followed. The havaldar's party which was despatched within an hour to bring in prisoner the fakir, Boorhun Sha, found his tekiah-cell vacant; not a trace of him was visible, except the *chatty* of cool water from which he drank and a few handfuls of *dàl* (parched pease). Justice was not satisfied with this superficial search. Information of the intended murder was spread abroad, and high rewards offered for the detection of the fakir; but in vain. Meanwhile, my friend's nuptials were solemnised under that certain cloud which inevitably lowers over a recent crime. I know not how the bride or bridegroom felt on the occasion, but for myself I must confess that a singular and unsurmountable depression weighed me to the very ground.

In short, I was glad when, all over, the ready palanquins conveyed the new-married pair from Mrs Irwin's elegant refection to the ruins of Vizianuggur, where, in accordance with an established custom in Anglo-Indian society, at the period of which I write, they had resolved upon passing the honeymoon. I bade them farewell, and in a few hours after had left Bellary in prosecution of my route to join my regiment.

The post, a week afterwards, brought me the accounts of the event I am about to relate. On the fourth evening of their stay at Vizianuggur, Mark wandered out to finish a sketch of an antique pagoda, of which his wife had requested a copy. He never returned! But as twilight advanced, poor Margaret, anxious and impatient, determined on seeking him; and knowing the spot where he had gone, set off on foot with several bearers and her ayah to meet him. They met him not; and the place being very near, was reached before daylight had yet thickened into gloom. There are sights that curdle the blood with horror, and such was that which met the gaze of the young wife. I need not say that it was the body of her husband—the *headless* body! Stretched below a pile of ruins, the ground saturated with his blood, poor Mark Thorne had evidently been intent on his occupation when attacked by the assassin. Examination—though, of course, that was an afterthought—warranted the conclusion that the death-blow was struck before the trunk was decapitated. Through his heart was the deep wound delivered by deliberate hatred; and in that wound—as if some sudden voice had startled the perpetrator into flight ere he could withdraw the deadly weapon—was fixed a steel instrument, called a *bagh-nuk*, or tiger's claw. It is a rare weapon, and the only one I ever saw was that which deprived my friend of life. The word bagh-nuk describes it; for it is a sharp claw-like thing, with four curved, pointed spikes, attached by a light bar to two rings, which he who uses it passes over the fore and little finger. The weapon is thus concealed in the hand, striking the victim with all the force and fatal aim of a tiger's claw. 'With this arm,' says a modern traveller, 'the renowned chief, Sivajee, traitorously slew Afzul Khan, the commander of Pertaubghur, in 1659.' No trace of the head could be discovered. It was cleanly severed from the trunk; and, notwithstanding the most strict investigation, the whole matter remained a mystery for several years. It is needless to relate the anguish of the widowed bride, the horror of her attendants. Enough to say that God, who is never absent from the suffering humanity which invokes His aid, had compassion on her. A party of gentlemen and ladies, visitors to the ruins, arrived even as she sat in frenzy over the maimed body of her husband. Amongst them was a surgeon, to whose skill and his wife's tenderness Margaret owed her life, perhaps her reason.

Time passed, time passes, and with it come thoughts which, howsoever dark, drive out darker ones. After two years, I was in command of a detachment at Condapilly in the northern division, where the closing scene of this drama of real life took place. A stranger to this decayed town, I delighted in rambling about the wild romantic hills and rocks which on one side overlook the suburbs, and stretch away, clothed in variegated jungle, for many miles. A view of the Kistnah river, as it winds through cultivated fields till lost near the rugged plains where the long exhausted mines of Golconda exhibit nothing but deep pits and shallow beds of water, whence the finest diamonds were once dug, gave life to the scene; and being solitary in my command, without any other European officer, I felt, as it were, 'lord of all I surveyed.' One early morning I had set forth with one sepoy-attendant, a native of the place, to inspect a bit of marshy ground in which it had been reported that snipes were known to congregate. As we entered a darksome pass leading to it, we suddenly came upon an old *jogi*, or Hindoo mendicant, whose emaciated and almost nude limbs were so thickly smeared with pipe-clay and ashes, that his original skin might belong to any given colour. His long hair, plastered with filth and dust, depended in tangles down his back; but as he glanced fiercely at us, whilst he continued to fill a basket beside him with the fiery stalks and leaves of the poisonous *Asclepias*, I recognised, in spite of every disguise, the Mohammedan fakir, Boorhun Sha, in the still more repulsive and squalid form of the Hindoo jogi. Startled as I was, I resolved on the conduct to be pursued, and passed silently and indifferently, without a look that could denote recognition or suspicion. Passing a rock that hid us from sight, I asked the sepoy whether he knew the man.

'I, hook, vospar, sahib!—(I spit upon him, sir)', said the man. 'We have heard of him, but his accursed presence has not till to-day blotted out the light from my eyes. In the first place, may Allah preserve us—he is a jogi; and in the next, may Satan be aloof—he is a *jadoogur* (a sorcerer).'

'Does he reside in the town?' asked I.

'No, sahib; he inhabits a cell beneath the rock to the right; only the stone-worshippers approach it, and even they are not admitted to the interior. The villagers bring him food; and, as he is said to have wonderful power over herbs and drugs, he is much sought after as a *hakeem* (doctor). But Allah keep me from physic that is nothing else but *muntur juntur* (magical incantations).'

That day, I wrote privately to my friend the collector of the district such a letter as I knew would induce him to place at my service any amount of judicial authority that might be necessary. Two nights after, alone, but armed, I left my bungalow on a *reconnaissance* for the cell of the enemy. It was a fine clear night; I had nothing to fear from anybody but the jogi; and as the fragrance of the jasmine, which sprung profusely in the thickets, the blossoms of the acacia, and the basil (*Ocymum sanctum*), which I crushed at every footfall, floated around me, I was sensible of an aspiration that I might be the means of bringing to deserved punishment the murderer of my friend. Silence was around, disturbed only by the coo of the wood-dove, or, as I neared the marsh, the croak of the bull-frog. A light, almost dazzling, shone from the only aperture, except the closed door, that belonged to the cavernous cell; and certain that I was unwatched, I crept stealthily to this open lattice, and looked in. My reward was a sight that convinced me I had guessed justly, for Boorhun Sha, without the filthy pigments which had altered his countenance when I saw him before, stood revealed in all his original ugliness: I should have said knelt, for the jogi, in the position of a suppliant, with raised hands and murmured moans, seemed to address what at first I took for some hideous idol; but ever and anon, as he turned his fierce eyes to the cresset, in which glared a brilliant light, I could discern that passions of no gentle nature suggested the prayers he breathed. As my vision became accustomed to the light, I saw with surprise that it was to no idol, but to a grim human skull that his words were addressed. Round it, something that quivered, yet did not escape, arrested my attention. It was a long green tree-snake, nailed by the head to a wooden pedestal, on which the skull was placed. Once or twice he groaned deeply, and then, stooping to take up some material from the floor, the nature of which I could not distinguish, he uttered a yell so loud, so weird, that, startled out of my caution, I must have displaced part of the window against which I leant, for in a moment, ere one could count *one*, the light was extinguished, and all was dark.

I confess I felt exceedingly nervous as I cautiously withdrew. But ere a second day had elapsed, officials were with me, accompanied, too, by my friend the collector, prepared to seize the suspected jogi; and no time was lost after their arrival. In a few minutes, we were at the hermitage; and in a few more, from a sound and unsuspecting sleep, Boorhun Sha was awakened to find himself a prisoner.

He made no resistance, nor by a single word afforded confirmation or denial of the charge brought against him. In his cell, nothing was found but a few drugs and dried plants. I looked in vain for the skull, and resolved that it should not, if possible, escape me. I asked where he had hid it: a savage glare from eyes that rivalled the tiger's in ferocity was his only reply; but ere that glare fixed on me, I had caught the direction to which it had momentarily wandered, and in a dark niche, which might have readily escaped detection, the ghastly memorial was found. The reader, who has doubtless guessed the suspicions that crossed my mind when first I saw it, will not wonder that I took it in my hands with a shudder, passing it to the surgeon of my regiment, who, at my request, had come to Condapilly on this occasion.

'It is the skull,' said he, 'of an individual who, in early youth, must have undergone a surgical operation, for one of the cheek-bones—the superior maxillary bone—is wanting.'

At these words, confirming my suspicions, the prisoner started in wonder. 'Is there any one here,' continued Mr Pratt, 'who knows if the gentleman, of whose murder the prisoner is accused, had any similar defect?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'my friend, Captain Mark Thorne, whose skull this is, by a fall in early youth, was obliged to have the cheek-bone operated upon. He was murdered by this man.'

'And the weapon?' said the collector.

'Was a bagh-nuk,' cried the prisoner, to our extreme astonishment.

I am at the end of my relation, for Boorhun Sha, far from endeavouring to deny the crime, seemed to glory in having committed it; in fact, he confessed all. Whether the man was really rendered partially insane by his avowed hatred of Thorne, and by his own naturally evil passions, is a question which did not benefit him in those days, whatever it might have done in these.

Boorhun Sha confessed that, urged by his daughter, Hazàra, to provide her with a philter which should gain her the love of Mark Thorne, he had supplied her with a poisoned potion, in two separate draughts, each one of which was of strength sufficient to fulfil his purpose. The girl must have suspected his intention, knowing how bitterly he hated Thorne, for, changing her determination, she entreated Margaret Douglas to drink the draught as a beautifier. Under the idea that Mark had been induced to swallow it, Boorhun Sha fled; but rumour soon acquainted him with the turn affairs had taken, and, in the disguise of a jogi, he followed the newly wedded couple, still intent upon revenge. He was condemned to be hanged at Masulipatam; and every one who was a sojourner in that city at the time will recollect the disappointment which prevailed on the morning appointed for his execution, when it was discovered that he had escaped the rigour of the law by voluntary death.

As his person had been strictly searched when seized, great curiosity was excited as to the means by which he had committed suicide. His body became the subject of anatomical investigation, and this led to the detection of the arm secreted for self-destruction. Between his toes were concealed several little bags of a subtile powder, which, when tested, were found to be virulent poisons.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MESMERIC TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

The Exeter Board of Guardians, finding a large increase of the insane in their hands, lately addressed a letter to the Marquis of Dalhousie, inquiring if he could testify to the likelihood of a mesmeric treatment proving of service, it being understood that the most noble ex-governor-general, when in India, had to some extent patronised the use of mesmerism in the public hospitals. The marquis answered that he had been convinced of the utility of mesmerism in enabling numberless native patients to bear severe operations without suffering, but had not had opportunities of forming any opinion as to the utility of that agent in cases of insanity. It becomes a question if the inquiry is worth prosecuting any further.

We are no better able, so far as information goes, to decide this question, than any other person; but the following train of ideas forcibly arises in our mind. Ten years ago, and at a later date, when surgical operations were reported both at home and in India as having been performed painlessly under the influence of mesmerism, the whole medical fraternity, with a few exceptions, howled out in incredulity and ridicule. We remember seeing reports of meetings of medico-chirurgical societies, at which believers in the fact were treated by their brethren with the grossest incivility on that account. Now, there is no longer any denying that scores of painless operations were performed in India on individuals who had previously been thrown into the mesmeric sleep. The derisive sceptics of a few years ago are shewn to have been in the wrong.

With regard to mesmeric treatment of insanity, we have a report from the Calcutta Mesmeric Hospital, giving a highly favourable statement. In that report Dr Esdaile writes thus: 'Being familiar with the soothing and strengthening effects of mesmerism upon the debilitated and irritable nervous systems of the sane, and believing that insanity in general originates in debility or functional weakness of the brain, I expected to find mesmerism of service in the treatment of madness, like everything else that restores tone and regularity to the system. But functional derangement of the brain, if long neglected, becomes as inveterate as other chronic diseases of function; and success under any treatment will mainly depend upon early attention being paid to the case. . . . . The patients were taken in the order of names in the register, and none were rejected, except for old age or self-evident idiocy; care being also taken that the persons were *then perfectly mad*, lest a lucid interval might be the commencement of a permanent cure. During the last six months, 37 persons have been mesmerised, and the results are—8 cured, 1 cured and relapsed, 13 no change, 1 died, 9 under treatment, 5 much improved —37. As I anticipated, we found the insane as readily affected as the sane, many of the patients being thrown into the trance, although it was not desired to do so, it not being thought necessary. . . . . Dr Kean, of Berhampore, writes to me that he has had much more striking success in his lunatic asylum; probably owing to more regular superintendence, which is indispensable; for if not done with a will, it need not be done at all. Dr Kean says: "Taking a hasty glance over the years 1847 and 1848, I see that about seventy-four patients were discharged cured to all appearance; and I think it has been successful in every case of epilepsy." It thus appears that mesmerism is likely to be as serviceable in the treatment of insanity as it is in general medicine.'

Is it so? We cannot tell, for the evidence is as yet insufficient to enable us to form a judgment. We cannot, indeed, pronounce in any way on the subject; but when we remember how the idea of painless cutting under mesmeric sleep was treated by nearly the whole medical body of England only a few years ago, we have no hesitation in saying that any *à priori* incredulity of theirs regarding mesmeric treatment of the insane seems to us entitled to very little attention.

It is a terrible interest which they have in the question, who have relatives afflicted with insanity. Who but must sympathise with them, and desire to see every chance of cure taken advantage of? Say that this is but a chance, and a poor one, would it not be a great pity to neglect it, such as it is? Admit the great likelihood of its failing, still, if it could do no ill, as we believe would be the case, it might be worth trying. A philosophic caution about novelties is very well—there are infinite numbers of delusions and absurdities abroad. All true. Yet we know that from the list of things which appear to be such, important truths are occasionally elicited. The doubts about one class of mesmeric facts are now seen and acknowledged to have been wrong. Certainly it would be most deplorable, if, from any overdriven scruples, to be afterwards equally proved false, the attainment of a result so dear to humanity were to be for any considerable length of time delayed.

ANOTHER UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

If a new *Curiosities of Literature* came out every year with the almanacs, there would be no scarcity of curious and eccentric publications to fill its pages. In the second number of *Brown's Original Repository**—an exceedingly original production, by the way, and cheap as well, for it is issued at the low price of one penny—will be found a system of universal language, which, if simplicity be any recommendation, is infinitely superior to that of the Abbé Orchando, recently noticed in this Journal, or indeed any other language ancient or modern, local or universal; for the author, who, we presume, is Mr Brown himself, at one fell swoop does away with all the 'numerous and intricate grammatical rules' that so long have barred the portals leading to general knowledge. Poetry, rhetoric, trope, metaphor, style, idiom, and all such nonsense, he unsparingly abolishes for ever; telling us that men under his system will 'express their sentiments according to reason and the nature of things. For example, if we wish to inquire after a person's health, we must not, as in English, say: How do you do? or, as in French: How do you carry yourself? or, as in German: How do you find yourself? but, literally and significantly, How is your health?'—a phrase which a few minutes' acquaintance with the well-named *Original Repository* enables us to translate into the Universal thus: *Ter pre sum ten tu salus?* The reader will already perceive that the Universal is founded on the Latin, and that it has a tendency to multiply words; but the author has a very different idea. He says: 'The number of words may be greatly reduced by judicious combinations; thus, the word *when* may be dispensed with, and its place supplied by the phrase, *at what time*.' This, in our opinion, cannot be an arithmetical reduction; probably, it is a logical one, the *reductio ad absurdum*.

Though the 'twenty detached signs, capable of being learned in an hour,' which form the Universal, may be applied to any language, to the utter extinction of those troublesome books termed grammars, yet our author selects Latin as his basis, because 'it is already known to a large class of persons in every country of the civilised world.' The Latin scholar, however, is not required to unlearn his Latin before he can correspond in the Universal, any more than the person who is unacquainted with Latin is required to learn it. As only the nominative case of the noun or pronoun, the indicative mood, present tense of the verb, and the positive degree of comparison of the adjective is used, any person, with the aid of a Latin dictionary, may with ease write the Universal.

The key of the system will be found in the following words of its author—'The only difficulty,' he says, 'connected with the acquirement of any language, is the change that words undergo in order to modify their different significations. For instance, the English word *man* is changed into *men*, in order to form the plural, which is as great a change as if it were altered into *can* or *fan*, words of entirely different meanings.' Now, instead of changing the words in any manner, the Universal is written by prefixing certain signs, which indicate the different declensions, conjugations, and degrees of comparison. Nouns and pronouns require but two signs to denote the plural and possessive. Thus, *plu* homo is men, and *ten* homo, man's. Ego is, as in Latin, I; but *plu* ego, in Universal, signifies we, and *ten* ego, my. Six signs are required by adjectives—

---

* London: E. Stanford, Charing Cross. 1856.

three to express comparison, and three to indicate number. Twelve more signs supply all the various moods and tenses of verbs. Thus, *pre* represents the present—as, *pre* amo, I love; *post*, the past—as, *post* amo, I loved; *fu*, the future—as, *fu* amo, I will love; and so forth. Such is the whole system; any one may comprehend it in five minutes; and the author in conclusion says: 'To correspond with a Frenchman or German, &c., abroad, write your letter in Universal, and enclose in it a French or German copy of this work, which will enable the foreigner to read the letter with the aid of a Latin dictionary.' And it really is almost startling to have to acknowledge the evident truth of the above passage. There can be no doubt that two persons, say a native of France and England, each ignorant of Latin, and of each other's language, with the aid of a Latin dictionary and a knowledge of this system, could correspond together, in a rude and barbarous jargon, we admit, but one readily understood by both. Indeed, though we took up our pen in a spirit of ridicule against the numerous absurdities contained in this penny pamphlet, we must frankly acknowledge that it is with an emotion of surprise we contemplate the great ease by which the system could be usefully put into practice.

The first number of the *Original Repository* is also a curiosity in its way: it is entitled 'A New System of Lights and Sounds for the Guidance of Ships at Sea.' Here the author is at sea with a vengeance: a more absurd production never emanated from Bedlam, and yet there is a kind of method about it. The outline of the system is, that ships are to be navigated over the great deep by peculiar 'durations or combinations of sounds,' produced by ringing bells, blowing whistles, beating gongs, and firing cannon, 'every time the second hand of a chronometer, keeping Greenwich time, completes the minute as marked on the dial-plate.' The author, however, gives the preference to artillery. 'Cannons,' he says, 'are the most effective sounding-instruments at present known; but I think their report might be greatly increased by firing them from the interior of bells.' (!) With this quotation we may shut up the book, and lay down our pen, adding only that the third number of the *Repository*, which was advertised to be on the subject of the moon's motion, never appeared: probably the author was anticipated by the wonderful *discovery* of Mr Symons.

WORKMEN'S TOOLS.

The newspapers make us aware that a subscription was opened for such of Messrs Broadwood's workmen as have lost their tools by the late fire; a measure of relief that of late has been usually adopted after the destruction, by fire, of manufactories where the implements of labour are costly.

Why should not the workmen insure their tools? A man with seventy pounds' worth—it is stated some of Messrs Broadwood's men had that amount—certainly earns enough to enable him to afford the necessary outlay: to lack forethought enough for the purpose, is not a little discreditable to an intelligent artisan; and we see no reason why the public should pay the price of his heedlessness. With misfortune that could not have been foreseen or provided against, we have the utmost sympathy, and would help the sufferers to the extent of our power. But that which a little thought and a trifling expense might have prevented, we regard with very different feelings; and in this latter class we feel compelled to place the, uncompensated, loss of these costly tools. From time to time we are told of the 'dignity of labour;' and the phrase, though a high-sounding one, is a very good one in its way. But, to our apprehension, never does 'labour' look more *un*dignified than when calling upon capital to help it out of a difficulty, to obviate which by its own self it had only lacked the *will*.

However, for this once, let much abused 'capital' exercise its ordinary practical kindliness towards distress, without stopping to inquire too closely into the merits of the case. Let the men have their tools bought for them again. But for the future let it be understood, that where implements of labour are costly, it is the duty of the workman to insure them; and the duty of the employer to see that his servant fulfils his duty in this particular.

Let us not be construed as dealing harshly with those of whom we have been writing: nothing is further from our thoughts. Our object is to raise the working-classes, and beneficially help them, by teaching them to help themselves. They possess many virtues. If they would only add to them something of the habits of forethought and prudence exercised by those above them in the social scale, not only would their pecuniary circumstances be bettered by it, but they would gain alike in self-respect and the respect of their neighbours.

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

Our readers have not, perhaps, been able to form any precise idea of the nature of the honour recently conferred, with Her Majesty's sanction, by the Emperor of the French, upon certain officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the British army. We now, therefore, lay before them a brief account of the Gallic order of the Legion of Honour.

In the year 1802, Napoleon, then First Consul for life, contemplating his elevation to the Empire, bethought himself of creating a decoration which, by bespangling his adherents, would draw them more compactly round his triumphal car. Cambacérès was summoned; the idea of the Legion of Honour was communicated to him, and the grand chamberlain of course acquiesced. A council was convened with all due ceremony and promptitude, and the grand plan laid before the members, mostly all of whom, with the exception of Monge and one or two more civilians, were military men high up in grade, flushed with the success of the battle-field, and whose coffers were well garnished by booty and by the state. The Emperor's *préliminaire* or opening speech was short, but, as usual, *ad hoc*, to the purpose, and may be given in substance thus: 'For more than two lustres, the French armies, following their generals and their eagles, have been victorious, covering themselves with honour, and exciting the admiration of the world. Promotion has been rapid in every rank, and the private soldier may now look forward to be one day a general. But all cannot become generals, although all may aspire to distinction. A distinction of honour is therefore become necessary, to be worn alike by the soldier and the civilian, thus comprising in one large family the whole French nation. This distinction is the one I propose—"The Legion of Honour"—which is destined to far surpass, in exploits and glory, the by-gone decorations of France.' He ceased, and a general discussion followed, not wholly in favour of the project; for although many had been previously gained over by those little blandishments, and cajoleries of the soirées of the Tuileries, and their fascinating Josephine, still the great plan met with some opposition, and the for and against were bandying their opinions with each other, when Napoleon ordered Cambacérès to read the final clause of the Report, containing the emoluments —*traitement annuel*—attached to each grade. All was now silence; the opposition at once ceased; and a legislative decree soon proclaimed the adoption of the plan; and speedily afterwards a gorgeous ceremony took place in the Champs de Mars, 'throwing,' as the historians of the times say, 'an aureola of glory over the inauguration of the first distribution of the decorations of the noble order;' but which aureola did not prevent Madame de Staël from thus addressing one of the decorated: 'Ah! je vois—vous êtes un des honorés!'—pronounced *déshonorés*—for which *jeu de mots* she was ordered to leave France, and remained many, many years in exile.

The Legion of Honour was therefore founded as a distinction, not only for military services, but likewise for civil services rendered to science, literature, art, and administration. Even when the Empire fell, the Bourbons preserved the decoration, but changed the mode of conferring it, and substituted the effigy of Henry IV. for Napoleon's. Since 1830, many changes have taken place in the manner of taking the oath on being decorated; but as it now stands, it runs thus: 'I swear fidelity to the Emperor Napoleon III., and obedience to the constitutional charter, and to the laws of the kingdom.' The order comprises the following grades:—Grand Cross, first called 'Grand Eagle;' Grand Officer; Commander, first named 'Commandant;' Officer; and Chevalier, first named 'Légionnaire.' The first distribution, in 1802, comprised 6772 military men and 951 civilians, making a total of 7723 on that memorable day. Were the statutes of the order strictly followed, it would require twenty years' good and loyal service for either a civilian or a military man—the latter in time of peace—to be admitted a chevalier; but any extraordinary act performed by a civilian, any useful object invented by a superior mind, any *action d'éclat*—bold feat of arms—achieved by a soldier while campaigning, is instantly rewarded by the decoration, or promotion in the order, if the person be already decorated. In war-time, therefore, no number of years is required to obtain the decoration; and this implies a wise foresight, as it gives hopes to the recruit, and leads the officer on to great exploits.

The revenues of the order of the Legion of Honour amount to eight million francs, or L.320,000 sterling; two-thirds of which are absorbed by the administration of the order, and the annual sums or *traitements* paid to its various members. Those sums are as follows:—The Grand Crosses and Grand Officers receive annually 5000 francs; Commanders, 2000; Officers, 1000; Chevaliers, 250; but such annual sums have been paid since the year 1815 only to such as have received the decoration while private soldiers or non-commissioned officers.

A fine moral feature of the order is the many gratuitous *maisons d'éducation*—educational establishments—attached to and supported by it, for young ladies, daughters of officers or sub-officers: the private soldier never being allowed to marry during the term of his seven years' service, unless his wife occupies some employment in the regiment, such as laundress or *cantinière*, or brings him a fortune of about L.12 a year. Those educational establishments, in which the instruction communicated is of a first-class order, are St Denis, near Paris; a branch in the Rue Barbette, at Paris; and another branch at the Loges, near St Germain. In all three there are about 900 or 1000 pupils; but out of the 500 contained in the Imperial House at St Denis, 400 pay L.40 a year for board, education, &c.; but all the young pupils belonging to the other two establishments are brought up therein gratuitously. The Imperial House at St Denis is administered by a lady-superintendent, who has under her orders six ladies (*dignitaires*), twelve ladies of the first class, twenty novices, and many candidates for the noviciate. All these ladies, except the novices, wear the decoration of the Legion of Honour on the left breast; and most becoming it is over their jet-black attire. The two branch-establishments are administered by religious ladies belonging to the spiritual order (*congrégation*) of the Mère-de-Dieu.

The Legion of Honour, as well as all the establishments depending upon it, is under the immediate control and administration of a marshal of France, who has the title of Grand Chancellor; and the *bureaux*, or offices, are situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Paris, not far from the legislative chambers. The revenue of the order is kept up by the interest on its original endowment, and a small monthly percentage upon the pay of every officer in the army and navy. Altogether, it is an order which does honour to its great founder, and to the great nation for which it was founded.

There are two other orders of the kind in France: the Royal Military Order of St Louis, founded by Louis XIV. in 1693; and the Order of Military Merit, created by Louis XV., in 1759, for the reward of officers professing the Protestant religion. These were suppressed during the great revolution, and re-established on the return of the Bourbons in 1815; but at the revolution of July 1830, they fell into desuetude, although not abolished by legislative enactment; and the Legion of Honour, the decorations of which have been conferred upon a portion of our army, is, practically, the only existing order.

A SKETCH IN CHALKS.

Horrible steep!
Hark! do you hear the sea?
King Lear.

It is a warm delicious afternoon in July; the sun, after hiding away in storm-cloud and mist these three days past, shines out over the sea in shifting lines of brilliant green and amber, and lights up the great chalk-wall about this rugged Dover coast. Straight before us, only seventeen miles away, lie the shores of France; we can see the markings and chasms in those white cliffs to-day, and even the winding roads and hedges traversing the dull green slopes upon their summits. Far away to the right, a shadowy point rises above the line of the horizon; it looks no bigger than a pin, but it is the Boulogne Column for all that; and on the extreme left, if you have but long sight or a good glass, you may see how this westering sunlight is streaming into the very streets of Calais.

Only to live on such a day is happiness enough. There are great white masses of still and solitary cloud suspended here and there overhead; the gulls flash white over the sea; the dragon-flies are flitting about on opalescent wings; and there goes a butterfly past my window. Away, pen and paper, and toil of authorship! It is one of nature's holidays; and we must out into the warm air with sketch-book and colours, and enjoy our share in this lavish summer, on which, as the poet saith, God sets no price!

Which way shall we go? To the right, whence come pleasant sounds of music—where the band, and the bathing-machines, and the pleasure-seekers 'most do congregate?' Ah, no! To the left rather, whence the sweet south wind is blowing towards us; where the lone headlands reach far away, and no living creature stirs. Along now by this commodious path cut in the face of the cliff. See how it turns and varies with the caprices of the outline—how it rises over the brink of that green recess—how it dips to the base of that perpendicular barrier! It is a little narrow and dizzy at times perhaps, but we soon get used to that; and further on, you see, it comes down the beach-level, and plays at hide-and-seek with the great boulders which lie scattered at intervals all along the coast.

How grand they are, these wind and wave worn walls! What a gigantic study are they to the naturalist, the geologist, and the artist! See how those lines vary, repeat, and melt into one another—how the more distant masses lose colour by the interposition of air—how the nearer alternate in light and shadow, are relieved by bunches of weeds, and patches of scant grass, overgrown here and there by bushes, and radiant with nooks of wild-flowers! Then those mysterious strata of flint—what an exquisite opposition of lines they afford to the sketcher, running horizontally through shade and sunshine, cleft and promontory; ribbing the snowy face of all the range with the delicate accuracy of a geometrical diagram, and telling a solemn history of ages in which there was life but not humanity. In all these strata, nodules, or small masses of flint containing remains of shells and animals, are abundant, and the wisest professors find themselves puzzled to account for the presence of fossils so singularly placed. But hold! we are wandering on far too soberly and thoughtfully; and, I fear, have been unobservant of half-a-hundred treasures already. Here is a little colony of wild mignonette; and here, in a snug crevice, the small celandine, beloved by Wordsworth. This graceful blue flower, tapering upward like a blossoming Gothic spire, is the delphinum, or wild larkspur; and yonder, just within reach, grows a fine specimen of the wild œnothera. Let us pluck that, roots and all, for it is somewhat of a rarity, and the seed will be precious. Far above our heads, on some narrow ledges which only the samphire-gatherer would venture to approach, cluster a number of large plants with broad blue green leaves; that is the *Brassica oleracea*, or wild cabbage; and some will scarcely believe me, perhaps, if I tell them that it is supposed to be the parent of every variety of greens, broccoli, cauliflower, and garden-cabbage. A chalky shore is especially favourable to them, and some tracts along the Cliffs of Dover produce them so abundantly, as to give those white steeps all the appearance of an inaccessible market-garden. Then we have white hemp-flowers, purple thistles, poppies red and white, modest little daisies, yellow butter-cups, and delicate wavy grasses meeting us at every step; and down yonder, on the dark ooze by the ebbing tide, we see a busy naturalist bending low over the weedy rocks, and straightway we are tempted to desert the cliff and the wild-flowers, and go scrambling down over lichen-grown boulders and shelving banks of pebbles, to see what the ocean may this time have left behind it.

An oyster-shell to begin with, pierced all over with hundreds of tiny round holes like a thimble. These are wounds inflicted by other sea-creatures, which thus ate away the very life and substance of the miserable hermit. Having striven long and bravely, he was conquered at last, and here his empty armour is cast ashore by the unpitying sea. Here is a skate's egg, and a little green dead crab, which hath, as Shakspeare terms it, 'a very ancient and fishlike smell.' What a queer thing a skate's egg is! They lie about the beach here by hundreds, only people seldom pause to examine them, and few know what they really are. The children call them mermaids' purses; but that is not a very satisfactory explanation, after all, and only leads one into an embarrassing inquiry as to the nature of that currency which a mermaid would be likely to 'shell out.' This egg is of a quadrangular form, flat, hollow, and of a curious brown membranous texture, like the roasted husk of a chestnut. The angles end in long points, and one of the flat sides is fractured where the young rayfish, or skate, emerged into life upon his own account. On some parts of the coast, these purses are called skate-barrows. They are chiefly thrown up about midsummer; but if you chance to find one at the latter end of the spring, and will take the trouble to open it, there you will be sure to find the young fish lying *perdu* within, coiled up head and tail together, innocently unconscious of bread-crumbs and crimping-knives, and all other ills that skate is heir to.

And now the sea keeps ebbing further and further away, and we have left the East-cliff jetty and the extremest suburb of the town a long, long way behind. Even the castle is out of sight by this time; and for all the signs of civilisation to be seen, one might as well be treading the lone shores of Robinson Crusoe's island. Here the time-stained boulders lie in great unwieldy masses, piled one above the other in fantastic shapes of pyramid and cavern, and crowned with dropping fringes of gray lichen and rich mosses, purple, yellow, and brown-pink.

But see! here is a boat hauled up on the beach; and just above it, on a broad ledge some twenty feet up the face of the cliff, grows a mass of luxuriant vegetation, the leafage of which looks strangely familiar to our eyes, though at this distance we cannot distinctly make it out.

Back again, then, from the shore to the cliff, and up to the winding path we left a little while ago. Getting somewhat nearer, it looks like—positively *it is!*—a potato-garden! Nothing more novel or romantic than a potato-garden, after all! Now, this potato-garden is a serious blow to us; we feel ourselves aggrieved by it. Wandering here, face to face with the solemn cliffs and the great sea, we had almost brought ourselves to the belief that it was some unexplored tract 'in strands afar remote;' and we seriously object to any interruption so commonplace and disturbing as a potato-garden. Turning away in indignant disgust, we see another shelf, still loftier and steeper, planted in the same manner; and further on, another. After all, there is something worthy of observation here. What agile and persevering cultivator has been at work upon this perilous spot? See how neatly and regularly his potatoes have been planted—think how patiently he must have laboured to clear and manure that atom of barren rock—to fence it about thus cleverly with a wall formed of mere chalk-blocks hewn out of the face of the cliff! And surely those are pease in that furthest enclosure! Can it really be a desolate island, and has Robinson Crusoe been at work here all the while? Our interest is at last awakened, and we hasten along, eager for investigation. Now the path shelves rapidly downward, skirts the base of a fantastic crag, brings us round a sudden corner, and into a broad semicircular space like the entrance to a park-lodge. Here there is some attempt at ornamentation, in the shape of two rude pedestals, one of which supports a board with a painted inscription, and the other a large money-box. The board tells us that 'This road was made for the public by Isaac Taylor:' the money-box bears three simple words—'Forget me not.' Looking round now with added curiosity, we see what appears to be a dwelling in the solid cliff. For a space of perhaps twenty square feet, the chalk has been smoothed away to a level upright surface; just in the centre of this space is a doorway; to the right of the doorway are two small glazed windows and an iron stove-chimney. Sloping up to the left, we observe a larger and more accessible potato-field than we have yet seen; and to the right, on raised terraces somewhat resembling the Rhenish vineyards, extend a series of cultivated ledges, some of which bear flowers, and some vegetables. A pathway, carefully walled on either side, leads up to the entrance; and over the door a painted placard announces that ginger-beer may be purchased within.

A tall, old weather-beaten man, who is sitting just outside chipping and shaping a small lump of chalk, rises as we approach, and touches his cap with the back of his left hand in military fashion.

'Is it possible,' we begin, 'that this place has been hollowed out of the cliff? Is it inhabited? Can you tell me whose work it is?'

'The cave is my own, and the work of my own hand—for I have the use of one only,' he replies. 'Would you like to walk inside, ma'am, and sit down?'

'Then you live here?'

'Surely.'

'Did you make the road too?'

'Yes, ma'am, I am the road-maker—Isaac Taylor, at your service. It's all my own labour, house and garden, fields and road; and eight good years it has taken me.'

'And have you had the use of only one hand all that time?'

'That's all, ma'am. Perhaps, if I had never been disabled, I shouldn't ha' thought of coming down here, you see. But it has been a great pleasure to me, and I'm very fond of the place; so I daresay I am happier as it is, after all.'

There is something cheerful and frank and gallant in the way he says this, and we find ourselves getting more and more inquisitive.

'Pardon the question,' we go on to say, 'but did you ever serve in the army? You have all the bearing of a soldier.' The old man looks pleased, and draws himself up to his full height.

'You are right, ma'am,' he replies; 'I was a bombardier in the Eighth Battalion of Artillery, under the Duke. Major Lloyd commanded us at Quatre-Bras on the Waterloo day, and was killed close beside me—more's the pity.'

'And there you got your arm hurt?'

'No such luck, ma'am—wish I had, for I should get more than a shilling a day of pension now! No, I never was wounded at all. I happened of this dislocation while working on the South-eastern Railway close by, after I had left soldiering altogether. I was the first man to drive a pig into the Shakspeare Cliff yonder.'

'The first man to do what?' we ejaculate, in utter astonishment.

Smiling quietly to himself at the ignorance displayed in this question, he pulls a long bar of rough iron from under the bench on which he has been sitting, and balances it in his strong left hand as though it were a mere cane.

'This is a pig, ma'am. It's a tool, you see, for boring into the cliff, and this one has done me good service. It was too bad, wasn't it, ma'am, to escape all the shot of Waterloo, and then be crippled by a bit of chalk at last? But do come into the cave. I've a picture of the Duke inside.'

Looking round the interior, our amazement is doubled. Here is not only labour, but taste; not only taste, but a certain degree of cultivation. Two spacious rooms, strengthened with arches and pillars, have been hollowed out by this one brave hand. The roof, 'tis true, is very low—so low, that by slightly raising his arm above his head, he can touch it easily; but he has vaulted it with an eye to both safety and beauty, left plenty of convenient shelves and benches along the walls, and hewn out three or four arched recesses, which add in no trifling degree to the symmetry of his work. In one of these recesses stands a graceful plaster-cast of a saint-like woman leading a young child by the hand; another is filled with shelves of ginger-beer bottles, and surmounted by a bust of Shakspeare; a third, containing his tea-service and other ware, is presided over by Milton. All round, nearly covering the walls and pillars, are pasted unframed prints and wood-engravings, cut promiscuously from the headings of ballads, the leaves of story-books, and the pages of *Cassell's Family Paper* and the *Illustrated London News*. Here are the members of the Peace Conference side by side with the Spanish dancers; a portrait of Miss Nightingale next to the winner of last year's Derby; maps of the Baltic and the Black Sea, plans of the camp, views of Cronstadt and Sebastopol; battles modern and ancient; generals living and dead—General Windham, Lord Nelson, and Prince Gortchakoff, in the most ample and friendly confusion. First and foremost, however, occupying the most conspicuous situation over the fireplace, are two which he prizes above all the rest: these are a half-length lithograph of Wellington, and that fine print of the funeral-car which was issued by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*. Observing our attention drawn to this, he shakes his head, and looking very serious, says 'he would have given a good deal just to see that sight; but the picture of it is better than nothing.'

Round by the fireplace some boarding is laid down, for additional comfort in winter; and a recess cut for the purpose beside the stove, serves as coal-scuttle and coal-cellar. In one of the windows a fine telescope is lying, and a few books, chiefly of religious tendency, are piled together in the other. In the middle of the first apartment—for the second, we should have said, is designed for a sleeping-room, and is not yet quite finished—stands a large table, covered with red baize, on which a small collection of chalk-fossils is displayed for sale. He found these while excavating his cave. They are very carefully prepared, and so inexpensive that one is almost ashamed to take them at the price. Very fine specimens of ammonites, belemnites, and other cephalopoda may be purchased for twopence or threepence each; to say nothing of sharks' teeth, still sharp and polished as when they performed their merciless office; starfish, needing only colour and life to be perfect; cockle and other shells, distinctly preserved, even to their most delicate veinings, and all firmly imbedded and incorporated with the brittle chalk. Besides these, he has the opalescent ormer-shell of the Channel Islands, some curious flints, and specimens of dried sea-weeds; amongst which, by the way, we hasten to secure a fine piece of the *Corallina officinalis*, which has taken root upon a fragment of variegated pebble.

Questioning him upon these things as we examine them, we find that Isaac Taylor is somewhat of a botanist and geologist in his self-taught way, and that his love of prints and statues is genuine so far as it goes, and entirely free from anything like 'effect.' He likes to have the bits of pictures about him, he says; they cheer him up when he is alone, and it's a solitary place after all, especially in winter. Even in summer-time, the whole day will sometimes go by without his having heard the sound of any human voice except his own. But wouldn't the lady like to see the garden?

So out we go into the garden, and up a flight of little narrow steps, leading to the first terrace. Here we discover that our old soldier loves flowers as well as other charming things, and that he delights in a fine view; for, like Robinson Crusoe, he has 'built himself a bower' at one extremity of his garden, where a glorious expanse of sea and shore lies broadly mapped for miles and miles around. In this bower he smokes his pipe when the day's work is over, and reads his newspaper whenever any such treasure falls in his way.

'Well, friend Isaac,' we exclaim suddenly, after a long interval of silence, 'where is Friday all this time?'

'Friday, ma'am?' he repeats interrogatively: 'today's Tuesday, begging your pardon.'

'Yes, yes; but as you are so veritable a Robinson Crusoe, you must have a man Friday somewhere. Did you never read *Robinson Crusoe?*'

He laughs, and shakes his head.

'I never read the book,' he replies; 'but all the children round about Dover cry the name after me. I should like to read it very much, out of curiosity like. As for my man Friday, I am my own man on Monday and Tuesday, and every day of the week.'

'It must be hard work for you to keep all this ground under cultivation.'

'It wouldn't be if I had two hands to do it with; but I am nigh upon seventy, and I have got nearly an acre here altogether. There are six enclosures and two terraces of garden to keep up; but they don't produce a bit too much, for I have twelve children living, all married, and I contrive to keep them in vegetables, every one.'

'Then you don't sell your crops?'

'Sell them, ma'am! Certainly not. I can live well enough on a shilling a day and the sale of such little trifles as you see in the cave; and one likes to do something, you know, for one's children.'

'And what manure do you employ?'

'Oh, sea-weed chiefly, and waste leaves, and so on. The surface-chalk, you see, is reduced to powder, and in that the plants grow right well. It's rather hot, but potatoes do best here; so I grow more of them than anything. I have plenty to do in the spring and summer months, ma'am, I assure you.'

'Ah, you are a happy man!' we observe smiling: 'you have health and leisure, and employment as well; and, above all, you have no rent or taxes to pay here.'

Isaac shakes his head again, but this time very gravely.

'Begging your pardon, ma'am, I'm sorry to say I pay both. All this part along here belongs to the Earl of Guildford, and to him I pay ten shillings a year, though gentlefolks do say it's rather hard of him to take it from a poor man like me. I had no idea that anybody could claim a rent for a pigeon-hole like this; but when the cave was half made, and I had got these enclosures planted, his lordship's lawyer came down and told me it must be a pound a year, or else I must turn out. But I couldn't pay that, you know, anyhow; so he consented to take half. Besides this, I pay poor-rates and church-rates. However, it's never any use to grumble, and I'm glad I *can* pay it. See, ma'am—here's a little flower that I don't remember to have seen anywhere but just on this spot, and I fancy it's a curiosity.'

It is the white stonecrop, with its delicate creamy leaves, its pink and golden seed-vessels, and rich brown stamens. We have seen it many and many a time, clothing, moss-like, the gray walls of a dear old familiar garden in far-off Burgundy; and the sight calls up a thousand recollections.

But the sun is sinking fast, and the air grows cool. Laden with fossils and weeds, and with a nosegay of pinks, roses, mignonette, and crimson stocks, which our host has gathered for us as a farewell gift, we prepare for our departure. The brown shadows of evening are now stealing over the cliffs, and the sea has retreated fully a quarter of a mile from the beach, leaving a broad margin of black, rocky ooze. Our afternoon holiday has come to a close, and we must hasten homewards, lest the dusk should surprise us on that narrow footway which leads back to the town. So, turning our face to the barred sunset, we move unwillingly away; and the old soldier lingers at his garden-gate, looking after us to the last.

'Good-night, Robinson Crusoe!'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

That agricultural science is not lagging behind in these days of advancement and enterprise, is manifest by what may be read in the last published part of the Royal Agricultural Society's *Journal.* The husbandman has found out that to do as his grandfather did in the good old times will stand him in but little stead in these times; and he is growing learned in geology, chemistry, and such other sciences as will enable him to go ahead of all the world in growing corn and breeding cattle. The 'Report on the Agricultural Department of the Paris Exhibition,' by Mr Evelyn Denison, shews clearly that, in these particulars, we considerably outshone our French neighbours: and that our English implements astonished them not a little.

In a paper on Farmyard Manure, by Dr Voelcker, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, we find statements that will be a surprise to some farmers. For example: the liquid drainage of dung-heaps, he says, is more valuable than the urine of animals, because it contains phosphate of lime, which is scarcely to be found in the other. That no loss arises from spreading manure on the surface of a field; on the contrary, the fermentation is stopped, and the escape of volatile matters thereby ceases; and if it be let to lie till the rain has washed it in, is far more beneficial than burying it at once. And 'in the case of clay-soils,' he remarks, 'I have no hesitation to say the manure may be spread even six months before it is ploughed in, without losing any appreciable quantity of manuring matters.'

The third annual Report of the Department of Science and Art has been published: it will gratify those who like to see government encouraging things useful as well as things political. The museums and libraries in different parts of the kingdom were visited by 331,000 persons, being 56 per cent. more than in the former year—the increase chiefly due to the 'travelling museum,' which attracted great numbers. The Schools of Art were attended by 12,000 pupils: drawing was taught to 19,000, and the demand is still for more. The lectures were everywhere well attended. Among these lectures, those at the School of Mines are especially noteworthy, and we are glad to observe that the course is to be resumed: Hofmann, Percy, Smyth, Ramsay, and others will again teach chemistry, metallurgy, mineralogy, geology, &c., to a throng of students. It is not yet sufficiently known that 'certificated schoolmasters, pupil-teachers, and others engaged in education, are admitted to these lectures at reduced fees.' The evening-lectures to working-men will come on by and by.—The Society which for some years past have so praiseworthily kept going the 'Evening Classes for Young Men,' have opened their new session with a soirée and exhibition of works of art, models, &c., at Crosby Hall.

The Photographic Society have published with their last report a valuable paper by Dr Tyndall 'on Binocular Vision and the Stereoscope,' in which all the phenomena are explained with the clearness and readiness of illustration characteristic of the author. They mention a fact of especial interest to photographers: it is—that by Dr Taupenot's process, 'a plate has been kept for more than seven months, and then gave a good picture.' The process is given in detail in the Society's *Journal.*—The curatorship of the Museum of the College of Surgeons, left vacant by Professor Owen, is now worthily filled by the appointment to the post of Mr Quekett, the well-known microscopist.

A screw-steamer, the *Sir James Brooke*, of 550 tons, has sailed to trade between Sarawak and Singapore. A line of steamers is to run from Liverpool to St John's, Halifax, and Portland, in Maine, and back: the *Chersonese*, a vessel of 2300 tons, is making her first trip.—The telegraph cable is now successfully laid from Nova Scotia to Cape Ray, Newfoundland; and the American steamer *Arctic* has arrived at Cork, having taken deep-sea soundings across the Atlantic, 1640 miles, between Newfoundland and Ireland. These soundings confirm the tradition that the early Dutch navigators had found a bank all across the Atlantic. It forms a plateau covered with sand and minute shells, at a depth of from 25 to 120 fathoms: a capital bed for a cable.—The Submarine Telegraph Company report that from the 1st of January to the 30th of June of the present year, they flashed 30,811 messages.

In the last number of his *Mittheilungen*, Mr Petermann gives information concerning a country but little known—namely, West Siberia, together with maps of the seven governments into which it is divided. In these the amount of population is indicated, the agriculture, the mines, fisheries, hunting and cattle-breeding regions, and the salt-lakes. In some places, the climate resembles that of Italy; and judging from the description of the country, it will yield considerable advantages to the Russians in their persevering endeavours to extend their territories beyond the Caspian. The particulars concerning its physical character, natural and industrial products, and geographical and political importance, will be read with interest, now that there is a prospect of freer access to that remote part of Asia.

The dreary coasts of the Red Sea would hardly be thought promising for trade, and yet there is a scheme on foot, promoted, as is said, by the viceroy of Egypt, in conjunction with individuals of different nations, for establishing a line of steam coasting-vessels in that sea. Perhaps the projectors are only preparing for the contemplated canal across the Isthmus of Suez. —The last accounts from Australia confirm the expectations that were formed of an increase in the quantity of gold; new deposits have been discovered, and a cry is again raised for emigrants, with promise of good wages. The legislature of Victoria have passed a law against thistles. Farmers and others whose lands are overrun with the prickly intruders, are to be officially warned to destroy them under penalty of a fine of from L.5 to L.20; or the authorities may cause the work to be done, and charge the cost to the offender. A similar law might be very profitably put in force in countries nearer home. There has been some joking about the offence to Scottish feelings in the Australian edict against the thistle; but we believe the fact to be that there are few countries in which thistles have been so much repressed as in Scotland.—The School Commissioners in Ireland approve a suggestion that the children of the national schools 'should be instructed by the respective teachers as to the necessity of destroying all weeds found on the farms of their parents, or on the highways adjacent thereto.'—A young Chinaman has arrived in France from the central flowery land, on his way to Algiers, where he is to ascertain whether certain Chinese products are likely to be cultivated with success in that colony. If so, 200 Hindoos and 800 Chinamen will be brought over to establish plantations and attend to their cultivation. —Madame Ida Pfeiffer is not yet disposed to rest after her adventurous travels; she is about to visit and explore Madagascar, and the British Association has given her a grant of L.20 to aid her researches into the natural history of that island.—Another item of our civilisation is now introduced into India—titles of honour: the Calcutta University has resolved on conferring degrees, B.A., M.A., and so forth, after the manner of Oxford and Cambridge. We trust the enlightened among the natives of India will shew themselves less eager for mere distinction than has been the case of late in this country: an eagerness, to call it no worse name, which we regard as a discouraging sign of the times.

Among the facts which betoken advancement, we notice a prize of L.100 offered by the Yorkshire Canal Association for the best essay 'on the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Canals and Canal Conveyance; with Suggestions as to the Points to which attention, with a View to Improvement, should be principally directed.' The essays are to be sent to the secretary at Leeds before the end of December next.—Another fact, which shews that railway-travelling is still susceptible of improvement, is, that during the first six months of the present year, 8641 miles of railway being open in the United Kingdom, 126 persons were killed on the railways, and 105 injured. In Germany, where travelling is slower and safer, a Railway Insurance Company was started, but soon died; for where there was no risk, people saw no need to insure.—The value of the stamps sold by the Post-office in 1855 amounted to L.1,537,396. In the same year, 27,485,193 gallons of spirits were distilled, more than in any one of the preceding five years. The quantity consumed was, in England, 7,921,983 gallons; in Ireland, 8,279,574 gallons; and in Scotland, 11,283,636 gallons. No wonder that the poor-rate is increased, and that reformatories are so much talked about.—As a set off, there is the meeting of the National Reformatory Union at Bristol to be recorded: their object is a good one, and, what is more, they are going the right way to achieve it. Mr Adderley, too, has given a park of ten acres for ever to the working-people of Birmingham; and Charles Reade's new book, *It is never too Late to Mend*, comes at an opportune moment to help on the work.—The Fisheries' Board report 1855 to have been the best year yet—the return having amounted to 766,703 barrels of herrings, being 130,000 barrels more than in 1854. And improvement is shewn in another way: the fishermen have more knowledge than formerly—they are better acquainted with the phenomena of tides and of climate—with the habits of the fish—and have discovered that knowledge can be turned to good account; they provide themselves with better boats, and are disposed to take advantage of further improvements. The whole number of persons employed in the fisheries is 94,155.

Besides the grant above mentioned, the British Association allocated a sum of L.10 for atmospheric researches in the deep mines of Cornwall; L.50 for continuing the investigations into earthquake waves and shocks beneath the ocean; L.10 for discoveries in connection with photography; L.25 for further examination of the natural history of the ocean by dredging; and L.10 for promoting the multiplication of salmon, particularly in the Tay.—Apropos of this latter subject, we may mention, that during the hot weather of August, the fall which feeds the lake in the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, ceased to flow; the temperature of the lake was consequently raised, while the quantity of air carried into it was diminished; and numbers of young fish died, or swam on the surface almost asphyxiated. The loss might have been serious; but M. Coste, to whom, as we stated some time since, the task of stocking the lake was intrusted, called upon the engineer of the grounds to set the fall once more flowing, when all the still living fish recovered their usual vigour. The casualty has proved the success of M. Coste's operations, as among the trout many were seen from twelve to eighteen inches in length; and it demonstrates, moreover, how essential running water is to the success of experiments in raising fish.

With the recurrence of harvest, reaping-machines have come once more into notice. Four were tried on Mr Fisher Hobbs's farm near Colchester, one of which left the corn lying in regular heaps ready to be bound into sheaves; and, from experiments made in other parts of the country, there is every reason to believe that reaping by machinery will soon become as simple and expeditious a process as the most enthusiastic labourer's friend could desire. With such an appliance, we shall cease to hear of a scarcity of labourers, and a wet season will lose most of its terrors, for a field may be reaped and thrashed before a fine morning has had time to turn sulky; and in the past few weeks, other mechanical contrivances have been made known, of unusual importance. One is Mr Green's 'Fuel Economiser and Steam-generator.' Every housekeeper knows how slow water is in boiling in a kettle coated with soot: so it is in a steam-boiler of which the tubes are coated with carbonate of lime, or, to use the familiar word, 'furred.' The 'Economiser' which is in use in the manufacturing districts, scrapes the tubes, and keeps them ready for the rapid transmission of heat; and as the *Times* remarks, 'by the concurrent testimony of many of our largest mill-owners and manufacturers, the temperature of the feed-water is raised above the boiling-point, and an economy of from one-fourth to one-third of the entire fuel previously consumed accomplished without any injurious effect on the chimney-draught.'

Another, and the most remarkable, is Mr Bessemer's new method of manufacturing iron and converting it into steel. It was mentioned at the meeting of the British Association, and has since been exhibited to some of our leading engineers and iron-masters at the works in Pancras Road, not far from the terminus of the Great Northern Railway. The inventor has spent two years in perfecting his various contrivances; and not in vain, for the results border on the marvellous, seeing that they are obtained without fuel, as will be understood from a brief description. The idea was suggested to him by Mr Nasmyth's steam-blast for the manufacture of malleable iron.

By the side of an ordinary blast-furnace, Mr Bessemer builds a small domed furnace lined with fire-brick. Near the bottom, the nozzles of air-tubes are inserted, three-eighths of an inch diameter, communicating with a blast-apparatus constructed to blow in cold air at a pressure of eight or ten pounds to the inch. The blast being turned on, a quantity of crude molten iron is let in from the adjoining furnace, and under the influence of the powerful in-rushing streams of air, which keep the nozzles from choking, the metal boils violently; no fuel being used except, in the first instance, to melt the iron in the blast-furnace. The oxygen at once combines with the carbon contained in the iron, forming carbonic acid, and producing a temperature of extraordinary intensity. At the same time, owing to the quick and violent motion, the silica and other earthy bases are washed out from the fluid mass, and sulphur and other injurious volatile matters which are so hard to get rid of under ordinary temperatures, are driven off, and after about half an hour of this novel kind of boiling, the process is complete.

On the occasion referred to, nearly seven hundredweights of melted iron were put into the small furnace, and at the end of twenty-four minutes the metal was discharged into moulds, and came out perfect steel. By continuing the boiling for a shorter or longer time, iron may be produced either malleable, or crystalline and cellular.

Besides the economy of time and fuel in this process, all the injurious consequences produced by the contact of the metal with the fuel are entirely avoided; and with them the most serious difficulty in the manufacture of iron and steel is overcome. Moreover, further applications suggest themselves, in the consideration of which the mind is somewhat bewildered. We may expect to see great developments in the theory and practice of metallurgy.

Herr Plattner, professor of Smelting Science at Freiberg, has just published a theoretical treatise on *Metallurgic Processes*, in which the whole subject, whether chemical or mechanical, is reviewed; the various processes are compared, and their merits pointed out. In his second edition, he will have the chance of describing the new process, one that has nothing to do with the ordinary laborious processes of puddling and refining, and completes itself in minutes instead of days and weeks.

M. Pelissier of Bordeaux has invented a railway-break which stops a train at full speed. The action appears to be not so much in applying a break to the wheels, as in stopping their motion in another way by a mechanism at once simple and ingenious. The first trials promise favourably, but further proof is required, especially to ascertain whether the sliding of an entire train will not injure the rails.—M. Dutot has exhibited what he calls the *eucodoncine*, an apparatus for enabling bell-ringers to ring with less fatigue to themselves, and less injury to the bells and belfry than at present. This reminds us that the great bell for the new Houses of Parliament has been successfully cast. It is nine and a half feet in diameter, and weighs fifteen tons. The quarter bells, which are next to be cast, will be six feet in diameter, and weigh four tons each.—An American has introduced a modification of the lathe, in which gun-stocks and lasts are turned, and uses it for the reduction of busts and medallions.—Another, while sawing his timber by steam-power, contrives to get rid of the saw-dust by the up-stroke.—Another claims notice for his novel potato-planter: a wheelbarrow, so contrived that, as it is pushed along a field, it drops a potato at regular intervals into the ground.—The copper obtained from the mines of Lake Superior in 1855 was worth 2,000,000 dollars. It is remarkable for its tenacity. Mr Henwood, who went out to India last year on a mineral survey for the East India Company, has just returned from a second visit to the Lake Superior region. He saw miners chopping out the copper with a 'cold chisel,' and so tough was the quality that it curled up like shavings. Smelting does not improve the quality, rather the reverse; but is necessary for the removal of a small quantity of quartz which the copper contains.

SPECULATIONS ON A FOSSIL FEMALE DRESS.

The remarks of a valued friend of ours on the fair sex are sometimes sufficiently amusing to make us forgive the sarcastic style in which they are conveyed. One of his latest speculations is in regard to the possible finding, by a succeeding race of mankind, of a female dress of the present day; in which case, he says, a Cuvierian examination of the various articles would probably bring out the following results:—The being to whom this attire belonged must have been constituted in a very peculiar manner, and probably with some strange natural defects which it required art to remedy. Allowing some space for the principal exterior robe to sweep clear of the ground, the length would be about seven feet. The diameter of the creature in the centre was in singular disproportion to this longitude, being only seven inches and a half. Still more disproportionate appear to have been the anterior extremities, which were not above a foot and a half in length, and, what is remarkable, while narrow at top, they seem to have expanded below to an enormous size. Probably they resembled paddles, rather than arms and hands. The vertebral column seems to have been weak and insufficient, a rigid case of buckram and whalebone being required in that region to give support to the body. But for this, the ordinary attitude would probably have been prone, like that of an insect. The most remarkable peculiarity, however, was the form and size of the head. The bonnet indicates a creature *almost entirely destitute of brains.* The head must have been a mere knob at the extremity of the cervical column —such an encephalon as would be represented by that of a female of our race at a very early stage of its development. In this respect the creature reminds us of the class *Aves*—above all, the Alcidæ or Auks, which are recognised as amongst the most stupid of all creatures of that grade. Another peculiarity, taken in connection with the above, has induced certain of the examinators to surmise that the creature really was connected with the natatorial birds. This is a vesture composed of an air-tight integument, which the creature could inflate at pleasure, as some of the cephalopodous mollusks of an earlier era could do with the air-cells in their shells, so as not merely to float themselves in the water, but adjust the depth in the water at which they desired to float. Thus with so long and slender a figure, so weak a spine, so small a head, and an arrangement for floating in the ocean, the female of the past race of mankind would appear to have been altogether a singular anomaly in creation.

PLACING OF LARGE STONES BY THE ANCIENTS.

It is usually a matter of wonder to modern observers that the ancients, destitute as they were of complicated machinery, should have been able to transport, raise, and place large stones, whether standing alone or as part of such buildings as the pyramids. The late discoveries at Nineveh fully expound to us the means of transporting large blocks: it was by placing rollers beneath. As to the means of raising, all we learn from Herodotus is, that it was effected by *short pieces of wood.* How so? The following suggestion in reply was made a few years ago by a gentleman named Perigal, before the British Association:—Suppose a block has to be raised up along the pyramid, in order to be placed in one of the courses of the masonry. It is brought by rollers to the base of the building. There all the rollers are removed except one near the centre. One end of the stone being now depressed to the ground, a pile of slips of wood is placed under it, close to the centre, this pile being rather higher than the roller, and terminating in one narrow piece at top. The stone is now tilted so as to bring the other end to the ground. It is now possible to put a similar pile of pieces of wood underneath, close beside the first. On that pile, the block is tilted back to its former position, and so on till it is raised a little above the level of the next course of masonry. By rollers it is moved on to that platform, with a low pile of blocks once more near the centre underneath. Then the process of tilting and raising is again gone through; and so on till it has been raised up to the level where it is to take its place in the masonry. By this simple process, too, says Mr Perigal, a few men might have raised Stonehenge in a single night, if the requisite stones were prepared and placed in readiness near the spot.—*British Association Report*, 1844.

LITERATURE IN NORWAY.

The *Athenæum Français* gives an account of the progress of publication in Norway, from which we learn that 1027 works were published in that kingdom during the seven years ending with 1854. Of these, 87 were on philology, 23 on philosophy, 65 on education, 18 on theology, 63 on the science of the law, 46 on politics and political economy, 26 on medicine, 30 on the natural sciences, 48 on domestic economy, 12 on technology, 123 on history, 33 on navigation and commerce, 23 on the art of war, 28 on mathematics, and 187 literary and miscellaneous. Of these 1027 works, 870 were original, 139 translations, and 14 reprints. Two-thirds of the whole were produced at Christiania, the seat of the university; while Bergen, the chief commercial town, contributed only 100. The yearly average of the aggregate is 146 books, a copy of each of which might be purchased for an annual outlay of about L.6.

CALCULATION AND MEMORY.

William Lawson, teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh, who died in 1757, when employed about twenty years before his death as preceptor to the sons of a gentleman, was induced by his employer to undertake an extraordinary piece of mental calculation. Upon a wager laid by his patron, that the numbers from 1 to 40 inclusive could, by memory alone, be multiplied continually—that is, 1 multiplied by 2; the product thence arising, 2, by 3; the next product, 6, by 4; the next, 24, by 5; and so on, 40 being the last multiplier—Mr Lawson was, with reluctance, prevailed upon to attempt the task. He began it next morning at seven o'clock, taught his pupils their Latin lessons in the forenoon as usual, had finished the operation by six in the evening, and then told the last product to the gentlemen who had laid the wager; which they took down in writing, making a line of forty-eight figures, and found to be just. The shortness of the time rendered the work the more difficult, as each multiplication was in its turn so far to be forgotten as not to interfere with those that succeeded. When the operation was over, he could perceive his veins to start, like a man in a nervous fever; the three following nights he dreamed constantly of numbers; and he was often heard to say, that no inducement would ever again engage him in a like attempt. A fair copy of the whole operation, attested by the subscriptions of three gentlemen, parties in the wager, was put into a frame, with glass, and hung up in the patron's dining-room.

HOW WINDOWS ARE BROKEN.

It appears from a list, lately published, of the breakages that occurred in the Plate-glass Department of the Times Fire Assurance Company, from 1st October 1855 to 31st July 1856, that out of a total of 470 windows broken during that period, only 11 are attributed to 'malice aforethought,' and that imprisonment was awarded to the perpetrators in three instances; 68 are laid to the charge of that mischievous individual, 'nobody;' 67 were caused by stones, bricks, and other missiles, invariably thrown by those equally mischievous 'boys;' 'the wind' gets the blame of 27, 'gas' of 14; 38 were caused by 'shutters;' 16 by drunkenness and brawling; 9 by horses taking fright, and careless driving; settlement of houses, 6; thieves, 3; 14 occurred while 'cleaning' was going on; and one breakage apiece is attributed to frost—a stone kicked up by a bullock—ditto by an omnibus-horse—a dog—a boy with hoop—boy playing marbles—cart shaking window—a sheep jumping—a crowd—Hyde-Park rioters—an air-gun—a blind beggar—a soda-water bottle bursting—and in one singular instance a pane of glass 'flew across,' and cracked itself! The remainder were the result of accident or carelessness, and are variously explained. Among the reasons are: 'slamming of doors'—elbows—'dressing window'—'something' outside—unloading carts—fanlights breaking—'porter'—ruler thrown—'one of our young men'—'a gentleman in our employ'—and various articles that appear to be continually falling through, such as bottles, packages, cheese, beef, ladders, boys, and assistants!

GRATIS LUNCHEONS.

At the hotel at which I am now—the Orleans—there is daily spread, at one o'clock, a table professing to bear upon it a luncheon gratis. The eatables exhibited consist of the leavings of yesterday, which now reappear in some new shape or other. A number of people flock in at this time, and in ten minutes it is difficult to find a vacant place, so eager is the unpaying community to avail themselves of this opportunity of dining gratis. The proceedings of this great body amused me. It consumes voraciously. Its members seize a slice of meat, dip it into the salt-cellar and salad mixture, then bite off the end so rendered palatable, continuing to dip and bite till the whole slice is eaten. Others moisten their forks, not being particular as to the source of the moisture, and thrust them into the salt or pepper, and so carry away a certain portion, and wipe it on the slice of meat in their possession. There is method in this system—it brings some large number of the community to the hotel; and though these visitants pay nothing for consuming the rubbish, yet they are each expected to take a 'drink' at the bar, which is close to the luncheon-table. This they all do with much fidelity, and the drink costs twenty-five cents. Now, one drink almost uniformly suggests another; and many have found out that the gratis reputation of the luncheon is but a fiction after all. Strange as it may seem to Europeans, I have seen well-dressed people wedging their way to the table through a mass of draymen, labourers, &c.; and not unfrequently has the governor of the state himself acquired a forward position there, exercising at the time, like a good republican democrat, more prowess than dignity.—*New Book on California.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by JAMES FRASER, 14 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 144. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

WHAT A FEW LADIES COULD DO.

It is a curious consideration, and ought to touch us all very deeply: Here is a horde of degraded and depraved people, whom we hear of through police reports and similar documents, and whom nearly all but official persons shrink from—they seem a hopeless lees of society, and we turn from their vices and their sufferings alike, as from something in destiny which we cannot interfere with; and yet it is as certain as that the sun shines in heaven, that all of these unfortunates have elements of good in their natures, capable, in favourable circumstances, of effecting a great change in them for the better. We have certainty on this point from the facts attending such ministrations as those of Whitefield and Mrs Fry—to go no further. No cases so bad but always some kind or degree of improvement is found possible. Doubtless, there are great natural differences in the tendencies of us human beings; but, take the apparently worst, and you invariably find in them a sense of conflict with some surrounding conditions which have operated against them, and made them worse than they might have been. Take away the pressure of the only less guilty worldliness round about them, and substitute for it a voice of pure unmistakably disinterested kindness, breathing a desire for their welfare, and you see their vicious selfishness give way. Appeal to them on the broad religious ground of our common nature and common destinies, our universal sense of dependence on a creating and sustaining power, which knows our weakness, and throws off none who seek forgiveness, and you find the choked fountain welling up the pure water at once.

For those whose degradation has stopped short at mere poverty, we provide in England houses where they may have the barest necessaries of existence. For those who by crime have become positive nuisances to society, we provide prisons and penitentiaries. We maintain in both instances an aspect essentially hostile. Aiming at the prevention of poverty and crime, we must needs make both terrible in their consequences. Now, all the people we are here dealing with, come to us spited and antagonistic, and what we do with them only tends to make them more spited and antagonistic still. It is not wonderful, then, that poorhouses and prisons generally are far from being satisfactory institutions.

Suppose we, on our side, give way from the antagonistic position, and receive paupers and criminals with smiling faces and good entertainment, why, then, whole hordes of the humbler classes would prefer being with us to maintaining an honourable struggle for self-maintenance. That system, evidently, would not run long. Well, then, it is a dilemma? and, frankly, we suspect it really is so. Poverty and crime will be where there are such things as competition and property; if you treat poverty and crime in an entirely humane way, where are competition and property?

No revolution on this last point being to be expected, we have to look out for the best practical means which may be found of at least alleviating the evil. Is there any way of reaching the good parts of the nature of unfortunate and degraded people, even while the present social dispensation lasts? If there be, it may obviously conduce in no small degree to the comfort of us all.

Mrs Jameson replies [*] by pointing to some of the truths developed in the course of the late charitable doings of Miss Nightingale and her associates in the east. The power of pure-minded charitable women of the educated classes to do good in extensive scenes of suffering, is familiar to the people of Catholic countries through the operation of religious sisterhoods. In our country, where charity has for ages been a machine collecting and dispensing money, and nothing more, it broke upon us all on a sudden two years ago that educated women had this power. Experience has shewn, that for the purpose in view no formal setting aside of the individual under a vow was necessary. The common feelings of humanity, as sanctioned and sustained by religious principle, were found to be enough. We know, too, that there is in society a kind of surplus of women, of whom it may not only be said that they are qualified to take a part in such operations, but to whom it would be a positive blessing to be put in the way of charitable and reformatory duty among their unfortunate fellow-creatures.

Mrs Jameson says with reference to the hospitals in the east: 'All to whom I have spoken, without one exception, bear witness to the salutary influence exercised by the lady-nurses over the men, and the submission and gratitude of the patients. In the most violent attacks of fever and delirium, when the orderlies could not hold them down in their beds, the mere presence of one of these ladies, instead of being exciting, had the effect of instantly calming the spirits and subduing the most refractory. It is allowed, also, that these ladies had the power to repress swearing and bad and coarse language; to prevent the smuggling of brandy and raka into the wards; to open the hearts of the sullen and desperate to contrition and responsive kindness. The facts are recorded, and remain uncontradicted; but the natural inference to be drawn from them does not seem to have struck our medical men.'

---

[*] See her newly published pamphlet, under the title of *The Communion of Labour.* Longman & Co.

Now hospitals are generally under hired nurses alone; and the deficiency of a moral element in them is notorious. Within the last few months, that connected with King's College in London has received into its wards an experimental corps of lady-nurses, and it is testified already that 'a purifying and harmonising influence' is at work. Mrs Jameson has ascertained that similar improvements have taken place in the hospitals of various continental cities after the introduction of Sisters of Charity. In a military one at Turin, the sick soldiers used to be attended to only by 'orderlies' from the neighbouring barracks—men chosen because they were unfit for other work. 'The most rigid discipline was necessary to keep them in order; and the dirt, neglect, and general immorality were frightful. Any change, however, was resisted by the military and medical authorities, till the invasion of the cholera: then the orderlies became, most of them, useless, distracted, and almost paralysed with terror. Some devoted Sisters of Charity were introduced in a moment of perplexity and panic; then all went well—propriety, cleanliness, and comfort prevailed. "No day passes," said my informant, "that I do not bless God for the change which I was the humble instrument of accomplishing in this place!"'

From hospitals to prisons is a considerable step; but even in these, continental experience speaks strongly of the value of disinterested feminine influence. A Sardinian minister of the interior testifies the indisputable fact, that the prisons of Piedmont which are served by the Sisters of Charity are 'the best ordered, the most cleanly, and in all respects the best regulated in the country.' 'Not only,' says he, 'have we experienced the advantage of employing the Sisters of Charity in the prisons, in the supervision of the details, in distributing food, preparing medicines, and nursing the sick in the infirmaries; but we find that the influence of these ladies on the minds of the prisoners, when recovering from sickness, has been productive of the greatest benefit, as leading to permanent reform in many cases, and a better frame of mind always.'

Mrs Jameson visited at Neudorf, in Austria, a prison which has been for three years *managed* by religious women alone, with such good results, that the government is preparing to organise eleven other prisons on the same plan. The tale seems incredible; but Mrs Jameson speaks from personal observation and the highest official information. 'At the time I visited it,' says she, 'this prison consisted of several different buildings, and a large garden enclosed by high walls. The inmates were divided into three classes completely separated. The first were the criminals, the most desperate characters, brought there from the prisons at Vienna, and the very refuse of those prisons. They had been brought there six or eight at a time, fettered hand and foot, and guarded by soldiers and policemen. The second class, drafted from the first, were called the penitents; they were allowed to assist in the house, to cook, and to wash, and to work in the garden; which last was a great boon. There were more than fifty of this class. The third class were the voluntaries, those who, when their term of punishment and penitence had expired, preferred remaining in the house, and were allowed to do so. They were employed in work, of which a part of the profit was retained for their benefit. There were about twelve or fourteen of this class. The whole number of criminals then in the prison exceeded 200, and they expected more the next day.

'To manage these unhappy, disordered, perverted creatures, there were twelve women, assisted by three chaplains, a surgeon, and a physician: none of the men resided in the house, but visited it every day. The soldiers and police-officers, who had been sent in the first instance as guards and jailers, had been dismissed. The dignity, good sense, patience, and tenderness of this female board of management were extraordinary. The ventilation and the cleanliness were perfect; while the food, beds, and furniture were of the very coarsest kind. . . . There was a dispensary, under the care of two Sisters, who acted as chief nurses and apothecaries. One of these was busy with the sick, the other went round with me. She was a little, active woman, not more than two or three and thirty, with a most cheerful face, and bright, kind, dark eyes. She had been two years in the prison, and had previously received a careful training of five years—three years in the general duties of her vocation, and two years of medical training. She spoke with great intelligence of the differences of individual temperament, requiring a different medical and moral treatment. The Sister who superintended the care of the criminals was the oldest I saw, and she was bright-looking also. The superior, who presided over the whole establishment, had a serious look, and a pale, careworn, but perfectly mild and dignified face.

'The difference between the countenances of those criminals who had lately arrived, and those who had been admitted into the class of penitents, was extraordinary. The first were either stupid, gross, and vacant, or absolutely frightful from the predominance of evil propensities. The latter were at least humanised.

'When I expressed my astonishment that so small a number of women could manage such a set of wild and wicked creatures, the answer was: "If we want assistance, we shall have it; but it is as easy with our system to manage two hundred or three hundred as one hundred or fifty." She then added devoutly: "The power is not in ourselves; it is granted from above." It was plain that she had the most perfect faith in that power, and in the text which declared all things possible to faith.'

An abundance of facts of this kind ought to set us at rest as to the usefulness of female influence of an elevated kind amongst the criminal class. The harvest is there, if we had the reapers. Can we suppose, either that British ladies will never be found to go forth as missionaries of charitable and reforming duty among depraved people, as their continental sisters do, or that there is anything in the genius of our social institutions to make their interference undesirable? Surely not. If they believe that they receive the Christian religion in a purer form than continental women do, how can they better shew it than in working out, if possible, in a purer and higher form, Christ's divine breathings of love to the most lost, and hope for all—the heavenly doctrine of the value of every human soul, in whatever weakness and wickedness it may have hitherto manifested itself? No doubt, it requires special feelings as well as powers to form a vocation to so sacred a duty; but so does it do in Catholic countries likewise.

To speak of poor-houses, is to come to the minor problem. Mrs Jameson has here also observed much, and we regret to say that her report as to the tendence upon the sick and infirm in this class of our institutions is generally unfavourable. 'Neither peace, nor forbearance, nor mutual respect is there, nor reverence, nor gratitude.' 'Besides the sick and the miserable, there are also to be found the vicious, the reckless, the utterly depraved; and I could not discover that there is any system of gentle religious discipline which aimed at the reforming of the bad, or the separation of the bad from the good, except in one of our great metropolitan workhouses. The depraved women bring contamination with them. . . . . The loudest tongues, the most violent tempers, the *she-bullies*, as they are called, always are the best-off; the gentler spirit sinks down, lies still, perhaps for six, or eight, or twelve years—I have seen such—and so waits for death.'

Mrs Jameson sums up the matter in a sentence—a vulgar and brutal power is brought to bear on vulgarity and brutality; 'so you increase and multiply, and excite, as in a hotbed, all the material of evil, instead of neutralising it with good.'

'I was lately,' says this admirable woman, 'in a workhouse ward containing twenty-two beds; twenty-one were filled with poor, decrepit old women, in the last stage of existence. The nurse was, as usual, a coarse old hag. In the twenty-second bed was a young person of better habits, who had been an invalid, but was not helpless; she was there because she had no home to go to. There was no shelf or drawer near her bed to place anything in; this was not allowed, lest spirits should be concealed: the book she was reading—anything she wished to keep for herself—was deposited in her bed, or under it; nothing was done for comfort, and very little for decency. The power of retiring, for a little space, from all these eyes and tongues, was quite out of the question; and so it was everywhere. A poor, decent old woman, sinking into death, in a ward where there were twenty-five other inmates, wished to be read to; but there was no one to do this: she thought she would try to bribe one of the others to read to her, by the offer of "a hap'orth of snuff;" but even this would not do.' She adds—and we must heartily echo the inquiry—'I would ask whether such a state of things could exist if some share in the administration and supervision of workhouses were in the hands of intelligent and refined women whose aid should be voluntary? . . . . There are many women of small independent means, who would gladly serve their fellow-creatures, requiring nothing but the freedom and the means so to devote themselves. There are women who would prefer "laying up for themselves treasures in heaven," to coining their souls into pounds, shillings, and pence on earth, who, having nothing, ask nothing but a subsistence secured to them, and for this are willing to give the best that is in them, and work out their lives while strength is given them. I believe that such service is especially blessed; I believe such service does not weary, is more gracious and long-suffering than any other, blessing those who give and those who receive. I believe it has a potency for good that no hired service can have.'

As we said before, while selfish interests rule the world, there will be crime and poverty; and a remedy for the entire evil is not at hand, perhaps never will be attained—though if a more extended term were allotted to a generation, we confess we should have hopes. To take advantage, however, in the meanwhile, of the alleviating power which resides in a section of the community more removed than any other from the strife of sordid interests, is obviously wise. We sincerely hope that the movement towards this object which the late war has been the indirect means of creating, will go on, and that we shall in a little time have our quiet, unobtrusive, but efficient sisterhoods, for the purification and guidance of the fallen and unfortunate.

THE NUREMBERG LIVING EGG.*

One day an aged citizen of Nuremberg came before the mayor, and submitted to him the request, that he would allow him to be shut up in prison for a short time, in order that he might there be able entirely to devote himself to his own thoughts without being disturbed. This application astonished the mayor not a little, and with great gentleness he asked the citizen, whom he knew very well, the cause of so singular a wish.

'My wife and my sons worry me so dreadfully,' answered the citizen. 'I have a speculation of importance in my head, which I will at present discover to nobody. A wise man speaks only of deeds that are done. But my inquisitive family tease me with their questions, and their suspicions, and their reproaches, so that I have not one moment of peace. When I put them off, or if I go to work in my own little workroom, they disturb me incessantly, and worry me to death. I therefore want a few weeks of quiet, or I shall really die of anxiety and trouble of mind.' This explanation astonished the mayor still more.

'My good man,' replied he, 'the trade of your sons, which you yourself also carry on, is of itself rather a noisy one. Brasiers and suchlike persons are not very gentle and quiet in their occupation; but still there must be some part of your house in which nobody can have a right to disturb you.'

'But they do disturb me nevertheless; they break my door open, rummage all my things, and displace the work I have begun. I can bear it no longer.'

'I will inquire into this,' said the mayor, after considering a short time; 'but put all thoughts of the prison out of your head. Leave that dismal dwelling to those who have deserved punishment. The place for honest people is their own homes.' The tradesman made a sad face at this speech.

'Then,' cried he, 'I shall never be able to finish what I have in my head! My life is a continual misery to me, and in the meanwhile the time is irretrievably lost. Ah! nobody knows how dear time is to me at this very moment!' The mayor now admonished him afresh, and advised him earnestly to visit the bloodletter, who would no doubt find some means of quieting him. Peter Hele shook his head, and wended his way home again.

As the mayor kept his word, and caused the wife and sons of the good citizen to be brought before him, there arose a great disturbance on their return home, for the old man did not deny the request he had made to the mayor, or what he had related to him about them. Upon this the mother and sons went boldly into court, and declared that for some time there had been no living with the father. The wife said he had become very odd in his ways; that he was always murmuring to himself about things which had no sense; that he now never spoke a reasonable word to anybody; and that upon the slightest observation from her he got so angry as to be almost beside himself, and often threatened to beat her. Going on in this way, he did no work, although the sons were quite young, inexperienced lads; the business all went wrong, and yet the father continued to eat the daily bread he did not earn.

'You talk very unfeelingly,' said the mayor.

'Unfeelingly, indeed!' answered the wife. 'The domestic concerns are so heavy a weight upon me, that

---

* From the German of Spindler.

I am quite borne down with care, and yet I married that I might have peace, and escape trouble. You are a rich man, and do not know how hard it goes with poor artisans to earn their bread, when the master lays his hands in his lap, and sets an example of idleness to young men'——

'So far as I can remember,' interrupted the mayor, 'Master Peter, your husband, has always been an industrious, well-conducted man.'

'Yes, your worship, so he always was, till about half a year ago.' Here tears prevented her from going on.

The mayor now turned to the eldest son, and learned from him that the father had, during the space of more than a year, given signs of a disturbed state of mind. He had talked to himself as if in a dream whilst engaged in the work belonging to his trade, and had got so bad at last as to spoil all he did. At last, he had quite given up attending to business, and had spent whole days and nights locked in his room. He was often heard to be counting out loud, but they did not know what he was counting; and he kept on tinkering and rattling with something, but they did not know what with. As he had now become more and more exasperated, and would no longer allow any questions or remonstrances, the sons had several times broken into his room, in order to discover his secret, but they had found nothing but useless pieces of wood and metal, and a little kind of machine rudely made by their father himself—a thing totally unknown to them, and, in their opinion, of no use in the world. He, the son Peter, thought his father must be wrong in his head, and that it was quite time to deprive him of the conduct of the affairs of the family, and put it into the hands of the mother and the sons.

Upon the same questions being put to the second son, Josef, who was of as cool a temperament as his brother Peter was choleric, and who was as inert as his brother was hot and daring, he made the following statement:

'I have observed,' said he, 'that since Candlemas of this year my father has become cross and melancholy. He sleeps, and eats, and drinks very little, but does as my mother and brother have already said—he looks at the stars, and reads books that tell of the planets, and failure of crops, and famine and pestilence. I think, however, that he has been acted upon by witchcraft; for at Candlemas-time, an Italian, a native of Florence, came to see him, and remained several days in the house, and he had a great deal of conversation with my father; then he went away suddenly, and no sooner was he gone, than my father's strange conduct began. The Italians are very often sorcerers, even if my father has not given himself up to the black-art. He very often says to us: "Be silent with your teasing questions. I will say nothing to you about my secret, even if it cost me my life; but if you will be patient, I will make you rich men some day. I must, and will complete it."'

'Yes, yes; he says that often enough,' chimed in the mother and brother; 'but in the meantime, our affairs are going to ruin.'

'Are your children all here?' said the mayor to the wife. She answered in an indifferent tone: 'I have one more, a daughter. She is married to the tailor, Willibald; but as she has left us three years, she can know but little about her father's state.'

Upon this the mayor dismissed the wife and sons, admonishing them to treat the old man with respect and with patience, and then he ordered the tailor's wife to be called before him. The young woman modestly and timidly obeyed the summons; but she no sooner heard that it was upon the subject of her father's supposed insanity, than she burst out crying. When she had recovered herself, she made the following statement in a clear tone, and with an honest manner and countenance:

'I know but little,' said she, 'of what my father does at home: I go there but seldom, because my mother is not kind to me, and, still more, because my poor father is so ill treated. "What is the matter with you, father?" they keep on saying to him from morning till night: "you are quite beside yourself, and you idle away your time instead of helping to support yourself; you do nothing to increase our means, but help to diminish them; if you continue to go on in this way, you must go to the workhouse;" and so they keep on. How often has my father slipped away to me in the evening, to sit quietly and weep over his trouble! How often has he related to me how they give him—the lazy one, as they call him—the worst pieces on the table, and how they have denied him even a drop of wine; and yet all this he would gladly bear, if they would only leave him in peace, and not disturb him with their foolish questions, and their ridicule, and their stolen visits to his room, where they delight in destroying what he has just begun to prepare.'

'Have you any idea what the extraordinary old gentleman is making?'

'No, your worship; I am only an ignorant woman. My father talks in a sort of mysterious way about what he is engaged in, but still he continually prophesies great good-luck for us all if his work succeeds. I do not know whether he is animated by a just confidence in success, or whether he is led away by some lamentable error; but I would gladly thrust my hand into the fire to free him from the persecution he undergoes at present.'

'Would you take your father home to live with you, if it were so decided?'

'I should then be obliged to do so, but it is my duty to do so without any obligation.'

'Suppose I were to make your father over to you for a few weeks, till it could be found out, by kindly and carefully observing him, what is really the state of his mind?'

'He would be heartily welcome to share the little we have, for we are but poor people, and in our little quiet house he would have leisure to compose himself. I will pray God most earnestly on my knees to preserve the dear man from melancholy and insanity.'

'Would your husband be satisfied with such an arrangement?' asked the mayor smiling. The tailor's wife smiled also, in the proud consciousness of having the upper-hand at home, and answered: 'When I promise anything, your worship, it is the same as if my husband had taken his oath of it; but I am afraid my father himself will not agree to it. He will not be willing to leave his home.'

The mayor remarked to the young woman, that without doubt her father would much rather remove to her house than into a prison, and ordered this mysterious being to be brought before him again. But Peter Hele was already in the anteroom, with a little bag in his hand, and said, on entering the mayor's presence: 'See, your worship, what your exhortation has been the cause of. They have turned me out of my house—out of my own house. They have told me I may go to the workhouse or to prison; and they say that I am both foolish and wicked for having blackened their characters to the mayor, and told him that they behave to me in an unchristianlike manner. So I have brought with me what they have left me of my working-tools and materials, and gladly give myself into your honour's custody. But what are you doing here, my daughter?'

'She will take you to live with her till I have accommodated things for you,' said the mayor.

'You?' said the father. 'You take me into your poor little home? Do you recollect that your husband must set ten thousand stitches the more every week, in order to support such a guest as I?'

'That is nothing to you, father; you will be with your own affectionate children!' cried the old man's daughter with energy, and taking him by the arm. 'Come, come,' she said, 'you shall not be disturbed, nor left to starve, that I promise his honour and you.'

'But how can you,' said the mayor to Peter Hele—'how can you thus give the control of your affairs without consideration into the hands of others, and take with you instead only this rubbish?' As he said this, he pointed to the bag. The old man's tears stopped suddenly, and he answered with a half-angry look:

'Rubbish! Ah! honoured sir, this rubbish would produce a golden crop, if I could but use the present time as I wish. Time is the treasure with which I work. The hour draws near at which my time will be run out. Very well, then, my daughter, the certainty that I shall make our fortunes, makes me consent to become your guest. I shall be able to repay you for all—to make all good to you; and the certainty of this golden future is the cause of my leaving my own house with joy, and giving everything up to my covetous sons.'

As the old man now left the court, holding his daughter by the arm, and full of animated gestures and boasting promises, the mayor shook his head, and said to himself: 'How am I to find out the truth of this business? In my turn, I also begin to doubt the old man's sanity.'

A fortnight after this had scarcely expired when the head-constable appeared before the mayor, bringing Peter Hele:

'This man,' said he, 'has unmercifully beaten his son-in-law's apprentice, quite unjustly, and without any cause whatever. He seems to have done it out of pure malice, and I hope you will send him to prison for a few days to cool his temper.' There stood Master Peter again, with his little bag in his hand, and to the strict inquiry into his conduct made by the mayor, he answered with a melancholy smile:

'See, your honour, what your accommodating of matters has done! There is not a better-hearted man than my son-in-law; but it is well known that no man is more inquisitive than a tailor. He has watched me, and listened at my door; and he stole in at my window like a cat to examine my things, in order to become possessed of my secret, and now he declares that I am a sorcerer. My daughter always took part against him, and did not wish me to leave the house; but her husband's curiosity and suspicions, and his continual ill-humour because he could not get me out of the house, were very disagreeable to me. I beat the boy, who is his master's favourite, without any provocation, but in order to put an end to the strife between the married people, and to gain peace for myself. I am sorry I was obliged to beat him; but I could think of no other means of obtaining for a short time a quiet lodging without cost. The boy is young, too, and will have got over his blows by to-morrow.' The mayor shook his head again.

'Why, really, Peter,' said he, 'you must be out of your wits. This time you will have to enjoy the prison you have longed for so much, if you are not able to pay a fine for your offence.'

'I am a "poor fellow,"' said Peter good-humouredly, 'and beg only to be shut up by myself in some light little room, with leave to tinker and rattle as much as I please with these playthings of mine.' He pointed to the bag with his apparatus.

'It is granted you,' said the mayor. 'You will remain there for a month quite solitary. I promise you, you will be troubled by visits from nobody but the jailer.'

Master Peter went with the highest satisfaction where others generally go with great discontent. The mayor ordered that nobody should be allowed to go near him, but that everything should be got for him he wanted for his mysterious work. The lightest rooms were allotted to him, and forbidden to every other prisoner. In the meantime, the mayor so ordered it, that the day on which the case of the wife and sons was to be finally heard should be postponed until the end of Peter's imprisonment.

When the members of the municipal council assembled to hear the complaint of Peter's family, the wife repeated her first statement word for word, and the eldest son held a long and violent discourse, which ended with the prayer that, as his father had neglected all his duties, he might be deprived of his rights in the household. 'Really,' cried the blustering young man, 'if his silly way of going on, his senseless mysteries, and his neglect of all the commands of God as the father of a family, are not enough, pray remember that he has also striven to get himself into prison, which can only be the act of a madman, and so we need say nothing further.'

Most of the councilmen nodded their heads at each other, and thought the affair was at an end, and that the crazy brasier was only fit for the madhouse, for the Christmas-holidays were near at hand, and the respectable gentlemen wished to be rid of business. The affair was just about to be put to the vote, therefore, when the mayor turned to Mrs Willibald, and asked her if she concurred in the wish of her brother. The good daughter opposed it most warmly.

'God guard your honours' consciences,' she cried, 'from such a decision. I am afraid you have the intention of making one of your best citizens dead to all temporal interests. I deny my father's insanity as fearlessly as if my salvation depended upon it. If my husband were not a timid, superstitious man, and if he were not irritated by his brothers-in-law—who, alas! are my own brothers—the mischief would not have gone so far, and my father would not be in prison; but he would, on the contrary, be here present, supported by us, for the purpose of silencing his accusers, and making them repent of the gross ingratitude and inhumanity with which they drove him out of doors to starve.'

'You lie, you faithless sister!' burst forth the young men.

'You give false witness!' screamed the mother. 'Is it our fault that he ran away from the house, because he was frightened at our mild charge against him, although he had so shamefully calumniated us, and basely forsook us to go and settle himself by the side of the ill-advised one who had helped to set him against his and her own blood?'

'Our sister thought to get all my father has, and all his pretended future riches for herself; but she is mistaken, for now let us hear what her husband has to say,' cried the elder brother.

The person called, a meagre little man with a trembling voice, tried to support his brothers-in-law by telling of the foolish things done by the old man, and of his unbearable conduct, and concluded by protesting, crossing himself the while, that once when he went into his room he had there heard the devil, though he certainly had not seen him.

'Satan himself, the real Satan?' cried the councilmen, and the uproar became great.

The tailor's wife darted at him a look which frightened him; but nevertheless he went on in a trembling voice to say: 'Yes, wife, look at me—look at me as you will, it must come out, although you have forbidden me to say it. But certain and true it is, that on the old man's table, amongst a lot of rubbish, of brass pegs and pins, and little wheels and catgut strings, there lay a wooden ball, or something of the kind, within which there was a clicking and clapping going on, as if there were an animal at work there. I shuddered as I listened to it; then suddenly it came into my head that the devil assumes all sorts of shapes, and springing away, I dashed the ball against the wall.

Whether it broke or not, I don't know, for I did not look round. Once afterwards, however, when my wife had given me a good scolding for my folly, I took fresh heart, and went again into the room, but no traces of the ball were to be seen.'

The sons thought to strengthen their own statement by the nonsense the tailor had just been uttering, and a great number of the council were inclined to give credit to it; but Peter Hele's daughter, crying with vexation and distress, turned angrily to her husband:

'O you dishonourable, wicked man,' said she, 'do you want to bring the best father in the world to the rack, or to be burnt? Sad is it for me and all kind-hearted people to see so much suffering heaped upon the poor man's head, without being able to say a word to help or justify him.'

'Who tells you that, young woman?' said the mayor, pulling the bell as he spoke. 'The gentlemen of this council are all too just to condemn a townsman unheard.'

Perhaps this decided speech made the councilmen feel ashamed of appearing to wish to decide upon the case in haste, a thing which is never becoming in judges and gray heads. In the meantime, a side-door opened, and Peter Hele came forward, a wasted, exhausted figure, with an innocent, cheerful, but submissive expression of face. Still there was to be seen round his finely-cut mouth an expression of deep pain. The daughter gave a cry of joy, but the mother, the sons, and the son-in-law looked frightened, and cast their eyes on the ground.

'Have you heard what your relations have alleged against you as matter of complaint?' asked the mayor.

'I wish I had not been *obliged* to hear it,' answered the good man, coughing in order to hide his tears; 'but I know they will be sorry for what they have said, and so I shall gladly forget everything. Unmerited calumny is more easily forgiven than that which is merited; and if there still should remain in the heart of a father and a citizen, like myself, some remembrance of the pain I have felt, it will be caused only by the regret that a fifty years' life of simplicity, honesty in my calling, piety towards God, and love for my wife and children, have not been sufficient surety for my honest intentions and my sane state of mind. But now, gentlemen, as the time has arrived, I will tell you honestly what I had in my head, and what gave rise to so much misunderstanding. It is not unknown to you, gentlemen, that from my youth forward I have ever industriously pursued the wonderful and beautiful science of mechanics. When on my travels for the purpose of improvement, I made acquaintance, in Florence, with the clever silversmith, Jessada, and learned many secrets from him which were of great advantage to me in my handiwork; and I have always been friendly with him to this day. When, some years after this, I had settled myself down, and taken a wife, and had become the father of a family, and in the struggles of everyday life had forgotten all about Italy, the said Jessada appeared suddenly in this town, and came to my house, and told me that he came to make a proposal to me. He related to me that, in his native town, there was a certain very wise and clever man, to whom it had occurred to invent a kind of machine which should shew the time, like a clock, only of so small a size that any person could carry it in his pocket, and always have it with him, without any inconvenience whatever. The man, he said, had made some of these chronometers, and had then died; but very few of them had been distributed, because the price was so enormous. Jessada, being in possession of this work of art, determined to bring the invention into Germany; thinking Nuremberg the most likely place, and I the most likely handicraftsman to carry out his design. Being desirous of leaving to these children, two of whom have represented me as insane'—(here the poor man's voice was lost in distress and tears)—'being desirous of leaving them a respectable fortune, and of rendering a service to mankind, I hastily accepted the proposal of the Florentine; and after having examined the little portable clock as much as was possible without injuring it, I offered, with good courage, and a lively faith in God's help, to imitate the invention, and to improve it where it might be necessary. We then came to the following agreement: I was to set to work, and Jessada was, in the meantime, to travel through Germany, Holland, France, and England, with his little clock, and seek for customers, and then he was to return in a year for the clocks I should have made, and supply his customers with them. It was a thoughtless agreement on my part! The time flew away faster than I expected, and my doubts as to whether I should be able to keep my promise increased from day to day, and with my doubts my anxiety increased tenfold. The stated time drew nearer and nearer to a close, and nothing was yet done. My secret trouble of mind might reasonably make me seem disagreeable, and to all appearance half-crazy; and the tormenting spirit, the artifice and the reproaches of my family, nearly drove me mad in reality.'

The poor old man here stopped to breathe more freely and relieve the oppression at his heart. His daughter threw her arms affectionately and comfortingly round him, in recognition of which he stroked her forehead and cheeks with his hand, while the wife hid her face in her handkerchief and sobbed, and the sons knew not which way to look for shame.

'Give this good man a chair that he may rest himself,' said the mayor. The councilmen murmured among each other, some expressing pity, some wonder.

After a short interruption, quiet was restored; Peter Hele again rose, and with a cheerful and composed, but thoughtful countenance, proceeded as follows:

'It may perhaps be asked, why I opened my heart to nobody during so long a time, not even to my own family. To this I must answer—and to the praise of our native town be it said—that there are thousands and thousands of cleverer men than I in Nuremberg, and that one single word to one of these would have been sufficient to discover my secret, and, as the saying goes, to drive the goats into another pen. I was therefore obliged to be silent amongst my neighbours and friends, and it was not the less necessary to be silent with my wife, for women's ears are ever open, and their tongues never still. I was equally obliged to keep everything from my sons, for neither of them has a shadow of taste or talent for mechanics or mathematics, and they would never have been able to understand what I was about. When I had completed my undertaking, therefore, it would be time to make them useful assistants in my work; and the fame was sure to remain to them an almost certain inheritance, for posterity readily gives up those who are gone for those who are present. You see, gentlemen, how necessary it was for me to keep my secret; so do not seek an evidence of madness in my obstinate mysteriousness, or in the act of my leaving my daughter's house and getting into prison. The inquisitive tailor destroyed the little clock I had just put together. I found the work of many toilsome days and nights in atoms. What was there any longer to hope in a house like this? Like the first recluses in the desert, I put myself into a little cell. There—God's name be praised!—an invisible angel assisted me with its power, and not only enabled me to renew what the tailor had destroyed, but to make further improvements in my work. In short, gentlemen, my confident hope has not been disappointed, and God has permitted me to complete my design, and Jessada may come as soon as he pleases. The time-keeper is ready; and whilst that invented by the Florentine goes only twelve hours, and is then down, mine continues to go and to strike forty hours without any trouble.'

Hele put his hand into his breast, and pulled out the little so-called 'Nuremberg Egg,' the first of the name. All eyes were fixed in astonishment on the little master-piece of science, which at that moment, in clear and delicate strokes, struck the hour of noon, and, like the wood-worm, constantly ticking, accompanied the time as it flew. The councilmen sprang from their seats; the inventor of the wonderful piece of art was admitted upon the bench; and there, in the midst of the circle formed around him by the mayor and the rest of the council, he proceeded to point out and explain the different minute parts of his work.

'Do not lavish your praises, gentlemen,' cried the old man, animated with enthusiasm and delight, 'on what I have imperfectly performed, but rather let me thank Heaven, that by a devout contemplation of the works of the great Creator I have been enabled to perform it at all. As I was making this living egg, I considered in my own mind that origin of all being—that invisible thing without which we could not exist; namely, Time. The wise Florentine, and I, in imitation of him, have taken the hours prisoner. In a little while, every man will be lord and master of time, and will be able to calculate when the sun and moon change places, when the planets rise and set, and how the mysterious zodiac rules the course of our globe. The clock will be to every man as a conscience which points out to him the lost, the gained, or the well-employed hours. It will be the comfort of every one, for it will enable us to count the fleeting moments of happiness, and with fortitude to reckon the heavy-winged hours of misfortune, which, though they appear to us to be stationary, pass on, through God's mercy, like the rest. Upon this time-keeper, the sufferer can calculate the period of his recovery, the prisoner the hour of his release, and the dying the hour of his admission into Paradise. The priest will not forget the hour of prayer, nor the judge the hour which calls him to his duty; and the many cruel moments of suspense experienced by one accused, when awaiting the judgment'—— Here the unanimous voices of the council interrupted Peter Hele.

'Go forth, noble old man,' cried they, 'an ornament as you are to our excellent town! Go to your own home attended by the praises and blessings of your townsmen, and long may you live to the profit and honour of the place which gave you birth. Were you not so kind a father, we would open the doors of your prison to receive those who would have sent you to a madhouse; but for your sake they shall be forgiven, and left to their own shame for punishment.'

The ingenious and talented artificer was accompanied to his own home like a victor. Like the Sophocles of old, he had been obliged to exhibit his own work in order to save the honour of his genius; but whilst the Grecian poet may have awakened the spirit of the Furies in the breasts of his ungrateful children during the reading of his tragedy, the sons of Peter Hele felt only the paltry regret of the vanquished, and simply reproached themselves for having considerably postponed, through their own fault, the profits of a lucrative speculation. The father forgave them from his heart, but the sons loved him no better than before, although they inherited, as he had said, the fame of his invention. Posterity has always regarded the younger Peter Hele as the inventor of the watch.

The municipal council retained the little machine of Peter Hele in their own hands until the expiration of the forty hours. Young and old thronged to behold the little wonder, but it was with this as with everything else in the world: some whispered something about enchantment, and others of direct agency by the good angels of the inventor. Consequential people turned up their noses, and said they had already seen such quackery in Venice and Bologna; and pretended connoisseurs criticised and found fault, and declared they could themselves have made something better. Business-people, who are so careful of their hours, praised the new invention from their hearts; but the ladies, who are no observers of time, railed loudly against its faithful guardian. The majority united at length in the opinion, that it was a pity that watches had not been sooner invented. The invention could, said they, be but the work of a day—it was mere child's play—nothing could be more natural or more simple. The Nuremberg 'living egg' shared exactly the fate of the egg of Columbus.

The reader may not perhaps know that the first watches are supposed to have been made in the form of an egg.

GARIBALDI.

FIRST ARTICLE.

A PARAGRAPH has lately gone the round of the Italian newspapers, stating that General Garibaldi, relinquishing his sea-faring life, has determined to settle in the island of Sardinia, and there devote himself to agriculture.

So simple an announcement has in it apparently nothing to awaken the suspicions, and disturb the repose of monarchs and statesmen; yet such influence is there still in the name of the guerilla chieftain of Monte-Video, that much uneasiness has been excited in the States of the Church and the kingdom of Naples by this intelligence. The farm in Sardinia is looked upon as a rallying-point for conspirators, the hotbed of revolt. 'Garibaldi is plotting,' has already found utterance in many a mouth.

In the opinion, however, of those who know him best, Garibaldi is no plotter. More fitted to be the instrument than the originator of any political enterprise, he is probably only watching the ominous clouds fast gathering over Italy's horizon, ready once more to throw himself into the struggle which the utmost efforts of diplomacy may procrastinate, but will be powerless to avert.

That he bore a conspicuous part in the ill-fated war of Italian independence, in 1848–9, none of those who followed the course of events in the peninsula can have forgotten; unless, indeed, the obscurity into which he voluntarily retired immediately after that stormy period, has caused the name of Garibaldi to be lost amidst a crowd of more prominent, or rather less modest contemporaries. Unsolicitous of public notice, indifferent to the applause of meetings or the addresses of corporations, Garibaldi certainly did not seek the usual methods of becoming a world-wide celebrity: he asked no sympathy in his downfall, no admiration of his heroism; but proud of his honest poverty, betook himself to his old trade of a merchant-captain, until the time should come when his sword could be again unsheathed in Italy's behalf.

By many, it is maintained that time is at hand. 'From Etna to the Ticino the populations are in a ferment,' is just now the outcry of the Piedmontese liberal journals. With due allowance for the hyperbolical language of the press, the most impartial observer cannot gainsay this assertion, but is compelled to admit, that from the remotest parts of Sicily to the boundary-river on the north-eastern frontier of Piedmont, tokens of an approaching crisis are discernible.

In the kingdom of Sardinia, where indignation and pity are not denied a voice, the increasing wrongs of Central and Southern Italy have stirred up a fierce antagonism to the despotic policy which sways the councils, garrisons the citadels, and directs the confessionals of every other state in the peninsula. Each day the newspapers teem with fresh accounts of the grievances accumulating under Austrian influence: they tell of the midnight arrests, by scores and by fifties, at Parma, where the prayers of the duchess-regent herself, to the Austrian commandant, for a mitigation of severity, are said to be unheeded; of the stripes indiscriminately inflicted on the noble captives of Ischia; of the religious persecutions in Tuscany, where the possession of a Protestant Bible may doom a subject to the felon's chain; of the puerile bigotry of the Roman government, that has recently visited the infraction of a fast with imprisonment and fine: and each day a bitterness is added to the rankling hostility which perpetually threatens an untimely outbreak.

If such are the sentiments which a recital of the sufferings of their countrymen engenders in the Piedmontese, who shall attempt to calculate the amount of hatred, and desire for revenge, smouldering in the hearts of the oppressed; or marvel if these passions kindle into anarchy and excess, as soon as it is deemed the day of retribution has arrived? The hastening of that day is deprecated by the wiser statesmen of Sardinia, who fear that any premature movement might be followed by the same disastrous result which eight years ago riveted the chains of Italy; but Austrian policy is quite on the other side, and it is believed that disguised agents of that country are now everywhere at work, endeavouring to fan the popular excitement into a blaze, which the dominant power is prepared to extinguish in blood.

In this posture of affairs, as if by common consent, attention is directed towards Garibaldi; and it is to enable the English reader to judge with what reason, and to enable him to enter with interest into the future career of this remarkable man, that the following biographical sketch, drawn from authentic sources, and carefully collated with the most trustworthy histories of the period, is now offered to his perusal.

Born at Nice, of respectable parents in the middle class, Giuseppe Garibaldi was early destined for the mercantile marine. To a general aptness for study, and a proficiency in geometry and algebra that might be termed remarkable in a character of so much activity and impulse, the boy united a passionate admiration for the sea, wandering for hours along the beach, and delighted when he could witness the distant gathering and final outbreak of a storm. On one of these occasions, when only thirteen, he gave the first instance of his intrepidity by swimming to the relief of some of his companions, who, sailing in a pleasure-boat between Nice and Villafranca, were overtaken by a squall, and in danger of being upset.

The next few years were passed in trading-voyages either to the Levant and Black Sea, or to the various Italian seaports. Once, while his ship was loading at Civita Vecchia, the young sailor obtained leave to visit Rome. The sight of the Eternal City, her monuments of past glory, and evidences of present abasement, left an indelible impression upon his heart, and, joined to his frequent intercourse with Greece—then in all the fervour of her dear-bought freedom—decided the bent of his principles. His letters and rude snatches of verse, written about this period, shew the kindling of a passion for national liberty, to which, whatever may be or may have been the exaggeration of his views, not even Garibaldi's worst detractors can deny him the praise of having unselfishly and consistently adhered.

Until he attained the age of twenty-six, however, his political sentiments exercised no influence over his fortunes. Quietly following his profession with a good reputation for seamanship and commercial knowledge—both requisites in Italian masters of trading-vessels—we find up to that period but one other characteristic incident to record. Falling dangerously ill at Constantinople, he was kindly received and carefully nursed in the family of an Italian exile. On his recovery, unwilling to encroach on his friend's scanty resources, he gave lessons in writing, French, and Italian, and thus earned sufficient to support himself, and defray the expenses of his long illness, until able to resume his original employment.

But with the dawn of the year 1834 came a great change for Garibaldi. Implicated in one of the Young Italy conspiracies against the then existing form of government in Sardinia—as oppressive and intolerant, be it remembered, as the constitution of '48 is equitable and enlightened—he was forced to seek safety in flight. Disguised as a peasant, and taking the most circuitous mountain-paths, he succeeded in reaching the French territory, and, hastening to Marseille, soon found occupation on board a French merchantman. Here, under circumstances of great daring, he saved the life of a drowning youth, rejecting every proffer of reward and service made by the family, who were one of the first in the place.

In 1836, reluctantly yielding to the conviction that for the moment all hope of a change in the affairs of Italy was groundless, he went for the first time to South America. At Rio Janeiro he found many of his countrymen, exiles like himself, and was enabled, with their assistance, to purchase a small vessel, in which for nine months he carried on a coasting-trade between that port and Cabo Frio. He is said to have conducted this humble traffic with his usual intelligence and activity, notwithstanding the disappointment and regrets, of which some notion may be gathered from the following paragraph, occurring in one of his letters to an intimate friend:—'Of myself, I can only say that as yet fortune does not smile upon my endeavours. What principally afflicts me, however, is the consciousness that I am doing nothing towards furthering our cause. I am weary, by Heaven! of dragging on an existence so useless to our country, while compelled to devote my energies to this paltry trade. . . . . Be assured, we are destined for better things—we are out of our element here!'

Soon after this, in the harbour of Rio, at considerable personal risk, he saved the life of a negro who had fallen overboard. The wind was high, and drove the ships against each other, rendering any attempt at rescue dangerous; but Garibaldi was no sooner apprised of the accident, than he plunged into the raging waves, and brought the poor black off in safety. Early in the year following his arrival in South America, the persuasions of some Italians, brought prisoners to the Brazilian capital, as leaders of a republican movement in the province of Rio Grande, induced their countryman to volunteer to join the insurgents with his ship and crew.

Garibaldi's first passage of arms was the capture of a Brazilian bark of superior size; his second adventure had nearly terminated his mortal career. Believing Monte-Video favourable to the new republic, he cast anchor before its walls. A heavily armed gun-boat, sent to dislodge him from his position, rudely dispelled this illusion; while a musket-ball, traversing his neck, and lodging beneath his ear, laid him senseless upon the deck. His terrified followers, profiting by a favourable wind, crowded all sail, and sought refuge in the harbour of Gualegay. There, also, the flag of Rio Grande was not amicably recognised. The new-comers, and their apparently dying leader, were all thrown into prison. Tended, however, with skill and humanity, Garibaldi gradually recovered; and on giving his parole not to escape, was permitted to reside in a Spanish family, where he was treated with brotherly affection.

The repose of his easy captivity was rudely broken by the warning conveyed to him, late one night, that the authorities, in defiance of their promise that he should not be removed from Gualegay, were going to transfer him, early in the morning, to a stricter imprisonment at Bajada, the chief town of the province. Upon discovering this violation of the terms to which he had pledged himself, Garibaldi considered he was released from further obligation. Accordingly, that same night he attempted to escape, but, unacquainted with the country, lost himself in its boundless plains; and after wandering for two days without food or shelter, was tracked, and brought back to Gualegay. As a punishment for his evasion, before being sent to Bajada, he was suspended by the hands for the space of two hours; while, still further to humiliate the sensitive Italian, this torture was inflicted in sight of a crowd assembled in front of the open prison-doors. For a long time afterwards, one arm was almost disabled, and even to the present day retains traces of this inhuman treatment.

Some months longer, passed in confinement, wore wearily away; at the end of which, without any trial, without any judicial confutation of his indignant protest against the legality of his detention, he was told he might depart.

At Rio Grande, for whose cause he had already suffered so much, Garibaldi found himself warmly received, and was speedily invested with the command of the scanty naval force—if such a term can at all be applied to two or three miserable coasting-craft, mounted with a few small guns—which constituted the marine resources of the infant republic.

Many incidents are related of the constant skirmishes, by sea and land, in which he now found himself engaged against the Brazilians, that have already furnished materials for the pen of the romancist. To do more, however, than glance at a few of the most singular, would lead us far beyond our prescribed limits.

Chased one day by the Brazilian cruisers into a lagoon, whither he had not calculated upon their venturing to follow him, Garibaldi, as a last expedient, ran his vessel aground; then, transporting two swivels to an overhanging eminence, he kept up so galling a fire, that the enemy, apparently unwilling to risk their boats' crews by coming to closer quarters, retired to a safe distance for the night; convinced that, however his resistance might be prolonged, he could not ultimately escape them. But when morning dawned, Garibaldi and the stranded ship had both disappeared. By indefatigable activity, he had got her off the sand, and, gliding past the unsuspecting Brazilians, anchored at the mouth of the lagoon, had made good his retreat; while, to mask his design, had they been more watchful of his movements, he had collected a quantity of brushwood and loose timber, which, set on fire, might induce them to believe he had destroyed his ship, and sought safety in flight by land.

On a subsequent occasion, he was not so fortunate. The Brazilians forced the entrance of the Lagao dos Patos, where the lilliputian fleet of Rio Grande was stationed; and, confident in their vastly superior numbers and weight of metal, anticipated an easy capture. But Garibaldi had no notion of surrender: for a while he replied with spirit to their heavy cannonade—his newly married wife, a native of that country, standing unmoved by his side. Then, convinced that further resistance would have been madness, ordered his crews to land, blew up the powder-magazines, and swam to shore.

We next find him at the head of his sailors, whom he had organised as a land-force, laying the foundation of his future fame in the *guerilla* system of warfare. In the dangerous expeditions, the toilsome marches, the unceasing alarms, the frequent hand-to-hand encounters which are its inseparable accompaniments, his wife was never absent from him. It is related of her, that once, during the confusion of an unexpected engagement, she was taken prisoner by the Brazilians. Worked to frenzy by a rumour that her husband was slain, she contrived during the night to elude the vigilance of her captors, and hurrying to the field of battle, sought amongst the dead and dying for his remains. Satisfied at length that her fears were groundless, she pursued her flight, and after two days had the happiness of being reunited to the object of an affection whose constancy and devotedness have invested the name of Anna Garibaldi and her mournful fate with an interest denied to many a loftier heroine. Even the claims of maternity had no power to withdraw her from his side; bearing their new-born son in her arms, she continued to face death, exposure, and privation, lighthearted and unflinching, so long as nothing seemed to threaten their separation.

It was not long after the birth of this child that Garibaldi determined to leave Rio Grande. A war of principle had degenerated into a conflict of individual ambition, no longer suited to his ideal of republicanism. Setting sail for Monte-Video in a state of poverty consistent with the disinterestedness of his character, no sooner had he arrived at his destination, than it became necessary to seek some means of earning bread for his family.

For a short time he gave lessons of algebra and geometry in one of the principal schools of the city; but the solicitations of the government, involved in a protracted war with Rosas, the obnoxious dictator of Buenos Ayres, induced him, ere long, to relinquish these peaceful avocations.

His first naval expedition was honourable to his reputation, though disastrous in its results. Invested with the command of a corvette, a brig, and a cutter, he forced the entrance of the Paranà, defended by considerable batteries. Elated with this success, he proceeded up the river; but, unpractised in its navigation, found himself entangled in sand-banks, and at the same time confronted by the Buenos Ayrean fleet of ten sail. It does not say much for the prowess of the assailants that for three days Garibaldi was enabled to keep them at bay. His ammunition failing at last, he cut up the chain-cables, and every iron implement he could lay hands on, till seeing even these resources were exhausted, he ordered his ships' companies to take to the boats, and remaining himself to the last, followed his usual system of explosion. As on the Lagao dos Patos, he reached the shore in safety; hastily formed his men; and, fighting his way through a body of troops sent to oppose his progress, succeeded in effecting a retreat.

Returning to Monte-Video by a circuitous land-route, Garibaldi found himself, notwithstanding the ill success of his expedition, anxiously expected, and warmly greeted. The city was menaced by a siege from the redoubted Oribe, and the general consternation was excessive. By the government he was charged to fit out some ships to replace their recent losses; and by the Italian residents, who were very numerous at Monte-Video, was appointed to the command of a body of 800 volunteers, raised amongst themselves, to assist in the defence.

His subsequent naval operations, owing to his crippled resources, were limited to watching the movements of the blockading squadron, facilitating the entrance of ships carrying supplies to the beleaguered city, and the occasional capture of some laden with stores for the army of Oribe. So great, however, was his eagerness to strike some decisive blow, that he once deliberately advanced to the mouth of the harbour with his insignificant flotilla, only numbering eight guns, and offered battle to the ships of Rosas, which carried forty-four. The roofs and balconies of Monte-Video were crowded with spectators; the masts and rigging of the neutral vessels in the port swarmed with French, English, and American sailors, all breathlessly awaiting the issue of this daring challenge. But the

Buenos Ayreans, probably apprised that he founded his hopes of success on speedily grappling with and boarding them, did not judge it expedient to accept the combat.

Of the exploits of the Italian Legion, speedily organised under his active superintendence, Italians are justifiably proud, although a detail of the sorties, desperate charges, and desultory skirmishing in which it was constantly engaged, would prove wearying to the English reader. One brilliant feat of arms nevertheless, selected amongst several other incidents, almost equally striking, we cannot permit ourselves to pass over.

Despatched on a distant expedition to dislodge the enemy from a province on the confines of Brazil, a service he performed with eventual success—with 184 Italian legionaries and a handful of cavalry, for eight hours Garibaldi once kept his ground against 1500 men. Night closing in found the little band reduced to nearly half its original number: thirty-five were killed, fifty seriously wounded. The survivors, exhausted with fatigue and want of food, seemed hardly capable of dragging themselves to Salto, a fortified town, where Garibaldi had fixed his head-quarters, about a league distant. But to leave his wounded to the mercy of the Buenos Ayreans, irritated by the check they had sustained, was repugnant to the feelings of their commander. Placing them by twos and threes upon such horses as he could collect, supported on each side by their weary comrades, alternately sympathising, applauding, reproving, he was able, after a tedious retreat of three hours' duration, to muster his followers within the welcome shelter of the walls of Salto.

The news of this action, where the enemy was said to have lost 500 between killed and wounded, produced great enthusiasm at Monte-Video. The government ordered that the date of the battle—the 8th of February 1846—should be inscribed in letters of gold on the banner of the legion; and the French admiral commanding the station of Rio de la Plata, addressed a complimentary letter to Garibaldi, declaring that such achievements would even have conferred additional lustre on the soldiers of the Grand Army of Napoleon.

On his return to the capital in the autumn of that same year, having satisfactorily fulfilled the duty with which he had been intrusted, the title of general was conferred upon him—a distinction he at first declined, but was at length induced by general entreaty to accept. His refusal, however, for himself and his legionaries of a grant of lands and cattle, was not to be shaken; protesting 'that in obedience to the call of liberty alone, had the Italians of Monte-Video taken up arms, and not with any views of gain or advancement'—a declaration which may claim the rare distinction of sincerity, since it is positively known that at this period so frugal was the expenditure, and so limited the resources of his household, no lights were ever burned at night under his roof, candles not being included in the rations, which, with his scanty pay, furnished his only means of subsistence. When this fact became known to General Pacheco y Obes, then minister of war, he himself relates that he sent his aid-de-camp with a sum equal to L.20 to Garibaldi. Accepting half of this for the most pressing necessities of his fast increasing family, he begged that the remainder might be given to a widow whom he designated as being more in want than himself.

The good-will he enjoyed from all classes of the inhabitants, the confidence reposed in him by the authorities, the claims he might justly have urged from his unceasing exertions during the war, were never looked upon by Garibaldi as constituting any title to reward. 'The only favour he was ever known to solicit,' says the above-quoted writer, 'was the pardon of some conspirator or the liberty of some captive.'

Meantime, events were fast succeeding each other in his native country, which were soon to lead the way to a more important field of action, and call him to the fulfilment of his ardent aspirations.

The opening of the reign of Pope Pius IX.; his political amnesty, bringing joy to countless homes; his graceful concessions to public opinion; his promised reforms—everything awoke in his subjects a transport of jubilee and gratitude, which, spreading throughout the whole peninsula, and stimulating its other princes to follow in his wake, caused him to be universally hailed as the regenerator of Italy. The effect of the intelligence brought by every succeeding mail from Europe—each report more wondrous, more stirring than its predecessor—may easily be imagined upon Garibaldi. Sharing in the general delusion respecting the ulterior designs and capabilities of the pontiff, he and Anzani, one of his most intimate friends, jointly addressed the apostolic nuncio at Rio Janeiro: 'If our arms, not unused to warfare, will be welcome to his holiness, we willingly offer them to him who so well knows how to serve alike the church and our fatherland. Provided it be in furtherance of the work of redemption commenced by Pius IX., we shall consider ourselves privileged in sealing our devotedness with our blood.' To this the nuncio, Monsignor Bedini, returned a flattering but evasive reply, stating that he had transmitted their letter to Rome.

But it was not in the nature of Garibaldi to remain inactive. Long before any reply could have been received from Rome, he had quitted South America.

The warlike tone of the Italian journals, confirmed by private letters, intimating that the country was on the eve of a great national rising, preached by priests and friars as a new crusade, and supposed to be favoured by the pope himself, had aroused the emulation of their countrymen at Monte-Video. A subscription was speedily raised for the equipment of a vessel, called the *Esperanza*, to bear a body of volunteers under the command of Garibaldi, to take part in the approaching war of independence.

After many delays, caused by the unwillingness of the Monte-Videan government to lose his services, and the foreign merchants his protection—during which, chafing at the loss of time, he used passionately to exclaim: 'We shall arrive the last, when nothing will be left for us to do!'—the expedition, comprising about one hundred men, at length set sail in April 1848.

Upon landing at Nice, in the month of June, after an absence of fourteen years, the returning exile must have been well-nigh bewildered by the recital of all the three past months comprised. In the concluding days of March and commencement of April, were crowded events on which hung the destinies of Europe: the establishment of the French republic; insurrectionary movements at Berlin; Vienna in revolt, and almost simultaneously the Austrians driven from Milan; Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, answering to the call of Lombardy, and believing the long cherished aspirations of his house about to be fulfilled, crossing the Ticino with his troops; Tuscany and Rome sending forth thousands of volunteers; and even Ferdinand of Naples, yielding to the pressure of popular feeling, despatching a contingent to co-operate in the national war.

The wild rejoicing, the frenzied excitement, the delusive hopes of those few weeks, no language can portray. We lay down our pen, in mingled wonder and sadness, as remembrances of the scenes we then witnessed, and the anticipations in which we shared, rise up before us. What gorgeous visions!—what a dark awakening! And yet, in spite of the bitter lessons of that period, we find ourselves involuntarily inquiring, whether they have borne fruit?—whether the Italy of '56 would prove wiser, more sober, more trustful, more true to herself than the Italy of '48? Alas! that we should hesitate in our reply, while we turn to our melancholy retrospect.

With the dawn of May the brilliant picture was already blotted out.

Pius IX.—after having blessed the departure of the exulting multitudes, who with tricolored crosses on their breasts, and cries of 'Liberty to Italy!' 'Away with the Barbarians!' defiled before him at the Quirinal—in his famous encyclical letter of the 29th of April, spread astonishment and consternation throughout the land.

Urged by his ministers to give his public adhesion to the war, the pope answered their entreaties by the publication of this document, in which he set forth, 'that he had for some time observed his name used as a pretext for an enterprise he never contemplated, having had no design beyond that of securing by degrees to the state a better internal administration. With the hope, however, of obviating disturbance or bloodshed, he had hitherto abstained from interference; but now that it was sought to thrust him into an unjust and hurtful war, contrary to his position as chief of a religion which inculcates universal peace, and obliged him to recognise all races as equally his children, his duty and inclination alike forbade him to keep silence.'

This manifesto fell like a thunderbolt upon the Italian liberals, who saw at once revealed the weakness and vacillation of the pontiff whose name had hitherto been their watchword. Their idol was hurled from his pedestal; and in proportion to the exaggerated applause and Utopian expectations of which he had been the object, now became the contempt and animosity with which he was regarded.

The more resolute of the volunteers, goaded to an open violation of his injunctions, under General Durando, determined to prosecute the campaign; but many, still clinging to their old faith in the church, lost heart in an expedition her head no longer sanctioned. Nor were these sentiments confined to the subjects of Rome; but, appealing to their political or religious convictions, extended to the whole of the Italian people; and thus, in this great national struggle, where unity of principle was indispensable to success, the elements of discord, scepticism, or scruples of conscience, were fatally introduced. More surely than if he had recruited their ranks with a hundred thousand men, did Pius IX. promote the Austrian's cause.

Nor was this all. The king of Naples, after having, on various pretences, so delayed the movements of his troops that the middle of May still found them on their march through the pope's dominions, arrested their further course just as they reached the frontier of Lombardy, and summoned them back to his capital. The sudden withdrawal of 20,000 men, well provided with artillery, on whose co-operation he had anxiously counted, was not the only disaster that thwarted Charles Albert's designs. The Tuscan volunteers, mostly youths from the universities of Pisa and Siena, were routed in two successive encounters with the Austrians, and rendered incapable of giving any further assistance in the campaign. While more deplorable than any of the foregoing, internal treachery was already at work, weakening the confidence of the Lombards in the chivalrous prince who had perilled his people and his crown in their behalf.

For a short space, however, the victories of Peschiera and Goito, on the 30th of May, dispelled the gathering clouds. When it was known that in one day the strong fortress of Peschiera had surrendered to the Duke of Genoa, and that 30,000 Austrians under Radetzky had been defeated by Charles Albert at the head of 20,000 Piedmontese, the universal joy and triumph knew no bounds. The murmurs of disaffection at Milan were stifled, and, as in the first period of his popularity two months before, the name of the king was hailed in her streets and theatres with enthusiastic acclamations.

Had the Piedmontese known how to gather in the harvest of victory, as well as reap its first-fruits, the fortunes of Italy might have been changed. But instead of pursuing the retreating enemy, Charles Albert, with unaccountable supineness, permitted Radetzky to retire leisurely across the Adige; effect a junction with a body of 15,000 men despatched through the Tyrol to his assistance; bombard Vicenza, which, defended by Durando and the Roman volunteers, capitulated on the 8th of June, after a gallant resistance; and, finally, with swiftness retracing his steps, threw himself into Verona, just as the Piedmontese were preparing to assault it.

Foiled in his views on Verona, Charles Albert sat down before Mantua, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe; while Radetzky, by the reduction of Vicenza, having the whole country open in his rear, was well satisfied to continue on the defensive until the arrival of further reinforcements.

It was during the fatal inaction of the blockade of Mantua that Garibaldi presented himself at the head-quarters of the king.

DIAMOND-WASHING IN BRAZIL, AND DIAMOND-CUTTING AT AMSTERDAM.

The diamond possesses a much higher and more uniform value than any other article of commerce. The supply has never so far exceeded the demand as to make any change in the price of cut stones. In 1843, when the mines at Sincora, in Bahia, were discovered, fears were entertained that a permanent depreciation would take place; but the very high prices which required to be paid for all the necessaries of life, and the unhealthy nature of the climate, speedily reduced the number of diamond-seekers, and the fall was scarcely felt in Europe.

The tract of country in which the Brazilian diamonds are found, extends from the village of Itambe, in Minas-Geraes, to Sincora, on the river Paragussa of Bahia, between 20° 19′ and 13° of south latitude. They are chiefly obtained from the numerous streams which form the sources of the rivers Doce, Arassuaky, Jequitinhonha, and San Francesco. It is also highly probable that the auriferous regions of Australia, like those of South America, contain diamonds; two from the river Macquarie having been sent to the exhibition which was lately held at Paris.

Diamonds consist of pure carbon, and are often found in the form of eight or twelve sided crystals, the latter being the less common figure. Of their formation in the great laboratory of nature, nothing is known; but they are supposed to exist originally in the mountains, whence they are carried down into the valleys by the torrents which flow during the rainy seasons. The degradation of the rocks must be accomplished by the powerful agency of the tropic floods; and the precious gems which are thus excavated, must be deposited in the sedimentary débris which forms the beds of the rivers before the search of man becomes successful. The parent stone or matrix is a mica schist, called Ite Columite, whose fragments mixed with earth form the cascalho, which is dug from the rivers, and in which the diamond-seeker finds his treasure. In South America, the alluvium of the rivers not only contains diamonds, but gold and platina, though both these metals are generally so finely powdered as almost to defy collection by the ordinary process of washing. The river Jequitinhonha is one of the richest in Brazil, and the works on its banks have been carried on for a long period. When the dry season, which continues from April to the middle of October, has reduced the depth of water, the river is turned aside into a canal previously formed by making an embankment, with bags of sand, over the original channel. The water which remains is then pumped out, the mud dug to a depth varying from six to twenty feet, and removed to the place where the washing is afterwards to be performed. While the dry season continues, the labour of collecting the cascalho is carried on unremittingly, so as to have a sufficient quantity to occupy the negroes during the rainy months. The mud which is raised from some of the rivers contains diamonds so uniformly diffused, that a pretty correct approximation can be made to the number of carats which a given quantity will produce. It sometimes happens, however, that grooves are found containing large quantities of diamonds and gold. When the rainy season puts a stop to the raising of the cascalho, the scene of operations is changed to the washing-shed, near which the result of the dry season's labours has been heaped up. The troughs, called canoes, are arranged side by side, and the overseer occupies an elevated seat in front, so as to observe every movement of the working negroes. Into each of the canoes, a small stream of water is introduced, to carry away the earthy part of the cascalho. Having placed half a hundredweight of the cascalho in the canoe, the negro lets in the stream, and keeps up a constant motion till the mud has been all washed away and the water runs perfectly clear. The gravel is then taken out by the hand, and carefully examined for diamonds. When one is found, the negro stands upright, and claps his hands, as a signal to the overseer, who receives it from the finder, and places it in a bowl with water, which is hung in the midst of the shed. The day's work being finished, all the diamonds which have been found are delivered to the superintendent, who enters their weight in a book. Large diamonds are exceedingly rare. It has been calculated that, on an average, out of 10,000 there are seldom more than one found which weighs twenty carats, while there are perhaps 8000, each of which is less than one. At the works on the river Jequitinhonha, there have rarely been found more than two or three stones weighing from seventeen to twenty carats each in the washings of a year; in the whole diamond-mines of Brazil, not more than one is found, in two years, of thirty carats. In 1851, a stone of 120⅜ carats was found at the source of the river Patrocinho, in Minas-Geraes; afterwards, one of 107 carats, on the Rio das Velhas; and another of 87½, at Chapada. But the largest which has been obtained of late years is 'The Star of the South,' which, previous to being cut, weighed 254 carats.

Many precautions are used to prevent the negroes from concealing the stones they find; such as frequently causing them to remove, at a given signal, from one trough to another. Encouragements are also offered to induce them to pursue the search with great care. The negro who finds a diamond of 17½ carats is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom, a suit of clothes, and permission to work on his own account. One who was present when a stone of 16½ carats was found at Tejuco, says: 'It was pleasing to see the anxious desire manifested by the officers that it might entitle the poor negro to his freedom; and when, on being delivered and weighed, it proved only a carat short of the requisite weight, all seemed to sympathise in his disappointment.' A stone of eight or ten carats entitles the finder to two new shirts, a suit of clothes, a hat, and handsome knife. For smaller, but valuable stones, proportionate premiums are given. Brazil sends yearly into the trade about 30,000 carat-weight of uncut diamonds. During the two years after the discovery of the diamond-mine at Sincora, in Bahia, 600,000 carats were sent to Europe; but in 1852 the quantity had fallen to 130,000.

The labour expended in collecting that small bag of dull glassy stones is immense. One can easily lift with the hand the product of a year's digging and washing; yet, to bring them together, much sweat has flowed while the steaming negroes dug the clay under a burning tropic sun. The whip has many a time roused the fagging energies, or sharpened the search among the gravel in the washing-trough. Not a few have perished, and been laid by their companions under the dark green tree, from whose branches hang garlands of lovely orchidæ. And to fill up the blanks which have been made in the ranks of the toiling slaves of Brazil, many have been dragged from the coast of Africa, in spite of the efforts of this country to prevent the unholy traffic. The humanity of some, however, and the self-interest of others, have led them to frame rules which mitigate slavery in connection with the diamond-mines of Brazil. The rewards which are offered, not only prove an incentive to careful search, but impart a spirit to the labour which must render it less irksome. But the lash is still in the hand of the overseer, and numbers of the human family are kept down to the level of beasts of burthen.

The process of cutting brings out the inherent beauty of the diamond, and greatly enhances its value. Even after the stone has been cut, if unskilfully done, the sparkling beauty of the gem is wanting. No change of position which the commissioners tried could make the Koh-i-noor appear, at the London Exhibition, much superior to a piece of rock-crystal; but after having been re-cut, it became one of the choicest brilliants. For a long period, the Jews of Amsterdam have almost exclusively monopolised that branch of industry. At a time when they were persecuted in all the other nations of Europe, the liberal laws and flourishing trade of Amsterdam encouraged them to settle there in great numbers; and the diamond-mills were erected under the special protection which the states of Holland afforded to capital and enterprise. It is calculated that not fewer than 10,000 out of the 28,000 Jews who live in Amsterdam depend directly and indirectly on the diamond-trade.

The Diamond-cutters' Company, under the direction of Mr Posno, have three factories, all worked by steam. The united capacity of the engines is ninety-five horse-power, driving 438 mills, and employing 925 workers. There are two other diamond-cutting factories in Amsterdam, the one belonging to the firm of B. L. M. Arons, conducted by Mr Prins, having an engine of six horse-power, driving forty mills, and employing seventy people; the other is the property of Mr Coster, with a steam-power of forty horse, driving seventy-two mills, and giving work to 150 hands. In the factories of the Diamond-cutters' Company, and that of Mr Prins, the mills are let, to those who are not shareholders, at a fixed rate for the hour or day. Mr Coster's mills, on the other hand, are driven on his own account; and to him have been intrusted the two most valuable gems that have been cut in late years, the Koh-i-noor and Star of the South.

Having obtained an introduction, the visitor to this mill is treated with the greatest attention. He no sooner enters one of the flats, than the heads of a dozen persons are stretched forward, offering their services to explain the various steps in the process. The seats of the workmen are arranged along the side-walls of the building, and before each is a circular metal plate, revolving horizontally with great velocity. A short lever of iron rests with one extremity on the bench, and the other on the revolving plane. The diamond-polisher stops the motion, and, lifting the lever, shews the stranger that the end which rested on the mill has an amalgam placed upon it, in which the stone is fixed, so as to leave only the side exposed which is being ground. Handing the lever to an assistant, it is put into a small furnace, heated, and then returned to the polisher. The amalgam is now soft, and the diamond, having been picked out, is replaced with the part exposed which is next to undergo the action of the mill. A clever workman can keep two, or even three, small diamonds on the *schijf* at once; but the greatest care has to be taken that they are not exposed too long. The minute facets of diamonds, so small as to require from 1500 to 2000 for a single carat's weight, can be easily overcut, and the stone destroyed. In the Netherlands division of the exhibition at Paris, rose-diamonds were exhibited which required 1500 to the carat; and that is not the limit to which the cutting can be carried.

The stone having been fixed in the amalgam, which is then hardened by cooling it in water, the workman shews the visitor a little box of fine powder, of which a minute quantity is put, with a few drops of oil, on the mill. This is the diamond-dust with which alone the polishing can be accomplished, and it possesses a value of about L.60 sterling the ounce. It is chiefly obtained in the first process which the diamond undergoes after it has come from the artist, who, if it is a valuable stone, draws out a plan by which it may be cut with the smallest loss of weight. Leaving the mills, we ascend to this department, and find that the workman does everything without the aid of machinery. Having taken two small wooden levers or handles, he selects two diamonds, and fixes one in each. The rough form of the facets are then made by rubbing the one diamond against the other over a little box, which receives the powder as it falls.

The Star of the South, a brilliant of the purest water, as seen at the Paris Exhibition, was cut in the factory of Mr Coster; and the ablest artist of the establishment, Mr Voorsanger, had the honour of successfully re-cutting the Koh-i-noor in the workshop of the crown-jeweller at London. The *médaille d'honneur*, which the imperial commissioners at Paris assigned 'pour les lapidaires diamantaires de Hollande: taille de diamants et roses livrés au commerce,' was well bestowed.

The Koh-i-noor, when presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria by the East India Company, was of an irregular egg-form, and the cutting had been so unskilfully executed that its appearance scarcely surpassed that of cut crystal. In the sides were grooves which had been cut for the purpose of fastening it in the former setting, and near the top was a small split. To remove these without greatly reducing the weight, presented considerable difficulties, but Mr Coster was of opinion that these might be overcome in the hands of a skilful workman. Several models were presented to Her Majesty, out of which she selected the form it now bears, that of a regular brilliant. To accomplish the work of re-cutting, a small engine, of four horse-power, was erected to drive the diamond-mills. The cutting was commenced on the 16th July 1852, and finished in thirty-eight working-days of twelve hours each. In removing one of the flaws, the speed of the revolving plane required to be increased to 3000 revolutions in the minute, and even then the object was attained slowly. The velocity with which the mill rotates, and pressure on the lever which rests the diamond upon the plane, alone give power to the workman. That pressure may either be applied by the hand, or weights proportioned to the size of the stone and nature of the work. In cutting the Koh-i-noor, it was regulated so as to be capable of being increased from one to fifteen Netherlands pounds.

The process reduced the Koh-i-noor from $186\frac{1}{16}$ carats to $106\frac{1}{16}$; considerably under the average loss, which is estimated at one half or more. The Star of the South, when uncut, weighed 254 carats, and is now 125, the reduction being somewhat more than half. No large diamonds were ever before cut with so little diminution of their weight. The 'Regent,' which belongs to the crown-jewels of France, lost nearly two-thirds. But this is not the only circumstance which points out the great progress made in the art of diamond-cutting. The time required to perform the work has been very much shortened. The Regent occupied two years; while the Koh-i-noor, which is only thirty-seven carats lighter, was finished in less than six weeks; and the Star of the South, twelve carats smaller than the Regent, was cut in three months. Moreover, no one can look at the cabinet of models in Mr Coster's room without recognising the superiority of the Koh-i-noor and the Star of the South over any of the other gems which belong to the sovereigns of Europe.

The manner in which the value of cut diamonds is calculated, makes it of the greatest importance that the weight should be reduced as little as possible. A stone of one carat is valued at L.8 sterling, while one twice the weight is worth L.32; the rule being, 'the square of the weight multiplied by the price of a stone weighing unity,' gives the true value. According to this principle, the Koh-i-noor is worth about L.90,000, and the Star of the South L.125,000. But the rule is never applied to stones of a very large size; these possess a value altogether arbitrary.

By cutting, the peculiar brilliancy of the diamond is brought out and its value fixed. Then the jeweller adds new beauty by tasteful setting. His skilful combination of various kinds of precious stones, so that the one may impart splendour to the other, makes the starry rays of the diamond sparkle with glory in the tiara, brooch, or necklace. During the last twenty years, great progress has been made in the art of setting, of which splendid specimens were exhibited both at the London and Paris Exhibitions. Rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds are now formed into anemones, roses, carnations, tulips, convolvuli, lilies, and other flowers. Probably, the idea originated with the glory which is seen, early on a summer morning, when the rising sun shines on the dewy flowers.

The revolution in France, at the end of the last century, nearly ruined the jewellers of Paris, and for a time gave a check to improvement. Under the imperial government of Napoleon I., some progress was again made, but the art only began to flourish after the restoration. At first, they worked with stones of the second class, such as topazes, amethysts, and aigue-marines, with which trinkets of more appearance than value could be made. Afterwards, it was found that by imitating flowers, the number of precious stones, in proportion to the size of the jewel, could be reduced without injuring the effect; while diamonds of less purity, such as those of Bahia, could be more freely used. The practice of setting diamonds in silver, and rubies in gold, so as to impart an apparent increase of size to the one, and splendour of colour to the other, became more general; and the most beautiful designs have been wrought out with the greatest neatness and taste. At no period in the history of the world have so fine specimens of the jeweller's art been produced as during the present century by the artists of London and Paris.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HEROES.

My friend M'Haggis is a bluff, hirsute, jolly-looking fellow, so plain of speech and hearty in manner, that you would take him for a man-o'-war's man, impervious to delicate sensations, and never suspect him to be the victim of a weakness. He accosts you with a tone that breathes nothing but the sincerest concern in your health and welfare, and gives your hand a squeeze, which says, as plainly as a squeeze can say it, I'm your friend, every way. His resemblance to one of Her Majesty's naval defenders is increased by his having seen some service in the tropics; and his brown face is one that I like to look upon; and to hear the homely accent of Annandale in his voice, whenever he calls at our office, is one of my social pleasures.

M'Haggis writes M.D. after his name, and not unworthily. He can handle his pen, too, and has entertained the world with an account of his travels, and sickened it with a learned treatise or two on the *Black Vomit.* He is a man of some note and consideration; and he always seemed so well satisfied with himself, and contented with his lot, that I really thought appearances did not belie him.

Judge of my astonishment, when one day I was made aware that M'Haggis had a weakness. What do you think it was? You will never guess, so I'll tell you at once. It was for a title. M.D. was not enough; and he had a great desire to be made a Commander of the Bath, in order that he might have the felicity of seeing his name in full dress on his title-pages and elsewhere: David Grampian M'Haggis, C.B., M.D. Grant him but that, and his ambition would be satisfied.

It was he himself who told me of it. He called one day, and sitting down with rather a grave countenance, opened his heart on the whole subject. He had been trying his hand at a pull of the wires of diplomacy. He had written a letter to Sir George Grey, intimating that, as certain Crimean heroes had been decorated or betitled, he thought that he who had not served in the Crimea, but had served somewhere else, was also not undeserving of some similar mark of consideration.

The reply was not encouraging. The minister didn't see the matter from the same point of view, or feel himself called on to accept the conclusions of the applicant. M'Haggis, however, being a man of mettle, and, as it turned out, imbued with a largish sense of his own merits, incontinently sat down and wrote a rejoinder that filled four pages of foolscap, reiterating his former argument in stronger terms, supporting it with a platoon of additional facts and a battery of cogent reasons. Having sealed and despatched this lengthy document, he awaited the result with the feeling of a man who has done his best, and is assured of success.

He waited three days, at the end of which a large official envelope was placed in his hands: it contained a sheet of foolscap, on which was written a short sentence bearing internal evidence of not having passed through the circumlocution office. It ran thus:

'Sir George Grey has received Mr M'Haggis's letter.'

'That rather doubles me up,' said Mac, as he handed me the unflattering missive, in the vain hope that I might find a crumb of comfort in it.

Still he would not flinch; his resources were not yet exhausted. Pressure from without must now be exercised—that was clear. He was interesting all his friends, and they were numerous, in the case. One, an M.P., had promised to use his influence; two or three others had promised to speak to somebody else; and he wanted me to write to the governor of Deadmanaboo, with whom I had some acquaintance, to urge him to ask the Colonial Minister to say a good word to the Home Minister in favour of M'Haggis, and move that cautious functionary to grant to the said M'Haggis the much-coveted C.B.

Here were resources with a vengeance. As he opened them out before me, I looked at him half in doubt as to whether he were really the same man I had known for so many years as an apparently favourable specimen of unsophisticated human nature. My writing such a letter as he suggested was clearly out of the question, and I asked him whether—which was not likely—he obtained his title by such means as he purposed to employ, he could reconcile himself to wear it?

'Why not?' he answered, with that hearty voice of his, which shewed that whatever others might think, he, for one, had no misgivings on the subject.

'Why not?' I replied. 'Pardon me, Mac, but you can't be serious. No man with proper self-respect could think of begging for a title, or of exhibiting it, should his petition unluckily prove successful.'

'I don't see that,' he rejoined in a tone somewhat less confident than before.

'Of course, you don't, my dear fellow, or you would never have risked your peace of mind and the esteem of your friends on such a venture. I am very sorry to see you at your time of life forming one of that already too numerous class who are always hankering after distinctions.'

'But there is many a one enjoying the dignity who doesn't deserve it half so well as I do.'

'That is nothing to the purpose,' rejoined I. 'If the C.B. be worth anything at all, what have you done that is worth it? You, however, don't wait to have it offered; you ask for it. And you would wear it in the face of your friends as if it had been a free gift on the part of Her Majesty. Oh, Mac, Mac! and you knowing all the while that if a man's own heart does not tell him he deserves praise or reward, his distinctions are apt to become a source of self-reproach.'

To particularise what followed is needless: suffice it that Mac has not yet obtained the much-coveted initials, and the chances appear to be against him. Taken by itself, his case might be considered hardly worth print; but when we know that it is an example of a wide-spread, and by no means commendable practice, we may use it as a warning. Now-a-days, everybody wants to be thought somebody; and a great many will take no pains to be virtuous unless their deeds are trumpeted to the world. Of such the moral law is: Don't do your best because it is your duty to do so, but because you hope to be praised or rewarded. 'Why should I not have an order?' said one of the functionaries of the hospital department, when he came home from the Crimea.

'What have you done?' was the retort.

'Why, we put the department into a good and proper state; it was bad enough before, as all the world knows.'

'True; but that is just what you were sent to do; and now would you have some special mark of consideration because you did it?'

'Well, you see, the appointment raised us to a certain rank, involving some degree of distinction; and why should we not wear something to perpetuate that distinction?'

See how the craving for 'honours,' as they are called, betrays a man into faulty logic and false morality. But is not this the manufacturing age, and is there not a manufacture of heroes as well as of calico and railway bars? I for one am a hero-worshipper, and don't mind avowing the fact; but I have not yet been able to worship manufactured heroes, or to feel any sympathy with those who are always ready to come forward with their testimonial. Don't I remember how sundry infatuated people gave L.10,000 to a Railway King, just because he made a great fortune by speculation? Don't I know that in Paris the Minister of the Interior has always on his books a list of nearly 2000 names of candidates for the decoration of the *Légion d'honneur?*—and don't I know that an eager and active canvass is always carried on by this crowd of aspirants, each one striving to get the bit of red ribbon before his competitor? And when I read from time to time in the *Moniteur* that the emperor has been pleased to confer the cross on M. So-and-so, in consideration, &c., &c., I know that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, there was no other consideration than that of silencing the noisiest or most troublesome claimant. No wonder the Parisians call it the *Légion d'horreur.*

If everybody is to be distinguished, where is your great man? Not to have a decoration, to be a nobody, must, with the present tendency, come in time to be the distinction. Are our perceptions dwarfed, or is *not* doing one's duty become so much the rule and practice, that duty honestly done is regarded as the exception, and as especially worthy of applause? Is human praise, after all, of more worth than the voice of conscience? I incline to think not, and I regard the fuss made of late with heroes as an unfavourable sign of the times. I have never heard or read that Cromwell's Ironsides craved for any special marks of distinction; and we all know how they did their duty. If the really deserving do not find within themselves something to animate their sense of duty—to sustain their hope—then conscience is dead, and in its stead we must have crosses, stars, and ribbons. Some warriors are distinguished because on a certain day they wore a red coat in a certain place; and some savans because they have ruined their health by useless researches: nevertheless, it is still true, as the *Times* says, that 'to some honours are given, to others honour.'

TIMBER-BENDING.

All woods are more or less flexible, or capable of being bent; but by timber-bending, the giving it a *permanent set* is meant. The willow is well known in one of its applications to be divided into slender prismatic filaments, and dyed and curled, and used in party-coloured bunches as a summer ornament for our fire-grates; and these strips are also known to be woven into a fabric for ladies' bonnets. The ash is familiar to us, bent into trundling hoops, and measures for dry commodities. The yew appears in the trusty bow; and the lime figures in pill-boxes. We are accustomed to see cheap articles of cabinet-work embellished with a covering somewhat thicker than a shaving or a coat of paint, of choice walnut, maple, rosewood, or Spanish mahogany in the form of veneers, which are applied to curves often of a very complex nature. These, with many more that could be adduced, are familiar examples of the susceptibility of extreme curvature which most woods possess when reduced to thin proportions.

The pliancy exemplified in the thin veneer is carried out, though less extremely, in the laminated arch-rib of many railway-bridges and station-roofs. These curved ribs are composed of a number of thin boards of suitable width, bent over, and closely nailed and bolted to each other, their cross-joints successively overlapping, till any moderate void can be spanned; and that, too, with a structure which is very homogeneous in point of strength. The horseshoe beams of the audience part of a theatre are sometimes formed in a similar manner.

The curvatures referred to do not involve the processes belonging to timber-bending; the objects mentioned are mechanical combinations of materials which owe their curvature to the agents employed in their union; but bent timber, properly so called, is solid and single, having its mass reduced to the desired flexure without the means being apparent. The agency by which this has hitherto been effected is mainly heat, applied either by boiling or steaming; and the method is chiefly practised for ship-building purposes. The average time occupied is an hour for every inch in thickness; the fibres are temporarily softened, and the strength of the timber is permanently, though inconsiderably impaired—that is, *per se*, but often the reverse by virtue of its new form and position; the wood is at the same time rendered less subject to decay, or to warp or crack. Of the other objects of its application may be mentioned walking-sticks and gig-shafts: the crook of the former is a quick curve, very trying to the longitudinal strength and lateral coherence of the fibres; both of which may occasionally be found injured. To a gig-shaft is given such a curvature, and that not all lying in the same plane, that unless a piece of timber could be found having the proper bend naturally, not only would a very wide plank, but a very thick one, be necessary to cut it out of—a method that would be attended with much waste, and with the more serious evil of cross-wood, where toughness is indispensable.

Hitherto, by the processes in use, curvatures of short radius have only been accomplished in slender materials; those obtained in large timbers have been but of long radius; and it has been customary to consider, looking at the structure of the material, that little more could be achieved. It appears, however, that in America a timber-bending company is in existence possessing patent processes by which are effected curvatures hitherto undreamed of; and that a company is now forming in the British metropolis, having for its object the purchasing patent-rights for the United Kingdom, and for the selling of machines, and granting of licences upon payment of a royalty. The following is the substance of their statement, sanctioned by reports from Mr George Rennie, Mr Fairbairn, Dr Hooker, and other scientific and practical men:—

The present power of bending timber is exceedingly limited and expensive, and the product very unsatisfactory. Those parts of the wood where the curvature is greatest, are rendered invariably the weakest. All woods, English or foreign, of almost any size, can, by the new process, be bent to any form, angle, or curve, with the most conclusive results. The fibres are not in any way injured. The wood becomes almost impervious to damp and insect. Its density is increased, rendering it less liable to take fire. Its strength is enhanced, at least 75 per cent., at the very point where most required. It matters not whether the wood be cross-grained, knotty, seasoned, or new: the cross-grains are thrown into right angles; the knots are compelled to follow the impulse of the bending; and the juices are forced out of the cells of the wood, the cavities filled up by the interlacing fibres. Seasoning thus going hand in hand with condensation, the locking up of capital while timber is undergoing the necessary changes, will be obviated. As additional strength is gained, so, in proportion, will the size of timbers used be reduced. Time will be saved that is now spent in searching for woods suitable for carrying out particular designs. The present expensive method of cutting out and shaping timber will be superseded; and a saving of three-fourths of the material be effected. The machinery is so simple and cheap, that it can be acquired by persons of the most moderate means.

The results mentioned are stated to be obtained by *end-pressure*. It may be inferred, from the condensing and the interlacing of the fibres, that this is accompanied by lateral pressure, and with machinery of a kind which is adaptable to any degree of curvature.

In the consideration of this subject, the various stiffness of the different woods should be borne in mind, and also their various tensile strength. In a series of well-known woods, the former varies from 44 to 126, oak being 100; and the latter ranges from 5928 to 17,200 pounds per square inch of section. The promoters of the English company exhibit, among a variety of examples, one carriage-wheel having the felloes cut out of straight-grained, and another having them formed of bent wood. In the former, only a certain quantity of the fibres extend uncut from spoke to spoke, and part of the wood is cross-grained; in the latter, the whole of the fibres follow, uncut, the curvature of the wheel. They also exhibit a horseshoe chair-back, ready for the chisel: here, if we take the length of the wood as 43 inches, its breadth 2, the radius to the outside of the curve 8, and the arc three-fourths of a circle, terminated at each end with a short curve of reverse flexure, we find that the length is, on the inner side, compressed to 40 inches, and on the outer extended to 45¾. It is therefore not surprising that inwards from the neutral line, and especially towards the inner face, the juices should be squeezed out of the capillary tubes, and the fibres knuckle into or interlace themselves in them; or that outwards from the neutral line, and especially towards the outer side, the fibres should be brought more compactly together. The parts subjected to the severest trial would seem to be the outward portion of the outer half, where the tensile strain approaches its utmost intensity.

Should the soundness of the conclusions arrived at be established, and the practical and economical elements be put on a liberal and accessible basis, a new era will dawn over the entire range of arts in which wood plays a prominent part, and as distinctive a variety in architecture be initiated as that originated by the ferro-vitreous palace in Hyde Park.

IDOLS.

WONDER not because the heathen
Make them gods of wood and clay—
Hold we not as blind an error
E'en in this most Christian day?
Thou dost nurse, O man benighted,
Idol-worship dark as they!

Ere thou sneerest at the savage,
Make a search within thy breast.
Pierce the veil of self-delusion;
Search—be brave! spare nought the test!
Search within that inner temple
Where thy Maker placed His shrine—
Well for thee if ne'er polluted
By some graven thing of thine:
If there thou find such idol standing,
Know it for a base usurper;
Raise thine arm, and strike it down.

If thou, with a world-warped vision,
Look at human praise or blame,
Pointing all thy best endeavours
To a day-remembered name;
If thou seek this earth's distinctions,
Honours, and the pride of place,
And wouldst use the necks of brethren
For thy passage in the race;
If thou to thy franker spirit
Dost a deep and paltry wrong,
And, to suit the hour's opinions,
Tune thy teaching or thy song:
Tremble! thou hast raised an Idol
Moloch-like, most fierce and blind—
Day by day its false dominion
Shall deceive and sway thy mind.
Up! while yet thou canst resist;
Bring thy darling work to ruins—
Raise thine arm, and strike it down.

If thou, with a worse ambition,
Give thy hopes to sordid gain,
Wed to toil, so that the future
Bring thee crops of golden grain;
Know, poor soul! to this thine Idol
Kings and magi bowed of old,
Yet it is accursèd, treacherous,
And most worthless, though of gold.
It will press its glittering finger
On thine heart; the evil spell
Shall benumb all generous feelings
Which, like blessings, there should dwell.
Wilt thou be its slave, O Christian?
Kneel not in its blighting shadow—
Raise thine arm, and smite it down.

Woman, in whose soul's closed chamber
Is a shrine, revered alway,
Wo to thee, poor, fond fanatic,
For *thine* Idol is of clay!
Thou hast painted it with colours
Lent by Love's delusive eyes,
And in stolen hours of worship
Hast given thy heart in sacrifice!
Dost thou dare to raise an image
Earth-born, to a hallowed shrine?
Ah, remove it—or thy boldness
May provoke a Hand divine
(Wise in judgments) which thy treasure
From its standing-place may wrench,
And leave a heap of burning ashes
For thy streaming tears to quench.
Come—be patient! In the creature
Thou wert losing the Creator:
Raise thine hand, and bring it down.

Brethren, from all erring worship
Keep we our heart-temples free—
Lay the strong axe to the basis
Of our false idolatry.
Some, perchance, have served a lifetime
To a Dagon, huge and vain,
And their hearts have brought with labour
Every stone which marks his fane.
They have fed him with the incense
Of unnumbered hopes and fears;
Courage! wound this social despot,
And how shrunk his size appears!
Strike! heed not the falling rubbish
Or the subtile dust which blindeth,
Strike with vigour—lay him low!

M. A. D.

'FROEBEL'S GARDENS FOR CHILDREN.'

Since the appearance of the above article in No. 136, we have ascertained that the Kindergärten of Froebel were tried in 1851 at Hampstead, near London, and that since then they have met with considerable success at Grove House, Kentish Town. The directors, Mr and Mrs Ronge, have published *A Practical Guide to the English Kindergärten*, and this is now in the list of books issued by the Committee of the Council of Education. In 1854, Mr and Mrs Ronge established an Institution for the training of teachers, young ladies, and nurses, and in consequence of this publicity given to the system, various Kindergärten have been established by ladies, and the form of education introduced into the nurseries of distinguished families in Belgravia and other aristocratic quarters. Finally, a monthly journal was commenced by Mr Ronge in May last, to serve as the expositor and chronicle of the new system.

NOTICE.

COMMUNICATIONS *are requested to be addressed, as formerly, to* 339 HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by JAMES FRASER, 14 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 145. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1856. Price 1½d.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MOB.

It is a vulgar superstition that the regular theatre is the resort of all classes of society: that the aristocracy are in the boxes and stalls, the shopocracy in the pit, and the mobocracy in the gallery; and that thus the general heart of the country is reached at the same moment by the pathos or humour of the scene—one touch of nature making the whole world kin. Much might be said on the composition of the crowd entering these several divisions of the house; but we have at present to do only with the gallery, and there, we undertake to say, is not to be found, at least in any considerable strength, the mob or mass of the lower and working classes. And why? Simply because they can't afford a shilling. Many a decent workman, comprehended in the mob—a designation we use in no invidious sense—would be glad to take his wife and children now and then to the regular play: but the idea of his spending four or five shillings on a single evening's amusement is too wild to be entertained except as a waking dream. He may go himself, however, once or twice in his early life, meeting few of his own class, and staring curiously at the crowd of miscellaneous nondescripts in which he finds himself engulfed—servants of both sexes—sailors—provincials—adventurers; but feeling all the while that he is himself a stray visitor, and by no means in his own place of amusement. What, then, is the resource of such men at those times when mind and body alike demand recreation? How do the mothers of our toiling-classes indulge sometimes in an evening's forgetfulness of their cares? What plan does the fast youngster of the same degree fall upon to do the handsome thing to his sweetheart? It is our present purpose to explain this, to raise the curtain before the amusements of the mob; and in doing so we feel satisfied that we shall give our readers new and interesting information, that we shall disclose in this phase of the private life of the masses of London much that is healthy and hopeful, and even in the midst of matters that provoke a smile give rise to grave and even solemn thought.

Foremost in the exhibitions to which a penny serves as a passport, stand what we may call the shop-shows—a name they deserve, because they either stand in the rear of shops, or occupy the place of the shop itself, having driven the shopkeeper and his goods from the area. These are found in all parts of London except the west end. In the districts of Wapping and Redcliff they are apt to smack of a marine flavour, with a most ancient and fishlike smell, growing gradually more refined as they extend towards Temple Bar and beyond. Their outward manifestations are a dirty window-frame, a written placard or a fiery-coloured cartoon, or both, and an open door with a square yard of saw-dusted floor. See! within yon doorway lounges a sallow semi-animate sexagenarian, in costume half beef-eater half beadle, which contrasts fiercely with the dreamy face and lacklustre eye of the wearer. You read his history at a glance. He is all that is left of Fitzbowler's company, who, in the days of their glory, when the drama *was*, traversed the length and breadth of England, and levied willing contributions from an admiring world, and led the jolliest life in it—who came to London once a year, and reaped a golden harvest at Bartlemy fair—who were a name and a fame in the land till, unhappily, their light was all at once extinguished, and their sun set in darkness. For Fitzbowler got embroiled with Justice Grind, who mulcted him in penalties, and tormented him so much that he took to drinking and not paying his way. Then, Bartlemy fair was abolished, and the company, in spite of desperate attempts to cling together, was broken up; and there was a general wreck; and Fitzbowler died; and with such remnants of the properties as he could snatch from the creditors, our semi-animate friend rushed off to London, and ensconced himself in that little den at the corner of Alligator Alley, to drink the cup his fate should mix for him. Happily, the cup is filled pretty often with Barclay's entire; for Varty Slim (so our friend is called), though he is often seen sitting lone and lorn, like Marius amid the relics of former greatness, is wiser than the gloomy Roman; and instead of indulging in desperate thoughts, sets his wits to work to turn the penny—and turns it. Out of the three wax-figures which used to stand guard behind Fitzbowler's pay-table, he can manufacture any person of note, from monarch to murderer, whom it will pay to exhibit; out of the few drops and wings that escaped the general overthrow, he can make up a very pretty scene of any kind whatever; and out of some small ragamuffin rolling in the kennels of Whitechapel, he can manufacture a 'Phenomenon' in double-quick time. And, dead-alive as Varty looks, if you come by on a Saturday night, when the gas-lamps are flaring—when he has invested a penny in clean saw-dust—when the causeway is crammed with a gaping multitude—then you shall see the old fire in his eye, and hear the old bold voice thundering 'Now's your time, ladies and gentlemen—now's your time, to see the wonderful performances of the Little Phenomenon and the wax-work figures, with the *Death of Nelson*, all for a penny.' And if you will deposit the said penny at the door, you shall see the wax-work and the Phenomenon's performance in the tumbling and balancing line, and hear Varty himself, after he has bolted the door for the occasion, sing the *Death of Nelson* with a vehemence that threatens to rend the foundations of his old frame to atoms.

Penny-showmen of the Varty type are not so numerous as they once were; the race is dying out, and the way of life which produced them has not the attractions it formerly possessed. Overstep the saw-dust in another place, and you shall find yourself in the presence of a marine monster, perhaps pickled, perhaps—fresh, we were going to say, but that would be a mistake. Now it is a porpoise netted off Gravesend—now a young grampus from lower down the river—now it is the old mermaid, manufactured on the Barnum principle, half cod-fish, half monkey; and now it is a *lusus naturæ*, in the human shape, which ought to be in Surgeons' Hall—or it is the tattooed head of a New Zealander. Try it again, and you find yourself one of a company listening to the vocal delusions of a ventriloquist, holding an animated conversation with an angry person shut up in a cupboard, and who further entertains you with a hornpipe, danced on the table by the figure of a British sailor nine inches high, whose legs are personated by the fingers of the performer. Try it once more, and you are pointed to a seat in front of a neat curtain, behind which you hear the tones of a concertina tolerably played. By and by, when the seats are nearly full, the curtain rises, and an artificial landscape is revealed, in which what seems to be real water is streaming along a distant meadow, and cascading over rocks in the foreground, with the precise noise that accompanies the dashing of water. Then the scene changes to a wild sea-coast, where the billows roll darkly in the distance, and the breakers, with their heavy, dull sound, surge madly on the shore. It changes again for the last time, and you have a mountain water-fall imitated to the life—the exhibition concluding with an explanation of the manner in which the really striking illusion is effected—namely, by using smooth globules of crystal in the place of water, and throwing a strong light upon them. Try it yet once more, and, shut up with a dozen companions in a room as dark as pitch, you are in presence of the penny-panorama, with a monster lens as big as the crown of your hat your own peculiar property for the time being. The subject of the panorama is the Crimean war, and at the first peep through the lens you are regaled with a view of the landing at Eupatoria, and the whole British and French fleets; then comes the battle of the Alma, followed by the Balaklava charge, the battle of Inkermann, and, finally, the storming of Sebastopol, with the retreat of the Russians across the harbour. The exhibition is illustrated by a brief history of the war from some invisible lecturer, who winds up his lecture in ten minutes exactly, when the traps fall behind the lenses—and you have had your pennyworth—and shouldn't grumble.

Cheap enough all this. But turn we now to something cheaper still. In a part of the town which was once as crowded a thoroughfare as any west of St Paul's, but which now, owing to the completion of recent improvements, is comparatively abandoned, we come upon a penny performance, or rather series of performances, just going to commence. As a specimen of the mode in which a well-defined section of that public which 'must be amused' is catered for, by those who find their account in providing that pabulum which suits the palate and the purse of their patrons, the Penny Gaff, for such is the designation of the assembly at which we are about to be present, will repay the trouble of a visit. As usual, the entrance is through a shop-door and between a couple of shop-windows, the only contents of which are a written placard in each announcing the bill of fare. A few feet within the door, sits a girl in a kind of watch-box, who receives our penny, and gives us a square tin check. We go with the multitude, and in a moment find ourselves in a long dark chamber, in company with some 150 youth of both sexes, not five per cent. of them over twenty years of age, and considerably more than half under fifteen. Some are mere children, and we are in danger of stumbling over them in the gloom. At the further end of the room, in the left-hand corner, a single spur of gas projecting from the broken plaster of the wall sheds its light upon a little deal counter, furnished with bottles of ginger-beer, with a pile of triangular sections of that pale unctuous compound known and relished by omnivorous boys as 'spotted dog'—with another pile of those broad black gingerbread-drops designated 'jumbles'—and with a gambling-board of a curious and novel device. Behind the counter stands a free-and-easy, dramatic-looking lad of eighteen, dripping like a Niobe, but with perspiration—for the place is hot as an oven—and active in the discharge of his double calling as dispenser of refreshments and croupier at the gaming-board. He draws corks, he washes the one glass, he sells a pennyworth of spotted dog or a farthing jumble, he gives change, and bawls: 'One, one! who'll make two? Two, two! who'll make three? Three! who'll make four?' and so on, till all who are willing to risk their money have deposited their stakes in his hand, and the game commences. The game is played on a long board pierced with holes for the reception of marbles shot from a given spot by the players. Each hole counts for a certain number, and he who gets the most wins the whole stakes. To prevent a good shot from having a better chance than a bad one—which, in the Cockney's view of all such matters, would be unfair—a number of pins rise perpendicularly from the board, and bar the direct passage to the holes; in consequence of this, the ball has to be shot to the head of the board, rebounding from which it rolls slowly through a labyrinth of pins, now in this direction, now in that, and, frequently escaping all the numbers, returns void. If, in returning, however, it passes a narrow passage barely wide enough to admit it, and strikes a bell, the player scores the highest number. As may be imagined, the game is sufficiently exciting, and the passage of each ball, as it bobs on this side and that, is anxiously watched amid clamours and vociferous expletives that defy description. While contemplating the game, we cannot help speculating on the character of the company. Not a few of them are boys employed in the working establishments which abound in the neighbourhood; but a round number of the males, though we hesitate in declaring the fact, are unmistakably of the class which, to be as courteous as we can, we shall denominate 'appropriatives.' The spirit of mirth and rollicking fun, however, prevails among them all, and of hospitality too—for we notice that when the game is done, the winner disburses the proceeds of his luck in payment of a feast, of which all the players partake—so that a serious inroad is made upon the pyramids of pudding, and jumbles, and the liquids.

All this time the ladies and children have remained patiently near the entrance; and as the company has been increasing every moment, this dingy vestibule of Thespis is crammed with more than 200 perspiring faces. But there are no signs of tumult, and less bawling and hooting than one is sure to hear on the gallery-stairs of a theatre. O for one breath even of St Giles's air! We are beginning to doubt the possibility of surviving the spectacle which is to come, when suddenly the door is opened, there is a movement forward; we are borne onward through a fortification of fences very like the pens in old Smithfield, and evidently designed to prevent gratuitous ingress—we surrender the tin check, and the next moment are landed in front of the curtain.

The first thing we are sensible of is an agreeable and most welcome change in the temperature. The theatre is roofed in the centre by an ample sky-light, and a current of cold air is rushing down which sets us at perfect ease on that score. But let us look round us, and scan the notable features of the place. First of all—and let that fact be duly weighed—the ladies and gentlemen of the auditory are not allowed to sit together; more than that, they are so arranged that although both have an equally good view of the stage, the bulk of either sex can see little or nothing of the other. The thing is managed simply enough; and by the help of a metal rule, | , the sign −<, and a parenthesis,), we can shew how. Place these symbols thus— |) −<. The upright line represents the front of the stage or proscenium, raised six feet above the level of the floor; the parenthesis,), is the enclosed orchestra, which is *on* the floor; the sign −< is the angle of two walls meeting at the point, and probably enclosing some other chamber in the building. In the space shut off at the right of the angle of the walls are seats rising from floor to ceiling sufficient to accommodate 150 ladies; in the space to the left are similar seats, in number sufficient for from 200 to 250 gentlemen. As an additional fence against undesirable contact, the three lowest rows of each pyramid of seats are reserved for those who choose to pay an additional penny, and thus not only constitute the dress-circle, but interpose a van-guard of respectability between the masses. We note that the dress-circle on the male side is chiefly occupied by working-men just escaped from the labours of the day; and we can hardly be mistaken in recognising in some of the unbonneted ladies in the dress-circle of the other side, members of the class of domestic servants and needlewomen. An attendant is present to keep order—which, to be candid, there is not the slightest disposition to violate—and to shew people to their places. We have a suspicion, but we cannot be positive on that head, that he herds the 'appropriatives' together on the upper rows of seats, and we are certain that he is remarkably obliging and polite to—to the conservatives.

But now a head peeps out at a door within the orchestra — fiddler and harpist take their seats — a rusty iron gas-pipe drilled in holes, which runs along the foot of the stage, is ignited with a lucifer-match; the music strikes up a rowdy tune, and in a few minutes, amid the stamping of feet and clapping of hands, the curtain rises with a succession of jerks which elevate it a foot at a time. Enter Deserted Wife, who sings a plaintive ditty to harp-accompaniment, fingered in good style. Enter, to her, Gay Lothario, her husband, in a state of excessive candour and bottle-too-much, who sings tipsy bravuras, and acknowledges that he *has* been roaming, and drinking, and 'going it.' Wife responds with upbraidings; husband accuses her of being jealous; she denies the charge, and vows he can't make her jealous. Can't he? He'll see—so he sings the radiant charms of Pretty Polly Doodle, and indulges in such raptures in recapitulating them, that she *is* jealous, and goes into all manner of musical hysterics in the operatic-tragedy style. Then Lothario's heart is touched; he declares that Polly Doodle is nothing but a hoax, and also, rather inconsistently, that he won't see her never no more. Then there follows a reconciliation and a connubial duet, at the climax of which the curtain falls. This entire performance is musical, not a word being uttered save in song or recitative. The point of it lies in its farcical travesty of the displays in 'another place.'

More music, during a tremendous lumbering and clatter behind the curtain, which at length rises again, and an athlete comes forward with an attendant. Strong he looks as Hercules, and agile withal. He is armed with punch-bowl and decanters four, half full of wine. He places the bowl bottom upwards on a table, and puts one decanter on top of all. In a moment he is seen clasping the swell of the decanter with the soles of his feet, and thus, standing upright, he balances a set of whirligigs aloft. Then he takes three decanters, places the bowl on them, the fourth on top of the bowl, and himself, as before, on the top of that. Then, upon the four decanters he places a chair, one leg on each, another chair wrong-end upwards on the first, and springing to the top rung of the inverted chair, does the spread-eagle, in grand style, upon his head, amid the thundering acclamations of the spectators. After this, he wants a little rest: so, placing a couple of decanters on the ground, he rests a hand upon one and a toe on the other, and with no other support, reclines in an attitude of profound repose. He does much more besides, which we need not set down, and all with decanters—he is the very demon of decanters, and scorns any other footing.

The athlete is succeeded by a 'nice young man,' with a splitting voice for a comic song, who comes mincingly forward with the air of a person remarkably well pleased with himself. He waves his hand, and the music leads off with a rattling tune. The theme of his song is the adventures of a swell-mobsman, and it details the ingenious devices by which he takes toll of the public of all grades, from my lord, with whom he dines in the drawing-room, to my lord's cook, with whom he sups in the kitchen. It is rapturously received and encored by the denizens of the upper benches, who evidently regard the strains of the nice young man as the titbits of the bill of fare.

When he is gone, the manager comes forward, and in a neat speech informs the audience that the performance will conclude with the ballet of *A Statue for Sale;* thanks them for the liberal patronage they have accorded him, and apprises them that an entirely new ballet is in course of preparation, which will be submitted to their judgment on Tuesday next. At his departure, there is another short musical interval, and then the grand ballet begins. The scene is a garden in front of a cottage, and is the same throughout. The characters are—Columbine, Pantaloon, Spooney, Truelover, Rival, and one other. The fun of the thing—and it is intensely funny if the production of laughter be a test—lies in the comicality of the gesticulation, the whole being in dumb show; the practical jokes, of which the piece is full; the misfortunes of Rival, who comes in for all the calamities; and the tremendous thrashings and fisticuffs which everybody bestows on everybody. Columbine is won by Truelover at last, by being sold as a wonderful statue of Pallas, warranted to perform prodigies whenever the works in the pedestal are wound up with the crank. Pantaloon winds her up, and gets crippled with blows for his pains; Rival winds her up, and gets half killed; Spooney winds her up, and is beaten into a swoon, during which the statue elopes with Columbine, leaving her helmet, sword, and shield behind. Spooney revives, and finding the statue gone, seizes the exuviæ, and pedestals himself. Pantaloon comes to the spot again to make another trial, and gets a furious bastinading, but discovers the cheat, and is on the point of finishing poor Spooney for ever, when the newly-wedded pair burst in to the rescue, to the reconciliation, and to the grand finale.

With the close of the performance, there is an immediate rush to the door. The complication of fences, however, prevents inconvenient crowding, and we walk leisurely enough up a railed passage and through an outlet to the left of the pay-box, into the street. We observe, as we retreat, that the vestibule is already three parts full of expectants waiting the second representation, which, occurring at a more convenient hour, and after the industrial day has ended, is generally witnessed by an overflowing house. There is then to follow the third representation, which begins between ten and eleven at night, and which is supposed to be at least as productive as the first. Judging from the calculation we were enabled to make, there were not many short of 300 persons present at the above performance; and it is likely that on some nights in the week not less than 1000 of the young of both sexes are present within the walls.

Now, what does the reader say to the Penny Gaff?—the above report, so far as we are capable of rendering it, being faithful and true, with no other colouring than appears on the actual face of the subject. If his critical eye detect positive evil, will it pass over the negative good? Please to observe—here is no drunkenness, no riot, no fighting, squabbling, not even discourtesy; while there are evident watchfulness and precaution to prevent anything of the kind. Note also, that in the representations given there is nothing more morally objectionable than meets you on the boards of the licensed theatre; and that, with the exception of the swell-mobsman's song, parallels to which are heard every night at the regular theatres, the performances here are purity itself compared with such dramas as *Jack Sheppard* and *Robert Macaire*. Would you root out the Penny Gaff, and compel the penny-paying public, who 'must be amused,' remember, to find amusement elsewhere? We confess, though we have no inclination to figure as the apologists of the Gaff, that we doubt the wisdom of such a policy. For our part, we would rather take a hint from it, and seeing that we have here a recognised means of attraction, which commands a large auditory in need of instruction, would prefer experimenting upon the improvement of the means, with a view to the improvement of the audience. With this hint, we will bid adieu to the Gaff, and look in for a few moments at an amusement of a more elevated character.

In a narrow, sinuous lane that winds up hill and down along the skirts of the classic and catgut region of Cowcross, and in the putty-paned window of a tall brick building, one of a row blind in all their eyes, and long given over to the rats and cobwebs, we read as we are passing accidentally a written invitation to a concert which comes off to-night—entrance 2d. Doors open at eight o'clock, to commence at half-past eight.

Soon after eight we present ourselves and our twopence of lawful money, and passing a narrow entry, and turning a corner, are in the concert-room. We observe at once that the place is used for other than musical purposes, because around the walls hang the prospectuses of benefit-clubs, assurance societies, and various other institutions adapted for the economical consideration of the working-man; together with announcements relative to lectures, soirees, and meetings for debate and discussion. The room, large and square, is furnished with benches for the accommodation of from 200 to 300 persons; and in one corner is a raised platform, on which are a few chairs and music-stands, and a cabinet pianoforte. The company is but thin at our arrival, for the last hour of toil has barely elapsed, and it is the toilers who will constitute the audience. But they come in steadily by twos and threes, and sometimes by whole families, mother and all with the children, and quietly seat themselves on the benches. Here an elderly man, who has not doffed his leathern apron, takes the youngest child upon his knee, parts the curly flaxen hair with his horny fingers, and directs the round laughing eyes of the wee thing to the gay placards and glittering lights. Here a lad of twenty, who has found time to wash his face, to don a clean dickey, and a pair of rather extravagant wristbands, leads in as pretty a lass as one could desire to see at one's fireside, notwithstanding she wears a cotton print and a mantle of twice-turned silk—and looks round for the best seat, and hands her to it. Now a brace of sturdy boys come blustering in, dusty from the workshop, clambering in nailed bluchers over the forms, and plumping themselves down close to the stage. The room has tolerably filled by the time the half-hour has elapsed; and then the vocalists, also working men and women, drop in one at a time, and occupy the chairs on the platform. But now, when the concert ought to begin, there is plainly a hitch in the machinery somewhere; the company are waiting, the vocalists are ready, but nothing is done. This state of expectancy naturally gives rise to a considerable drumming of heels on the floor; and at length the manager comes forward and announces the awkward fact, that Mr Tinkler, who was engaged to preside this evening at the pianoforte, has not made his appearance. In this dilemma, all he can do is to propose the alternative of returning the twopences, or going on without the accompaniments. 'Go on, go on,' is the general cry, in the midst of which a young fellow jumps up and volunteers to do his best in Mr Tinkler's place until that gentleman's arrival. His proposition is received with a cheer, and, scaling the platform, he sits down to the instrument. It is all right now—'thrumble-umble-inkle-ikkery-weet,' goes the piano; the young fellow has a ready touch, and isn't afraid of his instrument; up get the vocalists, and off we dash into the famous old glee of *Glorious Apollo*. And capitally sung it is too, let who will say what they like about faults in pronunciation and the emphasising of particles. The singers have been trained, we observe, on the Hullah plan, and know very well what they are about. The glee is followed by *Oft in the stilly Night* by a Byronic youth in a turn-down collar, and with a pathos so affecting that the women, some of them, can't refrain from tears. At this moment, there is a commotion on the platform, and the song being ended, Mr Tinkler comes forward, his face streaming, his moist hair on end, and his shirt-front visibly disordered, to explain how it was that by a double encore in another place he was prevented from coming to time, though, as he informs us, he had 'run all the way as hard as he could pelt.' 'All right, all right,' is the response; 'go it!' and down he sits, and goes it in brilliant style, with an extemporised voluntary, sliding by degrees into the preluding accompaniment of the famous old song, *I am a Friar of Orders Gray*, sung by a model English workman, broad of shoulder, brawny of limb, and bountiful of voice. There was no mincing the matter, no shamming of airs and graces, no heming, hawing, and mouthing—nothing but the good jolly bass-notes trolled from an honest throat in an honest way. Talk of music! if we ever heard it at all, if it ever thrilled through every nerve, and sent back the blood to the heart like a shock from a shower-bath, it was when that jovial fat friar 'merrily chanted his long bead-roll' from the lips of the toiling London artisan. Much more mûsic of a similar cast followed; there was the Huntsman's Chorus, the Drinking Song, and the Laughing Chorus from *Der Freischutz;* there were glees by Calcott, madrigals by ancient English composers, ballads of the greenwood flavour; and, lastly, there was *God save the Queen*, sung by the whole company, and chorused by the entire audience in a combined strain of loyalty that would have done Her Majesty good to hear. The whole bill of fare contained nothing new—all was as old as the hills, and none the worse, but all the better for that, looking to the effect on the popular taste. The concert was over by half-past eleven, and we came away more than gratified by this effort on the part of working-men to amuse themselves and their friends, and by the evidence it afforded of the capacity existing among the humbler ranks both for the performance and the appreciation of good music.

The reader will observe that we have not got half-way yet in redeeming the promise with which we set out; however, if he is so disposed, he may take this as the fall of the drop-scene, not of the curtain. We hope soon to resume, *con amore*, the search we now interrupt, and endeavour to supply a fresh leaf or two towards a chapter on the Amusements of the Mob.

LADY CYNTHIA VINDICATED.

The Lady Cynthia, queen of the blue skies, after shining on this earth some thousands of years—generously giving a part of the light she has received from the sun; fringing with silver the hills and lakes; awarding to our world below more and more of her lustrous presence, as the solar rays become less and less able to reach us in wintry seasons; casting shadows which are beautiful even in their darkness; arousing human curiosity as to the lineaments on her face; aiding the seaman by the light which she sheds and the tide which she raises; enabling the navigator to solve problems that much concern his safety; accompanying the earth in friendly companionship round and round and round the sun—this lady has suddenly and unexpectedly been accused of a departure from the course which all good men and true had assigned to her. She has waltzed round and with her partner, the Earth, to celestial music—the 'music of the spheres;' and, like a proper waltzer, she has, in so doing, gracefully spun *herself* round—indeed, she could not do otherwise without disrespectfully turning her back occasionally upon her partner. Nevertheless, elegant dancer as she is along the beautiful spangled ball-room of the heavens, she has lately been cited to appear before a jury of philosophers, charged with the strange offence of waltzing round the earth without herself turning round—of pretending to execute two movements at once, while in reality there is but one movement.

Like as in a court of law a case is 'opened' by the statement of a few undisputed facts touching the relative positions of the litigant parties; so has it been necessary, in this lunar trial, to 'open' by a short recapitulation of certain well-known truths in astronomy; such as the following:—

First, for the relative positions of the moon and the earth. The earth, nearly globular in shape, and about 7900 miles in diameter, is always accompanied, whether visibly or not, by the moon, another globe about 2200 miles in diameter—at a distance varying from 226,000 to 252,000 miles, or about 240,000 miles on an average throughout the year. Thus placed, the moon revolves round the earth once a month—the period of a 'month' being variously understood in its length, in relation to certain delicate astronomical calculations; but the popular month, the 'lunar month,' the interval between new moon and new moon, is about 29½ days; and in this interval does the moon revolve round the earth. During this time she presents only one face towards the earth; she so turns round that only one-half (thereabouts) of her surface is visible to the terrestrial inhabitants, who have never yet seen, and—for aught that can at present be predicted—never will see, the remoter half; she spins round in 29½ days, she also revolves round the earth in 29½ days, and thus it happens that one particular hemisphere of the moon is always directed towards the earth—a thing which could not happen unless those two movements were completed exactly in the same space of time.

But, secondly, the earth and the moon are alike attendants on the sun, around whom they revolve; and this additional impulse imparts a very curious character to the real path of the moon through space. The earth travels round the sun in about 365 days—carrying the moon with it; and during this time the moon has travelled round the earth more than twelve times. At first it might appear that these two movements combined would give a kind of spiral path to the moon, something like the engine-turning on a watch-case; but the real motion, in the course of a year, is in a circular or slightly oval orbit, waved with twelve or thirteen gentle undulations, each alternately protuberant and hollowed. These undulations are of very small depth, because the distance from the earth to the moon bears such a humble ratio to that from the earth or the moon to the sun. In fact, could an eye see this annual lunar orbit at right angles from a vast distance, it would scarcely appear to deviate from a true circle.

Such being the admitted preliminaries of the subject, the charge lately brought against the moon is—that she does *not* rotate on her axis; that her interpreters, the astronomers, give her credit for more than she can claim; that, in fact, she is a less agile dancer than she professes to be. The astronomers, who might reasonably be supposed to know their own business best, have felt no sort of doubt that she *does* rotate. Thus, Mr Hind, the discoverer of we can't tell how many little planets, says: 'The most casual observer of the moon can hardly fail to have remarked, that she always presents very nearly the same face towards us; and a little reflection will convince him that the cause must lie in the near equality of her periods of axial rotation and sidereal revolution round the earth.' Thus, also, the Rev. Robert Mann, one of the assistants at Greenwich Observatory: 'In all probability, the motion of the moon round her axis of rotation is uniform; and this motion she performs round an axis inclined at an angle of 1½ degrees to the ecliptic, in the same time as that of her revolution in her orbit.' Thus, also, Herschel and Airy, and all the great leaders in the science, have felt no compunction in assigning to the moon a rotative motion on her axis, superadded to a circuit of revolution round the earth.

It was during a time of astronomical peace, when the solar system was going on in its wonted harmony—about Easter-time in 1856—that a public accuser appeared, in the person of a gentleman favourably known in other departments of erudition, though not in astronomy. He poured out his wrath upon astronomers through the medium of that wonderful newspaper which is a medium for everything, and called upon them to amend their ways. He charged them with designating that a rotation which is no rotation. The very fact which leads astronomers to impute to the moon a rotary movement, was adduced by this accuser as a proof that she does *not* rotate. He argued thus: 'If the moon turned at all on her axis, a little consideration will shew that all her surface would be successively shewn to the earth, and that it is because she has *no* rotary motion at all, that one side only is seen by us. She performs precisely the same motion in relation to the earth, that a point on the tire of a wheel does to the box or axle, or that the round end of the minute-hand of a watch does to the pivot in the centre. It is easy to construct a small instrument similar to this, by fixing a ball on one end of a strip of wood, to represent the earth, and fastened by a pivot serving as its axis, and on the other end a smaller ball, also fastened by a pivot. If the strip of wood be turned round on its pivot at the end representing the earth, the small ball will exactly represent the moon, and will present the same face, through the whole of its revolution, to the large ball; but if the small ball be made to rotate on its axis ever so little, it will immediately present a change of face to the larger ball, and so would the moon to the earth.'

All this is very curious; for not only were the whole body of astronomers accused as aiders and abettors of the moon in her delinquency, but the alleged 'rotation' was denounced as a pernicious doctrine as taught in school-books on astronomy—a teaching which would lead school boys and girls to form wrong notions concerning the beautiful movements of the moon. This, at anyrate, was placing the question on clear grounds—Yes or no: Do the youngsters, when hammering at their *Introductions*, and *Outlines*, and *Elements* of astronomy, form a wrong notion when told that the moon rotates?

The charge was met by a great outburst of counter-ridicule and indignation. A gentleman, who was an astronomer and a wag at the same time, said: 'I beg to inform him that I live in the moon, and that as I walk round the earth in order to keep my weather-eye open, so as continually to have it in view, I am obliged to perform a rotation on my axis once a month. I tried the other plan long ago, by always keeping my face to the north as I made my rounds; but then I turned in succession my face, my left side, my back, and my right side to the earth. I soon, however, got a "roundrobin" from the earth, requesting me to go upon the old plan; so I gave up the experiment.' Another advised the accuser thus: 'Let him walk round a circular table, with his face always turned towards its centre, and by observing that the objects which originally appeared on his right will appear, on the completion of one-half of his perambulations, to be on his left, he will probably be able to convince himself that he has been turning round a vertical axis.'

But as the accuser refused to be beaten down by ridicule, numerous practical illustrations were suggested to his attention; some of which may be usefully transcribed, since they shew by what means astronomers demonstrate that the moon rotates on her axis.

1. 'Suppose that a mariner's compass is fixed on the edge of a wheel placed in a horizontal position, and made to revolve about its axis. In this case the needle of the compass will always point in the same direction—namely, towards the north, and the index-card that is fixed to it will be carried round by the motion of the wheel, without any rotation about its own axis. But this is a very different motion from that of the moon; and, in fact, if the moon moved round the earth in a manner similar to that just described, all the parts of its surface would be in succession visible from the latter.'

2. 'Take a common compass, and place it at the extremity of one of the arms of a turnstile. When the turnstile has gone half round, look at the compass, and you will find that the northern end of the needle points to the south of the card. By the time the turnstile has got all the way round, the needle will again, as at first, point to the north of the card. Now, here it is very plain that either the needle has moved on its axis round the card, or the card has performed a revolution on that which is the common axis of itself and the needle; the eye will inform us that the former is not the case, and therefore that the latter must be.'

3. 'Take a cup and ball, and marking the latter at four opposite points with the letters N., S., E., and W., carry it, suspended by its string, round the flame of a candle. You will find that if N. be kept always to the north, the ball consequently remaining without axial motion, the light will fall in succession on W., S., and E., until it reaches N. again. But if you wish N. to be always illuminated, you must turn it continually towards the flame; in so doing, you will cause an axial rotation of the ball upon its string at each revolution which it performs round the candle.'

4. 'A body is said to have no rotary motion when any line drawn in it continually points in the same direction in space. If the moon had no rotation, a line drawn from her centre to any point on her surface would continually point towards the same place in the heavens—that is, towards the same fixed star. A body, on the other hand, is said to have a rotary motion about an axis, when any line drawn through that axis and at right angles to it gradually turns round, so as to point successively to all points of the heavens lying in a great circle.'

5. 'Take a disk of tin for the moon, hollowed a little on one side to make it balance easily on a strong needle stuck point upwards near the end of a bar of wood revolving horizontally. You can hold the disk with your finger while you turn the bar, so as to keep some mark upon the disk facing the axis on which the bar turns, and let it go just before you stop the motion of the bar. In the converse experiment you have only to turn the bar, leaving the disk alone; and then it will not revolve (except in its orbit), but will present all its circumference in succession to the axis of the bar—thus shewing that an additional force was necessary to make the moon turn on its axis, besides turning round the earth.'

But amid all these compasses, cards, wheels, indexes, turnstiles, cups, balls, strings, candles, bars, needles, tin-moons, and other illustrations, it is well to bear in mind that the real motion of the moon is in a waving curve round the sun during the course of a year, and that in this period she does most unquestionably rotate on her axis twelve or thirteen times. The very fact that the number of these rotations is not exactly integral, neither twelve nor thirteen, nor any other complete number, but fractional, shews that the axial rotation is entirely a distinct affair from the orbital motion round the sun. It is only in relation to the earth that there can arise any doubt whether the moon rotates axially; and even there the controversy appears to be one rather of definition than of fact.

After all, the boys may perhaps enable us to settle the question. If a teacher finds that his pupils do not become confused by the assertion that the moon rotates on her axis once a month, and that they understand clearly what is meant by the expression, then the moon may be allowed to go on her way rejoicing, untroubled by accusers; but if such perplexity does arise, then what may be needed is—not an abandonment of the scientific statement—but a little fuller explanation concerning the sense conveyed by the word 'rotation;' and it is just possible that future elementary works on astronomy may contain this addition.

Good may come out of this controversy, as out of many others. But the moon must unquestionably be restored to her old rank; the astronomers are right: she *does* rotate, though the word 'rotation' may need a little further definition.

Verdict—Moon honourably acquitted.

LODGINGS TO LET.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

Last year, during the Exposition, Paris was visited by the same mania for lodging-letting which ravaged London in 1851, during the Great Exhibition. From the middle of April, hanging up at the doors of the houses in the fashionable and central neighbourhoods of the French capital, might be seen bills with 'Joli appartement meublé à louer présentement;' and, many a family, many a widow, many a bachelor or widower, migrated to some distant outskirt, giving up their apartments to strangers or foreigners, in consideration of receiving some thousand francs, while they themselves nestled down, during the great influx, in some humble locality, within or without the walls. In letting, there was no distinction of nation made: the terms were the same for one and all; for the native compatriot, as well as the Milord Anglais; for the German baron, as well as the Russian boyard, the

Polish count, the dollar-laden American; for everybody, in short, who could pay: that was the one condition.

Madame de Y——, a young and handsome widow of five-and-twenty, who, on the 1st of April in that memorable year, had thrown off her weeds, resigned herself, among the rest, to the reigning epidemic. One morning she rang for the *concierge*, or lodge-keeper, of the house in which she resided in the Chaussée d'Antin, and ordered him to nail up at the porte-cochère the universal bill, 'Joli appartement meublé à louer présentement.'

'Bonté de ma vie, what running up and down I shall have of it!' exclaimed, *in petto voce*, with a piteous shrug, the seemingly disconsolate porter, but who inwardly rejoiced at the circumstance, for *he*, also, hoped to reap a golden harvest from the newcomers.

'N'importe, André,' continued the charming young widow—'n'importe: let my apartment for 3000 francs, *mille écus*, and you shall have your commission of—*voyons*—five per cent., if to a bachelor or widower; four per cent., if to a married couple, *sans enfants*—that is, without any infantine incumbrances; and three per cent., if to a family, *entendez-vous;* and here are five francs as a *pour boire*, to drink my health.'

'Alas! alas!' groaned the porte-cochère Cerberus, as he pocketed the silver piece, and promised, in a tone of melancholy devotedness, to do his best (*faire de son mieux*). That evening, the widow, accompanied by her *femme de chambre*, or, in the phraseology of the day, her *chambrière*, took up her quarters in a small cottage near the village of Fontenay-aux-Roses, outside the Barrière d'Enfer, and contiguous to the pretty Bois de Meudon, where she rusticated in the full enjoyment of her independent widowhood till the expiration of the term.

On the 2d of August following, Madame de Y—— returned to Paris, and drove to her residence, believing that her apartment, which had been let by the concierge, was vacated and ready for her.

'Madame,' said André, 'the gentleman has not yet gone.'

'What gentleman, André?'

'The lodger, madame, Monsieur de R——, a provincial gentleman, very *comme il faut.* Yet it is not my fault, for I informed him, three days ago, that his time was up, and that he must go; but he said to me it was all right: it was his affair, and he would square all matters with madame.'

'Go and inform him, André, that I have returned, and want my apartments immediately.'

'Useless, madame—completely useless; he 's as headstrong as a donkey; he wouldn't listen to me: 'tis with you alone he wishes to confer.'

'Be it so, André; go before, and announce me.'

Madame de Y—— was received most graciously and politely by the provincial *locataire*, who thus addressed her:

'You cannot conceive, madame, how comfortable I find myself in this your pretty apartment, and how much I desire to spend in it the remaining time I have to stay in your charming capital, and I fondly hope you will have the goodness to allow me so to do; whatever be your terms, I accept them beforehand.'

To this the widow replied, somewhat surprised, that she had no terms to propose; that she wanted her apartment, and must have it. But greater still was her surprise when she heard the provincial declare his determination to keep it, even if it was necessary to stand a regular siege. Madame de Y—— endeavoured, as gently as possible, to make him understand the impropriety of his conduct; but all to no avail, for the locataire pleaded his cause with grace, eloquence, and wit. The debate became warmer and warmer, the gentleman losing, and the lady gaining no ground, while André slipped away to his lodge, informing his better-half that 'cela chauffe là haut'—the storm is gathering above. At last, after much speechifying on both sides, the gentleman, breaking a pause of apparently deep reflection, spoke again:

'Well, madame,' said he, 'there remains but one way to arrange our little dispute, so as to enable you to resume possession of your delightful residence, without ousting me from it.'

'What is your meaning, sir?' demanded the bewildered young widow, looking still more charming in her amazement.

'My meaning is this, madame: my name is Arthur—Baron Arthur de B——. I belong to an old and honourable family—am a bachelor, and two-and-thirty years of age. My estates are worth fifty thousand francs a year; but this I mention merely out of respect to the laws of business; and despite the originality and queerness of my conduct, which may perhaps have offended you, I am considered a very good-natured person; and, upon the whole, I flatter myself I am a man fully capable of making a lady happy. Will you, therefore, do me the honour of accepting my heart, my hand, and my fortune?'

To this sudden proposal, Madame de Y—— replied with dignity: 'Your jest is not in very good taste, sir, and all I can do is to laugh at it.'

'Serious, most serious, madame, I am indeed—and, *foi de gentilhomme*, I beg you to believe it.'

'What, sir! you propose marriage merely that you may not have to give up my apartment.'

'A little upon that account, madame, but still more because of a more overpowering reason; for among the many considerations I have had the honour of laying before you, there is one I dared not mention, but allow me now to confess it—I love you.'

At this avowal, Madame de Y—— blushed to the eyes—what lady, young or old, would not have done so, particularly when the avowal came from a young, handsome, and wealthy man? However, she took it in good part, and laughed outright at her interlocutor.

'You are laughing, madame, and however'——

'Your folly provokes my laughter, Monsieur le Baron; I really cannot help it.'

'Nevertheless, madame, I can assure you I am fully master of my reason, or at least of as much of it as remains, subdued as it is by intense passion.'

'What, sir! intense passion at first sight!'

'You forget, madame, that I have now been living three long months in your apartment, and that your portrait, which I now see is an adorable likeness, is hanging up there in the next room. It was the first object which caught my attention on entering, and I have looked at and admired it every day since. Nor was I captivated by the charms of your beauty alone, for I am well acquainted with your merit in every way, your many superior qualities, and your irreproachable character. A man, however so little versed he may be in womanly affairs, cannot spend three months in a lady's apartment without noticing and studying many things disclosing her habits, her tastes, her feelings. I have been an acute, and perhaps an indiscreet observer, madame, and what I have discovered, has captivated my heart for ever: that heart I offer you again, and humbly wait your answer to know my fate.'

There was no bombast, no fanfaronade in the baron's language; it was the resolve of a man who had made up his mind, and was determined to succeed. But the more he urged his suit, the less he advanced in it; till at last the widow signified to him, in due form and unmistakable phraseology, that he must instantly shift his quarters—thus giving him his leave, and intimating to him at the same time that he must never think of setting foot in her residence again.

'Very well, madame—I withdraw, and will not return till you invite me to do so;' the answer to which parting words was a saucy smile, and a toss of the head which evidently meant, 'You have long to wait, Monsieur le Baron, before receiving such an invitation.'

However, at the end of a few days, the invitation *was* sent, and the baron arrived just as the widow had completed making herself more charming than ever.

'What have I been apprised of, sir?' said Madame de Y—— to him as he seated himself in an arm-chair *à la Voltaire* right opposite to her. 'During my absence, you brought my long-pending lawsuit to an amicable arrangement.'

'Why, yes, madame; but you must be neither pleased nor displeased with me on that account, as I acted only in my own interest.'

'How so, if you please, baron?'

'The fact is, the lawyers' clerks were calling here with their papers every day; and, owing to a heavy and protracted suit I once had myself, I have an utter aversion to every "limb of the law," as our allies, Messieurs les Anglais, have it. Being acquainted with your plaintiff, who is a debtor of mine, I made use of my influence over him, and soon got him to forego his unfounded claim; and he made over to me what he called his rights. It is therefore an affair between him and me. But rest assured, madame, that your delicacy and susceptibility shall never have to complain of my proceedings. Your lawsuit is for ever quashed, and *voilà tout!*' Whereon the baron looked the widow steadfastly but respectfully in the face, and gave no further explanation.

Madame de Y—— was somewhat confused; but in spite of herself, *bon gré, mal gré*, she was continually forced to think of her ex-locataire. In every room of her apartment he had left some souvenir of his sojourn—poetry, pencilling, songs, music composed by himself, thoughts and maxims, &c., written in her albums and scrap-books. All these gallant *procédés* and *attentions délicates* seemed most charming to her, while they piqued her curiosity; and when that important part of the female constitution is awakened, other sentiments soon come forth and blossom.

Now it happened that the day after the baron's invited visit, a poor woman, the mother of a family to whom Madame de Y—— was in the habit of giving stated pecuniary relief, called to thank her for her last munificent donation, which, she said, would keep her and hers for ever.

'You were absent, my too generous benefactress, but I had the honour of meeting here with your husband.'

'My husband!' exclaimed the widow.

'Ah, madame, what an excellent, what a kind-hearted gentleman! Ah, how well you are mated, for you suit each other admirably. Yes, madame, I told him everything, and how kind, how Providence-like you were to me. He seems to love you very much, and how could that be otherwise? "Good woman," says your husband to me, madame, "your benefactress is absent for the time being; but ere she went, she left this with me for you;" and thereon he put into my hands a pocket-book containing bank-notes—a fortune, madame. I was loath to accept it at first, but he would have me take it, although *le bon Dieu* knows you have already done much for me and my poor fatherless children. Ah, dear madame, how happy you must be with such a husband! But 'tis only the just reward of your excellent heart and Christian virtues. May Heaven bless and preserve you both for years and years to come!'

'Strange, strange, passing strange,' thought the widow. 'Settle my tedious lawsuit—provide for my poor widow and her children—leave some trace of himself everywhere around me! But men are such queer characters, such originals now-a-days.' She resolved, however, not to speak to the baron of his generous conduct towards her protégés, fearful lest she might betray her *sensibilité* at so noble an action. But another circumstance soon came to light, and caused the baron to be invited suddenly and nervously to call a second time. This circumstance was as follows:—A young coxcomb, Leopold de R——, imagining he had fallen in love with Madame de Y——, because living in the house opposite to hers, had chanced now and then to see her at her balcony before missing her all on a sudden at her departure from her apartment. After many days' anxiety, he determined upon writing her a *billet-doux*, informing her of his love, and stating that he would call that evening for an answer. Having written his note, he wrapped it up in a small paper-parcel, and jerked it over the balcony into the window. It happened that the baron had just finished the second breakfast he had taken in the house, and was poring over the newspaper when the parcel dropped into the room. He took it up, and finding no superscription, he opened it and read the following:—'*Charmante voisine*, for weeks and weeks have I admired you from my window-seat opposite. O how superlatively happy should I be were you to do me the honour of admitting me to your presence, and allowing me to declare myself and crave pardon for my presumption. At eight this evening I will call, ask for admission, and learn my fate. Till then, minutes will glide away like years for my impatient heart. Farewell till then, goddess of my adoration—LEOPOLD.'

He came, and the door was opened to him by the baron *in propriâ personâ*.

'Is Madame de Y—— at home?'

'She is not at home for you.'

'And pray, by what right do you refuse me admission?'

'Methinks that right is very evident.'

'And you are here in her apartment?'

'True; but for the time being it is my own.'

The dialogue went rapidly on from cross words to a challenge; and on the morrow a duel took place in one of the coppice-woods, or *taillis*, of the Bois de Boulogne.

This time, Madame de Y—— had every reason, she thought, for blaming the baron's conduct; so another invitation was sent to him, which he duly attended to.

'How is this, Monsieur le Baron?' said the widow in tremulous and reproachful accents—'expose your life with such a *freluquet* (puppy)—a life so useful, so precious! O *vraiment*, I cannot but think you more foolish than wise.'

'I confess, madame, that I was wrong; but I merely wanted to put the young puppy, as you justly call him, in his right place, and save you for ever from his importunities. He scratched me, but I gave him a gentle sword-thrust which will prevent him from annoying you for some time to come. Was that not a service worth having, my charming landlady?'

'Yes, but at such a price!—the risk of your own life and my reputation. *Mon Dieu*, baron, what will my friends think of me after such an *esclandre?* You have compromised me terribly by your generous, your noble, your magnanimous conduct.'

''Tis true, very true, my dear lady, and I now begin to see I acted too rashly upon the impulse of the moment; and that, in fact, I owe you a *réparation d'honneur.*'

Madame de Y—— thought so likewise. 'Well, my dear baron,' said she, proffering her hand, 'since it was to be, it must be, so let it be—we are friends.'

'And *fiancés*, my *toute belle*,' cried the enamoured baron, fondly pressing to his lips the widow's lily-white fingers. 'And the marriage-day? When?'

'O dear me. Mon Dieu, what a man! In a month hence.' And the compact was sealed.

GARIBALDI.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WITH the promptitude that marked his movements, Garibaldi had no sooner gained a general knowledge of the posture of Italian affairs, than, leaving his wife and children under the care of his mother at Nice, he re-embarked with his companions in the *Esperanza*, and sailed for Genoa. Thence he at once hastened to Turin, and placing himself and his followers at the disposal of the government, demanded immediate and active employment in the war. The coldness with which he was here treated must have cruelly disappointed him. Declining the responsibility of deciding on such a subject, the ministers referred him to the king. Courteously received by Charles Albert at the camp, who alluded in flattering language to his prowess in South America, Garibaldi was nevertheless unable to draw from him any positive reply. He answered vaguely and hesitatingly to all his ardent solicitations, and at last, when pressed for an immediate answer, sent him back in his turn to the ministers at Turin. But it was not in Garibaldi's nature to submit to be bandied about as a suppliant; and, irritated at the slight estimate put upon his proffered services, he repaired without further delay to Milan.

Repented of when too late, this rejection of Garibaldi has always been looked upon as one of the gravest errors of that campaign. It subsequently drew from an Austrian general of high military standing, the cutting remark: 'The man who of all others would have best served your cause, you failed to recognise—that man was Garibaldi!'

By the Milanese, he was welcomed with a fervour sufficient to compensate for his previous mortification. The Committee of Public Defence at once empowered him to raise volunteers for the protection of the province of Bergamo, and attracted by the influence of his name, 3000 men were soon enrolled.

A few weeks only had passed, when he was hastily summoned to Milan, threatened by the victorious Austrians, who, following the plan traced out by their veteran leader, had remained inactive until the arrival of fresh troops enabled them to surprise the Piedmontese on various points, and compel them to retreat. Contesting every inch of ground, the Sardinian army, wayworn, hunger-stricken, and disheartened, fell back upon Milan, where they had determined upon making a last stand.

It belongs to the darkest pages of the history of that period to relate how internal jealousies, the miserable infatuation of political sectarians, the insidious arts of those who, under the name of patriots—if not Austria's paid instruments, yet did her work so surely as to lay them open to that imputation—destroyed every remaining prospect of Italian independence. In a former article, we have glanced at the occurrences of those days—our path now lies with Garibaldi.

Hurrying by forced marches to the support of the capital, he had reached Monza, only twelve miles distant, when he received intelligence of the armistice concluded on the 9th of August between Charles Albert and the Austrians, and the surrender of Milan.

Disdaining to lay down his arms ere he had struck a blow, the sturdy warrior refused to look upon his cause as irrevocably lost. Throwing himself into the mountains of the Lago Maggiore, he contrived to harass the enemy to a considerable extent, fondly indulging in the hope, that if he succeeded in prolonging this desultory warfare, the disbanded Lombards might yet assemble round him, and furnish a powerful force for more extensive operations.

Surprising two small Austrian steamers on the lake, and embarking on them about 1500 men, he unexpectedly appeared at Luino, occupied by a considerable body of the enemy. Dislodging them from this position, he contrived, by a rapid and skilful manœuvre during the night, to reach Morazzone, another small town, whence he intended to make a descent upon General d'Aspre, encamped with 10,000 troops at some little distance. But the contemplated sortie got wind; and 5000 Austrians, with artillery, were detached to operate against Morazzone, which for eleven hours sustained their attack. The dawn of day, however, revealed the overwhelming number and resources of the assailants; and unwilling to subject the inhabitants to the horrors of an assault, and himself to having his retreat cut off by the advance of the remainder of D'Aspre's division, Garibaldi determined upon evacuating the town. Dispersing his men in small bodies, with directions to gain the territory of Piedmont, while a certain number deceived the enemy as to his intentions, by keeping up a steady fire in the front, he succeeded in assembling them at Arona, on the Piedmontese side of the lake, after an exhausting and perilous retreat.

To supply the most pressing necessities of his followers, destitute of food, their clothing in tatters, Garibaldi was here forced to apply to the municipal authorities: 7000 livres (equal to about L.280) satisfied the demands of one whom the Austrians in their proclamations denounced as an outlaw and freebooter. Then, convinced that all further resistance for the moment was hopeless, he dissolved the legion, and took his departure for Switzerland.

Garibaldi had scarcely crossed the Alps, when he fell dangerously ill with the marsh-fever of Lombardy, to which so many thousands in both armies had fallen victims. Struggling against the depressing effects of this disease, he made his way from Switzerland to Nice, and thence to Genoa, where, for the remainder of the autumn, the state of his health compelled him to seek repose.

The beginning of November saw him again in movement. As a tardy concession to his universally acknowledged courage and popularity, a high command in the Sardinian army was offered to him about this time. But it came too late. Allowing himself to be influenced by the rankling memories of the summer, Garibaldi declined, alleging his determination to devote his services to Venice, which, although closely invested by the Austrians, maintained a spirited resistance. Taking his departure from Genoa with about 250 volunteers, he had arrived at Ravenna, on his way to the shores of the Adriatic, when events took place in Rome which induced him to abandon this design; and looking upon the destinies of Italy as irrevocably bound up in their issue, he turned his steps to the source of his earliest patriotic inspirations.

Pius IX., but a few months before the darling of his people, outraged by the assassination, on the 15th of November, of his prime-minister, Rossi, whom the democratic party accused of a secret understanding with Austria and Naples, proved deaf to all entreaties of the most enlightened men in Rome, not to abandon his post in the actual emergency. Yielding to the wily persuasions of foreign diplomatists, he fled to Gaeta, where throwing himself into the arms of the detested king of Naples, and guided henceforth by his counsels, all chance of a pacific readjustment with his subjects became speedily impossible.

That a complete subversion of the existing government should follow the pope's flight, all Europe had anticipated—that he was not pronounced deposed from all temporal authority until the 9th of February, when the republic was proclaimed, may be fairly looked upon as a proof of the good faith of the overtures for their sovereign's return, which, under certain guarantees, the Romans were desirous of securing. It was Garibaldi, who, in the Capitol—sitting as deputy for Macerata in the Constituent Assembly, met to deliberate upon the course to be pursued—first raised the shout of 'Long live the Republic!'

Never was the situation of a country more hopelessly perplexed; never were men of lofty conceptions, pure patriotism, and honest singleness of purpose, more unhappily confounded with artful and despicable adventurers, who prostituted the sacred names of truth, liberty, and justice to the furtherance of selfish ends, or the gratification of private animosities. Garibaldi is singularly fortunate in standing clear from the imputations which have been cast upon other promoters of the republic. To serve her in the field, and give his life for her defence, was more his ambition than to draw up codes of laws, and deliver pompous orations; and accordingly, relinquishing all share in the administration of affairs, he speedily returned to more congenial duties. Intrusted, immediately after his arrival in Rome, at the end of November, with the defence of the frontier, menaced by the king of Naples, his first care had been to fortify Rieti, where he fixed his head-quarters; his next, to drill and discipline the volunteers, who, to the number of nearly 2000, flocked to his standard. Although scarcely recovered from his recent illness, he left himself no respite in his exertions to inure them to bear fatigue and exposure; scouring the adjacent mountains in the depth of winter for days together, and encouraging them by his example to bear cold and hunger without complaining.

Thus passed with Garibaldi the first months of the year 1849, while the condition of Italy became daily more distracted and alarming.

Sicily was still engaged single-handed in a fierce but despairing struggle against Naples; Venice yet held out, ceaselessly imploring Piedmont and the French Republic to come to her assistance; Lombardy, under the strictest martial law, with strong garrisons in all her cities, her wealthiest and noblest impoverished and proscribed, lay shrouded in the darkness of hopeless captivity.

The tears and blood of suffering populations, on the one hand, seemed appealing to Europe for redress, justifying the indignant outcry of the republicans on their behalf; on the other, the wild theories and startling excesses of many of these self-styled champions of freedom, filled moderate-thinking men with apprehension, and made them hesitate before entering on a course where they might be impelled far beyond their political convictions.

The grand-duke of Tuscany, unable to stem the torrent of democratic fervour, to which his own concessions had in the first instance given scope, worked upon by priestly influence, his natural timidity of character, and the representations of his brother-in-law, the king of Naples, was not long in following the pope's example; and annulled all the grateful remembrances of his previous popularity by seeking refuge at the obnoxious court of Gaeta. In Piedmont, the same republican fanaticism hurried the country to the brink of ruin; it was saved by the devotedness of the king, who preferred the alternative of renewing the unequal contest with Austria, to seeing his states the theatre of a civil war, which any semblance of lukewarmness in the cause of Italian independence would have given the Red Republicans a pretext for exciting. The result of Charles Albert's brief campaign is well known. The total defeat of the Piedmontese army on the 23d of March laid open the whole of Italy to the Austrians; Tuscany was speedily occupied by a large body of her troops; another *corps d'armée* was despatched for the subjugation of Bologna and the Marches of Ancona; while France, jointly with Naples and Spain, undertook the office of bringing Rome into submission to the pontiff.

On the first announcement of this compact between the four powers, the astonished Romans could not believe that republican France seriously contemplated the re-establishment of the ecclesiastical temporal dominion, which in all phases of Italian history had ever been considered the most objectionable form of government; and the evasive declarations of General Oudinot, on his first landing at Civita Vecchia, for some time contributed to keep them in doubt as to the real purport of the expedition. Up to the last, however, although some hasty measures of defence were concerted, and Garibaldi was summoned from the frontier, the general impression appears to have been that the French would never proceed to hostilities. Commissioners were constantly going and returning between Civita Vecchia and Rome; and it was confidently expected that their representations, joined to the good offices of the French residents, who earnestly deprecated the proceedings of their government, would convince Oudinot that the city was not in the state of anarchy he had been led to anticipate, and in his proclamation assigned as the motive for intervention.

But when the real purposes of the French became apparent, the Roman people rose up with a courage worthy of their best days, resolved to give them a reception on which they had little counted.

On the morning of the 30th of April, the great bells of the Capitol gave the signal of alarm, and the roar of cannon from the walls, and discharge of musketry in the plain, announced that the battle had commenced. Instantly the streets were filled with eager crowds, who, issuing forth from lanes and workshops, armed with weapons of every age and construction, while the women at the windows animated them by their gestures, hurried tumultuously towards the Porta Cavalleggieri, which, from its situation, was exposed to the first brunt of the attack. Encountered with unlooked for intrepidity, the French, to their amazement, found themselves obliged to give way, and concentrating their forces, which amounted to 7000 men, with twelve pieces of artillery, directed their movements upon the Porta San Pancrazio, where Garibaldi was stationed. Not contented to remain upon the defensive, he charged them with his usual impetuosity; and although they resisted bravely for several hours, the close of the day witnessed the French in full retreat, having lost 300 between killed and wounded, besides leaving upwards of 500 prisoners in the hands of the Romans.

The transport of rejoicing with which this success was hailed in Rome, may be deemed pardonable when it is considered under what disadvantages, and over what troops—troops reputed well-nigh invincible—it had been achieved. Of men trained to bear arms, but 4000 or 5000 at the utmost—and these for the most part volunteers of only a few months' experience—had been brought together for the hastily organised defence; a force totally inadequate in a city of so wide a circuit of defective fortifications. But the courage of the population had supplied the deficiency, and it was to them and Garibaldi that the laurels of that day were unanimously assigned.

Mortified and disheartened, the French had retired to Palo, on the road to Civita Vecchia, whither Garibaldi, barely allowing his men a few hours' repose, set out in their pursuit. It seems beyond a doubt that, had he not been thwarted in the execution of this daring project, a complete victory would have been its result, so demoralised—to use a term lately introduced—were the enemy at their unexpected repulse. But his progress was arrested by orders from the triumvirate, who were at the head of the Roman Republic. Deluded by the expectation of a change in the foreign policy of the French Assembly, unwilling to incur the enmity of the nation by humiliating their arms, and thus indispose them to withdrawing from a convention so incompatible to the institutions of republicanism—Mazzini and his colleagues recalled the disappointed Garibaldi, and insisted that no aggressive movement should be undertaken for the present, while fresh negotiations were set on foot.

The time occupied in treating with M. de Lesseps, despatched from Paris on a special mission to Rome, while reinforcements were also sent to General Oudinot, did not prove a season of inaction, and very few days had passed before Garibaldi was again in the field. An army of 20,000 Neapolitans, with the king at their head, had crossed the frontier, and advanced as far as Albano; from thence they issued a proclamation, in which, disdaining the ambiguous language of the French manifesto, the object of their coming was declared to be the reinstatement of the pope in all his original authority. With a small body of light troops, from 3000 to 4000 in number, Garibaldi was commissioned to reconnoitre their positions; and halting at Palestrina on the evening of the 8th of May, numerous exploring-parties were despatched in all directions, according to his favourite system. Making their way into the villages occupied by the Neapolitans, putting their detached companies to flight, and taking several prisoners, the Romans acquitted themselves to their leader's satisfaction in their first essay in this mode of warfare, and he confidently awaited the coming day, anticipating that a division of 7000 of the enemy, encamped at no great distance from Palestrina, would come forward to attack him. His expectations were not deceived. On the afternoon of the 9th of May, the Neapolitans were seen advancing in good order, but had scarcely come to close quarters before they fell into confusion; and, notwithstanding their great superiority of numbers, less than three hours sufficed for their total defeat. This easy victory is chiefly ascribed to the terror with which the name of Garibaldi inspired the Neapolitans, who, they learned from the confession of the prisoners, was universally denounced as more devil than man—the scarlet tunics worn by himself and his legionaries being regarded as an emblem of his affinity to the powers of evil.

The following details, slightly abridged from the spirited narratives of eye-witnesses and sharers in these scenes, bring this dreaded commander and his camp-life familiarly before us:—'Of middle stature, deep-chested and wide-shouldered, Garibaldi's frame is cast in an iron mould, combining agility with strength. There is something statuesque in the appearance of his head, with its broad brow, straight features, and long flowing hair blending with the beard of the same golden hue—the expression of the deep-set eyes, thoughtful, and yet piercing, completing the characteristics of a countenance which inspires mingled respect and trust in the beholder.'* Would you see him amongst his companions in adventure? 'Picture to yourself an incongruous assemblage of individuals of all descriptions: boys of twelve or fourteen; veteran soldiers attracted by the fame of the celebrated chieftain of Monte-Video; some stimulated by noble ambition; others anxious to find impunity and licence in the confusion of war, yet so restrained by the inflexible severity of their leader, that courage and daring alone could find a vent, while more lawless passions were curbed beneath his will. The general and his staff all rode on American saddles; wore scarlet blouses, with hats of every possible form, without distinctions of any kind, or pretension to military ornament; and seemed to pride themselves on their disregard of the observances enjoined on regular troops. Followed by their orderlies, most of whom had come from America, they might be seen hurrying to and fro, now dispersing, then again collecting—active, rapid, and indefatigable. Whenever the men halted to encamp, the officers, the general himself included, would leap from their horses, and attend to the wants of their own steeds. When these operations were concluded, they opened their saddles, which were made so as to be unrolled, and to form a small kind of tent; and their personal arrangements were then completed. If they failed in procuring provisions from the neighbouring villages, three or four colonels and majors threw themselves on the bare backs of their horses, and, armed with long *lazzos*, set off at full speed through the Campagna in search of sheep or oxen.

'Garibaldi, in the meanwhile, if the encampment was far from the scene of danger, lay stretched out under his tent; if, on the contrary, the enemy were near at hand, he remained constantly on horseback, giving orders and visiting the outposts. Often disguised as a peasant, he risked his own safety in daring reconnaissances; but most frequently, seated on some commanding elevation, he passed whole hours examining the environs with the aid of a telescope. When the general's trumpet gave the signal to prepare for departure, the lazzos served to catch the horses, which had been left to graze at liberty in the meadows. The order of march was always arranged on the preceding day, and the corps set out without ever knowing where they might arrive the day after. Owing to this patriarchal simplicity, pushed perhaps somewhat too far, Garibaldi appeared more like the chief of a tribe of Indians than a general; but at the approach of danger, and in the heat of combat, his presence of mind and courage were admirable; and then, by the astonishing rapidity of his movements, he made up, in a great measure, for his deficiency in those qualities which are generally supposed to be absolutely essential in a good general.'*

The day following his victory, Garibaldi remained encamped in the meadows surrounding Palestrina; then, seeing the Neapolitans shewed no disposition to renew the attack, suspected it might be in contemplation, between them and the French, to endeavour jointly to surprise Rome during his absence, and determined to set out without delay for its protection. On the evening of the 10th, his men commenced their march, and passing within two miles of the enemy, winding their way through almost impracticable by-roads in silence and perfect order, performed a distance of twenty-eight miles without halting even for a moment. Scarcely had they re-entered the city, when, an alarm being given, they were sent off to occupy the outposts of Monte Mario, where they remained four days.

Meanwhile, the arrival of M. de Lesseps, as envoy extraordinary from France, having dispelled all uneasiness respecting any sudden aggression on the part of Oudinot, the Romans were again free to turn their attention to the Neapolitans. On the 16th of May, a body of 12,000 men, under General Roselli, whom they had summoned with all the forces he could muster from the provinces, marched from Rome upon Velletri, whither the king of Naples had retired. Previous to the appointment of Roselli, Garibaldi had declined the chief command, alleging his deficiency in all scientific knowledge of the art of war, and preferring to remain in a secondary post; yet such was the influence of his name, that he might virtually be considered the head of the army, as well as the right arm of the defence of Rome. The republican troops encamped outside Valmontone, six miles from Velletri; and Garibaldi was sent with 2000 men, on the morning of the 19th, to explore the environs. At two miles from the town, he encountered a strong Neapolitan column, which, after a short conflict, took to flight, and shut themselves up behind the fortifications; pursuing them to the foot of the walls, whence they kept up a heavy and well-sustained fire, Garibaldi, having lost a considerable number of his men, saw himself reluctantly compelled to wait till the following morning, when the main body of the army should have come up, before giving the assault.

---

* *Biografià di Giuseppe Garibaldi*, compilata da G. B. Cuneo, Deputato.

* *I Volontarj Italiani*, di Emilio Dandolo.

But in the night Velletri was suddenly abandoned. Some volunteers, appointed to make a reconnaissance about two hours after midnight, were astonished at the complete silence which prevailed as they crept beneath the ramparts. Scaling the gate, they found the city to all appearance a perfect desert. They made a few prisoners of some stragglers, and from them and the towns-people, who soon came joyfully out of their houses, they ascertained the particulars of this affair. Night had scarcely begun to close in, when the Neapolitans and the king commenced their retreat, or, more properly speaking, flight—so precipitate and disorderly had been their movements. Such was the panic that had got possession of the troops from their vigorous repulse of the morning, that no persuasions could induce them again to face the redoubted Garibaldi; and in two days the whole army had repassed the confines.

Garibaldi followed in their rear; but not having been able to overtake them, he rejoined the column, one half of which returned to Rome, and the other half went with him to clear the province of Frosinone from the armed bands of Zucchi, one of the most stanch adherents of the papal government.

The applause with which the soldiers of the republic were received, the transport of blessings which greeted their appearance, were convincing proofs, says a writer whose veracity and impartiality may be relied upon, that any form of government professing to liberate the pontifical subjects from their old yoke would meet with a hearty welcome.

At Rocca d'Arce—a strong position situated on a steep mountain—they found, as was not uncommon, that the garrison had fled precipitately at their approach, leaving the road strewn with knapsacks and greatcoats; while, to their astonishment, the inhabitants of the adjacent village had also deserted their homes. The soldiers were indignant at this want of confidence; but, thanks to the warm admonitions of Garibaldi, and of Padre Ugo Bassi, the chaplain to the legion, they were restrained from taking the surest means of proving it well founded.

Not an act of pillage took place, not a single door was forced; and the men, piling their arms, sat down in groups in the square. Erelong, the inhabitants, who, from their hiding-places on the surrounding heights, had anxiously watched the movements of the invaders, observing this admirable spirit of order and self-restraint, hurried down to welcome them, threw open their shops and houses, and in a few minutes the village had regained its accustomed activity. They then related many of the superstitious fears with which the Neapolitans had inspired them, Garibaldi and his legionaries as usual playing a conspicuous part in the programme of terrors.

Pursuing his course with uniform success, and rapidly nearing the Neapolitan frontier, Garibaldi appears to have meditated an inroad into that state, with the hope of effecting a popular rising against the king, when he was summoned back in all speed to Rome, where already the curtain was rising on one of the most interesting scenes in modern history.

THE YOUTH OF A 'YOUNG GENTLEMAN.'

There are many English families who seem to belong by hereditary custom to the profession of the sea; their names bring with them associations of ocean-won victories or great discoveries; and it would appear almost singular if the sons of their line were destined to walk in any other path than that afforded by the boards of the quarter-deck. Such was the case in the instance of my midshipman cousin. His great-grandfather—a 'modern,' comparatively, in the service—commanded George II.'s yacht in several trips between England and Hanover; in memorial whereof we possess to this day the green and gold glass out of which his majesty drank his wine—it being the expensive fashion of those days for royalty to leave to the officers of the vessel in which they condescended to dare the 'perils of the sea,' the glass, linen, &c., used during the voyage.

His grandfather and father were distinguished officers; his own career was, therefore, decided from his cradle, and certainly nature never created a 'young gentleman' more peculiarly endowed with the fun, frolic, warm-heartedness, and professional 'humours,' as Nym would say, of that class of 'tender juveniles.' It was the whim of his family to dress him, while still a tiny child, in the round jacket and hat of a seaman; and a black boy, very little older than himself, was appointed to be his personal attendant, according to the sea-fashion for midshipmen's mess-servants, who are usually negroes. The seamen of his father's ship used to laugh at the way in which he 'topped the officer,' as they phrased it, over Black Tom; and a curious picture of the connection between the baby-master and servant was once drawn for us by an old lady who was a spectatress of the scene. Walking, one wild March morning, up the village where Charlie's family dwelt, she was stopped by a cloud of dust rising from the road. She paused, thinking she was about to be smothered by the march of a flock of sheep, when loud cries of 'Oh, somebody come and help me pull my massa "a school,"' made her step out into the fog of dust to see what was the matter, and, behold! the infantine officer was to be seen deliberately lying on his back in the midst of it, whilst his negro servant—who had lifted a tiny foot in each hand, and stood somewhat like a donkey between shafts—was putting forth *his* baby strength to drag his massa to the village-school — no persuasion being able to induce the massa to go in a more amicable fashion. 'He wouldn't,' he said, 'be taught any longer by a woman, who was so stupid she couldn't box the compass or splice.'

I need scarcely say that his father, charmed with the character of the objections, speedily transferred him to an academy where young gentlemen were taught navigation. From thence he was in due time transferred to the Naval College, Portsmouth; and as his father was called to a foreign station about that period, and *my* father had a ship in port at the time, my midshipman cousin was confided to his care during his holidays, or till whenever he should be ready to be sent to sea. Thus he was brought into very intimate and familiar contact with ourselves, and we learned more fully than before to understand his peculiar idiosyncrasy.

He was scarcely twelve years old, small of his years, and infantine in feature, but a miniature man nevertheless. It was at this time that he was compelled to part from his black attendant, though the efforts he made to keep the boy with him were amusing enough.

He persuaded poor Tom, by dint of reading to him a very judiciously selected number of passages from a collection of voyages and travels, that his race in their wild state were cannibals, and that the first thing his father and mother would do, when he was restored to them, would be to make a supper of him. The terror this absurd assertion produced was ludicrous in the extreme, and nearly answered the midshipman's purpose, as the negro, in most unfilial dismay and horror, hid himself in the ship, and was very near being left behind, as he was only discovered as the boat of the frigate about to sail pushed off. However, he *did* go to the West Indies, and his massa never saw him again. Charlie and another and elder cousin became our guests for the future, and dwelt with us on board one of the most celebrated of our line-of-battle ships.

How well we can remember sitting by his side, on a heap of flags on the poop, and listening to the wild sea-tales he chose to invent for our amusement. We were young enough to place implicit faith in his grave reports of all he had seen in the great deep when he dived—an achievement for which the boy was remarkable—and certainly the great sea-serpent was a puny monster to the nondescript dragons his imagination pictured. Amongst some of our earliest impressions, received from him, was the whimsical notion that the antipodes were a race who unscrewed their heads, and could transpose their feet into the vacant place whenever the necessities of their very peculiar position required it. Sometimes, when the solemn gloom of twilight rested on the sea, he would lead me to the ship's side, and bid me listen for the bark of the dog-fish, or to the voices of the crew of the *Royal George*, who, he asserted, were not dead, but had merely

Suffered a sea-change,

and were living as mermen at the bottom of Spithead.

About this time he became the hero of an incident which gave great promise to his boyhood. There was a spot upon the coast very dangerous for bathers, because it was full of sand-holes. The boy was returning from a long crab-catching expedition one evening, when the cries of a crowd of children drew him to this place. He found, on inquiry, that one of their number, who had been swimming for the entertainment of the rest, seized by the cramp, had sunk into one of these dangerous holes. Charlie well knew that to try and help him entailed great peril of life, but he did not hesitate; he undressed, plunged into the sea, and, after diving twice, brought up the unfortunate swimmer; but, alas! too late. He was insensible, and before proper means could be used for his restoration, vitality had utterly fled. A coroner's inquest was held, and my midshipman cousin, who was of course present, received great applause from the coroner and jury for his bravery, which might well move their admiration when they looked on his diminutive form, and considered his age of only a dozen years.

At last, after a short time served on board the guardship, he went to sea, and from his early training, and the nautical prestige of his family, escaped most of the ills that green hands are heirs to in the way of practical jokes. On his return from a three years' station, he shewed his own skill in that true midshipman's accomplishment in several ways.

One day a flyman was hailed by Charlie and a young companion, and desired by them to drive very fast, and only to stop when they told him. Delighted with the prospect of a capital fare not likely to be disputed by such employers, the driver jumped on the box, soon left the town behind him, and at his greatest speed drove along the Devonshire lanes, as he had been desired. Hedges and milestones flew past, and still no order to stop reached his ear; but what matter?—the midshipmen would pay; and doubtless, after having been so long shut up in a ship, they were enjoying their new pleasure greatly. On! on! Mynheer Von Wodenblock's remarkable leg scarcely carried him more resolutely forward than the poor hack-horse was driven; but at last its strength failed. They were miles from Plymouth; and the driver jumped down and looked in at the window, intending to represent the impossibility of further progress. To his amazement, the midshipmen had vanished. He had been driving an empty fly; there was no one to pay the fare, or explain the object of that endless drive. The fact was, almost as soon as the poor 'jarvy' mounted his coach-box, the agile young sailors had jumped out, and watched their deserted carriage from a raised ground, till it disappeared in the distance.

We must just add, that after a little interval of suspense, to make the cabman believe he was cheated, the fly was duly and liberally paid for by the laughing middies.

The English fairy Puck appears, indeed, to be the tutelary genius of midshipmen. His mischief and mirth, kindliness and thoughtlessness, are the very impersonation of these brave, manly children and boys. Theatrical representations are very popular on board ship, and my cousin was an admirable actor, when in the vein for it. Fair and small as he was, he impersonated the heroines of the stage with great effect; and this fact probably suggested the next joke in which he was an actor. An advertisement for a wife had for several days disgraced the national journal. One of his messmates answered it in a lady's name, with all the false sentiment accordant with the subject. A reply was received, and a correspondence ensued, which afforded endless merriment to the midshipmen's mess: the advertiser at last requested an interview, which, after a little coy hesitation on the lady's part, was granted. He was desired to go to Portsmouth, and stand by the lamp-post nearest to the George Hotel, with a red pocket-book open in his hands, till a lady dressed in dark-blue silk should join him. In obedience to these instructions, a poor Cockney, attired, at the unknown's request, in '*lightish green*, top-boots and spurs,' took up his position in the High Street, and waited for the space of some hours at his post, exposed to all the street jocularity of a seaport, whilst the middies delightedly watched him from the inn windows. When at length they saw him turn wearily away, they sent a waiter after him with a note, purporting to be from the lady, who, with plausible excuses for her breach of appointment, invited her admirer to drink tea with her at the Quebec Inn at six o'clock. With renewed hope, the Cockney again obeyed; and, at the time appointed, was charmed at being received by a very elegant young lady, fashionably dressed, and very amiable and condescending in manner. She modestly avowed herself to be as much pleased with her suitor as he was with her; informed him that she was mistress of a handsome independence, and that she had no relations except 'a brother or two and a few cousins,' to whom she was anxious to introduce him. The folding-doors of the apartment were then thrown open, and he found himself in a moment surrounded by some twenty or thirty midshipmen, who boisterously shook hands with him, pulling him from one to the other with frantic warmth of welcome. The bewildered and befooled stranger knew not what to do; he could not find words to answer their vociferous greetings; and bearing him in triumph to the tea-table, they began a merry series of persecutions. 'As he was evidently a man of domestic habits,' he must like tea; and cup after cup of the scalding beverage was forced down his throat, two or three holding his arms, whilst the others fed him with a spoon, till about a gallon had been thus administered. His lady-love then gravely suggested that he should allow her to trim his hair and whiskers, which were not at all to her liking; and, making a lather of milk and butter, was about to operate on him, when his loud cries for help became audible above the midshipmen's screams of laughter; and the landlord entered the room, summoned assistance, and delivered the unfortunate from their tender attentions.

Charlie had the usual thoughtlessness of sailors as regards money; small as the expenses of a midshipman may reasonably be supposed to be, he contrived to squander his abundant allowance with frolicsome liberality. He was on the Irish station at one time, and having a boyish love for a sister of ours, was desirous of finding occasion for giving her a ring to keep for his sake; he accordingly bought a jewel of some value, put it in a *pill-box*, and sent it to her by one of the ship's boys who was about to return to England. It is to the honour of this poor lad that it reached her safely, though the direction on the lid was so small as to be illegible. Her surprise at receiving it may be imagined. It was shortly afterwards followed by an umbrella, which he had borrowed long before from my mother, and now returned *from Cork* by the hand of a strange seaman—not even one of his crew. To the handle of it an elegant copy of Byron was attached by a piece of twine! The wonderful mode of conveyance of these love-tokens amused us infinitely. But his gift-bestowing propensities brought him into difficulties, and he was puzzled, after the first and second time of taxing his father's purse and forgiveness, as to how he should get the admiral to accept a bill, if he drew one on him; but his inventive genius was not long in devising a means to soften the paternal heart; and there is a sort of imp-like unconsciousness of his mischief doing any harm, which frees the midshipman from the inconvenient scruples likely to affect mere ordinary mortals.

A paragraph suddenly appeared in the local paper announcing the death of the admiral's only son. He had 'fallen from the yard-arm overboard, and met his fate in the sepulchre of his fathers.' So ran the eloquent announcement, purporting to be written by a young brother-officer, who spoke in rapturous terms of the deceased, praising him for every virtue and accomplishment under the sun. The poor father's agony may be conceived. Whilst it was at its height, the call on his purse came, dated previously to the fatal tidings; it was of course readily answered. By the next post came an affectionate letter from the supposed dead, expressing his anxiety lest his father should have been pained by the hoax 'some fellow' had put into the paper; though, he added, 'it was agreeable to see what a good opinion people entertained of him,' &c. In his rapture at finding his son still living, the warm-hearted old officer never even mentioned the bill to his hopeful heir from that day. We need scarcely say, that the high opinion expressed in print of my midshipman cousin's many perfections, was but the expression of his own private sentiments. One can fancy the wicked glitter of his eye as he read it, and how he hummed the old sea-favourite, *Jack Robinson*, as he laid down the paper—

Somebody told me that somebody'd read
In some newspaper as how you was dead.
'I an't been dead at all,' says Jack Robinson.

This was nearly the last of his pranks; for the period of his passing from the chrysalis of the midshipmen's mess to the gun-room had nearly arrived. Henceforth he was to 'cast his slough' and live reasonably and under the usual laws of civilisation. To be sure, when passing for a lieutenant, the caricatures he drew of his examiners were more striking for ability than his answers, and for a time his promotion was delayed by a frolic in the West Indies, which, perhaps, might be called the 'grand crash' of his boyish exploits. He had sailed with an admiral uncle, at the pulling down of whose flag he would have obtained his commission, though still very young; but, happening to be riding with some of his messmates in Jamaica, he volunteered a bet that he would leap over a cow which was lying down near them. The wager was eagerly accepted, and Charlie attempted the leap; but the cow, astonished at seeing a horse coming at full speed towards her, rose just as he reached the spot, and threw his unfortunate steed, which, rolling over, broke his rider's leg. This accident compelled his relatives to send him home for the recovery of his health; and the gold epaulet was postponed for a time. But he had powerful interest, and was thought to be, in a nautical sense, a very promising young man; so the promotion came at last; and in the smart officer, kindly, but somewhat stern in manner, careful of his men, and firm in duty, passed away for ever the merry vision of my midshipman cousin.

A TILT AT MR GOSSE.

Under the title of 'Another Tilt at the Crocodile,' a recent number of *Chambers's Journal* gives an anecdote related by Mr Gosse in his *Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica*, of a passage of arms that took place with a cayman at Lyson's estate, in St Thomas in the east. Mr Gosse has been grievously misinformed as to the real facts of the case, as well as in the size of the animal.

The writer of this paper obtained employment on Lyson's estate in the early part of 1833, and remained upon it for a couple of years. He was personally acquainted with Downie, who shot the crocodile, and has measured the skin of the animal, which was kept in the coach-house. A coach-house, it may be said, by way of parenthesis, is rather an unusual appendage to a sugar-plantation; but the dwelling had been formerly the residence of Sir John Taylor, Bart., and also of the Hon. Simon Taylor, whose tombs stand side by side, under a spreading tamarind-tree, near the works. The skin, when measured, was just eight feet in length, instead of eighteen! Downie held the situation of (white) carpenter on the estate, having likewise charge of a small steam-engine used for driving the mill which crushed the sugar-cane. When the alligator was shot, he was, as is customary with those animals, lying on the bank basking in the sun, in a state of semi-somnolency. Downie stole up to him, and discharged his gun with such effect into his body that he was almost at once put *hors de combat*, and rendered unable to reach the water, which was within a few yards of him, and where his instinct told him he would be comparatively safe. In a dying state, and hardly able to move, some of the negroes crowded upon him, until Downie, in mercy, sent a shot through his head, which finished him. The feat of David Brown the African wainman is merely a myth.

During the time the writer was on the estate, another cayman was killed in the same place, by Downie's successor, John Davidson Ross. The pond is formed by an insignificant streamlet, which, after running past the works (sugar and rum manufactory) of the estate, falls into the sea a few hundred yards to windward of them. It is merely a long narrow strip of stagnant water, as black as ink, the bed of which has been scooped out by the tremendous torrents of water rushing to the sea in the rainy season, and which, in a few hours, subside as suddenly as they rise. A sand-bank of a few yards in breadth, which cannot be permanently removed, because constantly accumulating, divides it from the sea, causes it to stagnate, and makes it a fertile source of fever. When Downie shot the cayman, the banks were fringed with wood, which was afterwards cut down; and a grove of cocoa-nut trees grew along the shore, from the mouth of the pond down to the wharf of the estate.

In the spring of 1833, when all hands were busy taking off the crop, the harvest commencing in January and ending in July or August, the alarm was one day given that another alligator was in the pond, and had chased an old negro-watchman in the vicinity. This occurred twice; and although we all laughed at the old man's alarm—being pretty sure that it was not the negro, but two or three small dogs that followed him, the animal was after—yet it set us all on the *qui vive*, and for many days the pond was closely watched by both black and white: but without result. The dwelling-house of the white people was situated on a hill nearly half a mile off, but commanding a full view of the works, pond, and adjacent cane-fields. In crop-time, however, all the buckras engaged on the estate, except the overseer and medico, took up their temporary abode in a house close to the works, and between these and the pond. One Sunday, when labour had ceased, and all was quiet, the carpenter, who felt restless and uneasy about the crocodile, remained at the works, under pretence of a slight indisposition, whilst the others, numbering four or five, rode up to dine with the overseer. About two o'clock, when dinner was just over, the overseer sat down in the piazza in front of the house; the rest, preparatory to mounting, were lounging about their temporarily deserted apartments. Suddenly a negro boy, employed as a servant about the house, shouted out that Massa Ross had fired! Instantly there was a rush for muskets, and a ramming down of cartridges—every white man, from sixteen to sixty, being liable to serve in the militia, and obliged to keep his arms and four-and-twenty rounds of ball-cartridge always beside him. Then there was another rush to the stable, and a saddling of steeds; but before we could possibly get mounted, a second shout arose, 'Massa Ross fire agen.' Carrying our muskets in one hand, down we rattled as hard as we could urge our steeds, but before our arrival the deed had been done. Afraid that the brute might really do some mischief, Ross had quietly determined to destroy him; and loading his musket, and pocketing a few cartridges, he walked down to the wharf, and crept silently up through the grove of cocoa-nut trees until he came to the pond, which he narrowly scrutinised from the point he had reached. Nothing met his eye except the trunks of the fallen trees lying in the fat, black mud on the banks. Something disappointed, he walked slowly along, looking keenly round him. Suddenly one of the trunks near him stirred! Ross started back—his enemy was before him! Instantly, and without reflecting on the probable consequence of a miss, the gun rose to his shoulder, the contents were poured into the body of the alligator, and with one desperate bound the wounded brute dashed into the water. There he remained swimming about on the surface, apparently stupified, until Ross had time to reload. Taking a more leisurely aim this time, the bullet entered near the eye, and the animal quietly sank, whether dead or not he could not be certain. When we arrived, several negroes, who had been attracted to the spot by the firing, were debating the point. At last one of them, a blacksmith by trade, named George Henry—adorned with the most astonishing squint man ever beheld—volunteered to dive after the animal, and ascertain the state of affairs. His offer was laughed at as a piece of braggadocia, which appeared to irritate the man, and at length nothing we could urge was able to restrain him. Standing ready, then, to pour in a volley in case of mistake, or of some comrade-cayman making his appearance, we let him have his own way. Two or three times he sounded the water feet-downwards without success. After another trial or two he at last sung out that he had found him, and that he lay perfectly still, and apparently dead. A rope was then thrown to the negro, with which he dived, and making it fast round the neck of the cayman, we dragged him in triumph ashore. He was about the same length as the one previously killed by Downie, but a much thicker and heavier animal. On opening him, nothing but the remains of a few crabs, and some coarse gravel or small stones, swallowed probably to assist digestion, was found in the stomach.

The most mysterious thing in this affair, and what we could never solve to our satisfaction, was how the caymans got into the pond. It is, or was then, a small area of water, about a hundred yards in length, and not over five-and-twenty or thirty feet broad, more like a black, dirty canal, thickened with coal-dust, than anything else. There is no other swamp or harbour for alligators within many miles, and, from the nature of the country, it seems impossible they could have travelled overland to reach it. The probability, then, is that they must have arrived by sea, led by instinct along the coast from the mouth of Plantain Garden River—a place which is famous for alligators, and where the late Lord Keane of Ghuznee, then only Sir John Keane, Commander of the Forces, and Lieutenant-governor of Jamaica—Tom Cringle's Sir Jeremy Mayo—used to angle for them, baiting his hook with a live sucking-pig. But it is very questionable whether an alligator at all approaching to eighteen feet in length was ever killed in Jamaica, and quite certain that such creatures rarely, if ever, attack a human being. The only instance the writer ever heard of, and for the truth of which he does not vouch, was of one seizing a negro one morning going to his work before daylight along the banks of Plantain Garden River. But even in this case, it was believed the poor brute laboured under a mistake; that the negro having inadvertently got between him and the river, the alligator thought there was a design against him, and in self-defence rushed at the man, striking him down with his tail, and then finding him an easy purchase, picking him up again to entertain his family and friends with in the river.

But if alligators in Jamaica do not molest mankind, they are guilty of great wickedness to ducks, pigs, and such small deer, when opportunity serves. One of them used to be a complete pest on the Hague estate in Trelawney, coming out of and retreating into Martha Brae River; and so cunning was he that he has never been caught, so far as the writer knows, to this day. Negroes have very little dread of them. In 1828, one was killed in a small stream running out of a lagoon into the sea, across the public road between Runaway Bay and Dry Harbour, in the parish of St Ann. A slave named Peter Williams, belonging to Cardiff Hall Plantation, was the hero of this exploit. He was employed as a fisherman, and when he fell in with the crocodile, he had 'the grains'—a five-pronged harpoon—in his hand. Without a moment's hesitation, he flung the instrument at the animal, striking him fair and deep in the throat, where the barbs held. The wounded reptile was anxious to be off, but Williams promptly passed the line attached to the harpoon round a tree, and let him flounder on, keeping out of his reach until he was exhausted, when he gave him the *coup de grâce*. In this instance, however, the cayman was a small one.

SMALL SAVINGS.

It is surprising to contemplate the aggregate amount of small savings after a few years. Supposing a youth enters a savings-bank at the age of fourteen, and deposits, at an average, weekly, for seven years, or until he arrives at majority, he has then a goodly sum at command, and is prepared to begin business in an independent and respectable manner.

Paid per Week.		Amount per Half-year.			Per Year.			In Seven Years.		
s.	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
1	0	1	6	0	2	12	0	18	4	0
1	1	1	8	2	2	16	4	19	14	4
1	2	1	10	4	3	0	8	21	4	8
1	3	1	12	6	3	5	0	22	15	0
1	4	1	14	8	3	9	4	24	5	4
1	5	1	16	10	3	13	8	25	13	8
1	6	1	19	0	3	18	0	27	6	0
2	0	2	12	0	5	4	0	36	8	0

It must be understood that the above calculations have no connection with the interest paid on the capital; that of itself will amount to a considerable sum in the course of seven years, and if added duly to the stock or principal, the results will be far more favourable than here stated. There is, perhaps, no institution better calculated for promoting habits of industry and economy among depositors than the savings-bank. Labour is the poor man's riches—the only commodity which he has in his power to give in exchange for the necessaries and comforts of life. However, it signifies but little what may be gained by industry, if a prudent economy is disregarded in the expenditure. Although a labourer may earn as much in a week as might suffice for maintaining him for a fortnight, yet if the surplusage is recklessly thrown away or misspent, he is nothing the better; but if it is invested in the savings-bank, it is not only ready on any emergency, but it is increasing by interest. Much that is heedlessly and needlessly dissipated, might thus be saved, and rendered available in after-life, when the value of money is better understood. When the labourer has wisely established a connection with the savings-bank, he naturally feels an honest pride arising in his mind at having achieved a conquest or triumph over prodigality and weardlessness, and in manifesting a greater degree of prudence and forethought than many of his heedless companions, who are running riot in their wages, or, it may be, applying them to purposes which have a tendency to sink them deeper in vice and degradation. He feels, too, a cheering anticipation of the future, as he is gathering a store which will be available for the exigencies of after-years—perhaps laying the foundation of a fortune for himself and his posterity. He also begins to feel an honest pride in his social elevation. Ascending in the moral scale, he has now an honourable place and *status* in society, for, to use a somewhat altered expression of our great national bard, he can go to the 'bank, and dousely clerk his cash-account.' He is now admitted into a higher companionship, and familiarised to nobler sentiment and more exemplary conduct. By and by, men of influence take notice of him. Patronage is extended, because they see he is deserving, and will not shame their favour. He prospers in the world; and when an honourable and cheerful old age arrives, refers with honest self-complacency to the humble seeds which in youth he deposited in the savings-bank, and which ultimately sprung up and ripened to a fair and abundant harvest.—*Prize Essay on Savings-Banks, by James Pringle, Mill-wright, Den of Lindores.* Cupar: 1856.

A NEW COSTUME FOR THE LADIES.

The ladies of Utah have adopted a new costume, which seems to be gradually increasing in favour. It consists of a loose-fitting dress, resembling in cut a man's sack-coat, being buttoned in front, and reaching a few inches below the knees, a pair of pantalets adorning the ankles, and a Leghorn hat set jauntily on the head—being, in fact, a modification of the bloomer costume. The ladies are thus relieved of a superabundant load of petticoats, and the husbands are freed from paying for more than two-thirds the usual quantity of dry goods.—*American newspaper.*

A PICTURE.

WITH smooth hair parted on her sweet mild brow,
And quiet eyes, in which a happy light
Seems breaking upward from her swelling thoughts,
She sits—her cheek upon the idle hand,
From which the light embroidery has dropt.
Some pleasant memory, like a rose, is laid
Within her breast. Ah! easy now to see
What day-dream floats before her gaze enrapt!
LOVE hath hung up his incense-burning lamp
Within her heart, and through each chamber sends
Warmth and sweet fragrance; by the spell unlocked,
The deep soul-springs of tenderness and trust
Gush forth, triumphant; at the Fountain-head
Fair Hope and Peace sit smiling, so the waves
Whisper soft music to her charmèd heart.

Sweet dreamer! it were hard to weaken faith
So innocent as thine—yet thou beware
Lest those fair waters to thy taste should bring,
Like waves of Marah, bitterness and pain!
Oh! many a flower which, nursed by Hope and Love,
Bloomed in delightful fragrance, soon has died,
And left a scent at which the suffering heart
Turns faint, as at the deadly upas' breath.
That good, rare treasure—a true woman's heart—
Let it not be in vain or lightly given!
Choose thou a soul in whom thine own can trust,
A manly, tender, and devoted heart,
Well proved by reason ere endowed by love—
So shall thy day-dream no vain vision be,
Nor the bright colours of its tissue fade
Beneath the breath of disenchanting years.

M. A. D.

PRESERVATION OF BOOKS.

Much harm is done to leather from the want of ventilation; books require use and air, as may be seen by the condition of the bindings in many large libraries where there are no readers, or where there are readers and but little air. The library of the Athenæum was affected so seriously some years since from this latter cause (gas and heat), that the backs of calf-bindings fell away, and the leather crumbled upon touching. The library ought to have the same attention as the green-house; light, air, and equal moisture ought to be imparted to the leaves in either case. Light without injury to colour, moisture without mildew, and air without soot, are as necessary to the librarian's as to the gardener's charge.—*Notes and Queries.*

A FAVOURABLE STATUTE FOR THE NEGRO.

There is a statute in Indiana that prevents the testimony of a negro from being received in the courts. This disability just now gives the negroes the monopoly of the carrying-trade in liquor in that state. As they cannot be made witnesses, the liquor-dealers are not afraid to sell to them, and they are very generally employed to effect the exchange between the seller and consumer of the prohibited article.—*Burlington (Vermont) Sentinel.*

HUMAN LEATHER.

A portion of the skin of a murderer named Charles Smith, who was executed at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dec. 3, 1817, underwent the process of tanning, and a piece of it was sold so recently as May 1855. This occurred at the sale of a part of the library of a well-known local collector. The catalogue of the sale is before me, and the lot is thus described: 'Lot 10.—A most curious and unique Book, being the particulars of the Trial and Execution of Charles Smith, who was hanged at Newcastle for Murder, containing a piece of his skin tanned into leather for the purpose.'—*Notes and Queries.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by JAMES FRASER, 14 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 146. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

MAJOR TRUEFITT ON THE SHORTT FAMILY.

The Shortts are among my most agreeable friends—decidedly *nice people*, to use a modern Anglicism which seems designed to include all the social properties that any one desires in his friends. They are extremely good-natured, perfectly undesigning and unselfish, have much cleverness and intelligence, no glumness—on the contrary, a great deal of pleasantry. They have, however, one general peculiarity which some might consider as rather a drawback from their character: this is a tendency to inadvertency. They are all of them extremely apt to overlook facts and circumstances obvious to other people, to be uninformed upon small but essential points, and to get accordingly into scrapes from which a little knowledge or sharpness might have saved them. A dear, innocent, thoughtless, ungossiping, happy-to-see-everybody sort of family they are, in troubles every day about one thing or another, thrown into utter dismay once a week, and yet somehow never much deranged in their course, and, above all things, never corrected.

The inadvertencies of Mr Shortt himself are sometimes of a serious nature. His wife or one of his daughters tells him of her intentions as to new stair-carpets or new dresses for balls, and he, lost in reverie at the moment, knows nothing of it till the account is presented! Regret and remonstrance are vain. He is always assured that he was duly informed beforehand, and that, if he did not 'take it in,' it was his own fault—which reason tells him is very true: so what can he say? It only remains that he pay. Of course, the poor man is liable to have his weakness taken advantage of; but, to do the female members of his family justice, I believe they never tell him of any consultation on such matters which has not really taken place. The truth is, they have not the dexterity required to practise any sort of deception.

While all the greater affairs of the household are conducted with tolerable propriety by Mrs Shortt, particularly those which consist of routine, as meals and the arrangements regarding the children, there are many of what may be called the occasional in which the family peculiarity becomes conspicuous. To have a place for everything and everything in its place, is a maxim perhaps only to be realised by a sharp, methodical, disagreeable few: it is quite beyond the human nature of the Shortts! You never can see the street directory, or find the key of the shrubbery, or lay hands on the patent cork-screw. The basket of keys is always up stairs when it should be down, and down stairs when it should be up. To keep a book of the addresses of friends were too great an effort at order. Accordingly, after a letter is written, it is often retained a few days for want of the correct superscription, or, if addressed by memory, ten to one it comes back in three weeks from the Dead-letter Office. Even when possessed of a correct address, the Shortts are very apt to transcribe it amiss, or with some serious omission. Therefore, when they invite a large party, there is always a deduction of about fifteen per cent. for persons who have not got their cards, or not got them in time. As the family are too innocent to have the least conception of a need for secrecy, they allow their letters to lie on tables, on chimney-pieces, or in open drawers, where their servants may read them if they choose; but the probability is that, from the very absence of all appearance of reserve, no one ever feels any curiosity about them, or thinks of peeping into them.

One of the greatest vexations the Shortts are liable to, is that of meeting friends whom they have not seen or heard of for some time, and then making the most dismal mistakes about them—using masculine pronouns about the last baby when they should have used the feminine, adverting to a member of the family 'whose name is never heard,' or proving utterly ignorant of some severe illness which lately befell the head of the house. People are extremely apt to be offended when you do not know how ill they have been. You will hear them say, in quite an angry tone: 'Did you not know I have had a severe cold for three weeks?'—as if it argued you the most unfeeling monster on earth. Oddly enough, the troubles of the Shortts on these points are not from want of an anxiety on the subject. Indeed, they are rather nervous about the family history of their friends. One will sometimes be heard trying to put the rest on their guard: 'Now, let me tell you, and do all listen to what I have to say—I have met Mrs Thomson, and she says she will call soon. Her youngest child has had the measles, she has a son home from sea just now, and Mr Thomson has been rather poorly all the spring. Be sure, too, to remember that Robina is engaged to young Spriggs. I believe her married sister's baby has had his first two teeth; perhaps you may be allowed to forget that fact with impunity; but it will be much better if you can remember it. Anyhow, do fix in your memories Mr Thomson's bad cough and Robina's engagement.' The good souls hear it all, make jokes of it, and probably forget their lesson before night.

As long as the Shortts go along in the accustomed grooves of life, they are tolerably safe. When they set about anything extraordinary, they are sure, with their want of promptitude and sharpness, to fall into mistakes. They make exceedingly bad travellers—the attention, careful prevision, punctuality, and sheer hard work of travelling, are too much for them. Never having a Bradshaw of the existing month, they are extremely apt to come at a wrong time for the train; or, failing to commence packing soon enough, they very often do not appear on the platform, or, if it is a steamer, on the quay, till within a half-minute of being too late. Always, there is a hurry-skurry—a rash plunging here, a desperate and dangerous leap there. Half their servants, uninformed beforehand of the station they were to come to, appear at a wrong one, and are thrown too late. The last time the family went to a certain watering-place, the steamer was moving away from the quay as they came up. They were just able to jump in, and have a baby shot after them, like a bundle, when off they were, leaving the infant's nurse and another servant behind. The baby stood the projection of its person without comment, but complained a good deal at night of the separation from the nurse, who, for her part, was not less distressed. It may be said that the migrations of the Shortts are not so much of the nature of a journey as a flight. It generally takes a week before the whole family and whole baggage get reunited. After all, they never meet any serious losses or disasters; and accordingly they can tell stories of their various 'flights' with a certain gusto that makes you laugh at them. One of their best relates chiefly to the adventures of a deserted laundry-woman, who, being as heedless as any of the family—and, somehow, they have a luck in falling in with witless people—was utterly unable to tell where she was going, or ought to have been going, and remained in a bewildered state on the hands of a railway station-master, equally bewildered, for nearly a day, when by mere chance somebody was able to tell her what place the family were bound for, and sent her on her way rejoicing. Jack, the wag of the set, has since then proposed that always before a journey, the children and servants should be labelled in the same manner as the luggage, so that in the event, only too probable, of being left behind, they may be duly forwarded.

They have a great number of miscellaneous *etourderies.* Expecting a visit from an author, they will lay one of his books on the drawing-room table by way of compliment, but fail to observe that its leaves are uncut, so that they only make the poor man aware of the neglect with which his writings are treated. Having a general notion of the benefits of breathing pure air at night, they open their windows immediately on leaving their bedrooms in the morning, and keep them carefully open all day, that the room may take in as much of the fresh element as possible—get, as it were, saturated and charged with fresh air—so as to last them over the night, when of course, for comfort's sake, the apartment must be kept close. That there should be more use in an open chink at night than in the whole window-space during the day, would never occur to the Shortt family. Every now and then, Mr and Mrs Shortt are found making a mistake as to the day of an appointment, and going a week too soon, when of course they are shewn in their full dress into the company of a host and hostess lounging in easy style over a book, altogether unconscious of coming company. Scarcely a day passes when the servant, who regularly goes with letters to the Post-office, is not followed by a second with some additional epistles on matters of importance not remembered before. In their absence of mind, they make many mistakes through the force of association of ideas. Thus, speaking of a gentleman called Latimer, they would be very apt to mention Cranmer instead—instead of Beaumont, they would particularise Fletcher—referring to Thackeray, they would be fully as likely to cite Dickens. He must have been a near relation of my friends, of whom the story is told that he shot his man for disbelieving a story he had told of seeing anchovies growing on trees, when some one, speaking of the capers cut by the wounded antagonist, brought him in mind that it was capers, not anchovies, he had seen in that situation.

A really pleasant kindly family are the Shortts—not very serious, I must own, about anything, and certainly to be little depended upon for a correct story, or for an appointment; but always willing to oblige, and eager to enlarge the joys and diminish the sorrows of their fellow-creatures. I sometimes fear they are too little concerned about the more solemn class of things. They seem scarcely to have the solidity to give such matters a right consideration. But one sees all this to be so connected with an innocence of character, that it is difficult to imagine how they are ever to suffer for it, except as they now suffer in their persons and material interests. Perhaps the reader will remember a remark about Fontaine by his housekeeper. It well applies to the Shortts.

HISTORY IN FIGURES.

A VERY remarkable document—that is to say, uninviting in appearance, for it consists almost entirely of figures, but most valuable in the facts which may be educed from it—has just been issued from the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. It is termed a *Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom in each of the Last Fifteen Years, from* 1841 *to* 1855; and, studied in connection with the events of the period, it will enable the statesman to educe maxims of political wisdom far beyond those of party, and the student of history, data more valuable than those of college professors. Let, for instance, either student or politician compare the prices and sales of wheat in any given year with the number of paupers—the times of national distress with the payments into and out of savings-banks, and the list of bankrupts; or times of peace and war with taxes repealed and taxes imposed, and he will see that the history of England may be written as legibly in figures as in the rounded periods of a Hume or a Macaulay.

Leaving our readers to extract the moral for themselves, we proceed to state the broad facts conveyed in the figures of the *Abstract.*

We begin with the income of the nation, and the sources whence it is derived. In 1841, it was forty-eight millions; in the next year, it fell a million; and for the following ten years, it ranged between fifty-one and a half millions and fifty-four millions. In 1853, it was half a million more; and in the two last years, owing to extra taxes imposed on account of the late war, it rose, first to nearly fifty-seven millions, and then to sixty-three and a half millions. We may at once state, that, in dealing with these figures, we prefer quoting in *round numbers,* and not teasing our readers with the odd units, tens, hundreds, and thousands, which, though of some moment in our own concerns, are mere trifles in the accounts of a nation. In nine of the years there was a surplus of revenue; in the remaining six—namely, in 1841 and 1842, in 1847 and 1848, and in the two last years—there was a deficiency. Our wars in China and Afghanistan will explain the first, and our war with Russia the last; and the Irish famine and the general distress will sufficiently account for the deficiency in 1847 and 1848, even if the disturbances at the Cape and the war with the Sikhs had nothing to do with it.

These fifty odd millions are raised—first from customs-duties, which have stood pretty regularly, during the whole period, at about twenty-one millions. The Excise has yielded from twelve and a half millions to upwards of sixteen millions yearly. From stamps, notwithstanding the great reductions made on conveyances, bills, and receipts, we get nearly as much now as in 1841. This may be roundly stated at seven millions. General taxes have declined from four and a half millions, in 1845, to barely three millions in 1855; but then the property-tax, instead of yielding five millions, as in the first year of its operation, now yields nearly fourteen. The Post-office has nearly trebled its receipts, which were upwards of a million in 1855 against L.450,000 in 1841. We get a small annual sum from duties on pensions and offices, and a very irregular income from 'small branches and hereditary revenue,' which have yielded as much as half a million, and as little as L.5000. From the 'surplus fees of regulated offices,' we received, one year, L.200,000, and in another not a fourth of that amount. The crown-lands have returned L.77,000 in one year, and L.420,000 in another; and by the sale of old stores, appropriation of unclaimed dividends, and imprest moneys, we have at one time got a sum approaching a million and a half, and at another we have not realised an eighth of that amount. These are the several branches of the nation's income. How do we spend it?

First, there is our debt, which, nationally, is quite a distinction, for no other nation can boast such a saddle. It stands now at 793 millions, and runs away with more than half our income—from twenty-seven to twenty-eight millions—in the shape of interest and management. The state of indebtedness is not felt to be particularly agreeable to individuals, yet there are not wanting philosophers who hold that the national debt of a country is one of its most useful institutions. They remind us that the history of nations shews that the seeds of decay germinate quickly in the hotbeds of luxury and wealth; that narrow circumstances induce habits of economy in individuals, and save nations from falling into war. How singularly this last argument has been refuted, the events of the last three years testify; and even the appeal sometimes made on behalf of amiable spinsters who have a pious horror of railway-shares, and won't always trust the lawyers with their little savings, scarcely affirms the propriety of a funded debt. However, it will be good time to discuss these questions some generations later. At present, we have a tolerably handsome national debt, and we cannot expect to be rid of it in a hurry. If we can draw any consolation from it, that will be derived from the fact that it cost us less last year for interest and management than it cost in any of the fourteen preceding years. The next subject of expenditure is what is termed the Civil List. This—which was last settled by the second act of parliament passed after her present most gracious Majesty came to the throne at L.385,000 a year—has usually amounted to between L.390,000 and L.400,000. Annuities and pensions have cost us from L.620,000 (in 1841) down to L.340,000 (in 1855); salaries and allowances from L.284,000 to (last year) L.160,000. Diplomatic salaries and pensions appear to have settled at about L.150,000 a year; and the expense of courts of justice has suddenly sunk from above a million (in 1853), to less than half that amount (in 1855). Next to the interest of the national debt, our heaviest payment is for our army. Last year, it cost us nearly twenty millions; the year before, eight millions; and in 1842 and 1843, the lowest year out of the fifteen, but six millions. Our navy cost last year nearly as much as the other branch of the service; and, upon the average of years, rather more. The ordnance—the *matériel* of war—cost last year nearly ten millions; its average for the prior years being about two and a half millions. The civil service cost last year upwards of six and a half millions, but has been under three millions.

One of the most interesting, yet most unsatisfactory groups of figures in the *Abstract*, is that relating to taxes repealed, reduced, or imposed. No other data than these figures, and the total amount of the revenue, would be required to ascertain the condition of the nation. But it unfortunately happens that the compilers have not thought it necessary to specify those taxes which, in spite of reduction, have presented an aggregate average return. Thus we look in vain, in 1842, 1846, 1847, and 1848, for the history of the repeal of the corn-laws. In 1847, owing to the distress of the country, the duties upon foreign corn were entirely suspended, and not even the present nominal duty of one shilling per quarter was levied. In that year there was a loss to the revenue, in the suspension of these duties, of L.700,000, yet no mention of any such figures is to be found under the head of 'duties repealed or reduced.' There is no year within the period named in which some duty was not reduced or taken off; but, on the other side, although years have passed without the imposition of fresh taxes, the period was begun and closed with a large addition in the shape of the income-tax, which, estimated in 1842 at five millions, was increased in 1854 by more than six and a half millions, and by two millions more last year. We put L.240,000 on Irish spirits in 1842, and next year took it off again. We took L.2,300,000 off sugar in 1845, and sundry little sums in nearly every following year till 1854, when nearly half a million was put on again, and that was followed by more than another million of reimposed duties last year. In 1853 and 1854 we took nearly two millions off tea, and in 1855 put nearly half of it on again. In 1851, we exchanged a window-duty of nearly two millions for a house-duty of L.600,000; and in 1853, having taken some L.300,000 off stamps, we laid two millions on that department in the shape of succession duties, by which the inheritors of landed estates are put on the same footing as those who receive cash-legacies, and are made to render to their *alma mater*—their country—an offering on their accession to wealth.

Passing on to the articles we import, we find some curious items. We can take five millions of quarters of wheat, although last year we got but little more than half that quantity. Our coffee is reckoned by tens of millions of pounds, and we take more than a hundred million eggs with it. Our consumption of tea has gradually swelled from under forty million pounds in 1841, to eighty-three million pounds in 1855. We are inordinately fond of spices, consuming pepper by millions of pounds, and even indulging in about 800,000 pounds of cassia lignea, a spice not generally known, but closely allied to cinnamon. We filled the national pipe last year with thirty-seven million pounds of tobacco, to say nothing of cigars and tobacco manufactured; and we accompanied the indulgence with eight and a half million gallons of rum, nearly two million gallons of brandy, 200,000 gallons of Geneva, and nine million gallons of wine. The value of the articles imported in 1854 was L.152,500,000, and of those of 1855 nearly L.144,000,000.

And where do we get all these things from? Where, above all, do we get our bread from? Taking the fifteen years' imports from the various countries, we find they stand in the following order of importance as corn-exporters to us:—1. Prussia; 2. Russia, south ports; 3. France; 4. United States; 5. Egypt; 6. Denmark and the Duchies; 7. The Hanse towns; 8. Italian states; 9. Germany; 10. Russia, north ports; 11. Holland; 12. Turkey; 13. Wallachia and Moldavia; 14. Spain. This order was of course disturbed last year, when we were without corn-imports from Russia. Prussia still maintained the lead, and was followed by Egypt, then by Denmark, the United States, the Hanse towns, and Spain. It is also varied by seasons to a remarkable extent. Thus Spain, last year, sent us 200,000 quarters, and in 1843, *one* quarter; in 1844, eleven quarters, and the following year, 4000.

In *two* years—1843 and 1844—she sent us four hundredweights of flour; and last year, 850,000 hundredweights. Some enterprising Wallachian merchant did a roaring trade with England; for in four years he sent double as many hundredweights of flour. It would really be an interesting inquiry to ascertain who this speculator was, and the reasons which induced him to venture on such a piece of commercial enterprise.

We get raw cotton from America, the East Indies, the Mediterranean, Brazil, the West Indies, and other countries, and fully half our consumption of wool from Australia. The imports of German wool, to the manufacture of which some of the best broadcloth millers almost entirely confine themselves, have suffered a considerable decline. They amounted in 1841 to nearly twenty-one million pounds; and last year they reached just over six millions. On the other side, the imports from Australia have gone on increasing from twelve million pounds in 1841, to forty-nine millions in 1855.

We have no returns in the *Abstract* of the value of exports *from* foreign countries; but a table of the British and Irish produce exported out of the United Kingdom exhibits our customers. Our best customer is America: she takes more than a fourth of our total exports—a fact to ponder well over when we fear we are drifting into an American war. Australia and the Indies contend for the second place, which the latter held undisputed until two years since, when Australia dispossessed her. The Hanse towns and the North American colonies are good customers of ours; but Prussia, from whom we take so much corn, is very slow in reciprocity. And so, upon the whole, are many nations; for whilst the declared value of our imports was, as we have already said, L.152,500,000 in 1854, our total exports were of the declared value of scarcely L.99,000,000; and whilst we imported last year L.144,000,000 worth of goods, we exported little more than L.97,000,000. It is this 'balance of trade' which ancient gentlemen talk so drearily about when coin and currency come on the *tapis* after a public dinner.

An instructive table is that of the receipts and payments by managers of savings-banks, for they correspond exactly with what we know of the condition of the country; and if we were left to read our nation's history by the help of these figures, we could make no mistake in estimating the condition of the industrial classes. Thus, in 1846, the dawn of the Irish famine is seen in the preponderance of money drawn out of Irish savings-banks over money paid in. In 1847, the distress is universal, and the banks of the United Kingdom suffer. The evil increases, as regards Ireland, in the following year, and abates in England and Scotland; but it takes another year to restore matters to a healthy state. In the two last years, a similar result is seen to that which war and high prices may be expected to produce—more money has been drawn out of savings-banks (at least in England and Ireland) than has been paid into them.

THE TRUFFLE-HOUND.

On the edge of those vast downs which form a lofty table-land in the south-western division of France, there stood, in the time of Anne of Austria, a small but very neat cottage. A peasant and his daughter were its inmates. During a large portion of the year they appeared to live in idleness, except that Margaret occasionally amused herself with embroidery and the making of fine lace. Her father, Margon, was a man of solitary habits, who, accompanied by four or five slender hounds, spent whole days in wandering over the arid wastes which extended to an immense distance south of his dwelling. Margon was a truffle-gatherer, and during the season—that is, in September and October—went regularly three times a week with the produce of his industry to a village about three leagues off, where he met the dealers from Paris, to whom he sold, and often for very high prices, the superb truffles he had collected.

The downs in those days were almost as unfrequented as the deserts of Africa. No great road lay over them; no towns, villages, or hamlets dotted their surface. As far as the eye could reach, you could observe no church-spire or castle-keep, but instead, one dull, brown level, intersected with deep crevices, and obscured from time to time by vast clouds of dust, which went whirling eastwards before the prevalent winds from the Atlantic. If you ventured to traverse this waste, you observed now and then small marshes and pools of stagnant water, around which was heard perpetually the grunt of hogs, or the quick sharp bark of a slender dog. Here and there, seated on a stone, your eye detected the dingy and almost immovable figure of a peasant, dressed in garments as nearly as could be of the colour of the dust. He always bore a long stick in his hand, and looked forth with dreamy eyes over the plain where his unsavoury droves were lying down, or ploughing up the earth in search of something to eat. Pigs are great epicures, and like those gluttons who smack their lips and give other tokens of delight when seated before dishes exactly to their taste, they used now and then to give a squeak of joy, and plunge their snouts vigorously into the soil. Upon hearing this welcome sound, tenfold life appeared to be infused into the peasant. Leaping from his stone, he would rush into the midst of the drove, and striking right and left with his long stick, would pounce upon a little hole in the ground, from the sides of which he would remove the earth carefully, and extract something which he esteemed a prize, for he put it into a neat basket, lined and covered with a white napkin, which he was then careful to sling upon a pole, fixed in the earth for the purpose.

Other peasants, not encumbered with the care of hogs, would go forth upon the plains, and rendered lazy by the delicious autumnal warmth, stretch themselves upon the brown grass, and appear to be as meditative as so many talapoins, speculating upon the joys of annihilation. Instead of this, they were only watching for flies. These were their fetishes; these they followed with religious fervour, and not altogether without reason, since it was the flies that bestowed upon them all they possessed or could enjoy in this world. As soon as a swarm of these guardian divinities were seen to expand their gray little wings in the sun, the silent worshipper advanced with beating heart, and, exploring their subterranean retreat, never failed to find there the object of his search—a thing about the size of a potato, sometimes of a yellowish white, sometimes of a blackish brown, rough externally, with pyramidal tubercles, and internally veined and variegated like a nutmeg.

Towards the centre of the desert there was a considerable district, peopled, according to the superstition of the times, with währwolves. Ridges of gray rocks appeared at intervals above the surface of the earth, and here and there you perceived a circular hollow, covered thinly with short grass, interspersed with spaces of dry sand, and dotted with small mounds like mole-hills. This was the favourite resort of Margon with his hounds. No hogs approached the spot, no shepherds drove thither their flocks, no gray-coated peasant lay stretched along the earth in search of flies. By common consent, it appeared to be abandoned entirely to Margon, who might sometimes, in the fine September evenings, be seen there sitting on the rocks with his pale and thoughtful daughter beside him. They conversed about I know not what. The hounds dispersed hither and thither over the plain, uttering from time to time a low growl, and then scratching the earth vigorously with their fore-paws. Margon and Margaret would then advance towards them, basket in hand, and receive from their sagacity what an ancient poet denominated some of the delicate cakes of the earth. Immediately after these excursions, Margon would proceed to the village, and bring back wine, provisions, and abundant finery for Margaret, who, though she never conversed with any one but her father, was as fond as a queen of ribbons, silks, and fine cambrics.

It happened about this time that Cardinal Mazarin determined to give a grand banquet to Anne of Austria, and as no feast was then thought complete without truffles of the largest possible dimensions, he sent down numerous agents to scour Perigord, Limousin, and all the neighbouring provinces, in search of these much-valued dainties. Among these pilgrims of luxury was the cardinal's own secretary, Michel de Lancy, a young man of polished manners, but somewhat equivocal character. He was fierce, capricious, and occasionally, it is said, cruel. Of women, he thought very little; his whole mind being bent upon two things, the chase of wild beasts, and power at court. De Lancy reached the village habitually frequented by Margon about nine o'clock in the morning of the 5th of October. The cardinal, his master, besides being a thorough epicure, had an important object in view in cultivating the good-will of Anne of Austria, and had therefore given to De Lancy an unlimited supply of gold with which to procure the largest and finest truffles in France, because the queen was immoderately fond of them.

'I have heard,' said he, 'that somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Limousin they are sometimes found so large as to weigh seven or eight pounds.'

'Your eminence is right,' answered De Lancy. 'Indeed, I once saw a truffle, though I know not whence it was brought, which weighed ten pounds.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the cardinal.

'It is true, your eminence; for I not only saw it, but ate of it myself.'

'At whose table?'

'At the Comtesse de la Ferté's. When cut into slices, it filled the air with a delicious fragrance, and was veined and clouded like the richest marble!'

'Madame de la Ferté is a connaisseuse,' observed Mazarin. 'Get me a larger truffle, if possible. Give, if necessary, a hundred louis-d'ors for it.'

'A hundred!' exclaimed De Lancy. 'Why, De la Ferté gave three hundred, and esteemed it cheap even then.'

The cardinal, somewhat piqued, replied: 'Well, give what you like—five, seven, eight hundred, if necessary.'

With this commission De Lancy set out, and, as I have said, arrived at the village about nine o'clock in the morning of the 5th of October. He ordered breakfast, and informed the landlord that he wished to have some truffles, the finest in the neighbourhood. Upon this the host laughed, and replied: 'It would be a very dear breakfast for you, monsieur.'

'Did I say anything about the price?' replied De Lancy. 'Let me have the truffles: I am ready to pay whatever they may cost.'

'I doubt that,' replied mine host.

'Explain yourself,' observed the secretary. 'What would be your charge?'

Instead of giving him a direct answer, the landlord replied: 'We have sometimes truffles here, sir, which are valued on the spot at three hundred louis, and fetch a great deal more in Paris.'

'What do they weigh?'

'Eleven or twelve pounds.'

'The deuce they do! Do you possess any of that size?'

'O no. It is not for a poor country innkeeper to meddle with such luxuries.'

'Then of whom may they be purchased?'

'Of no one in this village; but there is a peasant out upon the edge of the downs who has generally a stock on hand, the largest and finest in the world. Whenever couriers come down from Paris in search of truffles—that is, when it is for any prince or grandee—we send them to him.'

'Can you direct me to his dwelling?'

'O certainly; but you will breakfast first. I can give you truffles of a moderate size, which, after all, are quite as nice as the large ones; the only difference is in the name of the thing.'

De Lancy breakfasted, and then, with a guide furnished him by the landlord, set out for Margon's cottage. At first, the road lay through the cultivated country, interspersed with small woods, which had now been painted with the most brilliant colours by the hand of autumn—yellow and deep brown violet, gray and crimson, intermingled with dark or faded green. By degrees they left all vegetation behind them, and issued forth upon the sandy plains, where the air was keen and biting as on the sea-shore. It imparted, however, a buoyancy to the frame, and a flush to the cheek, and set the animal spirits violently in motion. De Lancy bestrode his horse with greater energy and pride than ever, rising mechanically in the saddle, and looking around him haughtily as if in quest of some antagonist. At length, as they approached Margon's cottage, he beheld Margaret sitting on a stone-bench beside the door with a lace cushion upon her lap. He stopped and looked again; it could not be—no, it was not Mademoiselle de la Ferté; and yet the likeness was extreme. He alighted, gave his horse to the peasant who had brought him from the village, and, unbonneted, with a quick breathing, and a trembling through his whole frame, approached the unknown beauty.

'Mademoiselle,' he said gently, 'is this the house of Monsieur de Margon?'

'This is Margon's humble dwelling,' answered Margaret, rising.

'Can I speak with him?' inquired De Lancy; 'or could you give me the information I require?'

'What is it, monsieur?' she said, in a sweet low voice.

'I have come all the way from Paris,' he replied, 'to purchase, for Cardinal Mazarin, some of Monsieur de Margon's truffles. They are celebrated throughout all France; and I am commissioned to give a high price—any price for the very largest he may happen to have on hand.'

'My father,' Margaret replied with a smile, 'is out on the downs, and will not be back for some hours; but, if you like, I will take you to him. I know the way perfectly, and, in fact, occasionally go truffle-hunting myself.'

De Lancy gazed at her face, reddening and paling by turns, and scarcely able to reply. Margaret, then, with a low whistle called forth a beautiful hound from the house, and patting it softly on the head, said: 'This is the finest truffle-hunter in the world; and perhaps, as we go along, I may be able to shew you some sport.'

Pierre wagged his tail, and appeared fully to comprehend the praises bestowed on him. He looked up in his mistress's face, as much as to say: 'Make haste; I am ready to shew this gentleman that I can do all you say.'

Observing De Lancy preparing to go on foot, Margaret said: 'You had better ride, sir; the way is long and rough.'

'What! and you walk?' he exclaimed.

'O yes; I am used to walking, and almost fancy I could beat your horse in the country we have to traverse.'

The courtier at first protested he could not be guilty of so great a want of gallantry; but was at length prevailed on to mount his horse, while Margaret proceeded on foot. Several times he pressed her to get up behind him, but she declined modestly but firmly. Every instant, as they went along, De Lancy became more and more impressed with that awe which real beauty and virtue inspire. He imagined he had never beheld a real woman before; she was so simple, so unsophisticated, and yet so thoroughly self-possessed. There was, in fact, a sort of majesty about her person, which must have sprung entirely from the character of her mind. At length, when they had proceeded far into the downs, Pierre pricked up his ears, gave a loud bark, and, darting forward, was soon seen scratching up the earth with extraordinary vigour.

'What is he doing?' inquired De Lancy.

'He has found a truffle,' replied Margaret. She then called out: 'Have a care, Pierre!'

But Pierre seemed to be enthusiastic, and went on digging with all his might. For fear he should injure the delicacy, Margaret ran to him. He had already cleared away the earth from about the truffle, which stood there perfectly uninjured, the largest ever seen. Margaret took it up, and placing it gently on the saddle before De Lancy, said:

'Present that from me to his eminence the cardinal; it is the gift of a peasant-girl to the most distinguished man in Europe.'

'Nay—not so. You surely don't mean to give it for nothing?' exclaimed De Lancy.

'Yes, but I do though,' she answered; 'and it is only as a present that you shall have it.'

At that moment, De Lancy conceived a bright idea, which he kept very properly to himself.

'Shall I not have the pleasure,' he said, 'of seeing Monsieur de Margon before I return to Paris?'

'Why, yes,' replied Margaret, 'for there he is bearing a whole basket of truffles along with him.'

Margon now came up with all his hounds, which bounded upon Margaret as if they would devour her, some licking her hands, and others leaping up and touching even her cheek with their tongues.

'Down! down!' she exclaimed, but feeling pleased, nevertheless, by their boisterous demonstrations of affection. De Lancy's errand was now explained to Margon, who, upon viewing the splendid truffle found and presented to the cardinal by his daughter, exclaimed:

'By my faith, it is the largest and finest I have ever seen! It is a marvel; it cannot weigh less than fourteen pounds. However, I have some here nearly as large, and they shall all go together to his eminence.'

Upon their return to the cottage, a large basket was filled with the most superb truffles, and De Lancy had no further excuse for prolonging his visit. However, he took Margon aside, and confessing that he had fallen in love with his daughter, pressed him to bestow her hand upon him.

'It is a foolish fancy,' replied the peasant; 'she is not fit to be the wife of a courtier: she must marry some honest peasant in the neighbourhood. I do not wish her to be unhappy; and unhappy she would certainly be if raised out of her sphere.'

But De Lancy entreated and conjured him to change his resolution, and protested he would make her happy in Paris.

'I tell you,' replied the father, 'it is a foolish fancy, and will prove it thus: take three months to consider of it—you will not require half so much—and at the end of that time you will completely have forgotten Margaret, the daughter of the truffle-hunter.'

'And you will not bestow her hand on any other in the interval?' inquired De Lancy.

'I will not.'

'Give me your hand, then.'

Margon gave it to him.

'Say nothing to your daughter till I return,' said De Lancy. 'If I forget her, it would be a pity she should be disturbed by bestowing one thought on a person so unworthy. If I remember her'—— He paused.

'She shall be yours,' replied Margon: 'I know my child, and will answer for her.'

The truffles were conveyed to Paris, and Cardinal de Mazarin, upon learning the generosity of the peasant, forwarded to him, through the governor of the province, 1500 louis-d'ors. 'I will not,' he said, 'be outdone in generosity by a truffle-hunter.'

De Lancy then explained the part of the story which concerned himself.

'And do you intend to return?' inquired the cardinal.

'Certainly, your eminence. She resembles Mademoiselle de la Ferté.'

'In person only, I hope,' observed the cardinal.

'Why, your eminence?'

'Because all the La Fertés are bad, and your peasant-girl is worth a thousand of them!'

'I hope to have the honour,' replied De Lancy, 'of presenting her to your eminence, in less than a week, as Margaret de Lancy.'

'I bid you God speed!' replied the cardinal.

The young man returned to the downs, where he found Margaret exactly as before; and upon making known the passion he had conceived for her on the first day of their meeting, was fortunate enough to obtain her consent, so that he was enabled to keep his promise to his eminence. Margaret de Lancy was thenceforward considered the brightest ornament in the court of Anne of Austria, to whom she often related how she owed her good-fortune to the truffle-hound.

GARIBALDI.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

General Oudinot had refused to ratify the articles already signed and guaranteed by Lesseps. In his letter to the triumvirate, published on the evening of Saturday the 2d of June, the general asserted that Lesseps had exceeded the powers granted to him; that his own instructions from France were entirely opposed to such an agreement; and he therefore now considered his troops at liberty to recommence hostilities. 'Only,' continued the latter, 'with the view of giving our fellow-countrymen, who are desirous of quitting Rome, the means of doing so with ease, and at the request of the secretary of the French Embassy, I shall postpone the attack on the Piazza—that is, fortress—until Monday morning.'

Contrary to all laws of military honour, Oudinot did not await the term he had specified. At three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 3d June, the Roman outposts at the Villa Panfili, and the Villa Corsini, outside the Porta San Pancrazio, were sleeping, in full reliance on the word of the French general, when they saw themselves suddenly surrounded and taken prisoners by two French battalions. At the same time, in an opposite direction, a French brigade surprised Ponte Molle, where they encountered a sharp, though unavailing resistance.

Oudinot justified his conduct by a quibble upon words, more suited to a disreputable attorney than a brave soldier. He had promised not to attack the *Piazza*, the place itself, until the 4th of June, but had said nothing about the suburbs! Thus, by taking advantage of a miserable equivocation, possession was obtained of important positions from which the assailants could securely fire upon the walls. Again, as on the 30th of April, the church-bells rung forth the signal of alarm, and the drums called to arms. The people manned the bastions; the legion of Garibaldi, and the gallant corps of Lombard volunteers, whose bravery and sufferings have been so unaffectedly recorded by Emilio Dandolo, repairing to the gate, were speedily engaged in a desperate conflict. Three times were the contested positions taken and lost; the French always pouring in fresh troops, while the Romans, although receiving no additions to their force, and weakened by being sent forward in small and unsupported bodies, were nevertheless able to sustain the battle for sixteen hours.

Acknowledged on all sides to have displayed the most dauntless courage—now heading a battalion in a charge at the bayonet's point, now flying to rally his men if he fancied he perceived a symptom of discouragement, exposing himself wherever the balls fell thickest—Garibaldi is censured in some quarters for the want of scientific combination and resource evinced by his proceedings on this day.

Accustomed to the desultory skirmishes of South America, the system which had been successful in routing and harassing the Neapolitans, was totally unsuited when opposed to the disciplined, compact, and ever-renewed masses which the French were continually bringing forward. Instead of concentrating his forces on one given point, he sent out first one, and then another company, wherever danger seemed to threaten, without measuring the disparity of numbers or the nature of the resistance they were to encounter; so that the close of a day which has not been unaptly termed one of *homeric combats*, left the French convinced indeed of the bravery of those from whom they had little anticipated such obstinate resistance, but still masters of almost all they had seized upon in the morning.

The following day—taught, as he admitted, by experience—Garibaldi changed his plan of action. No longer uselessly to expose the lives of his bravest troops, inevitably the first to be sacrificed in such hand-to-hand fighting, he determined to content himself with occasional sorties, and harassing the works of the besiegers by a continual cannonade from the walls, which for some days, until their own artillery was in a position to return it, caused them much injury.

His sallies were in general rendered ineffectual by the vigilance of the French, and the inexperience or impetuosity of the volunteers, who would begin to shout and discharge their arms at too great a distance; neither had he more success in an attempt to blow up a bridge the enemy occupied across the Tiber, against which he sent a boat filled with combustible material. He next endeavoured to undermine the batteries which they were fast throwing up, although he had nothing but a few civil engineers, and a battalion of wretchedly ignorant pioneers, to oppose to all their resources in that department; but discovered ere their completion, the French turned water into the galleries, and foiled that project also. Time passed on. The besiegers' works were rapidly gaining ground; every day new batteries opened their fire; still the Romans nourished hopes that the representations of M. de Lesseps—who had assured them all would be set right on his arrival in Paris—would be acceded to by the French Assembly; so that each day gained was hailed almost as a victory.

The arrival of another envoy, M. de Corcelles, at the head-quarters of Oudinot, dispelled these expectations. In a letter he caused to be transmitted from thence, to the chancellor of the French Embassy, and by him forwarded to Mazzini, he declared that his government disavowed all participation in the convention ratified by Lesseps, as it had annulled the powers granted to him three days before it was drawn up. This gross violation of public faith awoke a storm of indignation in the Roman Assembly, which supplied the stimulus of the hope so completely withdrawn. Undeterred by the threats of Oudinot, who warned them he would lay the city in ashes, it was resolved to prolong the resistance, though at the same time universally admitted, that so soon as the French effected a breach in the walls and planted a battery upon it, everything would be lost.

This happened on the night of the 21st of June. The Roman officer, going his rounds of inspection, found himself surrounded near the gate of San Pancrazio, and taken prisoner. Where he had left his soldiers half an hour before, were now stationed the enemy, occupying the breach as quietly as they might have relieved guard in a fortress. The whole circumstance was involved in inextricable mystery. The terrified sentinels declared the French had made their appearance from under ground, and compelled them to fly; others reported that they had discovered a secret door opening into a subterraneous passage, leading from the outer base of the wall into the city; suspicions of treachery were not wanting to increase the general gloom—all was terror and mistrust.

On that same night, another bastion fell into the hands of the French, though not without an obstinate resistance, Garibaldi, who had hurried thither on the first intelligence of the disaster, being, as ever, foremost among the combatants.

These events soon transpired in Rome itself, and produced a dreadful impression. Great differences of opinion prevailed amongst the principal authorities: the commander-in-chief, Roselli, urged the necessity of an immediate general attack to regain, at the point of the bayonet, all that had recently been lost; but Garibaldi, whose courage no one could impugn, set himself strongly against this proposal. Acquainted with the discouragement that for the moment pervaded even the best in the ranks, with the whispers of treachery that were in circulation, he foresaw such a movement would only accelerate the final ruin, and declined sharing in its responsibility.

This determination produced disputes between himself and Mazzini, who supported Roselli's proposition, and bitterly censured Garibaldi for persisting in his refusal. It is easy to conceive the irritation these reproaches engendered in the minds of the hardy chieftain and his officers, coming as they did from one who never shared their perils, but, provided with a safe-conduct, in case of the worst, had no harder fate to anticipate than a return to his easy exile in England; and who sat securely all day in the Capitol, penning inflammatory addresses to the people, offering to bury himself under the ruins of Rome; or discussing the basis of the republican constitution, in drawing up which, with a ludicrous affectation of stability, the Assembly, up to the very last, continued to employ themselves. We do not hear of their sitting on ivory thrones or holding golden sceptres, yet cannot refrain from the surmise, that awaiting the inroad of a second Brennus, these modern Patres Conscripti wished to get up a little imitation of the serenity of their venerable predecessors.

But whatever the animosity of their private feelings, to the honour of the defenders of Rome be it recorded, not a trace of wavering was perceptible in their bearing before the enemy. In a manner surprising to themselves, wonderful to those who remember that they did not number at the utmost above 12,000 men, unused to the arts or discipline of war, opposed to 40,000 of the best troops of France, they persevered in holding out. The populace shewed the same determination.

The bombardment was now constantly kept up, and although insignificant in comparison with the details with which the most remarkable siege in modern history has rendered us familiar, yet when viewed in relation to the actual condition, as well as the antecedents of the Romans, may furnish a fair idea of the spirit by which they were animated. In one night, 150 shot fell within the city, and many private houses were grievously injured; still not a complaint, not a cry, not a single demand for surrender was heard. Once only, on the 27th, when a report had got abroad that Garibaldi, owing to a dispute with the general-in-chief, had abandoned his head-quarters near the Porta San Pancrazio, and retired into Rome, there was an immense uproar of the people, recalling him to his post. Manara, the gallant young leader of the Lombard volunteers, hastened to him, conjuring him to yield; and on his consenting to reassume the command, the applause of the whole population accompanied him back to the gate.

Meantime, the French, having planted twelve pieces of cannon on the breach, of which they had first gained possession on the 21st, commanded the principal points of defence remaining to the Romans, and effected other breaches in the bastions surrounding San Pancrazio; on which, and the villas and palaces within and without the walls on the western part of Rome, the chief brunt of the siege appears to have fallen. On the night of the 27th, after having by their fire during the day reduced the Villa Savorelli, which Garibaldi had hitherto occupied, to a mere shell, and compelled him to move his quarters to the Villa Spada, they made a fresh attempt to force their way into the town, but were repulsed after a combat of several hours. The Romans had 400 killed with bayonet-wounds alone in this action—a proof of their desperate resolve, although convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle, to illustrate by a glorious resistance the last episode of the war of liberation.

At two o'clock in the morning of the 30th of June the final assault took place. Favoured by the darkness of the night and the weakness of the outposts, the French forced their way in three close columns through the several breaches in the walls, and poured into the Roman encampment. Confused cries, the beating of drums, the call to arms, were heard on every side. Shouting a popular hymn, his drawn sword in his hand, Garibaldi sprang forward. The most determined followed him; others, terrified at the suddenness of the attack, hung back. The enemy had already gained possession of a barricade thrown up in front of the Villa Spada, where, as before mentioned, the head-quarters had that day been established. Taking courage from their leader's example, the Romans hastily formed and charged them here; the barricade was alternately lost and won amidst fearful uproar and carnage. With the dawn of day the fighting became general at all points, and was maintained for several hours. A final charge with the bayonet, headed by Garibaldi, drove the French back behind their second line; but it was the last effort of despair, and exhausted the remaining strength of his troops. Seeing that all was over, he sent an aid-de-camp to the Assembly to announce that further resistance was impracticable. The triumvirate resigned, and the municipal authorities undertook to treat with Oudinot.

For two or three days, deputations to and from the camp followed each other in rapid succession, without coming to any positive conclusion. All was uncertainty and foreboding. In some quarters of the town, the populace, restless and tumultuous, erected barricades, and demanded a continuation of the war; but in the majority a sullen despair was discernible, a dogged acquiescence to an inevitable fate, which unmistakably indicated the popular abhorrence to the priestly yoke. One unfortunate priest, having uttered the unguarded exclamation: 'Welcome the French!' was set upon by the infuriated rabble, and literally torn in pieces.

At length it was known that on the 3d of July the last scene of the mournful drama would take place. Mustering the troops and volunteers in the great square of St Peter's, Garibaldi addressed them in the following terms:—

'Soldiers! That which I have to offer you is this: hunger, thirst, cold, heat; no pay, no barracks, no rations; but continual alarms, forced marches, charges at the point of the bayonet. Whoever loves our country and glory may follow me.' Nearly 4000 men answered this appeal—the last stake in a desperate game. Without a moment's delay they were on their march towards Tivoli, from which Garibaldi's intention was to throw himself into the mountainous districts communicating with Tuscany. No sooner was it known he had quitted Rome, than the French army made its entry; and at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d of July 1849, the cross-keyed banner of St Peter once more floated from the castle of St Angelo.

On setting out, Garibaldi had taken with him a sum of money from the military-chest sufficient for the immediate necessities of the troops—at the same time he sold his watch, to supply any personal expenditure. We mention this fact, communicated to us by an Englishman of unimpeachable veracity, who was at that time in Rome, as an instance of disinterestedness in which we fear he had not many imitators. His faithful wife, who had joined him early in the winter, leaving her three children with his mother at Nice, insisted, although far advanced in pregnancy, on accompanying him. No arguments could dissuade her from this determination; the peculiar dangers to which she well knew he would be exposed, being only additional motives to decide her not to leave him alone to encounter them.

Eluding the vigilance of both the French and Austrians, who were scouring the country in large force to surprise him, by his wonderful guerilla manœuvres—now shewing himself on one point, and inducing them to concentrate their movements upon it; then, by a rapid night-march over paths inaccessible to regular troops, appearing, as if through enchantment, in a completely opposite direction—Garibaldi made his way into Tuscany.

His reception in this state, overawed by the presence of a large Austrian army, soon convinced him that all dreams of striking a decisive blow for Italy must be laid aside. Arezzo closed its gates to his travel-worn followers; at Montepulciano he was fired at from a convent. Nothing remained but to retreat to some place of safety, where he could secure the best terms of surrender for his men; that effected, his own resolution was to endeavour to make his way to Venice, which still refused to submit.

Over rugged passes of the Apennines, at one moment apparently encircled by the enemy, beyond possibility of escape, the next, by some daring stratagem, once more getting free from their toils; fording rivers, traversing woods, in silence and darkness; realising to the uttermost the hardships he had bid them anticipate, Garibaldi at length brought his troops to the foot of the mountain on which stands the neutral state of the republic of San Marino.

Closely pursued by the Austrians, who shot the prisoners they took in skirmishing, the legion, reduced by discouragement and fatigue to half its original number, demanded shelter for a few hours on the territory of the republic; while Garibaldi conferred with the heads of the government respecting their mediation with the Austrians. The terms offered by General de Hahne, overruling the impetuosity of the Archduke Ernest, who wanted to attack without delay or conditions, were—to Garibaldi, permission to embark at some seaport for America; to his followers, on laying down their arms, a safe-conduct to their respective countries.

Leaving his men free to accept this offer, Garibaldi by night, with his wife and a hundred or so of his most devoted adherents, whom no danger could move to desert him, descended into the broad plains of the Roman legations, and, notwithstanding the exposed nature of the country, succeeded, with one exception, in reaching the sea-coast between Rimini and Ravenna. Undeterred by the penalties denounced on those who gave him any shelter or assistance, some fishermen here provided sailing-boats, in which the little band still hoped to make good their escape to Venice. But the exultation of Garibaldi at the prospect of deliverance, was damped by the loss of his beloved companion, Padre Ugo Bassi, who missing his way in the descent from San Marino, had, it was feared, fallen into the hands of the enemy; a surmise but too well grounded, though the inhuman accompaniments of his fate had never entered into his friend's darkest anticipations. At first, the wind was favourable, and Garibaldi hoped the breeze would invigorate his drooping wife, who leaned upon his breast, exhausted with her recent unceasing fatigue, and a slow fever she had taken at Rome. But as night drew on, a heavy storm arose; the wind became contrary, and daybreak disclosed the startling spectacle of several Austrian ships-of-war within gunshot range, and evidently prepared to intercept their progress. No sooner were they descried than the cannons opened fire. Some of the barks were sunk, others captured; one only, that which contained Garibaldi, succeeded in reaching land. Bidding the few survivors disperse, each to seek his own safety, followed only by one officer, one of those who, fifteen months before, had sailed with him from Monte-Video, he bore his sinking wife in his arms to the concealment of an adjacent wood, half morass, half thicket; and there, laying her on the ground, endeavoured to rally her failing energies. But it was in vain. The agony of those last few hours, the terror of the doom she knew her husband would incur if taken prisoner, had conquered even that dauntless spirit, had crushed that devoted heart.

There was no help at hand. It was a desert place; not a soul was stirring whom they could despatch to seek assistance. No shelter, no food, no covering for those spray-drenched limbs. Powerless in that dread conflict, the strong man watched the gradual ebbing of the life, whose every hope, and joy, and endeavour had been so strongly bound up in his own.

Later in the day, some peasants came near the miserable strangers. Struck with pity at the sight of their distress, they yielded to Garibaldi's entreaties to go to Ravenna for a physician, and brought a cart on which they placed the dying woman, and conducted them to their home. A bed was here hastily prepared, and her husband placed her in it; but scarcely had he laid her down when she breathed her last.

As if stricken beneath this unexpected blow, Garibaldi bowed his head upon his arms in hopeless desperation.

But the foe was already on his track. Moments were precious—too precious for him who still believed in his mission to the living, to waste in fruitless mourning over the dead. With a last farewell to the remains of the woman he had loved faithfully and well, he turned hastily away to pursue his weary flight.

The pity and reverence of the poor countryman who had given shelter to the dying Anna, led him to maintain his promise to her husband of consigning her to the grave. Unfortunately, however, the instinct of her favourite dog led to the detection of this act of humanity. The poor brute, searching for its mistress, discomposed the earth upon the newly made grave—attention was attracted to the spot, the remains were identified, and the peasant, convicted of transgressing the law against harbouring the rebels, was imprisoned.

Abandoning the idea of going to Venice, all Garibaldi now desired was to reach Piedmont; but before he could attain that object, he had to traverse part of the Roman States and Tuscany, both swarming with troops eager for his capture. Sometimes concealed for days together under hospitable roofs, whose owners no danger could deter from lending him assistance, or crouching in woods and caverns by day, and pursuing his course by night, it was not till the 5th of September that a Tuscan fishing-bark landed him at Porto-Venere, a small seaport in the Sardinian states.

In the still excited state of popular feeling, the Piedmontese government, which had too good cause to dread the spread of the red republican theories, fancying that Garibaldi, fresh from intercourse with Mazzini, might be imbued with his doctrines, looked with some uneasiness on his presence in the country; and notwithstanding that the Chamber of Deputies at Turin, in an order of the day, asserted that any intimation for his withdrawal was a violation of the constitution, after some weeks had passed, during which he went to see his mother and children at Nice, it was signified to him that it would be advisable for a time he should depart. Without a murmur, Garibaldi obeyed. Refusing all the offers of pecuniary assistance pressed upon him, for the next four or five years he was not seen in Europe; but worked for his living, first at Tangier, then in different ports of South America, as patiently and laboriously as if the days of Monte-Video and Rome had never been. He was not even always employed at sea; for eighteen months he had a subordinate situation in a tallow manufactory. It was not till the summer of 1854 that he returned to Genoa, commanding a small American merchant-vessel. The government had lost their fears of him then; their new institutions had acquired strength, though Mazzini had not relaxed his enmity nor his efforts to stir up disaffection against the constitution. To the delight of all moderate men, and the disgust of the ultra-liberals, Garibaldi, after nearly five years of absence, gave his public testimony to the soundness of the present form of government, exhorting the people to adhere faithfully to it, and *to look to Piedmont as the hope and example of Italy!* Of the last two years there is nothing to record. Accepting the post of captain of a small steamer plying between Nice and Marseille, he fulfilled the duties of his situation with his usual diligence and zeal; and strangers who noticed the bronzed sailor, busied on the quays amongst bales of merchandise, would have had some difficulty in believing him to be the celebrated Garibaldi.

Our task is done. Without comment or deduction of our own, we have traced, as briefly and truthfully as in our power, the principal facts in the life of this remarkable man. We know not if our readers will rise from the perusal of this article with the same impression that its compilation has left upon our minds; but looking back dispassionately on his career, Garibaldi rings to us like true metal amidst a host of counterfeit coin; and in a day when we are almost sickened with the base impersonations of patriotism meeting us at every turn, stands forth in the grand simplicity of some of the best models of antiquity.*

THE FAIR MAIDS OF CORNWALL.

'FIVE shillings will be amply sufficient,' we soliloquised, as we handed two half-crowns to the postboy who had driven us over to our fishing-station. We say postboy, because it is the usual term, and because, if he was no boy, but had gray hair and three children, still he proved his title to the first half of his name, being decidedly as stupid and deaf as any post in the kingdom. He had been silent on the subject of the weather, which we introduced at starting; he had merely given two conversational jerks about the harvest, which we brought forward after the first two miles; and only warmed into a sentence when, at the end of the journey, we started that unfailing topic with his genus—namely, matters equine—describing a tandem-drive of some length undertaken by ourselves and a friend on a late interesting crisis in our university career.

---

* The above narrative, it will be observed, is written by one who was present in Italy, and well acquainted with passing events, during the whole of the exciting period. The books referred to are: Ranalli—*Le Istorie Italiane dal* 1846 *al* 1853. Torre—*Memorie Storiche sull' intervento Francese in Roma nel* 1849. Cuneo—*Biografià di Giuseppe Garibaldi.* Emilio Dandolo—*I Volontarj Italiani.*

Five shillings appeared to be amply sufficient, to judge from the manner in which they were received. Away rattled the gig, and we turned into the hotel in search of dinner. Of course the hotel is called 'The Ship:' sea-side hotels have a habit of being called ships. Of course, too, there is a commercial room, wherein sits one of the tribe commercial. We wonder what earthly purpose he can come down to East Outoftheway for, and conclude he is a traveller for a fishhook manufactory, there being very little opening for any other trade. We subsequently learn he appears for a net-making firm at Bridport.

In the meantime, the darkness sets in all in a minute, as it seems; so we order candles and a private room—the latter, we find, is a work of supererogation, all the rooms being private rooms. The traveller in the fish-net line has a room to himself; we have a room to ourself; and the two other rooms have themselves to themselves, there being no one else in the house.

We find it not particularly lively; so we make an excitement by ordering dinner. Mentioning a list of dishes, with the full conviction that we shall come at length to a chop or a steak, we discover the fallibility of man—we have no more varied bill of fare than

Boiled chicken,
Roast chicken.

'Roast ditto' would be more correct, the chicken being but one—a logical *ens unum*, an individual fact subject to the contingencies of roasting or boiling. We decide upon the former, and then endeavour wildly to find amusement while Mary retires to prepare the meal.

We look out of the window, and perceive in the gloom Dinner *in prospectu*, in the shape of an ungainly fowl with a generally draggled appearance, standing on the dust-heap. To whom enter Mary, and then ensues a lively chase, Dinner objecting to be caught, and dodging about for some time among cart-wheels, tubs, and hampers. At length, Mary hems Dinner into a corner; and then——

We next read the paper through—even a week-old *Times*—from the first advertisement to the printer's name at the end. We try to do a little of the History of East Outoftheway, and break down after three pages; and we are reduced to the *dernier ressort* of imagining figures and landscapes in the pattern of the paper on the walls, when dinner is announced—by a rattle of dishes, and the thump of a tray against the door. We fall to. The fowl was certainly an old friend of the family, and we cease to wonder at his reluctance to give up old associations. When we have mangled the first course to the best of our ability, the second enters. This is more hopeful. Cherry tart and cream—such cream! Rich, ripe, real, golden cream, such as is only to be had in the west—a sort of beatified butter, that we can only believe to be the produce of asphodel-fed cows in the Elysian fields. We can picture to ourself Œnone keeping cattle there, and singing—

> Oh the melody swells
> From the bonny sheep-bells,
> In the silvery meadow of asphodels,
> Of beautiful asphodels—
> With a hey nonny, ho nonny, &c.

After this, need we say we do justice to the cream and tart? Dinner over, we light a cigar, and call for some sherry. So we are soon wrapt in a fragrant cloud, and oblivious of things mundane. Anon through the vapours loom the forms of Bob Tobbles and Harry Poltrepen (a Cornishman of course), the two friends who were to join us in our further proceedings. The sherry soon looks small; and as we do not find it sufficiently inviting to call for another bottle, we sally out to look at the sea—a ceremony which superstition compels all visitors of watering-places to perform before they go to rest the first day of their arrival. With us it was a mere form, for the night was too dark for anything to be seen. We grope through a series of alleys, under the guidance of Poltrepen, until we reach the church, which of course faces the sea. Fishing-villages always build their churches directly facing the sea. The alleys through which we have passed are entitled lanes here, the only real lane in the place being dignified with the name of street. Our employment on reaching the sea is of course that of throwing stones into the water—another sea-side superstition. It is hardly necessary to say that we fall in with a coast-guard, and give him some tobacco, in return for which he favours us with some very improbable yarns, all of which we believe: that is another sea-side superstition.

Then we grope our way back to supper, but not without an adventure of an amusing description—a tumbling feat which long-legged Bob Tobbles (we used to call him Old Compasses at school) performs over the back of a little donkey in a dark alley. We immediately express our belief that donkeys are an emanation of the sea, which does not comfort Bob or apply salve to his bruised elbow, but is nevertheless true, there being no sea-side place of our acquaintance which does not abound in the breed. As we approached in the gig beside the taciturn postboy, we were conscious at one and the same moment of a strong briny whiff of the sea-breeze and a donkey by the roadside; and the nearer we came to the sea, the more asses we saw. When we have finished a demonstration on this subject to Bob and Harry, we find we are again at the inn, where we have supper, and then a pipe, and then a chamber-candle, for we have to be stirring early. We separate at our doors with mutual entreaties of 'Now, mind you get up when you 're called!'

We are sorry to have to record at this part of our narrative, that it is our belief that Tobbles kissed the chamber-maid, for we heard a slight scuffle at his door, and a faint 'Don't,' which sounded very much like *encore*. Our bedroom is very cosy-looking, and the bed is so soft and white, that it raises serious doubts in our mind as to whether we shall be able to get up in the morning; so we jump out of our clothes and into the sheets as quickly as we can, with the intention of doing as much sleep as possible in the time. We close our eyes, and hear, in a half-doze, the clock striking eleven, and then go off like a top. Now, we are morally certain, that in less than five minutes after, we were awakened by a knock at the door, and a voice that cried 'Sleep no more!' not that it exactly used those words; its remark being: 'Here 's your thick boots sir and it's five o'clock and I 've called the other gentlemen!' To this unpunctuated, and, to our belief, unpunctual voice, we object that 'it can't be more than twelve;' but are put to silence immediately, by a husky, croaking, wheezing clock down stairs, which, after a long preliminary coughing and whizzing, proclaims, in the deathlike stillness of the house, five o'clock. Without another word, we get up, very sleepy in spite of a flounder in a tub of cold water, and walk in a somnambulic manner to the quay, where we find Bob, and where, in turn, we are found by Harry; and as the Tripos, as Bob calls it, is assembled, we jump into the boat, and are rowed off by the two fishermen to the larger vessel, in which we are to make our attempt at the fishes.

It is very cold on the water, and the air is raw; we all begin to feel as if we should like to be in bed again, when Bob suddenly remembers his brandy-flask, at which we take a good pull all round, and so get livelier, and begin to talk. As a matter of course, the conversation opens with an inquiry of the fishermen as to the probable state of the weather; to which they return a favourable answer. Presently we reach and scramble into the other boat. This is no easy matter, as the sea is running pretty high, and Harry nearly tumbles in, but hangs on by the bulwarks, and only gets dipped in the waves up to his knees. He bears it heroically. Harry is 'short, stout, and seven-and-twenty,' and looks very absurd in a white jersey, which is stretched so tight round his fair proportions, that it looks like an open net. His head is surmounted by a felt-hat, broadish in the brim, and steeplish in the crown, so that he looks like Vanderdecken in *The Phantom Ship;* or rather as that worthy would have looked if he had been fed on oil-cake, or personated by Mr Paul Bedford. Bob, on the other hand, as we have already remarked, is tall; he wears a pilot-coat that looks like a monkey-jacket, while his nether extremities are incased in a pair of waterproofs, which are evidently too short, in spite of a compromise which he has effected by not pulling them on up to his waist, or down to his ankles. Our own appearance we shall not attempt to describe, leaving it to the imagination of our readers, who will be kind enough to imagine everything that is nice, and proper, and seamanlike. They will have the goodness to picture to themselves a tall, very graceful figure, clothed in a white jersey with broad blue stripes, a rough coat, a pair of loose flowing blue trousers falling gracefully over the foot, all crowned with a natty tarpaulin-covered straw-hat; and when they have done this, they will have the exact image of the figure we did *not* present on the morning in question.

'Up anchor,' and off we go, and have a very fine run of nine miles; the only incidents on the way being breakfast and Harry, who turns white, and volunteers the observation that he feels 'very jolly.' This is immediately followed by large applications to the brandy.

At length, having reached the fishing-ground, which the fishermen make out by the relative bearing of two points of land, we let down the anchor, furl the sails, and set to work getting out our tackle. We bait our hooks with pilchard and muscles, and throw them over. Down they go, with a lead plummet to them, and we keep unwinding and unwinding, until we begin to think they will never stop. At length the line slackens; we haul in a fathom of it to prevent the bait from dragging, and wait patiently. A bet of a pint of beer is laid all round as to who gets the first fish. Then ensues a deep silence.

Presently Bob is apparently seized with a sudden fit of insanity; he shouts, and jumps, and hauls in his line, hand over hand, with astounding rapidity. Bump! In comes the lead over the side; a fathom of line follows, and then at the end of it—bare hooks! Bob anathematises the fish, baits again, and throws his line over. It is not half run out before Harry is seized with a fit of similar frenzy, and begins hauling in; but it turns out that he is only entangled with Bob's line; so, after a little fuss, they both set to work letting out again. We now feel it due to our dignity to haul in, but we do so only for the sake of appearance, since we do not imagine for a moment that we have caught anything. In comes the lead, and lo! to our astonishment, half a minute afterwards in comes a small fish, like a miniature shark. We all shout and rejoice, much to the amusement of the two fishermen, who are not inclined to be rhapsodical over a 'doggy-fish,' as they call it. We comfort ourselves with the idea of the two pints delusively, for we are quite certain we shall never see Bob's, as he never pays up.

Presently the fun gets fast and furious, and we begin to haul in as fast as we can, until our hands get a little sore. In they come—bream and whiting, and cod and dogfish — dogfish and cod, and whiting and bream, until at length Harry howls out that he has got the Eddystone light-house, or a whale, and finishes up by handing in a large ray.

'By Jove, there's a turbot!'

'Yes, sir, r'markable fine,' observes one of the fishermen, a wag in his way; 'ony look at the *tail* of un!' Harry retires.

We amuse ourself with contemplating the last capture, as he lies in the bottom of the boat, smacking his lips, and winking his eyes, and screwing his mouth about in the absurd way in which rays take leave of life. We are tacitly wondering whether sunset-describing poets, when they talk about 'expiring rays,' know what an absurd sight the moribund monsters are, when suddenly we feel an immense weight at the end of the line. We haul and tug. 'We have hold of a rock—no—there it comes—no—it doesn't—yes, it does. Yeo, heave ho! Now it moves; it must be a whale!' We give it up, and place the line in the hands of one of the men. After a long struggle, up it comes; we lean over, and see something, now white, now black, coming up through the dim green waters. 'By Jove! it's a shark!' The fishermen grow vindictive immediately, and are bent upon his destruction. 'Where's the gaff?' 'Here it is;' and Bob insists upon doing the honours. He 'will introduce the gentleman to the party in the boat.' The shark reaches the surface. Bob makes a longe at him, but only succeeds in giving him a poke in the ribs, and the shark, seeing the sort of treatment he is likely to meet with on board, objects strongly. There is a great splash and a jump, and the fisherman finds his level rather suddenly in the bottom of the boat, and off goes the shark with a couple of hooks in his mouth. We all abuse Bob roundly—ourselves in particular—and retire to our stations very glum; but the sport still going on well, we soon brighten up.

Now we have a false alarm. Harry vows he has got a shark, but it turns out to be only a very large ray, which comes up, the sly dog, presenting himself flat to the water, and so offering no slight resistance to all attempts at close acquaintance. But we soon overcome his scruples; and, in spite of his retiring disposition, he is gaffed by one of the fishermen with a skill that makes us regret that we allowed Bob to make an attempt by which he deprived us of a great triumph. After this, we light the fire—we have a little grate on board—and produce the provisions, and make a sort of dinner. We had, on our way out, laid a ground-tier of breakfast, but we find the sea-air appetising, with the exception of Harry, who is off his feed, and evinces a strong dislike to the sight of eatables. Of course, we chaff him cruelly—'the sea-sick have no friends.'

Dinner over, we set to work again, and begin hauling away; but by this time the appearance of our hands is not exhilarating. Nevertheless, we stand to our lines like men, and haul them in of all colours, red and pink, and blue, and black, and brown. But at length a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream. There is an ominous sameness in our catches. Bob hauls in a dogfish; Harry lands two more; we haul in our line minus the hooks: verdict of the fishermen, 'Bit off by doggy-fish.' And so it goes on, until the fishermen, seeing we are in a regular school of them, advise us to 'about ship,' and go ashore; so in less than five minutes we are scudding along before a nice fresh breeze. There is a heavy swell rolling, and presently Harry is discovered to be leaning over the side, as if, Narcissus-like, he was in love with his reflection in the water, but he rises presently with a white face and a vehement desire for brandy.

The tide is running in, so we sail up alongside of the quay, and land amid the admiring populace. We place our spoil in the hands of an elderly lady, with a promising beard and two eyes that are not a pair, giving orders that the whiting shall be cured. After this, with a queer sensation in our legs, as if the street were tossing and tumbling about, we walk towards the hotel, and are nearly run down on the way by some score of eager fellows who are going out after a school of mackerel which we saw jumping and flashing in the bay as we came into port. Before we get to the end of the quay, we see them jump into the boats and pull away with a heartiness that bodes ill for the future happiness of the mackerel. Watching all this, we are very foolishly walking one way and looking another, and therefore we soon find ourselves seated on a heap of what seems to us gray sand; but we are speedily undeceived by Harry, who informs us that we are seated on about a hundred pounds' worth of copper ore, so we rise with a profound respect for the heap, and begin to wish we could sing—

Who 'll buy my gray sand?

The quay-master, a friend of Harry's, comes up, and we fall into conversation with him, and learn that the heaps of ore we see on the quay are worth altogether about a thousand pounds, and are about to be shipped for Wales. New quays are being built, for East Outoftheway is a rising little town, and does an immense deal of business in this way. We look into the hold of one of the vessels lying alongside, and see the ore lying in great heaps there on the way to its destiny—kettles and penny-pieces.

Harry, who is *blasé* in the matter of copper, and has just regained his appetite, insists on an adjournment to the hotel, where we make a very substantial dinner.

Of course, over this meal there are great disputes. Each of us is certain that he has caught more than 'the other two put together.' We argue in an amicable manner as to who caught the finest fish, and when we venture to observe that, at all events, we caught the first fish, Bob and Harry, who have become a little more knowing than they were when we started, observe coldly: 'Ah, yes—only a dogfish.' We quietly 'involve ourself in our virtue,' and resign the pints tacitly, being sure we should not get them if we asked for them.

When dinner is over, it is time to go and see the 'seine shot,' as there are pilchards in the bay.

We sally forth, and scramble up the hill outside the town, arriving, after a tedious climb, at the look-out post. Here we find a crowd of persons, who hold shares in the seine; for a seine, boats and all, costs when new about a thousand pounds.

Borrowing a glass, we perceive two large boats and one small one rowing out. Presently the little one shoots ahead, and goes on a voyage of discovery to find the fish. Just at this moment, an excited gentleman behind us knocks our hat over our eyes with his glass, and commences a wild war-dance, yelling, 'I see colour!' 'Where? where?' 'There—not far from the vollier.' Vollier, be it known, is the boat which attends on the one which contains the seine; its name is a corruption of the word 'follower.' When the excitement has subsided a little, we get hold of a sailor, who points out to us a spot in the sea which is of a reddish colour—this, he tells us, is caused by the quantity of fish.

'They see it—the lurker sees it.' The lurker is the little boat in which the master-seiner is, whose duty it is to give orders to shoot the seine, &c.; at the present moment, he is standing up in the boat, making frantic signals with his hat. The seine-boat rows on; three men in it are busily assuming the Adamite style of dress: when they are ready, the frantic gentleman in the lurker dashes his hat down, and the Three Graces begin heaving over the seine. Immediately the spectators pull out their watches—'Five minutes to seven!' The boat commences rowing in a large circle round the fish. The end of the seine is attached by a warp to the vollier, which remains stationary. Vigorously, and without stop or stay, the three men heave away at the net—the boat completes the circle, having reached the vollier again, and the seine is all out!

'It wants half a minute to seven—not a bad shoot.' We think not, considering that a seine is about 220 fathoms long, and 15 deep, and leaded heavily. The three men sink exhausted in the bottom of the boat. We observe it is terrible work. 'Ah, sir, I knew a man as killed hiself—he were short-winded, and he lost his breath shooting the seine, and didn't get it again—died in the boat.' We are horrified. And now the ends of the seine are hemmed together with a rope, and the net is kept extended and held in its place by grapnels, or 'grapes,' as the East Outofthewayans call them.

We retire to grog and pipes, inviting an old fisherman to come with us and deliver us a lecture on pilchard-fishery.

He informs us that he supposes the seine just shot contains from 300 to 500 'hosgeads' of fish. We learn in time that it is the fashion to say 'hosgead' instead of hogshead in East Outoftheway, and we are almost inclined to believe it the more euphonious name of the two. He assures us there has been no such season as this for the last thirty years—the fish during that period having never been so numerous, so fine, or so close inshore. He also tells us that, as there is a great scarcity in the market, they will fetch fabulous prices (he does not say fabulous, but we suppose that word to be equivalent to the sentence he uses—'a brave deal more nor you'd reckon'). All this we gather with difficulty, for the old man chews tobacco, and has acquired a voice more or less as if he had been in the habit of swallowing hobnailed shoes; besides this, there is an immense clattering of glasses and plates, and talking and shouting, going on in the next room. We learn from the Phyllis of the inn—who is not 'neat-handed,' but, on the contrary, red and chappy about those extremities—that the noise arises from a sampling dinner of mine-captains.

East Outoftheway rivals America in her captains—most of the old fishermen claim the title, to say nothing of the skippers that trade in the port, and the mayor, who is an old naval officer, and a whole bevy of mine-agents. The mayor of East Outoftheway is a relic of the departed grandeur of the borough, which before that absurd and iniquitous Reform Bill sent two members to parliament, and West Outoftheway used to do the same. West Outoftheway is separated from East by a bridge built in Edward I.'s time—we say separated, not connected, after mature deliberation, as being the most expressive. It is not a bright specimen of architecture, the last arch on the east side being made of wood, for the purpose of easy destruction, if the West Outofthewayans attempted to make a descent on the East Outofthewayans—not that such a step would be necessary, for one man could effectually resist a thousand, the bridge is so narrow. If two carts meet at the bridge, one has to wait at the end while the other comes over, as it would be a bold attempt for two horses to try to pass, not to mention the word cart. Their patience during the operation would be a bright example to abusive drivers in narrow London lanes—to be sure, at our bridge the thoroughfare is not great, and the meetings of carts can scarcely number hundreds since the bridge was built. Indeed, there is a tradition that such occurrences were used as dates in the two Outoftheways, people saying: 'So-and-so happened about three weeks after Bill's cart and Bob's wagon met at the bridge.' We grieve to say that a new ugly but wider bridge is being built, and our old friend will be pulled down altogether. Of course, as the two Outoftheways are such close neighbours, they are always at enmity—the East pilots are always racing with the West to get the pilotage of the ships running into port; and whenever you are on the East side, you hear the West men abused as the idlest, dirtiest fellows under the sun—a character which transfers itself to the East men as soon as you get over the bridge.

But this is not to the point, which is, that when we heard of the convivial meeting of the mine-captains, we managed to make our way among them, and found vehement speechifying going on on the subject of rating the mines. These men have for the greater part been mere working-miners, but have risen by their own exertions; and when we come to know them, we are not surprised at it, for they are a clever, shrewd, practical set of men. Sampling is the periodical sale of the ore, which is bought by the samplers, who are sent to purchase for the smelters in Wales.

After the day's work is over, they adjourn to a good dinner, and consume immense quantities of champagne, not so much because they like it, we believe, as because it is an expensive wine, and sounds very grandly. In the evening, they find themselves more at home over gin-and-water and pipes, and warm into eloquence, which is very good fun if you can keep your countenance—which is not easy, as they have an ingenious way of speechifying for a quarter of an hour, with a nominative at one end of the oration, and the verb belonging to it at the other, the interval being filled up by a parenthesis and various eccentric branches from it, like a genealogical tree or a Greek verb.

But, in spite of the amusing features of this meeting, we are obliged to seek our couches, for we stole so much from our sleep this morning, that nature, like the nurse-maid of our youthful days, imperatively beckons us to bed; so we bow our heads—Harry has been doing so literally for the last half-hour, utterly regardless of dislocation of the vertebræ—and obey her commands.

We are happy to be able to state, as a fact, that Tobbles did *not* kiss the chamber-maid this evening; but we found him next morning asleep outside the bed, with nothing on but his collar and his boots. He complained of headache, which he attributed to pickled pilchards at supper. Of course, with our usual originality, we quoted Bon Gualtier—

> Bless your soul, it was the salmon!

We beg to recommend this quotation as quite new—one that we are sure can never have occurred to anybody before!

By the way, gentle reader, did you ever taste pickled pilchard? If not, just take our advice and a carpet-bag containing a clean collar, a screw of tobacco, a tooth-brush and a night-cap, and come down at once to East Outoftheway, and eat some of that delightful fish. They are delicious—exactly like sardines; in fact, in two points they are, we humbly submit, superior—firstly, because they are not so oily; and, secondly, there is no leaden case to break your knife and scarify your fingers in opening.

After breakfast, we take Bob out for some fresh air and soda-water, and then set out on our way to be introduced to the Fair Maids! The Fair Maids are more properly called Fumadoes, because they were smoke-dried. The Outofthewayans, like the old Greeks, call all that is good and beautiful by feminine names; so they entitle salted pilchards 'Fair Maids;' and we can assure you that a Fair Maid of East Outoftheway would hardly yield precedence to the one of Perth.

As we approach the salting-cellars, we are told that the operation is performed by women—a gratuitous and unnecessary piece of information, for our ears tell us so distinctly. Such a screeching and calling, with an under-current of female tongues running like—like—female tongues: we can find no higher point of comparison. *N.B.*—Of course, dearest young ladies, we mean elderly female tongues.

As soon as we enter the cellars, there is a mysterious whispering among the women, who are on their knees piling the fish in layers; and presently one lady approaches us, and daubing our boots with a fishy cloth, informs us that she has wiped our shoes, which, of course, implies a fee, which we give as readily as we would have dispensed with the preliminary defilement of our clean boots with a scaly, oily rag. *N'importe*—we were served in the same way when, after bumping our heads, skinning our elbows, and bruising our knees, we arrived at the lowest level of a seventy-fathom mine; and we conclude that 'wiping the shoe' is the Cornish for 'paying your footing.'

But to return to our Fair Maids. After the ceremony we described is over, we have time to look round us. The fish are stacked against the walls in heaps, formed, as we saw, by placing a layer of fish upon a groundwork of salt, then sprinkling salt over that, so as to make, in short, a series of sandwiches of salt and pilchards. Each layer is made smaller than the one beneath, to prevent them from toppling over, and the last layer is salt, so that nothing is to be seen but innumerable heads sticking helplessly out of the salt. This operation is called *bulking*, and in this manner the fish are left for some time until all the oil has run out. This oil is caught in gutters, and conveyed to tubs sunk in the ground, whence it is taken away and sold at a very fair price, forming no small part of the profits of pilchard-fishing.

After the fish have been bulked about four weeks, they are taken down and washed in tubs; the water, rich with oil and salt, is afterwards sold as manure, for which purpose also are employed the damaged and useless fish thrown aside during bulking, for beside pilchard, a great many scad or horse-mackerel, chads, &c., are caught in the net.

When washed, the fish are put into hogsheads, pierced at the bottom to let what oil still remains ooze out. These hogsheads are ranged round the cellars, and covered with round heads called *bucklers*, which are pressed down by levers—long poles fixed into holes in the wall at one end, and weighted with heavy stones at the other. When the buckler sinks level with the edge, a block of wood is placed under the lever, and when, by these means, a vacancy is made in the hogshead, fresh fish are put in, and pressed down again, until the cask will hold no more. When all are ready, the hogsheads are headed up, and start off on their travels. The greater part, if not all, go to the Mediterranean.

One of the shareholders of the seine we saw shot last night invites us to go and see them 'tucking' to-night. We are for a moment at a loss to perceive what amusement we can possibly derive from seeing other men 'tucking,' having heard from our sisters—who sat in the gallery at Freemasons' Hall once during a dinner—that it is not an exhilarating proceeding. Harry comes to our rescue, and explains that 'tucking' is casting a small seine, called a *tuck-seine*, inside the fixed one, in order to catch a portion of the enclosed shoal. We do not at first see why the seine itself should not be hauled up bodily; but we are told that when a great number are caught, it would be difficult to get hands enough to bulk them before they got bad. The seine, therefore, is in fact a preserve, not without a poacher either—no other than our friend of yesterday—the shark, which darts through and through the nets in a most reckless manner, doing no end of mischief. Having received this description of 'tucking,' we eagerly accept the invitation, but discover that, as it does not come off till eleven or twelve, we shall have to vegetate about East Outoftheway all day.

We poke about among the rocks, and bully inoffensive crabs, and try experiments with sea-anemones and shrimps in the pools, until, at length, in scrambling over a rocky promontory, Tobbles meets with an accident, as regards his nether-clothing, occasioned by his seating himself too suddenly upon a sharp limpet.

The only remedy which at first presents itself is to sit where he is until he has a new pair made—of course, we, none of us, brought a very extensive wardrobe; but this scheme having its drawbacks—among which we may mention the rising of the tide—he is compelled to walk home. As we near Outoftheway, poor Bob's evolutions are painfully laughable. He sidles past everybody he meets like a crab, and backs upstairs with a grace that would kill the lord-chamberlain with envy. Harry sallies forth with 'the garments' to the tailor's, while we undertake to amuse Bob, as he sits shivering in his bedroom, by playing écarté with him. To our great satisfaction, we win a pint, which consoles us for the one we were defrauded of in the first-fish matter. Need we say we call for it on the spot, and drink it in triumph?

Presently Harry and 'the garments' make their appearance. The tailor is decidedly colour-blind. 'The garments' are decidedly dark, almost black, while the patch inserted is of so light a shade as to suggest to Harry's mind, when he sees Tobbles once more incased, that he 'would make a capital pair to the governor's black mare—only the white star isn't in his forehead!'

Dinner, and a long chat over a cigar afterwards, are followed by an excursion in a boat, and then a scramble up a hill to see a splendid view. All this brings us on to dusk, when we get up a convivial party at the Ship, until about half-past eleven, which finds us in utter darkness out at sea.

We venture to wish it was moonlight, but are reduced to insignificance by the information that night is chosen for tucking because the fish are less scared in the dark. We see very little at present except a lot of black figures, but the sea when broken has the luminous appearance of naughty boys fingers when they have been playing with matches. The rope, as it is hauled up, looks like 'a glowworm—to be continued.' There is no necessity to inform the reader that there was plenty of noise, for no one connected with the sea can possibly do anything without an immense amount of 'yo heave hos,' and 'cheerily, my boys, cheerilies,' as everybody is well aware. At length up comes the tuck-seine—and there is a great splashing of fish and a glittering of scales, and a general phosphorescence in the water round the boat, that lights everything up in an astonishing manner. The fish are dipped out of the net in baskets, called in East Outoftheway 'moans'—we judge of the spelling from the sound. Bob, with his usual recklessness, observes that 'the moaning of the sea' seems rather profitable than otherwise in the present instance; for this, however, he is rewarded by a retributive Providence, which, when he falls asleep in the stern of the boat on our way back, precipitates the Vanderdecken hat into the sea. We never beheld it more—it was lost in the surrounding darkness. Perchance in the wide ocean some homeward-bound vessel will pick it up; and emigrants returning after long years to their native soil, will welcome, as the first token of Old England, that weather-beaten hat with the name of Tobbles conspicuously inscribed in the crown!

We make this cheering remark to Bob, but he is not consoled, saying that he is 'very unlucky—downright fate-spited—that he shall return to his domestic hearth minus his hat, and plus an incongruous patch in his "garment!"'

Next morning we turn our backs upon East Outoftheway. We went there for a day's fishing, we come back wiser, and perhaps happier men—knowing a great deal about the fisheries, and not least—being assured that the fish we have seen brought on shore will bring hundreds of pounds into East Outoftheway—not to be engulfed wholesale in the pockets of wealthy speculators, but to go by driblets to support the poor fishermen and their families, and keep the wolf from many a poor cottage-door during the coming winter.

And so in the evening over our quiet bottle of port we gave the toast: 'The Fair Maids of Cornwall that feed and clothe the poor!'

NEW METALLIC BOATS.

Amongst the most useful innovations of the present day is the application of iron for the purposes of navigation; and the description we gave recently of the Great Eastern Steam-ship, must convince our readers of the vast superiority of metal over wood as a material in naval architecture. We now proceed to offer some remarks on the 'metallic boats and military wagons,' which have recently been patented by Mr Joseph Francis of New York, and more particularly introduced to the notice of the British government and public by Major Vincent Eyre, of the Bengal Artillery.

The attention of the lords of the Admiralty having been called to this new invention, an order was issued early in the present year, directing that a trial of the qualities of the corrugated iron boats should be made. One of the largest was therefore procured from the Collins line of steamers, and experimented upon. The boat selected was about the size of a large man-of-war cutter. To test the strength of the material and its capabilities of resistance, in case of being dashed against or upon a rock, was the main object of the trial. Accordingly a workman, armed with a heavy long-handled axe, dealt several severe blows with all his strength upon the bottom. The result, which in the case of a wooden boat would have been to shatter it to pieces, was here perfectly triumphant: not an indentation was perceptible. A smaller boat was then taken on shore, rolled and knocked about on the rough stones of a cobble-pavement by six men, who afterwards lifted it up on end, and let it fall several times. The rolling about produced only some insignificant bulges, which were soon rectified by a few strokes of a hammer; no real injury, however, had been done to the boat. The boat was now launched into the water, and rowed endways by four powerful men against a stone pier-head several times. This new experiment ended with the same result; the violence of the shocks had not caused the little craft to spring a leak, nor were there any other signs of damage.

Having shewn the strength, we will now proceed to describe the structure and advantages of these metallic boats. In fact, their superiority over the wooden boat, either for the ordinary purposes of transit of goods, or the extraordinary purposes of safety in the hour of peril, is so palpable, that there can be little doubt that before long they will be brought into general use.

These metallic boats, then, are formed of thin sheets of copper or iron galvanised, without braces or skeleton supports of any kind, the strength being entirely derived from the *corrugations*. The extraordinary power derived from corrugation is very simple. Take, for example, a thin plate of iron with a plane surface, and set it on end, and it will be seen to bend in the centre from its own weight. Take, on the contrary, the same thin plate, moulded into small semicircular corrugations at intervals. Let it be set upright like the other, and it will be found that not only does it not bend, but that it will scarcely yield to the combined efforts of four ordinary men.

Corrugated sheets of iron, as our readers are doubtless aware, are now very frequently used for roofing, especially at our railway-stations and extensive warehouses. The corrugations required for such purposes, however, are simple and easily effected, compared with that needed for boat-building, where strength and stability must be given to the gracefully curved form of the boat; in fact, the great difficulty has always been to twist the metal to the peculiar curvature of the ship's form. Modern improvements have, however, overcome this difficulty. By the latest process, cast-iron dies are made as large as a full-sized boat, with the corrugations on the upper or convex side, and corresponding depressions on the lower or concave side. These dies require all the force of the hydraulic piston to work them; but when the sheet of metal is placed between them, it is forced, by a gradual pressure, to the shape as the dies come together; and the corrugations being formed whilst the metal is in the mould, they hold it rigidly and firmly there; so firmly, indeed, that the shell or outward surface of the boat, when put together, will preserve its shape, and withstand the wear and tear of hard service without thwarts or braces of any kind on the inside. 'No frames or timbers of any kind,' observes Major Eyre, 'are required, as the strength is attained by the corrugations. The stiffness or strength of the sheet is increased by the boldness, form, and depth of the corrugations; so that as these are increased, the thickness of the metal can be decreased, still retaining the strength.' From this, by a kind of corollary, it will be at once seen that as the strength is attained by the corrugations, and the corrugations add nothing to the weight, the strength of the boat may be materially increased without its lightness being in the least affected.

The usefulness of these metallic boats, in cases of shipwreck, has been so well established and appreciated, that the government of the United States has stationed them along the whole line of sea and lake coasts, where they have been instrumental in saving many thousands of lives. It has also passed a law compelling every passenger-ship to be provided with a certain proportion of these boats. We have, however, a still more valuable application of them in the 'life-car.' The life-car is a kind of boat or chest, made of copper or iron, and closed over by a convex roof. A door or hatchway in the centre admits the passengers—a car generally holds about four or five. When the passengers are settled inside, the door is shut down, and bolted to its place, so as to prevent the surf from beating in upon the inmates. All inside is, of course, dark as night, and the terrified prisoner may almost think it better to be drowned in the open air, than run the risk of it closed in in his little car; but a few minutes relieves his mind and dissipates his terror. The car is drawn to the land, suspended by rings from a hawser, which has previously been stretched from the shore to the ship, by ropes, or rather lines, attached to the two ends of the hawser. By means of these, the empty car is first drawn by the unfortunate passengers to the ship, and then, when freighted, drawn back by the people on the beach. A writer in the *Life-boat Institution Journal*, in an article on the Life-boat Saving Benevolent Institution of New York, remarks: 'It will be observed that two-thirds of the persons saved as above quoted —namely, 1000 out of 1500—have been, through the instrumentality of a life-car, drawn through the surf, after a communication has been effected with the stranded ship by means of the mortar and rocket apparatus.'

But to bring the invaluable services rendered to humanity by this life-car more home to the imagination of the reader, we will single out the shipwreck of the *Ayrshire*. During a severe snow-storm in the month of January, the *Ayrshire*, with about 200 passengers on board, was driven upon the shore of New Jersey, and stranded. The sea beat and the surf rolled so heavily, that it was physically impossible for a boat to put out and reach her; and there she might have lain, battered about amongst the breakers until the timbers had given way, and all on board perished, had not a life-boat station providentially been at hand. The life-car and its apparatus were at once brought out: the first shot from the mortar carried the line across the wreck; the hawser was expeditiously hauled through the surf, and the car attached. In a short time every passenger, to the number of 200, was drawn through the foaming surges, and landed at the station *dry and comfortable*. We need not enlarge upon the importance of having this life-car introduced into England, and kept at stations along the coast. It is impossible to estimate the number of lives that might be saved by its instrumentality in the course of a year.

But the purposes to which this useful invention may be applied have not yet been exhausted, and perhaps the most important remains to be stated. It is well known how essential to successful expeditions in military affairs is a rapid mode of transit, especially across swollen streams and unfordable rivers. It was, we think, with the view of facilitating and expediting the movements of the *matériel* of an army, that Mr Francis was first occupied in perfecting his invention. At all events, the result has shewn how admirably adapted for such purposes his army floating-wagons have proved themselves. England has been slow to recognise their merits; France has, some months since, experimented upon them, and pronounced in their favour; while the United States has long ago adopted them.

The military metallic road-wagon used by the United States army is made on the same principle of strength and lightness as the metallic boat we have already described. The part comprising the body is built of the same corrugated metal—that is, iron or copper—partakes of the same durable and indestructible qualities; and 'whereas an ordinary military wagon, such as those at present in use with our army, is useful only for the purposes of land-carriage, the metallic carriage unites in itself, either singly or by combination, the qualities of an ammunition or store carriage, a pontoon, a row-boat, a raft for the heaviest artillery, and, finally, a bridge for transporting the whole *matériel* of an army over otherwise deep and impassable rivers.'

But we have to go further, and consider the value of these boats as *pontoons*. It is not intended that Mr Francis's invention should in all cases supersede entirely the admirable air-tight boat-pontoons of Sir Charles Pasley, or the close cylindrical pontoons of General Blanshard. These may be very useful in the passage of very rapid streams; yet the metallic wagons of Mr Francis have peculiar advantages of their own. Every one who has visited the Rhine, especially at Cologne, has witnessed in what manner boats have been made the substructure of bridges. The idea then immediately suggests itself, that an able engineer could easily arrange these wagons together so as to make them perfectly capable of supporting any weight that may be put upon them. If this be the case, a bridge—an itinerant bridge we might almost call it—moves about with the army, performing at the same time various and useful functions. Instead of being carried, a useless incumbrance, like the present pontoons, it assists in carrying the baggage and *impedimenta* of the troops. In fact, where, as in an army, everything ought to be made capable of as wide an application as possible, the metallic wagons will be found of peculiar value. Like the canoe of the North American Indian, it can be converted from a boat into a hut—a third important use. Of what infinite service would these wagons not have been out in the Crimea, during those dreary months when an effective shelter could not be procured for the men! Now, that the evil has been accomplished, it forcibly strikes one how much more readily huts of galvanised corrugated iron might have been constructed and conveyed to the east, than those heavy lumbering wooden structures which were eventually sent out, and with difficulty put together. They would have ridden compactly, and been strong enough to have stood firm, without wooden frames and without nails, in the shape of a long triangular tent. The lesson, doubtless, will not be lost.

'To sum up briefly the good qualities of the metallic boats,' observes Major Eyre—'they are more light, more strong, more lasting, more easily managed, require less repair (than the wooden boats). They are fire-proof, worm-proof, water-proof. They will not corrode or rot, are always tight and ready for service in every climate. They can never become water-soaked; or when hung to the davits for six months or a year, they are ready for lowering into the water. The concussion of cannon has no effect upon them: the stroke of a shot that would disable a wooden boat, would only perforate an iron one; and a perforation, when made, can easily be repaired by simply beating back the protruding parts with a hammer.'

It is unnecessary to dwell further upon the advantages of these boats. From whatever point of view they may be considered, their superiority over the old wooden craft is at once evident. A proof, however, that the merits of these metallic boats are beginning to be appreciated in England, may be gathered from the fact, that the proprietors of the Cunard line of steamers, running from Liverpool to New York, have ordered a complete set for that magnificent vessel the *Persia*.

ADVANTAGES OF RAILWAY-TUNNELS.

We cannot help repeating a narrative which we heard on one such occasion, told with infinite gravity by a clergyman whose name we at once inquired about, and of whom we shall only say, that he is one of the best and worthiest sons of the kirk, and knows when to be serious as well as when to jest. 'Don't tell me,' said he to a simple-looking Highland brother, who had apparently made his first trial of railway-travelling in coming up to the Assembly—'don't tell me that tunnels on railways are an unmitigated evil: they serve high moral and æsthetical purposes. Only the other day I got into a railway-carriage, and I had hardly taken my seat, when the train started. On looking up, I saw sitting opposite to me two of the most rabid dissenters in Scotland. I felt at once that there could be no pleasure for me in that journey, and with gloomy heart and countenance I leaned back in my corner. But all at once we plunged into a long tunnel, black as night, and when we emerged at the other end, my brow was clear and my ill-humour was entirely dissipated. Shall I tell you how this came to be? All the way through the tunnel I was shaking my fists in the dissenters' faces, and making horrible mouths at them, and *that* relieved me, and set me all right. Don't speak against tunnels again, my dear friend.'—*Fraser's Magazine.*

STAG-BEETLE.

The late Mr George Samouelle, of the British Museum, used to relate a story concerning the above insect, of which I should like to know if it obtains in many parts of England. During one of his excursions *to* or *in* the New Forest, he saw a number of countrymen assembled at the foot of a tree stoning something to death. On approaching, he found a poor stag-beetle the subject of attack. Causing them to desist, he picked up the poor thing, and put it into a box, asking at the same time why it was to be stoned to death. He was told it was the devil's imp, and was sent to do some evil to the corn, which I have forgotten. Whether Mr Samouelle was considered the identical gentleman in black or not, it is impossible to say; but I know he used to laugh at the stupid staring wonder of the countrymen, and the trouble he had to elicit a reply to his own ignorance.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE SKY-LARK.

O bird, from the shade of the forest
  I see thee emerging;
And I list to the magical surging
  Of song which thou pourest,
When evening's fair tresses are hoarest;
O little brown peri upspringing,
There is surely a soul in thy singing!

Thy heart's wealth around thou art flinging,
  In tempests of gladness,
In warblings of ecstatic madness
  Tumultuously ringing,
Through thine own flood of harmony winging,
Striving on with that passionate paining,
Life and love blent in rapturous straining!

In a whirl of music revolving,
  In circles enchanted—
As if by the infinite haunted,
  Thou seemest dissolving,
Those tremulous gushes evolving;
Till with spiral and quivering motion,
Thou nearest the heaven's wide ocean.

Still higher and higher thy fleeing,
  More mazy thy trilling;
Like a fountain o'erflowing and filling
  The vastness of being—
More faint, oh! more faint to my seeing—
Away! where but longing can follow,
Far, far up the blue starry hollow.

O bird, thou art floating and fading,
  On to the empyrean—
Through gold and vermilion and Tyrian
  Dyes thou art wading—
Till cometh the stillness and shading—
And soon with the spirit-land blended,
In a voice and a dream thou art ended!

E. O. D.

GRANITE MANURE.

While examining the granite quarries at Northbridge, Massachusetts, a few days since, I had a conversation with the workmen who were dressing out the stone, in reference to the dust that they were rapping off with a flat piece of board from the face of the stone they were hammering. The dust is reduced in the hammering of the stone to an impalpable powder, and will float in the air. I said to them that it would be well to try the vegetating powers of this granite-dust in a hill of corn. They replied that it had been used in gardens and on grass-lands with great success, and that it was equal to the best manure. This fact is of great importance to agricultural science, for it opens a newly discovered source of wealth in the rocky lands. The granite rocks that are now barren may be ground to an impalpable powder, and used as a fertiliser. Feldspar, a component of granite, in many districts is abundant, and yields potash on analysis. — *Washington Intelligencer.*

NOTICE TO THE BELLES OF THE BALL.

The *Bombay Times* has an article condemning the practice of allowing natives to see us dance, and gives an anecdote of the Goicowar, as illustrative of the feelings with which the natives view an exhibition of the kind. 'His highness being present at a ball where a remarkably stout young lady, then just arrived from home, was the belle of the evening, asked how much a girl of that kind would cost in London, because, if not too dear, he should order out a dozen of them.'

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 147. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

THE FIRST RANK IN THE ARMY.

> E is an ensign who carries a flag.
> *Pictorial Alphabet.*
>
> A fool and his money, &c.
> *Old proverb.*

AN Ensign is a weak-minded individual, who pays L.450 for the privilege of wearing a red coat—a distinction enjoyed by a postman at a much cheaper rate. Like a mackerel, the silly youth is attracted by a bit of scarlet cloth; and, like that delicious and infatuated fish, he very often pays for his love of finery with his life. On the above-mentioned little sum being deposited by Green senior in the hands of Messrs Box & Co., the well-known army-agents of Braig's Buildings, the name of Green junior appears in the *Gazette;* and from that moment, as if by magic, the sow's ear is converted into a silk purse, and the young hobbledehoy ceases to be a 'gent,' and becomes, on the authority of the War Department, 'an officer and a gentleman.'

His duty, as we are informed above, is to carry a flag—on a windy day, a most trying and undignified task, requiring the temper of a bishop with the strength of a coal-heaver, and calculated to impress the most unprejudiced spectator with the idea that the standard-bearer is suffering from the effects of strong drink. To qualify himself for this misconstruction, the ensign must have received an education that has emptied the paternal porte-monnaie to the extent of eighty or a hundred guineas per annum ever since he stepped out of his frocks and attained to the dignity of a jacket and trousers, and must have undergone, at Sandhurst, before obtaining his commission, a severe course of puzzling and pounding by professors, and pinching and poking by physicians, to ascertain whether he is the proprietor of a *mens sana* in a *corpore sano*, and is morally and physically a 'fit and proper person' to serve in Her Majesty's army.

Having passed this Rubicon, one more pull at the parental purse-strings is necessary before the youthful hero can be fairly started on the road to fame. The little bills for his sword, his iron bedstead, and the few other simple articles constituting a military outfit, will extract another hundred and fifty from the governor's strong-box; and then, regularly launched and rigged, Green junior has nothing to do but go where glory waits him, whether it be in the shape of bullets, bayonets, batteries, or bomb-shells.

To enable him to support his exalted rank with becoming dignity, the ensign is presented daily, by a grateful country, with the sum of 5s. 3d., out of which munificent stipend the authorities, with a praiseworthy regard for his comfort and respectability, oblige him to pay half-a-crown for his dinner whether he eats it or not, and expect him to live like a gentleman on the odd two-and-nine. This feat becomes perfectly easy when we know that an ensign's breakfast is generally supposed in 'military circles' to consist of 'a stiff stock and a glass of water'—proving the truth of the adage, that there is 'nothing like leather;' and that it is asserted on equally good authority, that 'a sneeze and go to bed' constitutes his light and wholesome supper; consequently, after satisfying the usually moderate demands of washerwomen, tailors, hatters, shoemakers, linen-drapers, servants, *et hoc genus omne*, and paying his regimental subscriptions and other small matters, the young millionaire has all the rest to spend on himself. We must make the trifling exception, however, of the first two months of his service, during which he gets very little pocket-money, seeing that the whole of his pay for that period is forcibly deducted, on the authority of the 'Queen's regulations,' and somewhat inconsistently termed a *donation* to the mess and band funds.

Little does the unsuspecting victim of 'scarlet fever' and misplaced confidence know what a preliminary purgatory he has to go through before he enters the paradise of his imagination, and bursts out in all the glory of a full-blown ensign. On joining his regiment, he is handed over by an unfeeling adjutant to the tender mercies of a remorseless sergeant-major, a kind of military Grand Inquisitor, who, assisted by familiars in the guise of drill-sergeants and corporals, forthwith subjects the unhappy youth to a series of cruel tortures, that would extort pity from the heart even of a Madras collector! He is barbarously roused out of his warm bed at six in the morning, and turned, shivering in a thin shell-jacket, on to a cold damp parade-ground. He is herded with a batch of lately caught ploughboys, called a squad, and his body placed in all sorts of uncomfortable positions by a rigid non-commissioned officer, who has the drill-book off by heart, but is painfully deficient on points of grammar.

He is instructed by this ramrod in regimentals, that to occupy the 'position of a soldier,' he is not to stand 'bolt hupright like a aystack,' but to 'lean well forward,' with his 'ed hup, shoulders square, stomach hin, palm of the and to the front, little finger touching the seam of the trouser, feet at a hangle of forty-five degrees, eels together, and the weight of the body on the flat of the futt.' Wishing to conciliate his fierce-looking preceptor, the trembling novice too eagerly attempts to comply with this exasperating formula, and tumbles on his nose. '*That's* not the position of a soldier,' says Corporal Poker triumphantly, picking up his unfortunate pupil. 'Hif you ad hattended to my hinstructions, sir, you would not ave soiled your pantaloons.'

With a view of opening his chest, and giving him that graceful hollow in the back so essential to a perfect military carriage, the ensign is put through a course of gymnastic evolutions that would prostrate the most muscular street-acrobat that ever converted himself into a human frog by tying his legs in a knot round his neck. In the course of these calisthenic exercises, he is made to clap his hands insanely before his nose, with his arms extended like a sign-post, and then to force them violently behind his back till his shoulder-blades crack again. He has next to become an animated wind-mill, and whirl his clenched fists franticly round his head, till his arms are loose in their sockets; and, finally, if of a stout habit of body, he is brought to the very verge of apoplexy, by vainly attempting, at the command of his tormentor, to perform the impossible feat of touching his toes with his fingers without bending his knees. Panting with this exertion, which has fractured his dress in a most inconvenient manner in several places, he is permitted to 'stand at ease' for a short time and look about him; but before he has recovered his breath, he is nearly lifted off his legs by the word 'attention,' barked sharply out and pronounced 'shun' by the Ramrod, and forthwith put through his 'facings.' He is told that at the word 'right about face' he is *not* to 'face,' but merely to 'place the ball of the right toe against the eel of the left futt, *and* remain stiddy.' At the word 'tow' he is to 'face about,' and at the word 'three' bring his 'eels together with a *tell.*' Poker insists upon the 'tell;' and if the dozen pair of Bluchers in his squad don't come together at exactly the same moment, and with a noise like thunder, he savagely gives the word 'has you were,' and begins again.

Having been twisted round to all the points of the compass, till he is quite giddy, and his intellect completely muddled with the intricacies of 'left about three quarters,' 'right half,' and *vice versâ*, the bewildered candidate for a 'peerage or Westminster Abbey,' is next initiated into the mysteries of the 'goose step'—a ridiculous performance, which consists in his standing for an indefinite period on one leg, with the other poised in the air, and waving the suspended limb gracefully backwards and forwards with depressed 'eel' and 'pinted' toe to the words 'front' and 'rare' of the ungrammatical Poker.

Should the victim's attention wander for a moment during this absurd exhibition, the lynx-eyed sergeant-major is heard shouting from one end of the parade in stentorian tones: 'No. 13's not looking to his front!' and if, in his agitation at this unlooked-for check, the nervous recruit should unconsciously get the strap of his forage-cap into his mouth, the adjutant, equally sharp-sighted, screams, in piercing accents, from the other end: 'You needn't devour your chin-strap in that ravenous way, Mr Green; you'll get your breakfast presently.' Totally upset, both mentally and bodily, by this double-barrelled attack, the wretched tyro loses his presence of mind, totters, *both* feet come to the ground, and he is ignominiously packed off to the 'awkward squad,' a collection of all the impracticable muffs and incorrigible 'bad bargains' in the regiment.

Three times a day for weeks and months has the future Wellington to undergo this process of slow torture, which constitutes his military education, during which time he gets over hundreds of miles of gravel, and wears out dozens of pairs of boots, in his attempts to master the difficulties of marching, counter-marching, wheeling, doubling, charging, and forming square. His knuckles are barked in the 'manual and platoon,' his knees are excoriated in 'resisting cavalry,' and he is beaten black and blue in the sword-exercise. When, at length, he can step the regulated pace, in the legitimate time, without varying the hundredth part of an inch in the thousandth part of a second—when he can handle a heavy musket as easily as he would a popgun—when he has overcome his natural propensity to look round if his curiosity is excited, to rub any part of his person afflicted with temporary irritation, to laugh when he is amused, and cry oh! when he is hurt—when, in fact, he has learned to become a mere automaton without will or motion, except at the command of his drill instructor, he is reported fit for duty, and his persecution ceases. On the recommendation of the adjutant, a board of fat majors is appointed to sit upon him; and if he goes through his various performances to their satisfaction, he is dismissed drill. A tip of a sovereign assuages the grief of the grim Poker at parting with his disciple; and the emancipated novice, throwing away his leading-strings, is permitted for the first time to join the general parade, and share in all the privileges and immunities of an officer holding the '*first* rank in the army!'

He then becomes a tremendous fellow! Stalwart grenadiers fly at his bidding; the great sergeant-major himself is obedient to his nod, and in a moment of unparalleled audacity he has even been known to 'chaff' the adjutant! His military career has fairly commenced; and the fortunate ensign, after serving in all parts of the globe, and expending some three or four thousands in purchasing his promotion, may look forward to becoming, in about thirty years, a broken-down old general officer on a pound a day, with perhaps an extra 5s. for distinguished service—provided always he manages, in the meantime, to escape cholera at Calcutta, yellow Jack at Jamaica, frostbites in Canada, assegais at the Cape—mutilation, amputation, starvation, and all the other ills that military flesh is heir to.

Never shall I forget what a young lunatic I became on reading one morning in the *Gazette:* '100th Foot—John Jones, Gent., to be ensign, by purchase, vice Muffin, who retires.' How I blessed Muffin! No words in the vocabulary were strong enough to express my admiration of Muffin's *retiring* disposition. I laughed, cried, sung, danced, and did everything but stand on my head. For the sake of the furniture, I was turned out of the drawing-room, and went raving mad in the kitchen; I shook hands with the butler, kissed the housemaid, hugged the cook, and upset the entire domestic economy of the whole establishment. What a lucky fellow I was, too! the 100th—a crack light-infantry regiment. I was not to be a common 'mudcrusher,' wearily tramping along hard roads to hoarse words of command, but a gay, dashing 'light bob,' scampering merrily over hill and dale to the music of a ringing bugle! How unceasingly I bothered the unfortunate tailor to make haste with my uniform, and what a nuisance I became to all my friends when it did come home. I was never tired of buttoning myself up in my red coat, and corking a pair of curly moustaches on my innocent upper-lip, to see how I looked with those martial appendages. How ardently I sighed for the reality! and how unmercifully I scraped at my unhappy cheeks, in the hope of encouraging the growth of an invisible whisker! I must have added materially to the incomes of Mr Rowland and the manufacturer of the Rypophagon Shaving-soap in those days. Excepting my sister, who was never tired of hearing of the heroic achievements I intended to perform, and my mother, who had an idea that I was going off to be shot, as a matter of course, what a relief it must have been to the whole circle of my acquaintance when I started to join my regiment. And when I had undergone the introductory gymnastic ordeal, and had escaped from the clutches of the grand inquisitor, what a pleasant, free-and-easy life I found it. My first night at mess, too! I thought I had never seen anything so brilliant and fascinating. My brother-officers were so kind and civil, so anxious to put me at my ease, and so particular in taking wine with me because I was a stranger. How dreadfully tipsy I became in consequence, and what a headache I had next morning! I suppose no one was ever so deliciously soft as I was, or had such a number of hoaxes played upon him. I became sharp, however, in my turn, and played them upon others. What pleasant recollections I have of those early scenes and companions, and how a few short years have changed us all—how the hare has been passed by the tortoise—what blighted hopes and ruined prospects have been the fate of some, and how all the high-flown aspirations of youth have dwindled into the sober matter-of-fact of middle age, and the splendid castle in the air, peopled with rank, wealth, and beauty, been replaced by furnished lodgings and a wife and family!

Of the ensigns who were my contemporaries on joining, Miles Adamant is the only one still in the regiment. He was quite a veteran compared to us, and we used to call him the grandfather of the ensigns. He had been six years in the army; but as he was poor, and poverty being a sort of military crime, he had been passed over several times by juniors not half such good officers, but, fortunately for them, longer purses. It was heart-breaking work for poor Miles, who was enthusiastically fond of his profession, to see boys of a few months' service promoted over his head, not from any merit of their own, but merely because they happened to have rich 'governors.' *He* had none, poor fellow, his father, who had been a general officer, having died when he was quite young. His mother, by strict economy, had contrived to give him a good education, and when he got his commission, in consideration of his father's services, was able to afford him a small annual allowance. With this he struggled manfully on, and kept himself free from debt till he was appointed adjutant, which gave him his lieutenancy, and a welcome addition of 5s. a day to his pay. From that time he ceased to be a burden to his mother; and though his means did not permit him to keep pace in many respects with his more fortunate comrades, no one in the regiment was more thoroughly respected and looked up to. If any youngster got into a scrape, he always went to Miles Adamant for advice. He was the referee in all disputes, the peacemaker in every squabble, and in deciding a bet, his opinion was considered more valuable than that of the omniscient editor of *Bell's Life* himself. In about ten years, Miles worked his way up to the top of the lieutenants, was again passed over by richer men than himself, and at length got his company by a death-vacancy, a couple of years before the Crimean campaign. At the battle of the Alma he distinguished himself by a 'terrific combat' with four Russians, and was honourably mentioned in dispatches. At Inkermann he was third captain, and all his seniors being placed *hors de combat* in that mortal struggle, he 'won his spurs' by bringing the regiment out of action. He did his work like a man all through that dreadful winter, and escaped without a scratch till the memorable attack on the Redan, when a conical bullet from a Russian rifle, whirling along in search of its predestined billet, effected a lodgment in his hip, and finding its quarters very snug, refused to be ejected. No one supposed he could live with a lump of lead firmly imbedded in the bone, and Miles's name appeared in the ominous list of 'dangerously wounded.' For a long time his life hung upon a thread; the shock to his nervous system had been so great, that even a person moving about his hut caused him excruciating agony; but skilful treatment, however, and a strong constitution, pulled him through; his troublesome visitor became a tenant for life, and with the exception of a perceptible limp, he is now as strong and hearty as ever. He returned the other day from the scene of his glory, as brown as a berry, and covered with honour and hair. He is now a lieutenant-colonel and a C.B., and decorated with a medal, four clasps, the Legion of Honour, and a beard down to his waist! Report says that he is about to be married to a beautiful heiress, who, like Desdemona, loves him for the dangers he has passed. Long life to him! No man better deserves his good-fortune.

What a contrast was Rocket! The son of an opulent country gentleman, who allowed him L.500 a year, and an unlimited supply of capital to purchase his promotion, no one stood a better chance of rising in his profession. But he was cursed with a love of display, and a wanton spirit of extravagance, that knew no bounds and brooked no control. The old military system of spending half-a-crown out of sixpence a day, was perfect economy compared with the reckless way in which Rocket flung his money about. As soon as he got it, it was subjected to the well-known ornithological process of being converted into 'ducks and drakes.' If he had had L.5000 or L.50,000 a year, it would have been just the same. In matters of dress and equipage, he brooked no rival near his throne; he would be 'aut Cæsar aut nullus;' and if anything novel or strange appeared, his great ambition was, no matter what it cost, to 'cut it out' with something newer and more eccentric. He thought himself a capital judge of horseflesh, and was victimised by all the dealers in the country; he ordered coats by the score, and watches by the dozen; and had more screws than he could ride, more clothes than he could wear, and more jewellery than he could carry. He kept a kind of open house, and was a little king among a set of men who smoked his cigars, rode his horses, and borrowed his money. Three times in five years were his debts paid by his indulgent father; but on the fourth application, a condition was imposed—that he would quit the army and live quietly at home. This proposition, Rocket, now a captain, rejected with scorn, and father and son parted in anger. Left to his own resources, he fell among thieves: the Jews made short work of him; post obits and other diabolical instruments soon failed to supply his still reckless expenditure; and, in an evil hour, he took to gambling. He became totally absorbed in this exciting pursuit; and having a clear head and steady hand, played at first with ruinous success. Intoxicated with his good-fortune, he became more extravagant than ever. In the meantime, his father died unreconciled to his prodigal son, leaving the bulk of his property to a distant relation. Rocket had long since anticipated whatever came to him as a matter of right, and was now totally dependent on his pay, and his winnings at the card-table. Here his good-fortune at length deserted him; his losses were heavy and frequent. In the hopes of retrieving them, he sold his commission. From this point his downward course was rapid; night after night luck was against him. One fatal evening, maddened with his losses, he grew desperate, and staked his all—his very life depended on the cast. A gleam of fortune seemed to shine upon him once more: one card alone stood between him and certainty. As the game proceeded, his chance grew brighter; the last card only remained to be dealt. With starting eyes he watched it as it fell upon the table—a heavy groan escaped him—it was *the* card, and Rocket was a beggar. Without a word he hurried from the room, and strode hastily through the streets to his lodgings. On the door being opened, he dashed up stairs to his room, and locked himself in. Alarmed at his master's pale face and haggard look, the servant was on the point of following, when the report of a pistol was heard, succeeded by a heavy fall. The door was burst open, and the unfortunate gambler was discovered extended on the floor, with a bullet through his brain.

How different again was Bubb—'Alderman' Bubb, as we called him, he was so gross a feeder. He would gorge himself like a boa-constrictor, and then fall fast asleep. He was the fattest and most thickheaded officer in the British army. He never brushed his hair, and was supposed to sleep in his clothes. When he attempted to write, he used to ink himself all over, and was known to have spelt 'door' d-o-r-e in an official letter. There was no examination in those days. Money and interest were the only qualifications, and, somehow or other, Bubb had both. Where he came from nobody knew; but he was supposed to be the son of a rich rum-contractor. When pumped as to his pedigree, he did nothing but grin—he seldom did anything else. If, to make him a little lively, he was tossed in a blanket, he went up grinning, and came down grinning—no one seemed to enjoy the fun more than Bubb: he was too heavy, though, to be indulged often, as it took twelve of the strongest subalterns to shake him up effectually. Nothing seemed to rouse him. His face was blackened whenever he went to sleep after dinner, which was regularly every day; his boots were turned into water-jugs, and his shako used as a coal-skuttle. He usually slept in an apple-pie bed, with boot-jacks, cork-screws, fire-irons, and hair-brushes as his bedfellows. He appeared to enjoy his badgering so much, the young fellows soon got tired of 'drawing' him, and he subsided into a regular dummy. He was never dismissed drill; and tears would come into the sergeant-major's eyes when Bubb's name was mentioned. The poor man applied for his discharge soon after, broken-hearted, it is supposed, at not having been able to make anything of Bubb. The whole regiment went into convulsions of laughter when he waddled on to parade for the first time in a tight shell-jacket; and the adjutant, who was the gravest of men, is reported only to have smiled once in his life, and that was when Bubb first attempted the goose step.

Though so great a numskull at drill, the alderman was shrewd enough about money-matters, and kept his pockets tightly buttoned. No extravagant young subaltern could ever extract a sixpence out of Bubb. *He* was never 'hard up;' and though in the receipt of a private income, he was supposed to have solved the military Gordian-knot, and lived on his pay as an ensign. His washerwoman's appointment must have been a perfect sinecure; and he spent a great portion of his time darning his stockings. He was *obliged* to pay for his dinner, and made a point of taking his half-a-crown's worth; the messman made nothing by Bubb. He didn't stay long with us—at the end of a year, he was still in the awkward squad, and the colonel hinted that he should be obliged to report him incompetent at the next half-yearly inspection. For the first time in his life, Bubb was struck with an idea. He had mistaken his profession. To the delight of every one, he sold out, went to Australia, took to sheep-farming, married his cook, and is now one of the richest men in Melbourne.

Another turn of the kaleidoscope—'Gentleman' Brown was the mildest and most affable of little men. His politeness was quite oppressive, and he was supposed to be gifted with some peculiar spinal arrangement that enabled him to bow so gracefully. He was exactly five feet two, and weighed seven stone. When he sat at the end of the mess-table as vice-president, a good-sized round of beef entirely eclipsed him, and nothing could be seen but a large knife and fork apparently carving away by themselves. He was as blind as a bat, and it was quite irritating to see him beaming with smiles, unmercifully hacking away at a fine turkey, while the butler, a perfect artist in culinary anatomy, was gnashing his teeth in mute agony behind the self-satisfied little monster's chair. We used to put placards in front of his dish, inscribed 'Mangling done here,' and the colonel would threaten to make him attend 'carving drill' under the mess-waiter every day in the kitchen; but he never improved, and invariably sent the gravy flying about with a liberality only equalled by the profusion of apologies and lamentations with which he sought to wipe out the stains he had made.

Brown's time was chiefly occupied with his dress. He had thin hay-coloured hair, with an inflamed parting running in an uninterrupted line from the centre of his forehead to the nape of his neck, and his whiskers were tightly twisted into straight little curls like lead-pencils. His linen was a perfect miracle of fineness and getting up, and he was strongly suspected of wearing stays. His hands were as white and soft as a lady's, and his little feet had insteps like bridges. On parade he wore lemon-coloured kid-gloves, and delicate patent-leather boots, instead of the Wellingtons and buckskins used by coarser men. Drill used to distress him very much, and his word of command was like a penny-trumpet. 'Speak out, sir, can't you?' the colonel would roar to him, and Brown, who couldn't manage his r's, would scream: 'Gwenadiers, take gwound to the wight by thwees—thwees wight shoulders forward—quick march!' and the men, knowing him to be wrong, would quietly correct his mistake themselves, and go in the contrary direction, thereby saving Brown an extra drill perhaps. He was not fond of running; and when a square was formed in a hurry, he was always left outside, and had to creep in under the bayonets. '*Run*, sir, will you,' the colonel would bellow; 'what do you mean by dancing along on your toes in that way? If you didn't move smarter than that in action, egad! you'd have your head cut off by a dragoon long before you got into square—although I believe you'd get on just as well without it.' Here Brown would bow and smile pleasantly at his commanding officer. 'Keep steady in the ranks, sir,' the colonel would shout savagely. 'If I see you move a muscle of your countenance, I'll send you to squad-drill for a month.'

Although Brown was as much fitted for a Chancellor of the Exchequer as for a soldier, he was a perfectly harmless little man, and very good-natured. His great failing was a weakness for music at unseasonable hours, and he used to play the flute so mournfully at the dead of night, that it was found necessary, for the peace of the barrack, to plug his instrument with cobbler's wax. When the regiment was ordered to the West Indies, he sold out, and was married by a strong-minded woman, who is dreadfully jealous of him, and has made him the happy father of a numerous family. Thank goodness, under the new regulations, we can have no more Bubbs or Browns in our army.

The stories of the rest of the eight are soon told. Belvidere, the regimental lady-killer, with the help of a faultless figure and unexceptionable whiskers, successfully assaulted a young widow with large property, and is now a justice of the peace, without the slightest remains of a waist, and colonel of the Northwest Hopshire Militia. He has announced his intention of canvassing his county town at an approaching election, and should he succeed, he will enter parliament with a determination, he says, to insist upon a thorough reform in the administration of the army. With this view, he has engaged the services of a celebrated professor of elocution in the person of a retired tragedian, under whose able tuition he is making great progress in the Demosthenic art. His delivery of a contemplated speech, on the Education of Drummer-boys, is, on the authority of the professor, a startling display of oratory, and, to use that gifted gentleman's own words, 'calculated to electrify the House, sir, and have a thrilling effect on the country.'

Little Harkaway, a regular Nimrod, exchanged into cavalry, and was bowled over by a round-shot while charging at the head of his troop at Balaklava, one of the six hundred victims of that fatal misapprehension of orders. He fell gloriously where it had always been his ambition to be while living, 'leading the field.'

Fungus, a quiet steady-going bookworm, went into the church on the death of a brother, and is now rector of Fuddle-cum-stoke, the family living, where he comforts the poor with blankets, and himself with port wine in the most orthodox fashion; and the present writer is a battered old brevet-major, with a pension and a cork-leg, having left his original limb in the middle of a jungle at Chillianwallah. So the world goes round!

CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS.

Children's playthings! What a crowd of thoughts of the past, present, and future, do these words raise. Pleasant memories of bygone days, and dear associations with the little ones who gather round our old arm-chair, bringing bright hopes for the years yet to come.

Children's playthings! What remembrances arise of the nursery; of favourite dolls, whose faces are still familiar to us as those of former friends; and of tears shed when an anatomical brother dissected the head or took out the eye of a waxen treasure, and made it thenceforth dearer than ever to our idolatrous hearts. Children's playthings! How much we owe them! Who knows what of science, invention, and progress may not be attributable to them! What landmarks of history, fashion, and manners may they not become! A child's toy may hereafter record the triumphs of a Waterloo or the fall of a Sebastopol, as faithfully as the hieroglyphics which whisper the metamorphosis of a Nebuchadnezzar or the victories of a Sesostris. Take the toys of the last century alone, and what a pictorial history of England lies before us: her wars, her discoveries, manufactures, locomotives, machinery, and dress; all are in the hands of our children. Of the antiquity of children's playthings, many records remain; and by these fairy footsteps we may measure the refinement and civilisation of a people. Egypt, which was the cradle of Grecian arts, and the teacher of other countries, has left traces of herself, not only in her mummies, pyramids, and papyrus, but also in her toys. In the Leyden Museum may be found dolls as old as the Hebrew exodus; and the following extract shews how well the nurseries of the Amenophs and Remeseses were supplied:—'A young Egyptian child was amused with painted dolls, whose hands and legs, moving on pins, were made to assume various positions by means of strings. Some of these were of rude form, without legs, or with an imperfect representation of a single arm on one side; some had numerous beads, in imitation of hair hanging from the doubtful place of the head. Others exhibited a nearer approach to the form of a man; and some, made with considerable attention to proportion, were small models of the human figure. Sometimes a man was figured washing, or kneading dough, who was made to work by pulling a string; and a typhonian monster, or a crocodile, amused a child by his grimaces or the motion of his opening mouth.'

If Egypt, then, had her toys, Greece and Rome had theirs too; and as surely as Moses played with his bricks in the palace of Pharaoh, and Agesilaus with his hobbyhorse in the Spartan court, so, we may believe, did Virginia carry her dolls, and Cæsar his mimic car,

All through the bellowing Forum,
And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove.

Having thus established so respectable a parentage for our favourites, we will not inquire more curiously into their origin, but return to our reminiscences of the toys of our own day, and revisit the country-fair where we began our acquaintance with our wooden friends. Yes, genteel reader, a country-fair—not as it is now, a sharer in the universal 'move on' of the police, an annoyance rather than an amusement—but such as it was on the village-greens of our fatherland before the Enclosure Act had come into operation. Such fairs still linger on in Normandy; and there, as once it was here, the fair-day is a day much to be observed. We remember, in the simple faith of childhood, using, with a dear sister, the prayer for fair weather from the Book of Common Prayer on the eve of the great day, when a few clouds around the setting sun shook the hopes of the morrow. Happily for our orthodoxy, the day was fine, and a happier party never left a nursery. The road was early thronged, and the sound of penny-trumpets, and the faces expressive of gingerbread, quickened our pace and excited our hopes. What toys we bought!—jacks-in-the-box, watchman's rattles (those were days when it was more fashionable to wake a watchman than to wrench a knocker), tin Wellingtons, Cossacks, and Bluchers, spinning-jennies and industrious cobblers, Noah's Arks closely resembling the extinct animals in the Crystal Palace, with three little wooden figures whom we were accustomed to call Shem, Ham, and Japhet, though always sorely puzzled as to what had become of the remaining five inhabitants of the Ark. Then the dolls—the first doll, we remember, was so like an image of the Virgin we once saw at Antwerp, that in these days it might have carried babes over to Rome; and it would have needed a sight of the Leyden Egyptians to convince good Protestant mammas that 'dollatry' was not the result or the origin of Mariolatry. It was a little wooden figure, with arms akimbo, cut out of a solid piece of wood, of a stiff triangular form, and painted in black and white spots. It found its way quickly to the mouths of little ones; and the wonder is that so many survived the early taste of white-lead which it communicated. Closely following on this Bayeux tapestry doll, came a huge painted log, with arms strongly resembling matches, and with legs so frail and ill fixed, that before three days in its nursery-warfare it was always in the case of Witherington, that hero of Chevy Chase, that man

of doleful dumps,
Who, when his legs were both cut off,
Still fought upon his stumps.

How children ever survived these dolls is a mystery to us. A policeman's staff could scarcely have inflicted a harder blow; and perhaps it is to this strong feature in their constitution that we are indebted for the introduction of Dutch dolls and of waxen beauties. The Dutch dolls!—what treasures they were, with their nicely adjusted joints, and limbs capable of obeying the caprices of the most exacting posture-master; and what ingenuity was called forth in the young professors of anatomy to reset the broken arms and legs. The first wax-doll who made her début in our nursery was a court-beauty of 1795, wearing the triple plume, out of compliment to the Prince of Wales, who married in that year. Her white muslin and printed calico dress was in the fashion of the day; and the sash which confined her waist floated behind so gracefully as to make our renunciation of pomps and vanities a hard task. She hung from a stall with several sister-beauties, some wearing hats with chimney-pot crowns, some with broad brims, and some with a solitary feather; but all fashionables, all court-dresses, and all suitable companions for the wooden figures of gentlemen who hung beside them in pantaloons and Hessian boots, and who displayed, when jerked, a harlequin agility of legs and arms quite at variance with the gravity of their costume. These court-ladies were costly articles; a year's savings were sometimes required to buy one; and it was reserved for this generation to see their descendants stand in ever-blushing beauty in the London windows, declaring 'We are only fourpence.' What would we not have given for such an announcement from the Duchess of Devonshire or the Princess Charlotte!

The country-fair vanished away, and our toys were replaced by others of a different kind, and we scarcely knew how rapid a progress they had made, till, in the catalogue of the World's Fair for 1851, we read as follows:—'In the North Transept Gallery, Class 29, Case 122, we find a rich display of model wax and rag dolls by Madame Montanari. These playthings are indeed very beautifully modelled, the hair inserted into the head, eyelashes, and eyebrows. They represent the different stages of childhood up to womanhood, and are arranged in the case so as to form interesting family-groups. They include portraits of several of the royal children. The interior of the case represents a model drawing-room, the model furniture being carved and gilt, and elaborately finished. The model rag-dolls, in an adjoining small glass-case, is a newly invented article, largely patronised by connoisseurs in dolls' flesh.'

We had thought, after this, that dolls' flesh could no further go; but the introduction of gutta-percha has given a new element; and crying dolls, walking dolls, and talking dolls, make grandmothers feel that they lived a century too early.

As with dolls, so with other toys, all have made rapid progress, and marked wondrous strides in the world's pace. The clumsy cart has vanished before the exquisitely finished railway-train. The French and English soldiers have given place to the Zouave, who swallows Russians at a mouthful. The wooden-horse on heavy wheels is eclipsed by a steed covered with real horse's skin, which for symmetry of form might have won the prize at the Chelmsford show; and the zoological gardens have refurnished Noah's Ark after the most approved work on natural history. Each toy, in its progress, has meanwhile done its work; it has amused the childish mind, then awakened its curiosity, then stimulated its inventive genius. He, who was scolded by his nurse as a mischie*vious* boy who spoiled his playthings, has become the ingenious mechanic or the skilful engineer; and the fingers which hemmed the doll's robe, have learned their lesson of cheerful industry to be hereafter employed on human dolls. Toys for children, while they are the record of the fashion which passeth away, are also fulfilling a higher destiny: philosophy in sport becomes science in earnest; for these toys in the hands of our infants are the parents of those great discoveries, those marvellous improvements in arts, manufactures, and commerce, which are, after all, but the playthings of children of a larger growth.

WHAT LUNATIC ASYLUMS REALLY ARE.

In the *Twenty-ninth Annual Report of the Directors of James Murray's Royal Asylum for Lunatics, near Perth*, are given some interesting details as to the modern practice in the treatment of mental disease. We dare say there are other institutions of the same high class where the same facts would appear; but happening to have this Report under our hands, we give a few passages which seem well qualified to dispel the remnants of prejudice on this subject.

'We have observed,' says the writer, 'continued evidence of the unfounded, unjust, and most injurious popular prejudices and ideas, in country districts, regarding asylums and their inmates. Patients have been brought to us tied hand and foot. One young woman, who was perfectly quiet and affable on admission, had been tightly strapped to a window-shutter for several days prior thereto. . . . . We have frequently been earnestly requested by the attendants or relatives of patients not to be too severe in the use of the strait-jacket—an instrument of restraint unknown in the institution. On the other hand, we have been gratified to observe the great kindness and attention shewn by old residenters to new-comers, who are frequently initiated into all the mysteries of asylum-life, protected from the aggressions of the tyrannical and turbulent, and tended with a care and affection rivalling those of a mother. More especially has this been exhibited in the nursing of the sick and the feeble by individual patients, to whom they stand, for the time being, precisely in the position of afflicted sisters, daughters, or mothers. . . . . We would also advert here to the fact, that not unfrequently insane patients voluntarily seclude themselves, temporarily or permanently, within the walls of an asylum. One patient, labouring under suicidal and homicidal melancholia, became an inmate of this asylum at his own express desire; and has since been one of the happiest members of our community. This class of patients would doubtless be increased were the true character of asylums more fully known, and their benefits more thoroughly appreciated. . . .

'We would notice, as a pleasing feature in many of the recoveries, the friendly feeling entertained towards the institution, which has proved to them a "haven of refuge" and "shelter in time of need," as well as towards the companions they have left behind. One gentleman, a most troublesome and suicidal melancholic, has, since his discharge, corresponded regularly with the superintendent and one of his quondam companions, narrating in detail the fishing, shooting, gardening, and reading in which he spends his time. Not only so, but he sent his daughter to visit the asylum, the officers, and various of the inmates whom he specialised, as places and persons associated in his mind with the most pleasing reminiscences. Other discharged patients, living in the neighbourhood, have occasionally visited the officers, privately, or have attended and joined in various of the public amusements. One man comes regularly on Christmas-day to dine with his old companions in confinement. In some patients the attachment to the institution is so strong, as not only to astonish, but annoy their friends. They work cheerfully and efficiently while here, but if removed, they become indolent, obstinate, and unmanageable, until sent back to their adopted home. Such persons have, as members of picnic parties, visited their native districts, and seen their relations, without evincing the slightest disposition to remain with them. . . . .

'One of the principal, and, at the same time, pleasing, though frequently most difficult duties of the officers of an asylum, is to discover and multiply new forms of recreation—to maintain a constant but varied succession of amusements, adapted to all classes of the community. It must be borne in mind, that every device which is calculated to lessen the pangs of confinement, to "drive dull care away," to substitute pleasing thoughts, sounds, and images for gloomy self-ratiocination, becomes invested with an unusual value and importance in the treatment of the insane. Goethe has remarked, with as much truth as feeling: "Nothing that calls back the remembrance of a happy moment can be insignificant." It should be our endeavour, in any and every way, within prudent limits, not only to introduce the insane to the pleasures and pursuits of the outer world, but to carry these pleasures and pursuits into the heart of their retirement. It is a grievous mistake to suppose that, in the insane, the sense of enjoyment is blunted or destroyed. We can bear personal testimony to never having seen more unrestrained enjoyment, more boisterous mirth, more natural and healthy fun and frolic, than in the amusements of an asylum. That such recreations create strong, lasting, and most favourable impressions on those for whose benefit they are intended, is sufficiently proved by the correspondence of various discharged patients. One gentleman, in writing, never fails to inquire regarding the concerts and other amusements, which proved such sources of gratification to himself. Another, engrossed in a most laborious business, occasionally dances away his cares at our weekly ball; and other patients, in revisiting the asylum, generally select some of the amusements as the occasion. Our experience of the regulated admission of strangers to the lectures, concerts, balls, and fêtes, has been most gratifying. The patients have regarded their presence as an honour; they have felt themselves objects of consideration and regard; and they have striven so to conduct themselves as to justify the confidence placed in, and the high opinion formed of them.

'Four concerts were given during the winter, at which sometimes so many as eighty persons were present. There has been a decided improvement both in the style and execution of the music. These concerts have had the effect of drawing from their rooms and galleries, their self-imposed seclusion and morbid thoughts, some who have hitherto been unapproachable, who have kept frigidly aloof from society and its recreations. An indirect effect has been, consequently, to throw more together the various classes of our community, to produce a greater degree of social, friendly, and harmonious feeling among them, and to give them more the characters of a happy family group, than of a miscellaneous assemblage of unruly natures.'

The Report next speaks of the *balls* of the preceding winter and the *Christmas-tree.* Then come the picnic excursion-parties to the various pretty places of the neighbourhood, all of which have given occasion for much 'fun and frolic.' It goes on: 'Athletic sports are liberally encouraged among the gentlemen. To the old favourites —cricket, quoits, and bowls—racing, leaping, and various games of strength have been added. More difficulty has been experienced in providing a variety of suitable games for the ladies, who, however, have recently claimed archery as peculiarly their own. Fêtes champêtres, attended by about fifty persons, were held on the bowling-green, on Waterloo-day, on the occasion of the Queen's passing through Perth, and on the recent Peace holiday. The last-named fête consisted of athletic games, including various forms of running, leaping, cricket, bowls, quoits, and trials of strength; a monster tea-party of about eighty persons, followed by a ball on the bowling-green; and a display of fireworks in the evening. The gentlemen were engaged for weeks previous to the fête in practising for the games, and the ladies in preparing the banners, festoons, and other decorations. The successful competitors are not a little pleased with the discovery of the fact, that in the distances run, the heights jumped, and the weights thrown or carried, they have out-distanced the prize-gainers at the recent military games at Fort George.'

All these things are most pleasant, and, let us repeat, they are but a specimen of the practice at the first-class institutions everywhere. In the Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum, one additional amusement strikes us as worthy of special notice—this is the preparation among the patients themselves of a monthly sheet of light literature, under the name of the *Morningside Mirror.* We receive the *Morningside Mirror* constantly, and can testify that there are books, especially in the department of poetry, now-a-days published by sane people which contain far more absurdity; or rather, many such books are full of folly and frenzy, while the *Morningside Mirror* is a perfectly sober, rational work. On the other hand, the private asylums, to which false delicacy consigns so many patients, are in Scotland very generally in an unsatisfactory state.

THE PHANTOM-HORSE.

THE story is still current in the neighbourhood of the spot on which the Château Beauvoisin once stood, though the affair happened as long ago as 1786.

The Château Beauvoisin was situated about a league and a quarter, or nearly four miles, from Paris, a little apart from the St Germain high-road. At that time, the house was kept in excellent repair, was always used as a residence all the year round, saving for a month or two in the summer and autumn time; and its extensive gardens and grounds were laid out with unexceptionable taste, and kept in first-rate order.

The Marchioness de Beauvoisin, though still young, handsome, and rich, had been three years a widow, and was much given to romantic habits—solitary wanderings and musings about her estate, long evening vigils at her boudoir-window, and other similar demonstrations. As it happened, it was the marchioness herself who beheld the apparition in the first instance.

It was a beautiful evening in that pleasant time of the year when spring is fast merging into summer; sweet light dews were falling, the moon and stars were shining, and the marchioness was at her window, surveying with pensive pleasure the long heavy masses of ancient foliage that gave beauty and dignity to her domain, and now all silvered over and etherealised by moonlight and mist. Suddenly she was startled by seeing something moving with prodigious velocity up a certain lane which skirted one side of the grounds of the château, and conducted from the Paris highway into the rural region. Away, and away, and away—all up the lane, she could perceive a large animal rushing with fearful speed; and yet, though she was certain her eyesight did not deceive her, she could not hear the faintest sound. Raising her eye-glass, she saw, beyond question, that the object of her alarm was a large black horse. There was a saddle on its back, but no rider!—and though the ground was hard and dry, and the night quite still, not the slightest sound or echo could she catch of its hoof-falls.

The marchioness cried out in terror, and her maid, on coming to her side, found her to be in a state of violent nervous agitation. The handsome young widow was indeed in an ecstasy of wonder and affright. She despatched Antoine, the woodman, and the rest of her male servants, in all directions, to make inquiries as to what accident had happened to account for the horse being seen running away, saddled and bridled, but riderless. The people went forth—north, south, east, and west; but without result. No one had heard of any accident in any quarter, and no one had seen the horse without a rider. It was late in the evening, indeed, and the country-people were mostly in their houses preparing for bed; and as for passing travellers, very few travelled the highways at night in those times, save in numerous parties. In fine, every one believed that the marchioness must have fallen asleep at her window, and dreamed all this of the horse without a rider. The marchioness, however, had not been asleep, nor had she been dreaming. She crossed herself with a pious shrug, and half feared she had beheld the Evil One in the form of a black horse.

For a day or two, the marchioness's 'dream' was the joke of the men and maids, both the indoor and outdoor menials of her ladyship; but very soon her strange narration received 'confirmation strong.' Antoine, the woodman or keeper—Antoine himself, the most hilarious of the sceptics, was the next who beheld the apparition. Only a few days later, he was coming down the avenue or lane towards the château at a late hour in the evening, when he beheld the large black horse approaching him at a terrific pace. Its long wild mane was tossing and flying in the air, and Antoine fancied its eyes shone with a supernatural fire. The bridle was over its neck, and the saddle on its back, but no rider! And what was more strange, more darkly suspicious than all, the horse sped along the hard road in a mysteriously silent manner; its hoofs, in fact, not making more noise than those of a goat. Surely, after all, the marchioness had not been dreaming. They who had discredited her had been the fools.

The honest woodman was stricken with superstitious terror at the phenomenon. Though almost frightened out of his wits, he still looked after the flying horse, expecting every minute to see the earth open, and the creature leap into its stables in Hades, amidst fire and smoke. But the creature went straight on up the avenue, neither turning to the right nor the left; neither rising into the air, nor descending into the bowels of the earth; for Antoine looked after, and watched it as long as he could see even the waving of its ample tail.

After this, there was nothing talked of at the Château Beauvoisin but the phantom-horse; and while the excitement was still reigning in the minds of the fair mistress of that household and her several retainers, Antoine made a special journey of inquiry into the matter, proceeding straight up the village at the end of it, and calling upon all his acquaintances and gossips there. But the whole affair was quite new to them; they had never seen or heard anything about this horse; nor had any one heard of an accident taking place, such as would account for a horse being seen without a rider. As for the said horse running without making any noise, all Antoine's friends scratched their heads amain, and thought that rather too good not to be considered as a joke. Antoine had many a wrestling argument with them on the subject; and as argument is rather dry work, many a cup of wine was drunk while the subject was being discussed. To the latter circumstance must be ascribed the fact, that Antoine did not set out upon his return until the evening was somewhat advanced, notwithstanding that his route lay down the haunted avenue, unless he were disposed to make a circuit of several miles. The wine, while it had tempted him to prolong his stay, had also imparted to him some measure of a hazy, effervescent bravery. He broke away from his cronies with a laugh and a boast, and to all their taunts and jokes about the haunted lane and the phantom-horse, declared that he should be only too glad if he could meet the Evil One himself, for then, perhaps, his dark majesty would be kind enough to explain to him the mystery of the whole affair.

So Antoine set out upon his homeward walk. It was growing dark, but the stars were peeping forth, and it was the time of the new moon, and promised to be an evening at least light enough for one to walk home in comfort. The people were all retiring within their houses. As he passed along the straggling village street, many *jalousies* were closed, and many candles lighted. Notwithstanding the wine, Antoine soon began to think that it was a dreary thing to be out late by one's self, and to wish that the château were not so far away; and as exercise and the increasing cold qualified more and more the dauntless mood in which he had set forth, he began to look forward with considerable discomfort to that part of his journey where he should have to strike into the avenue wherein the equine apparition had been beheld by both himself and his mistress. With every step that brought him nearer to the spot, he grew more serious, till he might be said to be in a state not far from downright trepidation.

Antoine crossed himself many times that night. When one's nerves become excited, it is astonishing how much may be found to affright in the commonest sights and sounds. The swaying of a branch in the wind, the sighing and murmuring of the air amidst the leaves, gain a new significance in twilight hours, and when heard by ears prepared for alarms.

Thus honest Antoine was in such a state by the time he found himself at the top of the dreaded avenue, that he walked on muttering his prayers aloud and shutting his eyes every instant, for fear that the next step might reveal something horrible straight before him. A dark, dismal-looking house, surrounded on three sides by ancient sombre trees—one of the country-seats of the Du Foinvert family, but very little used as a residence for many years past—stood by the side of the road, a little way down. Antoine passed the gloomy mansion in particular dread, and was just beginning to breathe a little more freely as he cleared the deep shades of its surrounding trees, when suddenly he saw before him something advancing up the avenue with a wild swinging action, which he but too well remembered. It was the phantom-horse! Antoine rushed aside, and stood quaking beneath the trees. The creature came on, bounding, tearing, tossing; eyes shining, mane and tail flying, bridle and stirrups swinging; no rider on its back, no noise from its hoofs. It was gone, past and away, in an instant. Sick with terror, Antoine looked after it, expecting every moment to behold some terrific *dénouement;* but what was his astonishment when he saw it stop right in front of the old house of the Count du Foinvert, and paw at the great wooden gate of the *porte cochère*, uttering at the same time a short impatient neigh! And what when, almost immediately, he beheld one leaf of the gate opened from within, as if in obedience to the summons of the diabolical horse, which thereupon tossed its head and walked in, as proud and confident as a lord entering his own castle! 'The devil has taken apartments in the Château Foinvert!' exclaimed Antoine. 'No wonder the family have not been able to live there all these years past: this accounts for it. This is the secret of the unlucky old house!'

When Antoine reached home that night, he was in such a state as to awaken the lively sympathy of his fellow-domestics, from the coachman to the scullion; and when, after the administration of various stimulants, he related what he had seen, the whole household became suddenly oppressed with the sense of surrounding mystery, and believed unhesitatingly that the world was full of ghosts, spirits, enchanters, and emissaries of the Evil One.

In the morning, the marchioness heard the story from the lips of her own waiting-maid, and was immediately seized with an intense curiosity to know who lived in the Château Foinvert, and what was the meaning of it all; and, moreover, the marchioness, like a resolute young widow, fully believed that nothing in the world could prevent her getting to the bottom of it.

Almost immediately after breakfast she ordered her carriage, and taking with her the coachman, a footman, and Antoine, was driven to the Château Foinvert.

The gates were opened by a groom, who, in answer to an inquiry as to who was living in the house at present, answered: 'No one; but Monsieur the Count stops at the place occasionally, and, as it happens, is here now.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the marchioness, 'I was not aware Monsieur the Count did our neighbourhood so much honour. Tell your master I beg to speak with him a moment on a subject which has given me much anxiety.' The words were hardly uttered, when a very elegantly dressed gentleman was observed emerging from one of the shaded walks beneath the ancient trees that surrounded the château. He was a personage of a distinguished and elegant presence, and apparently about twenty-nine or thirty years of age. His face was handsome; but in its already sunken cheeks and peculiar pallor, exhibited the ravages of a life of dissipation. Seeing a carriage with attendants, and a very charming lady in it at his porte cochère, he hastened forward.

'There is Monsieur le Comte,' said the groom; and then turning to his master, he exclaimed—the name having been communicated to him by the footman—'Madame la Marquise de Beauvoisin desires to speak with monsieur.'

'Yes, monsieur,' said the lively marchioness, inclining her head as the count bowed low before her. 'I have come expressly to ask some impertinent questions.'

'I shall be only too happy to answer any questions madame may do me the honour to ask,' said the count, politely opening the door of the carriage, and handing the marchioness out. 'Pray, step into my poor house. It is not well appointed, for we seldom come here now-a-days; but, at anyrate, we may find a chair for you to sit upon.'

They passed into the house, and entering one of the rooms opening from the entrance-hall, the count placed a chair by the window for the marchioness, and drawing another for himself exactly opposite, sat down and prepared himself to hear what she had to say, with a gravity which in a slight measure discomposed the marchioness, who all the time was fully conscious that her visit was solely prompted by curiosity, and indeed was rather fearful that some of the questions she intended to ask might be of a somewhat hazardous sort.

'I am exceedingly anxious to know, monsieur,' she commenced, 'who it was that was thrown from his horse last night.'

'Thrown from his horse, madame! How—when—where?' asked the count in surprise.

'Well! that is what I am come to learn,' said the marchioness. 'It was a large black horse the gentleman had been riding, and the accident happened somewhere in this immediate neighbourhood.'

'It is the first I have heard of it,' said the count, looking at his fair visitor with a peculiar smile, which might have expressed a grave surprise, and perhaps some other feeling. 'I am extremely sorry that it is not in my power to afford any information on the subject; but you will forgive the shortcoming when I assure you that I know nothing about it myself.'

'Possibly,' said the marchioness, 'your groom may know something about it.'

'My groom has not been away from the house these two days, madame, and is not likely to know anything of what happened out of doors last night.'

'And your other domestics?'

'Are all in Paris.'

'What! only one groom?'

'Only one groom, madame—as I am here to-day and gone to-morrow.'

'Very well, monsieur. Excuse my questions. I warned you they would be impertinent. The fact is, my servant saw a horse bridled and saddled running up the avenue last night, as if he had thrown some one and run away; and the affair has made me so uneasy that I have not been able to think of anything else ever since.'

'That anxiety does great honour to your kind heart, dear madame,' said the count. 'I can assure you I regret very sincerely that I have not been thrown off my horse myself—so that I might be able to answer your inquiries, and have the honour and the pleasure of your compassion.'

This was spoken with great gallantry, and the marchioness could not forbear a little blush; but she moved restlessly in her chair, as if annoyed at the thought of being balked in the elucidation of a romantic mystery.

'Excuse me, monsieur, for my persistence,' she went on; 'but, as I am informed, this horse, saddled and bridled, but without a rider, stopped its headlong course at your gate, of all places in the world—and that the gate was opened, and he was let in. It was the fact of the creature running hither, indeed, that made me fear some one belonging to the house had met with the accident.'

'It must be all a mistake, madame,' said the count, smiling again. 'Your servant's eyesight must have deceived him in the gloom of the evening. And—a black horse, too—did you not say a black horse?'

'Yes, monsieur—perfectly black.'

'I have not such an animal. I have only one horse here, in fact, at present, and he is more white than black.'

The marchioness flushed: it seemed as if she were doomed to be baffled.

'Well!' said she, rising from her chair, 'there is certainly something mysterious about this affair—exceedingly mysterious; for on one occasion I saw this horse running up the avenue myself; and my servant has seen it twice. Is it not very remarkable, monsieur?'

'So remarkable, that I am altogether at a loss what to say or think about it. But that you may be satisfied that the horse in question is not mine, I will have my Rozinante brought out for your inspection.'

'Three times, monsieur!—is it not strange?' repeated the marchioness with emphasis, looking into the face of the count.

'Sometimes in our lives we find it impossible to comprehend what we see and hear,' said the count with a shrug, but still with the imperturbable smile which the disappointed marchioness found so intolerable. 'However, I am well content to remain in wonder and ignorance, since the phenomenon has procured me the honour and pleasure of this visit.'

'Ah, monsieur, I did not come with a disposition to joke; and I am still inclined to regard these circumstances very seriously,' the marchioness said, as she moved towards the door. 'I shall take some further steps to clear up the mystery, for one cannot endure the thought of such things occurring in one's own neighbourhood, and nobody able to make head or tail of them. Depend upon it, I will soon know what is the meaning of it all, monsieur!'

'Good-luck to your endeavours, my dear madame! and when you have made the discovery, may I ask that you will honour me with a communication; for I also have been very much struck by what you have told me.'

'Still, my good sir, you seem to treat it very lightly.'

'I regard this mystery of mysteries as altogether a piece of good-fortune for myself.'

'For yourself, monsieur?'

'Yes, madame; for otherwise who knows how long I might have remained in ignorance of the most charming neighbour it was ever man's happiness to have.'

'Ah, you are welcome to your badinage, monsieur!' exclaimed the marchioness, moving away towards her carriage with a swifter step, though she could restrain neither a laugh nor a blush.

In the courtyard, on one side of the gateway, she saw Antoine examining, with great steadfastness, a beautiful horse, which the groom was leading to and fro.

'There is the only animal I have here at present,' said the count. 'That, I suppose, is not the one you have been alluding to?'

'It is certainly not the same horse *I* saw,' said the marchioness curtly, for she was considerably piqued at the thought of her inquiries being all in vain.

'And you, sir,' said the count to Antoine—'is this the animal you saw last night?'

'He's exactly the same size, your excellency, and has exactly the same swing of the head,' answered Antoine, looking at the creature solemnly. 'But he can't be the same, by reason of his breast and legs being white, whereas the other was all over as black as somebody's back.'

'Ah ha! we are all involved in an enigma!' cried the count laughing, as he handed the marchioness into her carriage. 'It is the most surprising thing I have heard for many a day; and I must own myself indebted to your ladyship for the excitement of a new sensation. It is quite refreshing to hear of a right-down good mystery in one's immediate neighbourhood.'

'At one's own door, you might have said, monsieur. However, not long shall it be a mystery: mark my words!' cried the marchioness, with a redoubtable shake of the head.

'Surely I hope not, since you have set your heart upon an *éclaircissement*,' returned the count.

He mounted his horse; and as the charming widow, the Marchioness de Beauvoisin, rode home to her château, the Count du Foinvert rode by her carriage, talking gaily, and thanking his stars that the phantom-horse had been the means of making him acquainted with the most desirable of all possible neighbours.

A few days after this the count rode to the château of the marchioness to pay his respects to her; and before he went, he was conducted round her beautiful little estate, all the fine qualities of which he scanned with a very observant eye. When he departed, he bade her adieu, saying he was obliged to return to Paris, but should hasten back to the country again as soon as he was at liberty, and humbly hoped he might be permitted to improve further the acquaintance he had been so happy as to make.

Du Foinvert was a handsome and fascinating man, of distinguished family and rank; the marchioness was young and a widow, and life at the château was somewhat lonely for her. Very soon after this, the marchioness found herself seized with a strong desire to proceed to Paris also.

As her carriage was proceeding along the Boulevards, she observed a glittering party of gentlemen on horseback approaching, riding on either side, and in the wake of a very sumptuous chariot, drawn by four white ponies. In the chariot was seated a gentleman of a somewhat dissipated appearance, apparently beyond middle life, but still of a vivacious and lively temperament. This was the Duke of Orleans, cousin of the king, and afterwards celebrated as the *Egalité* of the Revolution. These, however, were the days of his luxury, pomp, and insouciant intrigues. On his right hand rode Du Foinvert, on his black and white horse, making about the finest and most interesting figure of the goodly company. The count raised his hat, and bowed low as he caught sight of his charming country neighbour in the carriage. The marchioness smiled and blushed, and bowed in return.

'Hey! what is the meaning of this?' exclaimed the duke. 'Du Foinvert, what have you been about? Who is she?'

'The Marchioness de Beauvoisin—a neighbour of mine in the country, monseigneur,' answered the count.

'A country neighbour come to town,' returned the duke, looking up in the face of his young courtier with a scrutinising glance. 'What! Du Foinvert actually blushes!'

'Not I, monseigneur. It is your fancy.'

'No, no: my eyes are still good; and did I not see that the lady, your country neighbour, blushed also? I take it you are well disposed towards each other.'

'It would become us to be so, monseigneur, since our houses are but little better than a gunshot apart.'

'You are right; and it is well to obey the behests of our most holy religion, which command us to love our neighbour as ourselves!—and especially when the neighbour happens to be a charming young marchioness. But, my dear Du Foinvert, where is her husband all the while?—is he not accounted within the pale of neighbourship?'

'The lady has not such a thing at present, monseigneur,' said Du Foinvert. 'Her partner is deceased, and she is keeping the shop open on her own account.'

'My dear count, if she has capital, she would make an excellent sleeping partner—that, I warrant, has already had your due consideration. But I should like to see something more of this most amiable marchioness.'

'My lord, I beg that a passing salutation, sincerely respectful on my part, may not lead you to fancy that the lady is to be trifled with.'

'Oh, don't be frightened! You wrong me in your jealous terror, my dear young friend. So far from being inclined to play any tricks, I feel myself warmly disposed to behave like a father to you—like a father to you, Du Foinvert. I see how you are disposed, and will make inquiry into the eligibility of the affair: excuse me, *mon ami!* simply paternal—simply paternal. I am afraid, my son, that, considering how you have been spending money lately, you must be near the bottom of the chest; and in that case the alliance may be advantageous. Confess, Du Foinvert, you have nearly got through all?'

'Never fear, my lord; I can find plenty more where I found the rest,' returned Du Foinvert impatiently—the last words in a somewhat suppressed tone.

'Ah! but that is no reason why we should neglect this promising little affair,' continued the duke. 'In fact, I will send Madame the Marchioness an invitation for our little fête next Wednesday, and the Duchess de Blanverie shall be her chaperone.'

'I have reason to believe that the marchioness, since her widowhood, leads a strictly secluded life.'

'Only seeing a neighbour now and then, perhaps?'

'I mean to say, she never goes into society; and I am by no means of opinion that she would enjoy anything like the fête we are looking forward to at St Cloud.'

'Be not alarmed, my friend; she shall be humoured most assiduously—most delicately: the sweet widow shall have her very whims respected. Be at rest, and confide in me, my dear Du Foinvert; confide in me, your paternal guardian.'

Du Foinvert did not look by any means pleased, notwithstanding the gracious interest the duke manifested in his affairs. In sooth, he knew his grace far too well to be unable to appreciate correctly the paternal attachment accorded him; and he by no means relished the idea of his versatile patron coming between him and the widow Beauvoisin. When a man begins to entertain a tender passion, he does not feel inclined to allow the interference of an accomplished and powerful *roué*, however fair-sounding the offered countenance and encouragement of the latter. He does not want to be assisted in his love-affair by another, especially when that other considers all the choicest of the sex as fair game, and was never known to be troubled or restricted by anything like a scruple. Du Foinvert, therefore, anathematised with his whole heart the chance that had brought the marchioness and his own acquaintance with her under the observation of the duke; for by this time he had many times cast over in his mind the numerous graces and charms of the young widow, and the solid and substantial assistance her ample fortune might afford in the way of retrieving his affairs, which, to say truth, were in a state of desperate embarrassment and confusion; and in helping him to begin life again with a clear course before him.

The duke was as good as his word. The marchioness received a polite and respectful invitation to honour the fête at St Cloud with her presence, and the duke's very experienced friend, the Duchess de Blanverie, herself conveyed it to her, with assurances that it would afford her a pleasant evening, and that she, the duchess, would take care that she should not want the countenance and assistance of a good chaperone. What wonder that our young, vivacious, and beautiful widow was dazzled, and that she at once took it for granted that she could make an excellent figure, even amidst the glittering court of the ex-regent!

The appointed evening arrived: the gardens and terrace-walks of St Cloud were splendidly illuminated, and the fine old château itself looked like the palace of a fairy tale—the radiance of myriad lights blazing from the windows. The carriage of the marchioness made one amidst the long train of equipages that were drawn up at the gates. The spirit of festivity was upon the place; the air was full of music, of the sound of gay and hilarious voices—of jest and laughter—of the dainty rustling of silks and satins—of the sparkling glitter of jewels and precious stones.

As soon as the marchioness entered the *salle d'entrée*, the Duchess de Blanverie was by her side, all smiles and compliments. The young widow looked extremely handsome; her dress was unexceptionable, her diamonds unquestionable. The presence of a new beauty in that sphere was always a theme for observation, gossip, and speculation. The marchioness found herself an object of attention, and in some quarters of admiration, and straightway, woman as she was, began to felicitate herself upon her auspicious entrance into the highest society, and to feel interest and enjoyment in all that was going on around her.

She had been a couple of hours in the house, and was wondering whether she should see the Count du Foinvert there, as she had expected, he being one of the intimate associates of the duke; and whether, indeed, she should see the duke himself, for as yet he had not made his appearance in any of the groups through which she had passed. As she was still speculating on this probability, a voice at her shoulder pronounced her name in a low tone, and turning, she beheld the Duke of Orleans himself.

'You are thrice welcome, dear madame, to this house, and I am sorry to remember that we have never had the honour of your presence before,' he said, with a courtly smile and bow.

'Monseigneur is very good!' exclaimed the marchioness.

'I am sorry to hear, my dear lady, of the sad repute into which your neighbourhood has fallen. I hope and trust you may never share the fate to which so many who pass your road have been exposed.'

'Monseigneur, you alarm me!' exclaimed the marchioness, in astonishment. 'To what do you allude? What peril awaits those who pass along our road? I am very rarely in Paris—and thus do not hear the news.'

'It is sad work! six robberies on the highway between St Germain and Paris within the past month, and as yet not the slightest clue to the perpetrator; who, according to all accounts, is a *cavalier seul* mounted upon a black horse.'

The marchioness started and turned pale with terror as a wild suspicion darted through her mind.

'Ah! you may well be affrighted, my dear young lady,' said the duke. 'I hope providence may save you from the wretch, whoever he may be. I have pledged my word, that immediately upon discovery he shall expiate his crimes upon the scaffold. But what is the matter, my dear madame? are you faint? are you ill?'

'Excuse me,' said the marchioness, in great disorder. 'A black horse, did you say? and on the St Germain road? Then there have been robberies? Did I not see that horse myself, and did not Antoine see it twice, and did he not say it went straight to his door? Can it be possible?'

'What do you mean, my dear madame?' asked the duke, exceedingly astonished at the confusion and the agitated words of his fair visitor. 'What horse did you see? and to whose door did it go?'

'Excuse me, monseigneur; the news has so startled me I hardly know what I am saying,' answered the marchioness, seized now with a new terror. 'There were some idle stories of a horse being seen running past my house without a rider—perhaps it belonged to some one who had been robbed.'

'But to whose door did it run, my dear madame? Did you not speak of its going straight to some person's door?' asked the duke, with eager interest. 'Come, come! I am delighted by the hope that you may be able to give us some clue to the villain. Society will be beholden to you, my dear marchioness.'

'No, no! I know nothing whatever—I had heard of no robberies, before your grace informed me but this moment,' said the poor lady, in extreme perplexity and alarm. 'It is all fresh news to me.'

'Ay! but this about the horse without a rider, which you have seen once, and which Antoine has seen twice, and which Antoine says went straight to somebody's door,' persisted the duke impatiently. 'To *whose* door, madame?'

'I cannot tell, monseigneur—it was late in the evening—the man himself was alarmed, and his statement is not to be trusted. My own inquiries have discovered that he was entirely mistaken—entirely mistaken. Excuse me, monseigneur—I could not, for my life, say a word which might throw suspicion upon an innocent person.'

The duke looked round the salon with an eager glance. 'Why is Du Foinvert not here?' he muttered gravely.

The marchioness blushed amidst her agitation at the mention of that name, and became still more distressed. The duke observed the circumstance, and smiled mischievously. 'Take my arm, my dear madame. I will beg you to accompany me for a few moments.'

He conducted her to a retired apartment, motioning first the Duchess de Blanverie to follow. When they were alone, he whispered some instructions in the ear of the latter, and she retired, leaving him with the marchioness.

'You have dropped some hints—some words, madame, which must be cleared up,' he said with judicial gravity. 'It is my belief you have it in your power to afford us a clue of importance: let me beg of you not to allow your timidity to impede the course of justice.'

'You frighten me, monseigneur! What have I to do with the course of justice? All I know is, that I saw a horse run past my house one night without a rider.'

'And Antoine saw it twice—and, pray, who is Antoine?'

'One of my servants.'

'Bien! he shall be arrested. Doubtless he will be more communicative than his mistress.'

'Oh, monseigneur, he is a gossiping noodle, and his statement is not to be trusted.'

'We can judge of that when we hear what it is,' rejoined the duke drily.

Here the Duchess de Blanverie re-entered the room, followed by six gentlemen of various ages, but most of them young, and wearing the gallant, reckless, and high-bred air of courtiers to the manner born.

'Behold, madame, the victims of the robber!' exclaimed the duke, waving his hand towards these gentlemen with a smile. 'These six gentlemen have all been robbed within the past month by the mysterious cavalier seul, who rides upon a black horse.'

'A horse that runs like the wind, and makes no more noise!' cried one. 'Four hundred louis the villain eased me of.'

'A horse whose hoofs you can hardly hear when he is galloping close at your side!' exclaimed another. 'A thousand louis am I the poorer, entirely because I could not hear the creature coming after me!'

'Plainly a horse out of the devil's stables,' added a fourth. 'It's my belief the brute has wings. Six hundred and fifty louis, my friends!—no joke to lose.'

And as the 'victims' proceeded thus with their complaints, the agitation of the marchioness increased, for the peculiarity they all alluded to established the identity of the phantom-horse.

'Gentlemen,' said the duke, waving his hand with an inclination of his head towards the marchioness, 'this lady and her servant have, on three occasions, seen a horse running away without a rider, in the neighbourhood in which you were robbed. Her servant saw the animal go to a certain person's door. It is my belief that she may afford us some clue of importance, and I have called you to her presence in order that her pity may be excited, and induce her to reveal all she knows.'

'Did the horse run in a strange, silent manner, madame?' asked one.

'It did—it did; but I know nothing about these robberies, and have never heard of them before,' exclaimed the marchioness, her affright greatly increased.

'To whose door did it go?' cried the chorus. 'His name—madame, his name!'

'I would not cast suspicion upon an innocent person for the world!' exclaimed the marchioness.

'No harm shall befall the innocent, depend upon it, madame. His name, we pray you!'

'We must secure Antoine, the lady's servant,' said the duke, as the marchioness still hesitated. 'Him we will make more communicative.'

He rang the bell, and to the dismay of the marchioness, Antoine, apparently frightened out of his wits, was hurried into the room by a couple of lackeys.

'I have sent for him, you see,' said the duke. 'Now we shall hear something.'

He then proceeded to question the wondering Antoine as to all he knew about the phantom-horse; and at length drew forth the whole of his story—the company learning that the horse had stopped at the country-house of the Count du Foinvert.

The name was echoed in a general shout the moment Antoine mentioned it.

'Du Foinvert! the villain!'

'Du Foinvert! the traitor!'

'Du Foinvert! the cheat!'

'I suspected it must be some one always present at our play,' cried one; 'for whenever any one gained a lucky pull, he was sure to be robbed!'

The duke laughed aloud, delighted by the strange scene of excitement he had brought about.

'Du Foinvert will be here in a minute—I have sent for him,' said the duke. 'Ha! ha! we will put him to the torture, gentlemen!'

Presently the count entered the room with his usual easy and nonchalant air; he started, however, when he saw the marchioness and Antoine, and noted who were present, and the strange looks they wore; but he quickly recovered himself, and with a gay laugh, cried: 'Well, what's the matter?'

'The robber's horse,' said the duke, 'has been seen to run to your house, Du Foinvert—the horse with the muffled hoofs finds his home in your stables.'

'Then you have found me out!' cried Du Foinvert with a hearty laugh. 'You have indeed been very kind to let me go on so long. The horse is in your grace's stables, now, and his rider is your humble guest.'

'Give me back my six hundred and fifty louis!'

'Restore my four hundred!'

'Return my thousand, count, this instant!'

The victims crowded round the desperate young roué, shouting with rage, whilst he stood in the midst, laughing till he could barely stand.

'Pay back the money!' cried the gamesters—'pay back the money!'

'I have not a liard of it!' cried Du Foinvert, still laughing. 'But I can tell you where it all is—every louis.'

'Speak!'

'Where is it?'

'Let us hear.'

'In his grace's pocket!' exclaimed Du Foinvert, pointing to the duke. 'He won it from me, as fast as I could get it. Take it from him—take it from him!'

'If it comes to this,' cried the duke, 'it is time for me to be off!'

He shuffled away, but the party of gentlemen he had summoned rushed after him, Du Foinvert at their head, vociferating for their money; and thus the chase was continued through all the great rooms of the château, to the amusement and surprise of the company, until the duke took refuge in his private cabinet.

Such was this scene among the reckless gamblers who fluttered in the favour of the ex-regent. The only penalty laid upon Du Foinvert for his desperate method of raising resources was, that he should pay back half of his winnings to those he had robbed, in two annual instalments.

In the stables of his grace were found the mufflers of leather lined with wool which had incased the hoofs of the phantom-horse, and the black-lead ball with which a sable hue had been imparted to its white legs and breast. Du Foinvert had no further use for them.

A still more characteristic trait of the times. When the marchioness learned the secret of the apparition, and found that everything was quietly over, she at once gave her hand—and no empty one it was—to the ex-highwayman; and many a laugh she and her husband had in after days at the adventure of the Phantom-Horse.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

If art and science can be promoted by education, the present time should be favourable, for something like a busy movement may now be noted among the circulators of knowledge. Manchester, finding its former Mechanics' Institute too small, has opened a new one, which, having 1600 members and a good library, is self-supporting, and is one of the few institutions of the kind that bid fair to flourish.—A demonstration made at the Oldham Lyceum gave Lord Stanley an opportunity of making a speech on the old but always interesting topic—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; and what he said might well stir up many to the noble work of self-improvement, were it not for the primeval necessity that stomachs must be filled three or four times a day, and that too many of the possessors of stomachs prefer to be saved the trouble of thinking. They are the best friends of education who are not impatient for results—who do not expect its progress to be as marked as that of our export trade, definable month by month, and year by year, and promising in the present year to double the amount of 1846.

But that what is doing will produce a beneficial effect is not to be doubted. A School of Design is to be established at Coalbrookdale, the place where iron is cast and wrought into so many tasteful forms. An Exhibition of Art Treasures of the United Kingdom is to be held at Manchester in May 1857, to comprise paintings, drawings, carvings, sculptures, coins, bronzes, &c.: the building to contain them is now being erected. In 1858, we are to have an Exhibition of Works of Art from all the Government Schools of Design. A National Portrait Gallery is now in course of formation. Christchurch Cathedral at Oxford, a beautiful edifice, is being restored, and will henceforth be freely open to the public. The monuments in Westminster Abbey are being preserved from further decay by syringing them with a thin resinous solution, and applying a cement of shell-lac to the loose crumbling parts, so that the ancient form and appearance are preserved, and, as is believed, permanently. To preserve old works of art is surely not less commendable than to produce new ones. Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, that princely-minded Parsee, who has already given thousands in the cause of charity and education, has now given L.10,000 for the establishment of a School of Design at Bombay. Who knows whether in the contemplated Exhibition of 1858 there may not be specimens of drawing and design from pupils in the east that will carry off the prizes?—And now that Professor Owen is placed at the head of the scientific department of the British Museum, courses of lectures are to be delivered on the several sciences that admit of illustration by the collections in our great national establishment. The learned professor himself is to commence in the course of the coming season, and others will follow in due time; and in this way the Museum will be made to subserve the progress of education, not less beneficially than experience has shewn to be possible in Paris. And in yet another way we see signs of educational activity. The authorities of King's College announce, that in addition to the ordinary *curriculum*, they will, at the end of the present month, open their rooms five evenings in the week, from half-past seven to half-past nine, for classes in Scripture, in Greek, Latin, French, German, English language and composition, modern history, geography, mathematics, arithmetic, drawing, book-keeping, practical mechanics, elements of chemistry, and the principles and practice of commerce. Surely no young men in London need now complain that the means of knowledge are out of their reach; and it is to be hoped that with the principles and practice of commerce, the value of honesty will be inculcated as a prime essential, for outrageously disgraceful bank failures and frauds in public companies have been by far too frequent of late.

The recently published blue-book on the census of Ireland contains facts which, though we notice them but briefly, are well worth serious reflection. In 1841, the population was 8,175,124: in 1851, the number had decreased to 6,552,385; and the decrease has gone on ever since, and is said to be still going on, so that the estimate for 1855 gives six millions only. In other respects, there is an advance: the extent of land under cultivation is largely increased, the houses are better than formerly, the condition of their tenants is better, education is better, and more sought after. From another document, the Report on Public Works in Ireland, we learn that the culture of flax is extending, and in some places superseding that of the potato; and further, that 6700 acres of land were thoroughly drained last year, and a considerable portion 'subsoiled.'—Signs of improvement were seen also at the last meeting of the Highland Agricultural Society at Inverness, and not least in the implements, which were of Scottish manufacture. And looking at the meetings of agricultural societies in Lancashire, Hertfordshire, and other counties in England, there is abundant promise of food-resources, let the advocates of pulverisation of soils and of high manuring argue and depreciate each other's systems as they will.

Two most important points are now attracting the attention of practical agriculturists—namely, 'steam-culture,' and 'drying of grain in the bulk.' Of the former of these, more in a future paper; suffice it here to say, that it has a much wider signification, and involves a much more complete revolution in practice than is generally supposed. The latter has this season had additional interest attached to it in many districts, where continued rains have so materially damaged the cut crops left standing in the fields. It might seem a matter involving many difficulties, to obviate the great defect of exposing cut grain to so deleterious an influence; but we are assured by practical men that the drying of grain as soon as cut, so as to prepare it for *immediate stacking*, presents no difficulties worth naming. The question is not, 'Can it be done?' but, 'Will it pay to do it?' and it is satisfactory to know that there seems little doubt that it will pay. Certainly there can be none as to the great benefit accruing from freeing the grain from damp before storing it up. This alone will materially raise its value. Any plan would serve better than the 'no plan' which at present so generally obtains. It seems remarkable that the mechanical genius of our agricultural implement makers, which has done so much to aid the farmer in all the preceding processes, should at this point—to which all the others are of course subservient—fail in affording him any facilities. The stowing of the crop in good condition cannot, we think, yield to any in importance, and we are glad to see the point, which has always struck us as a deficiency in practice, taken up and discussed by practical men. We cannot here enter into details of the plans proposed; but to those of our readers interested, we would point out a series of articles in the *Journal of Agriculture*, recently published, and to others now in course of appearing in the *Mark Lane Express*, from the pen of Mr Scott Burn, who has devoted considerable attention to the subject.

The Free Trade Congress which has just been held at Brussels, will perhaps in time make agriculture as free on the continent as the League happily did in England. The Society for Rural Economy of Austria will hold their fiftieth anniversary next May at Vienna. The preliminaries are already commenced: there will be an exhibition of the produce, implements, machines, animals, and forest timber of Austria, together with implements and machines from foreign countries. Medals of gold, silver, and bronze are to be awarded.

Experiments have been made at Woolwich and one or two of our southern ports with Mr Wethered's superheated steam. The inventor made it known first in the United States, shewed it at the French Exhibition, and now wishes to introduce it here. The advantage gained is good control over the temperature of steam, and the means of working it at 250 degrees instead of the usual temperature. The superheating is accomplished in a high-pressure boiler, where the steam is raised to a heat of 300 degrees. From this it passes by a pipe into one double the size, leading from the low-pressure boiler of the engine: the two steams meet midway, the low-pressure absorbs the surplus heat from the other, and so becomes more energetic, while its temperature, as already observed, is perfectly controllable. As is pretty well known, many of the gun-boats built to give the finishing touch to the Russian war, were failures, the reason being that at high-pressure the 'priming' of the boiler tubes was so overfull and furious, that to work the engines was out of the question. Mr Wethered thinks he has found a remedy; and the government authorities are applying it, with what success is not yet proven; but an impression prevails that it will be found available.

Mr Bessemer's process, mentioned in our last, is talked of everywhere, particularly in the iron districts. Some of the initiated deny its efficacy, while others shew by direct experiment that it is a triumph. The inventor, as we hear, is likely to realise large sums by the sale of patent-rights. Considering, however, the way in which patents are often evaded, some think that a royalty on every ton manufactured would be a surer reward.—The discovery of iron ore in Exmoor, which we noticed some months ago, thus occurs at a favourable time; and there is reason to believe that the yield of ore will amount to about 300,000 tons a year. There is, besides, an inexhaustible supply of the white carbonate used in the manufacture of steel, heretofore one of our imports from Sweden; and the diggings have been prosecuted with such good results that a village and church are now erected near the spot. So there will be no lack of material to work upon; and the popular mind may now become acquainted with Mr Bessemer's process, for the *Polytechnic Institute* exhibits it every day in an experimental lecture.

Appearances indicate that iron will grow more and more into request—in architecture, ships, and rigging. Wire-ropes are now used at many of the mines in the midland and northern counties; and an attempt is being made to introduce them in Devon and Cornwall. At equal strengths, a wire-rope is lighter by one-third than a hemp-rope, and by two-thirds than a chain: an important fact, especially where mines are deepest. Then we are to have metallic life-boats—pontoons—army-wagons, if the result of experiments made at Woolwich and Rochester may be trusted. The boats, we hear, cannot be broken or overset, let them be used ever so roughly; and the pontoons are models of lightness. And again—the United States Congress have recommended three lines of railway to California: northern, central, and southern, each about 2000 miles in length. The lands granted to the three comprise 131,865,000 acres—a truly gigantic encouragement! What a demand there will be for rails! Then we are to have the often-talked-of railway to India by the Euphrates Valley; the route is to be forthwith surveyed. And there is talk of a railway from Honduras across to the Pacific—161 miles, the estimated cost seven million dollars, and the expectations of a profitable traffic, fair. To say nothing of the trade from ocean to ocean, there are forests of mahogany and other woods to supply timber-freight for centuries. According to a report in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, the Honduras government 'agrees to give a bounty of fifty acres of land to each unmarried, and of seventy-five acres to each married labourer who shall go to the country to work on the road, and who shall declare his intention of becoming a citizen.'

The Andamans are to be settled by colonies of Malays.—The province of Oude proves to be very rich in minerals.—A scheme is in contemplation for extensive steam-navigation on the Godavery and other rivers of India.—Mineral springs of wonderful efficacy have been discovered near Darjiling and other places in Sikkim.—Mr Oldham is making satisfactory progress with the geological survey of India: his classification of the rocks, distinguished by names derived from the localities, is well advanced. A report thereupon was read at a late meeting of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta.—The discovery of a water-fall in the district of Bonai on the south-west frontier is announced: it plunges down a cliff of red jasper, 550 feet in height.—Accounts have also been received of the ancient city Brahminabad, found in a dry bed of the Indus, and supposed to have been buried by some natural convulsion. It dates from about 1020 years before Mohammed. Skeletons and curious carvings, and emblems of Buddhist worship, have been dug up.—At another meeting of the same Society, a copy of St Luke's Gospel, recently printed from wood blocks in St Paul's College at Hong-Kong, was presented from the Bishop of Victoria.

A great deposit of copper ore has been discovered in the Dun Mountain, New Zealand. The earthquake which happened in that island in January last was attended and followed by remarkable phenomena. A region near Wellington of about 4600 square miles was raised in some places one foot, in others much more. A chain of ancient rocks was upheaved vertically, and now forms a cliff nine feet high, which can be followed for ninety miles along the tertiary plain of Wairarapa. The land rose five feet at one side of Cook's Strait, and sunk five feet on the other; and in consequence of the subsidence, a much greater portion of the shore is lost beneath the tide at high-water.—The shock observed in Algiers last August, was felt almost at the same time in the Balearic Isles and on the coast of France, as if there were no Mediterranean rolling between.—From a notice of the climate of California published by the Smithsonian Institution, derived from six years' observations, we gather that the quantity of rain is about fifteen inches a year; an intense drought prevails from May to August, as fatal and as much dreaded as in the south of Spain or Algiers, with which countries California has many analogies. Fogs are singularly frequent, caused by westerly winds from the great ocean: nineteen foggy evenings have been observed in July. Fog and dust sometimes contend for the mastery, and the advantage remains as often on one side as on the other; but if the fog wins, it brings cold.—Madeira has lost hundreds of its population by cholera; and hundreds of inhabitants of the Cape de Verdes, to escape the famine we mentioned some time since, have emigrated to Demerara.—An iron light-house, 139 feet high, built by Messrs Grissell, is to be erected on the Great Isaac's rock between the Bahamas and Cuba. This rock and the shoals around have long been a formidable hinderance to navigation.—A scientific expedition, composed chiefly of Frenchmen, has left Cairo at the cost of the pacha of Egypt, to explore the Nile up to its sources.—Captain Burton, whose interesting journey to Mecca we noticed in the *Journal*, aided by a grant from our government, is travelling in Eastern Africa, with a view to reach, if possible, the springs of the ancient river.—And a suggestion has been made, that if Dr Vogel were instructed to push for the same fascinating spot, we should learn something of the mysterious interior of Africa from three different directions.—Prince Napoleon, in a communication to the Academy at Paris, tells them he has thrown overboard fifty floats properly charged and labelled, during his voyage in the northern seas, to help on the inquiry into the direction of the currents.—Captain Penny, returned from the whale-fishery, reports that in 1850 a tent occupied by two white men, supposed to be of Franklin's party, was seen by certain Esquimaux to the north-west of Hogarth Sound.

Now that steam-boats are running everywhere across the wide ocean, that distant steam-voyages are becoming mere matters of course, a question arises whether the nation ought to go on paying L.800,000 a year for carrying our letters and newspapers oversea. We have found out that it is a mistake to subsidise a foreign power in time of war; why should we subsidise steam-boat companies in time of peace? Let us have free trade in carrying of mails! Our colonies are crying out to be served in the best and quickest way, and their cries *must* be attended to. A new steam-line is to convey the mails to Australia; and the Canadians ask that their letters may be sent the shortest route to Quebec instead of the longest. The shortest route is to Portland, and from thence by rail across the state of Maine. That Canada will increase in importance, has just been demonstrated by an incident especially noteworthy: a schooner of 387 tons, the *Dean*

Richmond, has just come direct from Chicago in the state of Illinois, to Liverpool, with a cargo of wheat. Think of that! It is a feat which is perhaps the forerunner of a mighty trade with the far west—the granary of the United States. Chicago is 1600 miles above Quebec; the vessel sailed through Lakes Michigan, Huron, and Erie; then the Welland Canal to Lake Ontario, and by river and other canals to Montreal, and so down the St Lawrence. The whole distance to Liverpool is 4470 miles; and the time occupied by the voyage, including sundry detentions, was from July 17 to September 17. It is one that the owners may well be proud of.

M. Maumené's paper 'On a New Process for Extracting Sugar from all Kinds of Vegetables,' published by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, merits attention. The Academy consider the author's conclusions to be highly important, but leave to him the responsibility. M. Maumené says that all the processes at present made use of are bad; for example, from 1000 kilogrammes of beet-root which contain really 100 kilogrammes of sugar, not more than fifty or fifty-five kilogrammes are extracted; and sugar-cane which should yield 200 or 210 kilogrammes to the thousand, gives from sixty to sixty-five only. The fault is shewn to lie in the mode of treatment. Sugar exposed to the action of cold water undergoes a change known to chemists, which prevents its crystallisation. A beet-root dug up and stowed away is a cone of cold water, and the longer it lies the more is the sugar diminished. Keeping it under shelter makes no difference. Manufacturers, however, have to store their stock of beets, as months elapse before, according to the present process, they can be passed through the mill.

The remedy proposed is to crush out the juice at once as fast as the roots are dug up, and discharge it into huge cisterns, and throw in a quantity of lime, whereby a saccharate of lime is formed which will keep undeteriorated for a whole year, and may be converted at the manufacturer's convenience. By adding carbonic acid, or others of similar action, to this saccharate, and treating it properly by evaporation, &c., it gives up the crystallisable sugar which it had held intact, and in full quantity.

Some further light has been thrown on the subject of ozone, which may prove interesting to those who are taking observations of that atmospheric element. M. Scoutetten shews that vegetables and water give off ozone during the day, the former by the electrisation of the oxygen they secrete, the latter by the electrisation of the oxygen evolved. It ceases in both at night. Observations of ozone are made by exposing to the atmosphere strips of paper prepared with starch and iodide of potassium. But another savant, M. Cloëz, demonstrates that this paper can be coloured by other influences as well as ozone. Acid vapours will do it, and exhalations from plants. A discrepancy between observations made in towns and those made in the country, has been for some time noticed. In the country, the paper is always tinged; in towns, it frequently remains unchanged; but should it be exposed near trees, the blue tint forthwith appears. To quote M. Cloëz's words: 'In the Garden of Plants, the iodised paper is constantly coloured by exposure, especially in the neighbourhood of resiniferous trees, and frequently in a very short time; but at the Polytechnic School, where there are few trees, but a dense population living in unhealthy houses, the paper exposed daily to the air, under the same conditions as that at the Garden, has not been coloured once in six months.' Observers in England will therefore do well to remember that 'resiniferous trees, aromatic plants, and all the parts of vegetables which contain volatile oils, act much more strongly than inodorous plants upon iodised paper in their vicinity.' Schönbein, whose experiments and discoveries we formerly described, says that light ozonises the atmosphere: this M. Cloëz denies.

A great loss has happened to chemical science by the death of Gerhardt. He was professor at Strasburg, and had scarcely an equal among analytical chemists. Those best able to judge say there is no one living able to carry out the work he began. The loss is the greater following so soon after the death of Laurent. Both were young men. It is said they were starved for want of some of that assistance which, now that they are in the tomb, is held out to their families by the French government and the Academy. Science could be aided in no better way than in assuring students whose heart is in their work of daily bread before their health is ruined; and we are glad to know that our own parliament will be enlightened on this point, perhaps in the coming session.

AFGHAN HUMOUR.

What is this handsome octavo, Part I.? A grammar of the Pukhto, Pushto, or language of the Afghans! We thank the author, Lieutenant H. G. Ravertz, and likewise the London agents, Messrs Williams and Norgate; but all we can say, critically, about the work is, that it is very nicely got up, and that the Arabic characters in which the said Pushto language is printed look terribly crabbed. We will give a quotation or two, notwithstanding, and of a very readable kind for a Pukhto, Pushto Dictionary.

THE OLD MAN AND THE DOCTOR.

An old man complained to the doctor of bad digestion. 'Oh, let bad digestion alone,' said the doctor, 'for it is one of the concomitants of old age.' He then stated his weakness of sight. 'Don't meddle with weakness of sight,' said the doctor, 'for that also is one of the concomitants of old age.' He complained to him of a difficulty of hearing. 'Alas, how distant is hearing,' said the doctor, 'from old men!—difficulty of hearing is a steady concomitant of old age.' He complained to him of want of sleep. 'How widely separated,' said the doctor, 'are sleep and old men, for want of sleep is certainly a concomitant of old age.' He complained to him of a decrease in bodily vigour. 'This is an evil,' said the doctor, 'that soon hastens on old men, for want of vigour is a necessary concomitant of old age.' The old man (unable to keep his patience any longer) called out to his companions: 'Seize upon the booby! lay hold of the blockhead! drag along the ignorant idiot! that dolt of a doctor, who understands nothing, and who has nothing to distinguish him from a parrot but the human figure, with his concomitants of old age, forsooth, the only words he seems capable of uttering!' The doctor smiled, and said: 'Come, my old boy, get into a passion, for this, also, is a concomitant of old age!'

UMBSUR, THE JOY OF HIS PARENTS.

I resided at Basrah, said a certain Arabian Yorick, as a parson and professor of humanity, and was one day a good deal amused by a strange fellow, squint-eyed, straddle-footed, lame of both legs, with rotten teeth, stammering tongue, staggering in his gait like a man intoxicated, puffing and blowing like a thirsty dog, and foaming at the mouth like an angry camel, who came up and seated himself before me. 'Whence come you,' said I, 'O father of gladness?' 'From home, please your worship,' said he. 'And, pray, where is your home?' I rejoined; 'and what is the cause of your journey?' 'My home,' he replied, 'is near the great mosque, adjoining the poor-house, and I am come for the purpose of being married, and to beg you will perform the ceremony. The object of my choice is this long-tongued, importunate, hump-backed, scarletskinned, one-eyed, deaf, wide-mouthed daughter of my uncle.' 'Do you agree, Miss Long-tongue,' said I, 'to marry this Mr Pot-belly?' 'Ay,' said the lady (with Doric brevity). 'Then accept, my friend,' cried I, 'this woman for your wife; take her home, cherish, and protect her.' So he took her by the hand and departed.

Now, it happened that somewhat less than a year after this event, they both returned to me rejoicing, and they had hardly seated themselves when my old friend Adonis called out: 'O your worship! we have been blessed with a most sweet and fascinating child, and are come to request you will bless and give him a name, and offer up a prayer for his parents.' Now, what should I behold but a little urchin, stone-blind, hare-lipped, without the use of its hands, splay-footed, bald-headed, ass-eared, bull-necked, not possessing one sense out of the five, and altogether frightful and deformed; in short, a perfect epitome of the qualities of its parents. At this sight I said to them: 'Be thankful for the darling boy, and call him Umbsur (the joy of his parents), for truly he has all your perfections combined in himself, and that child is admirable indeed who resembles his parents.'

THE PRISON OF BREST.

Adjoining the arsenal may be seen a vast building of considerable architectural pretensions, to which the Englishman is admitted by merely shewing his passport and entering his name in a book. This is the famous Bagnes, or prison, to which the worst description of criminals are consigned. Though I was prepared for a painful exhibition, the reality was blacker than the anticipated picture. Having complied with the required formalities, I was conducted by a *garde* through extensive passages into a hall about three hundred feet long and fifty broad, furnished with a great number of sloping wooden platforms, about four feet apart, and so disposed as to allow free passage round the room. These form the beds of the convicts, who at night, and when not at work in the dockyard, are secured to them. Those under the heaviest sentences are also chained in pairs. They are attired in a loose red serge coat and yellow trousers. When I entered the hall, they had just been chained to the platforms, and those I saw, with few exceptions, possessed physiognomies of the most forbidding nature. To intimidate and suppress revolt, cannon loaded with grape are placed at the ends of the room, and so adjusted as to sweep the entire apartment. Talking is strictly forbidden; and during the periods of labour, which are extremely long, the prisoners are overlooked by hard taskmasters, who compel them to work without any relaxation. I had seen quite enough; and many hours elapsed before my mental vision of fierce passions chafing in chains became dim. At the time of my visit, the Bagnes contained about 4000 prisoners, but there is chain-accommodation for double that number.—*Weld's Vacation.*

INNOCENT POISONING BY ADULTERATION.

Dr Normandy gives a case in which a gentleman was poisoned without any person being directly responsible for the act. The case was as follows:—A gentleman was taken suddenly ill after eating some double Gloucester cheese, and his medical attendant having with much perseverance determined to trace the poison to its source, did so with the following result. The cheese he found had been coloured in the ordinary way with anotta; the anotta had been heightened in colour with a little vermilion, which in small quantities is a comparatively harmless pigment; the vermilion had been, however, previously adulterated with red-lead; and hence all this mischief. The adulterator had been adulterated; and each person in the series of successive falsifications worked independently of the other, and was not of course aware of the manner in which he was preparing poison for the public.—*Association Medical Journal.*

THE LITTLE ABBEY OF CARENNAC

(ON THE DORDOGNE.)

FROM THE FRENCH OF FÉNÉLON.

Here—in God's house of the open dome—
Vigil is kept by the pilgrim-breeze;
Here, from its sun-illumined tome,
Labour intones its litanies.
For discipline, here is the chastening rain;
For burden, the fruit of the bending tree;
The thorn of the rose for a pleasant pain;
And palm for a costless victory.
Oh! if my vow but bound to these,
'Twere long ere this laggard step grew slack.
O that the wilful world would please
To leave me my flocks, my birds, and bees,
My ivied stall and my hours of ease,
And my little Abbey of Carennac!

Far from the city's guarded gate,
Free from the crush of its silken crowds,
I see the sun in his purple state,
And the changing face of the courtier-clouds.
My thoughts are mine when my task is sped;
My head aches not, and my heart is full;
And the laurels that cumber my careless tread
Are the only ones that I choose to pull.
Away from my friends, I love them best;
Away from my books, no lore I lack:
Here—no longer a flying guest,
With wavering foot that finds no rest—
Truth comes home to this lonely breast
In this little Abbey of Carennac.

Thus, half-hid from the smile of Spring
Under the bough of a blossomed tree,
My single wish is the grace to sing
The praise of a spot where a bard should be.
Sounding clear as the forest call—
Wakening man in the monarch's breast,
Many-voiced as the waters fall—
Speaking to every soul's unrest,
My song should seize with a minstrel sway
Yon green twin-isles and their busy *bac*,
The hamlet white and the convent gray,
And the lodge for the wanderer on his way,
And thus to my France in my little lay
Give my little Abbey of Carennac.

To journey again o'er the hard highway;
To enter a garrulous, troublous train;
Uncalled to come, and unbid obey:
To feign it pleasure, and feel it pain.
To float—a straw on an idle stream;
To glitter—a mote by the sunbeam sought;
To walk—a shade in a waking dream;
To strive for nothings where all is nought.
An iron tongue to summon away,
And a rope of sand to hold me back,
Are the call to go, and the will to stay—
Clamorous Duty and still Delay:
O gilded gloom! O green and gay
Of my little Abbey of Carennac!

Fields that teem with the fruits of peace,
Let your reapers reap, and your binders bind!
I cannot flee for a fond caprice
Yon stony spot to my hand assigned.
To me are numbered the seeds that grow;
Not mine the loss of the perished grain,
If working I watch for the time to sow,
And waiting pray for the sun and rain.
My day to God and the King I lend:
The wish of my heart will bring me back
A few last, lightsome hours to spend,
And to pass with my lifelong looked-for friend,
Through a quiet night and a perfect end,
From my little Abbey of Carennac.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 148. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1856. Price 1½*d.*

THE QUEEN'S CONSCIENCE.

Most persons of an inquiring turn of mind, upon hearing that the Lord Chancellor of the kingdom, for the time being, is the keeper of the Queen's Conscience, may be presumed to ask themselves the question, how, at the resignation of an old, and the formation of a new ministry, so very immaterial a thing as a conscience can be taken from the possession of one individual, and placed in that of another.

But the royal conscience, gentle reader—that is to say, the royal official conscience—for that alone is in the possession of the minister—is not by any means so destitute of tangible substance as might, from the nature of ordinary consciences, be supposed: it is, in fact, as capable of being placed by the sovereign in the hands of the chancellor, and carried home by him in his coat-pocket, as is his handkerchief or snuff-box.

If, disregarding all the severe penal enactments relative to burglary, you were, some quiet evening, to break and enter the dwelling-house of the high official just mentioned, and taking advantage of his absence in the country, were to turn over the piles of papers which doubtless choke up his escritoire, you would probably meet with a neat leather-covered box, about eight inches square, the royal arms richly emblazoned upon which, together with the Bramah lock securing it, would indicate the contents to be of no ordinary value. Carrying the illegal proceedings of which we have presumed you to be capable still further, and breaking open the box itself, you would meet with two silver disks, closely fitting one to the other, in appearance not very unlike two bright tin sauce-pan lids without handles; and these disks, upon being separated, would reveal, upon the inner surface of the one, a deeply-cut device of her present Majesty enthroned, with the cardinal virtues round her; and upon the other, a representation of the same exalted individual on a richly caparisoned horse, attended by a page.

These two pieces of silver are doubtless reckoned by the chancellor among the choicest of his treasures; for not only does the mere possession of them, unconfirmed by commission, appointment, or any document whatever, constitute him the second man in the kingdom, the supreme judge of the Court of Chancery, the speaker of the House of Lords, and the possessor of a salary of L.14,000 a year, with immense patronage both in the church and in the state; but the being intrusted with them is the greatest mark of confidence the sovereign can bestow, being no less than placing at his disposal nearly every power of the royal prerogative.

The two silver disks are, in fact, the matrix by means of which is formed that enormous wax-seal, in size and appearance something like a well-buttered muffin, commonly known as the 'Great Seal of England,' and which is appended to all those acts of the sovereign which it is the royal pleasure publicly to make known to the subject.

Sealed with this, whether by lawful authority or not, every document which *can* emanate from the sovereign is rendered valid, and irrevocable without the consent of the three estates of the realm; so that its holder can, if he chooses to betray his trust, pardon the most heinous offender, confer on whomever he pleases the highest title of nobility, or grant charters to all the towns in the kingdom; he can, in fact, make use of almost all those prerogatives which law and custom have placed in the hands of the sovereign, to be exercised for the good of the subject; and therefore, when in possession of the important instrument, he is not unfitly said to be *the keeper of the Queen's conscience.*

It seems rather singular, considering the great importance always attached to this emblem of royalty, that it should have been trusted out of the sovereign's hands at all; yet, from the earliest times, we find it in the possession of a certain 'Lord Keeper.' Before the time of Edward the Confessor, indeed, it is doubtful whether the sovereign had any *tangible* conscience at all, for the charters preceding that reign are usually ratified by a cross made in gold ink; but as soon as the great seal came in fashion, some man eminent for his learning and attainments was selected to take the custody of it, the sovereign hanging it round his neck, and telling him to use it 'to the honour of God and his king.'

The first great seals were rude enough, the earliest one we possess being a dab of lead, hung by a silk string to a charter of Edward the Confessor. Lead was soon exchanged for wax; and the Conqueror, together with many of his successors, used *green* wax, to signify the perpetual nature of the document—a custom retained at the present day in the seals attached to charters, patents of peerage, and other instruments having an unlimited duration.

If we may credit the testimony of Stowe upon the subject, William I. had a curious and simple way of sealing his grants, being none other than that of putting on the wax the impression of his own royal *teeth.* In support of this assertion, a grant of a certain manor of Hope to one Paulyn Raydon is cited, which in modern English runs as follows:—

> I William, king, in the third year of my reign,
> Give to thee, Paulyn Raydon, Hope and Hope town,
> With all the bounds both up and down,
> From heaven to earth, from earth to hell,
> As truly as this king's right is mine,

For a cross-bow and arrow
When I shall shoot in yon yarrow;
And in token that this thing is sooth,
I bite the wax with my fang-tooth,
Before Meg, Maud, and Margerie,
And my third son Henry.

The keepers of the great seal in ancient times—much the same as at present—exacted good round sums of money before they would affix it to any document; and one can scarcely imagine the enormous profits made, some 600 or 700 years ago, by the fortunate holders of it. John, being in want of money, put the custody of his seal up for sale, and one Walter Gray bought it for 5000 marks—a sum equivalent to about L.61,000 of the present day; but gave it up in a few years, for the still more lucrative dignity of Archbishop of York.

Another of its custodians, John Maunsel, neglecting to distribute the church-patronage as it fell vacant, which it vested in him, held at one time 700 livings; and a good 150 years later, so great was the sum of money which the revenues of his office permitted Chancellor Beaufort to lend to Henry V., that the sovereign placed his *crown* in the hands of his chancellor, as a guarantee for the repayment of the loan. Indeed, the vast wealth which its holders were enabled to realise, coupled with the enormous powers which the custody of it gave them, rendered it absolutely necessary to the safety of the sovereign that his seal should be intrusted only to the hands of persons well disposed to the royal cause; and in early times, it was frequently a very difficult matter to find a safe guardian for it.

An amusing instance of this occurred when Henry III. found it necessary, upon a certain occasion, to leave his kingdom for a short time, and could find no one whom he thought worthy and capable of performing the duties devolving upon the keeper of his seal. After vainly endeavouring to fix upon some *male* keeper, he at last placed it in the hands of his wife, Eleanor, who not only sealed all his writs and charters during his absence, but sat *in propriâ personâ* in the Court of Chancery, hearing causes and delivering judgment—her judicial functions being interrupted only for a short time by an accident peculiar to a female judge, no other, in fact, than her confinement! After being churched, she returned to her duties, and held the seal of the kingdom for nearly a year.

Our ancestors appear to have looked with a sort of superstitious veneration upon the great seal itself, for they not only recognised the sovereign as the fountain of justice, mercy, and honour, but they believed that that justice, mercy, and honour must be conveyed through this medium alone. A remarkable exemplification of this belief was given when the infant Henry VI., then but nine months old, was held in his nurse's arms to preside over his first council; the massive seal of the kingdom was laid in his lap, the child's little hands were closed over it, and thus it was supposed the seal received a royal virtue; and the Master of the Rolls, taking it into his custody, was presumed to be, by its possession, invested with all the powers of the sovereign.

We may smile at these rude ideas of the fifteenth century; but let us not forget that nearly 400 years later, when the illness of George III. prevented him from giving his assent to the bill appointing his son regent, the great lawyers of the day, with the illustrious Camden at their head, seem to have been imbued with pretty much the same superstition; for they declared that although the king in his *natural* capacity was unable to act as a sovereign, in his *political* capacity he was as healthy as ever—the *political king* being the great seal; and by means of that political king the bill was passed. This dictum of Lord Camden has received the approval and affirmation of lawyers and politicians from his own to the present time; and therefore, however strange the assertion may appear, it is nevertheless true, that there are in reality, at the present moment, *two* sovereigns in the country—the *natural* one being the august lady so worthy of our allegiance and love; the *political* one being the two silver sauce-pan lids whose history we are examining.

Indeed, the peculiar way in which the great seal is at the present day used—to render valid letters directed by the sovereign to *private* individuals, affords another proof of a belief in some peculiar and inexplicable virtue residing in it. Two kinds of instruments have 'to pass under' the great seal—the one class, such as monopolies of inventions, commissions, &c., directed to *all* the Queen's subjects, and called 'letters-patent,' have the seal affixed by a plaited silk cord at the foot; sometimes, as before mentioned, made of green, but ordinarily of yellow wax, which, in certain cases, where the instrument is likely to meet with a good deal of wear and tear, is enclosed in buff-coloured leather, upon which the obverse and reverse of the seal are stamped. But where the letter is directed to a *private* individual, the seal is, as in other letters, used to secure it from general observation, but used in a very singular manner: the parchment document is rolled tightly up, forming a little bundle about two inches long, from which a long strip protrudes, having the name and title of the person to whom it is addressed written upon it. A piece of twine is tightly tied round the package; a bit of wax, about as big as a sixpence, is pressed with the thumb and finger upon the ends of the twine; and the *sealing* is effected by merely *touching* the writ with one of the halves of the seal, when it immediately becomes invested with the dignity of a letter proceeding from the sovereign.

Perhaps no one ever had a greater idea of the importance of the seal of the kingdom than the ill-fated Charles I., and very much delighted was he when a messenger came to him at York bearing this important instrument, which he fully believed had fallen into the power of the parliament. In proportion as he was rejoiced, however, the parliament was disconcerted, when they discovered that the emblem of sovereignty had slipped through their fingers. The king could issue whatever proclamations or other instruments he thought proper, and that in a perfectly legal manner, while they themselves could not fill up the place of a deceased member of their own body, or perform a single act of state in which the great seal was necessary. After deliberating, and waiting, and going to prayers many times, they resolved to form a new seal for their own particular use. The resolution was a notable one; but there were few Wyons in those days, and those who did exist, had a very righteous dread of a certain old statute of Edward III., which declared that any person imitating, forging, or counterfeiting the king's great seal, should suffer death as a traitor; and which statute they had not the slightest doubt would be rigorously enforced, should fortune again smile upon the king, and they be found to have performed such treasonable act. Money, however, like love, conquers all things; and after some time, a bold man named Master Symonds was found, who agreed—for L.40 paid down, and L.60 to be paid when the work was completed—to make them a new seal, the facsimile of the one in the possession of Charles. This facsimile was made, and used by the parliament until the Commonwealth was sufficiently settled to have a seal of its own, from which all regal emblems were carefully excluded. The original seal of the kingdom, coming into the hands of the parliament upon the capitulation of Oxford, in 1645, was broken in pieces by a blacksmith, at the bar of the House of Commons.

Since the Restoration, the great seal has once or twice been in very considerable tribulation. When James II. was on the throne, the atrocious Jeffreys was its custodian; and so alarmed was James when upon the point of abdicating, lest the important instrument should get into the hands of his political enemies, that he made Jeffreys come and reside in the same building with him, at Whitehall, in order that the seal might be continually under his own observation and protection. The day before he left the kingdom, he took it from his chancellor, and whilst being ferried across the Thames on his flight to France, he threw the ensign of royalty into the river, fondly imagining that the regal functions could not be performed without it. If indeed such had been the case, the action was rendered useless, for a short time afterwards the ill-used seal was dragged up in the net of a fisherman, and conveyed by him to the privy-council.

In 1784, during the chancellorship of Lord Thurlow, the great seal was *really* lost. Some burglars entered his lordship's house, and walked off with a few valuables, amongst which was the seal of the kingdom, and I believe it was never recovered. A privy-council was summoned next morning, the loss made known, and such was the expedition used, that in thirty-six hours a new seal was prepared; and we have it on good authority that, for the remaining eight years of his chancellorship, the noble lord always slept with the great seal *under his pillow*.

More ridiculous was a temporary loss of the seal during the chancellorship of Lord Eldon. This great judge had the profoundest sense of the importance of the trust reposed in him, which was doubtless not diminished by the kind and singular manner in which his sovereign had conveyed it into his hands; for Lord Eldon tells us in his diary, that when he went to the palace for the purpose of receiving the seal, the king (George III.) was seated on a sofa, with his coat partially buttoned, and the seal pushed in on the left side, between his coat and waistcoat. He drew it forth on the appearance of the chancellor, and handed it to him with these words: 'Here, I give it you from my heart.'

Having all this continually in his recollection, his lordship never went to bed a single night without having the seal in his chamber. One night, in the year 1812, he was awaked by his house being on fire. His first thoughts were for the safety of the seal; snatching it from the place where it lay, he rushed down stairs and buried it in the flower-garden behind the house. Upon returning to his dwelling, he says, in his diary, that he was 'so enchanted with the pretty sight of the maids who had turned out of their beds, and were handing in buckets of water to the fire-engine, all in their shifts, and so alarmed for the safety of Lady Eldon,' that in the morning he could not recollect in the least in *which* flower-bed he had buried the seal. 'You never saw,' he adds in the diary, 'anything so ridiculous as seeing the whole family down the walks dibbling with bits of stick until we found it.' This was, we believe, the last time the great seal has been in danger of being lost.

At the present day, both as regards itself and its custody, the seal of the kingdom retains all its original importance. As our wise laws have declared that the king never dies, so have they most carefully provided against the kingdom being ever left without a great seal; the standing rule being, that when a fresh one is required, the old seal is not destroyed till the new one is completed. The *birth* of the new seal is a matter of much form and ceremony. The sovereign summons the privy-council, and a warrant is directed to the royal engraver, calling upon him to attend the council, with designs for the required instrument. These being chosen, the matrix itself is put in hand; and upon its completion another council is held, at which the new seal, if approved, is transferred from the sovereign's own hands into those of its future keeper, who, by such transfer, takes upon himself all the dignities we have before mentioned. In olden times, another little ceremony was always observed: the new chancellor had personally to affix the seal to a document, in the presence of the council, in order, we suppose, to shew that he understood the duties of his office—just as the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, at the present day, give proofs of their education and ability, by counting some hobnails, and chopping some sticks in the Court of Exchequer, before taking the oaths of office. But the seals used in olden times, although great in name, were comparatively small in actual dimensions, being at most not above two or three inches in diameter; and sealing a document with them was perhaps little more troublesome than sealing an ordinary letter. The great seal seems, however, to have increased in size, in a direct ratio with the increasing power of the sovereign it represents, and at the present day is so large, that the noble keeper of it would probably burn his fingers severely were he to attempt the personal sealing of any document with it; and indeed the services of two skilful officers, called respectively 'the sealer' and 'the chaff wax,' are put in requisition whenever the seal is affixed.

As the birth of a new seal is a matter of ceremony, so is also the defacing of an old one. This operation, technically termed 'damasking,' is performed by the sovereign in council—the old seal being, in the eye of the law, rendered useless after the sovereign has hit it a gentle blow with a small hammer. The damasked seal is the perquisite of the chancellor, a perquisite of more value at the present day than formerly, for up to the year 1815 the seal was made of copper, whereas now, as we have already said, it is of silver. A very amusing incident occurred at the damasking by William IV. of the seal used by the preceding king. Lord Lyndhurst held the seal at the demise of George IV., but Lord Brougham was its keeper when the seal of William was completed; hence there were two claimants for the damasked seal, one arguing that it was really a seal of the preceding reign, and as such vested in him at the death of the sovereign; the other, that it was in full force until it was actually defaced. The king himself was eventually appealed to, to settle the dispute, and—as is the case in most matters—there being much to be said on both sides, he decided that the two lords should each have half; and very kindly ordered his goldsmith to insert the two halves in two superb silver salvers, which he presented to his two ministers, recommending them to 'toss up' which should have the obverse, and which the reverse of the seal.

As the great seal is delivered into the hands of the chancellor by the sovereign himself, it has from time immemorial been the custom for that officer to render it back again personally to his master, or, at all events, only to part with it to a special messenger, armed with a warrant under the sign-manual, and sent directly from the sovereign to receive it. Every one knows the bold stand Wolsey made when, after his fall, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk endeavoured, by a merely verbal message from the king, to obtain from him his important trust; and how the noble messengers were obliged to retrace their steps, and obtain the legal document which the great cardinal required. It was indeed no uncommon thing for the Tudors and Stuarts to make personal and private application to their chancellor for the great seal, and to retain it in their custody for a few days, during which they used it to give effect to proclamations, pardons, and dignities, to which they well knew their chancellor would be either too conscientious or too fearful to affix it.

The danger of losing the great seal, if continually moved from place to place, coupled with the presumed necessity of its being always present when the chancellor performs any one of his political or judicial duties, as declaratory of the fact of his really having in his possession the instrument from which all his power is derived, has of late years caused a curious fiction to be adopted. The beautifully embroidered purse or bag made for the reception of the seal is *alone* borne before the chancellor, and exhibited in the Court of Chancery, the House of Lords, and elsewhere, in place of the seal itself, which it seldom if ever contains, and which is only taken from a more secure depository when actually required to be used. Thus the great seal is the very antithesis of many of its brother-officers of state—doing its *bonâ-fide* duties in person, and those of mere *show* by deputy.

Having made these few rambling, though not, we trust, uninteresting remarks, let us close the lid of the neat morocco box where we first found the subject of our article, and leave it in its quiet resting-place till next Michaelmas term shall again call it forth to active operation.

PISCICULTURE.

A VISIT TO THE STORMONTFIELD SALMON BREEDING-PONDS.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that efforts are being made upon a considerable scale to augment our supply of salmon by means of artificial hatching and breeding. This mode of increasing our stock of fish is denominated pisciculture by our allies the French, and has been practised in France for some years, particularly by the late Joseph Remy and his coadjutor M. Gehin, who, strange to say, rediscovered this art in 1842, unaware that it was supposed to have been well known among the ancient Romans, or that it had been carried on by modern naturalists for more than a century. The early Romans, we are told, knew and cultivated the art extensively; and not being contented with merely breeding fish, they studied also how to impart new flavours to the flesh, and were particularly zealous in fattening them to the largest possible size. Another branch of the art was likewise studied with great attention; it was that of acclimation, or the breeding of salt-water fish in lakes and fresh-water rivers. This was, in many instances, as may be supposed, a work of some difficulty; but the arts of the epicure, in those ancient times, were many, and generally very successful. We need scarcely, however, extend our researches into the knowledge of the ancient Romans or Chinese on this subject: it is not the antiquarian, but the modern phase of pisciculture, particularly in its utilitarian aspect, with which we have business.

The honour of being the modern discoverer of this long-forgotten art undoubtedly belongs to M. Jacobi, who published, in 1763, a minute and interesting account of his thirty years' practice. This gentleman was not satisfied with his discovery as a mere scientific curiosity, for to him also belongs the still greater merit of making the art commercially useful as a means of keeping up the supplies. At the date we have indicated, great attention was devoted to pisciculture by various gentlemen of scientific eminence. Count Goldstein wrote on the subject to M. de Fourcroy, and Duhamel du Monceau gave it publicity in his treatise on fishes. The Journal of Hanover also had papers on this art, and an account of Jacobi's proceedings was likewise enrolled in the memoirs of the Royal Academy of Berlin. The discovery of Jacobi was the simple result of a keen observation of the natural action of the breeding-salmon. Observing that the process of impregnation was entirely an external act, he saw at once that this could be easily imitated by careful manipulation; so that by conducting artificial hatching on a large scale, a constant and unfailing supply of fish might readily be obtained. The results arrived at by Jacobi were of vast importance, and obtained not only the recognition of his government, but also the more solid reward of a pension.

The labours of Gehin and Remy deserve generous record, for it is to their exertions we are most indebted for the activity and enterprise which are now displayed in the art of hatching and breeding all kinds of fresh-water fish. Although, as we have already stated, this curious art was evidently known to the ancients, as also to certain *savans* who flourished about a century ago; still, to these two unlettered fishermen we must accord the same credit as if their discovery of the artificial process had been the original one. When they commenced the practice of this art, they were in utter ignorance of its ever having been practised before. These men lived at La Bresse, an obscure French village in the department of the Vosges. This district is rich in lakes and streams, and includes the Moselle and its tributaries, which are famed for trout, the supply of which was at one time so considerable as to form a very large portion of the food of the surrounding community. The experiments of Gehin and Remy were crowned with almost instant success; and to encourage them to make still greater efforts, the *Société d'Emulation des Vosges* voted them a considerable sum of money and a handsome bronze medal. It was not, however, till 1849 that the proceedings of Gehin and Remy attracted that degree of notice which was demanded by their importance, economic and scientific. Dr Haxo, of Epinal, then communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris an elaborate paper on the subject, which at once fixed attention on the labour of the two fishermen—in fact, it excited a sensation both in the Academy and among the people. The government of the time at once gave attention to the matter; and finding, upon inquiry, everything that was said about the utility of the plan to be true, resolved to have it extended to all the rivers in France, especially to those of the poorer districts; and at once made offers of employment to the two fishermen, through whose exertions many of the finest rivers in the country have since been stocked with fish.

The system has since extended to Spain, Holland, Great Britain, and many other countries. As shewing the extent to which artificial hatching is carried on in other countries, we may state that the reservoirs, breeding-places, and other suitable constructions of the government establishment at Basel, occupy a space of about twenty-five acres of ground, devoted to the propagation of salmon, carp, tench, and those other kinds of fish of which the French people are so very fond. At Huningen, also, there is another extensive establishment for the production of fish, in which trout and other fresh-water fishes are propagated in myriads, and the neighbouring rivers and streams are supplied with stock from this useful reservoir.

Mr Shaw was the first person in this country, we understand, to direct his attention to the subject. His experiments were made about twenty years ago; but differed in their object from those of Jacobi, inasmuch as they were undertaken principally to solve a problem in the natural history of the salmon. In 1848, Mr Boccius, civil engineer, published a work on *Fish in Rivers and Streams: a Treatise on the Production and Management of Fish in Fresh Water*, &c., &c. This gentleman had taken up the subject in 1841, and made several very successful experiments. In the rivers of one estate alone he is said to have reared upwards of 120,000 trouts. He was also employed to conduct experiments at Chatsworth and many other places.

The system of artificial fecundation has likewise been tried in Ireland. Two English gentlemen of capital and enterprise, Messrs Ashworth, of Egerton Hall, near Bolton, having purchased the fishery of Lough Corrib, were determined, if possible, to solve the much-discussed question—'Can the salmon-fisheries of this kingdom be restored to their former abundant state of productiveness?' Mr Ramsbottom, of Clitheroe, was engaged by these gentlemen to conduct the experiments, which were made as follows, and are described by Mr Halliday in his letter to the commissioners of fisheries in Ireland, a passage of which we beg to quote:—

'On the 14th December 1852, a small rill at Outerard was selected for the experiment, by a rude check thrown across; a foot of water-head was raised over a few square yards to insure regularity in the supply. From this head, half-foot under surface-level, three wooden pipes, two inches square, by a few feet long, drew off respectively to the rill-bed and to the boxes all the water required—the surplus of the supplying rill passing away in its usual course. The boxes are six feet long, eighteen inches wide, nine inches deep, open at top, set in the ground in a double row, on a slope of two to three inches on each box, the end of the one set close to the end of the other in continuous line, and earthed up to within one inch of the top. They are partly filled, first with a layer of fine gravel, next coarser, and lastly with stones, coarser somewhat than road-metal, to a total depth of six inches. A piece of twelve inches wide by two inches deep is cut from the end of each box, and a water-way of tin nailed over this, with a turn up on either side to prevent the water from escaping. These connect the line of boxes, and carry the water to the extreme end, whence it is made to drop into the pond which receives and preserves the young fish.

'The artificial rill is in all respects similarly prepared, excepting that its channel-course is in the soil itself. The pipe now introduced into the upper box of each line, and of the water-head, the spawn-bed is prepared; two hours' running will clear away the earth from the stones. The water will be found about two inches in depth over the average level of the stones in the boxes. By an iron-wire grating, the boxes can be isolated, and the pipe protected against the passage of insects and trout.'

It is satisfactory to note that this Irish experiment was quite successful, as might be expected from the skill and experience of the gentleman engaged to conduct the trial. Mr Ramsbottom has been the first to conduct the proceedings in each of the three divisions of the United Kingdom, with salmon-ova, to a successful termination; having in 1852 hatched about 5000 ova on the estate of Jonathan Peel, Esq., of Knowlmere; and more recently he has taken a prominent part in carrying on the attempt to re-stock the river Tay by artificial fecundation and nursing, which we will now attempt to describe.

The immense fecundity of all kinds of fish is well known. They shed spawn sufficient to produce myriads of young. A salmon, for instance, of ten pounds' weight, it has been calculated, will yield 10,000 young. But when the spawn is deposited, in the usual course of nature, in the rivers frequented by the fish, it is exposed to so many dangers, that not more than one-fourth of the quantity deposited ever comes to life. Mr Robert Buist, of Perth, at the meeting of the Tay salmon-fishing proprietors, stated that there were many spawning-beds in the Almond River, and one had been found dry, owing to the long-continued dry weather, and the spawn was thus destroyed. But even after the egg is hatched, the little fishes are subjected to innumerable dangers. If the spawning-beds escape the danger of being dried up mentioned by Mr Buist, they are liable to be ploughed up, and the seed carried away by the storms of winter; or if spared from both of these calamities, the water-hen breaks into them and gobbles up the deposits. The ova is much preyed upon by other fish. From the gullet of a large trout upwards of 600 salmon-eggs have been taken during the spawning season; and all kinds of remorseless enemies attack and devour it in its various shapes of egg or fish. Wild ducks, and other kinds of fowl, demolish great quantities of the spawn; the maggot of many of the flies which are hatched in the water also preys upon the defenceless ova. On this enemy to the salmon, Mr Buist, of Perth, makes the following remarks, in a letter to the government inspecting commissioners of Irish fisheries:—'I observed it stated in an account of a meeting held at Ballina, that a small black insect had destroyed much of the ova in the experimental ponds there. This insect I observed while our eggs were hatching in 1854, and had some specimens brought in, and saw in a crystal jar the whole operation of the vermin on the ova. It fastened on it with its feelers, and stuck to the egg like a leech. It is the grub of the May-fly that takes wing that month, and in its turn is devoured by thousands of the finny tribe. This is what may be called retributive justice; but mark the reaction. This little insect of a day, while playing in the water, and swallowed by myriads of tiny fish, drops eggs which next season become hatched by the sun of spring, and then in their larva state prey on the egg of the salmon, and suck the very heart's blood from the embryo fry. Such is life—the strong living on the helpless.' Hence the urgent necessity for bringing forth the young, securely sheltered in these breeding-ponds from the most destructive of their natural enemies, and securing for all the fish which comes to life a safe asylum, till the period when they may be safely sent on their travels.

The largest experiment in salmon-breeding yet made in Great Britain has been tried on the banks of the river Tay, at a spot called Colinhaugh, but better known as Stormontfield, on the property of the Earl of Mansfield. The operations at Stormontfield originated at a meeting of the proprietors of the river, held in July 1852, when a communication by Dr Eisdale was read on the subject of artificial propagation; and Mr Thomas Ashworth, of Poynton, explained the experiments which had been conducted at his Irish fishery-station. He said that 'he had entertained the opinion for a long time that it would be as easy artificially to propagate salmon in our rivers as it was to raise silk-worms on mulberry-leaves, though the former were under water, and the latter in the open air. It was an established fact, that salmon and other fish may be propagated artificially in ponds in millions, at a small cost, and thus be protected from their natural enemies for the first year of their existence, after which they will be much more capable of protecting themselves than can be the case in the early stages of their existence. His brother and he have at the present time about 20,000 young salmon in ponds, thus produced, which are daily fed with suitable food. Mr Ashworth also observed, that a great deal had yet to be discovered in the artificial propagation and feeding of salmon. They knew but comparatively little of the habits of salmon, and in order that a greater amount of knowledge might be obtained, he had recommended to the commissioners of fisheries in Ireland to take a portion of the fish propagated in the way he had mentioned from the ponds, and immerse them annually in the sea for a period of three months, and to be again deposited in the ponds for other nine months—to be repeated for several years. The commissioners had taken about a dozen of these young salmon from the ponds, and had had them many weeks in the Dublin Exhibition, where they were kept in a model of a wear, with a salmon-ladder in it, the model being supplied by a pipe with a constant run of water. These little creatures shewed their agility by mounting the ladder, and so passing over the wear to the amusement of the bystanders; and he was informed they were alive and thriving, being perfectly healthy in this small run of pure water, and were fed with chopped meat every day. It was only in this way a more accurate history of the ages and habits of the salmon species might be written. The expense of this plan of artificial propagation he did not estimate to exceed a pound a thousand, which was at the rate of one farthing for each salmon.' In conclusion, Mr Ashworth said: 'The great consideration that weighed with him was, that by the artificial propagation of salmon a vast increase to the quantity of human food would be obtained.' He then strongly impressed upon the meeting the importance of sending for Mr Ramsbottom to commence operations in the Tay, and instruct others as to the plans to be adopted for increasing the salmon in that river.

The plan proposed by Mr Ashworth was unanimously agreed to, and a committee was at once appointed to have the resolutions arrived at by the meeting carried into effect.

The breeding-ponds at Stormontfield are beautifully situated on a sloping haugh on the banks of the Tay, and are sheltered at the back by a plantation of trees. We have visited the place, which is situated about five miles from Perth, and about a mile and a half from a railway-station. The ground has been laid out to the best advantage, and the whole of the ponds, water-runs, &c., have been planned and constructed by Mr Peter Brown, C. E., and they are said to answer the purpose admirably well. There is a rapid-running mill-stream parallel with the river, from which the supply of water is derived. The necessary quantity is first run from this stream into a reservoir, from which it is filtered through pipes into a little water-course at the head of the range of boxes, from whence it is laid on. The boxes are fixed on a gentle slope of ground on the pleasant bank of the silvery Tay; and by means of the gentle inclination, the water falls beautifully from one compartment or box to another, in a gradual but constant stream, and collects at the bottom in a kind of dam, and thence runs into a small lake or depôt where the young fish are kept. A sluice made of fine wire-grating, admits of the superfluous water being run off into the Tay, and thus keeps up an equable supply. It also serves as an outlet for the fish when it is deemed expedient to send them out to try their fortune in the greater deep near at hand, for which their pond-experience has been a mode of preparation. The planning of the boxes, ponds, sluices, &c., has been accomplished with singular ingenuity, and we cannot conceive anything better adapted for the purpose. Our only regret is that it has not been constructed on a much larger scale. If the number of boxes had been doubled, there would then have been accommodation for breeding one million of salmon.

The operation of preparing the spawn for the boxes was commenced here on the 23d of November 1853, and in the course of a month, 300,000 ova were deposited in the 300 boxes, which had been filled with gravel and made all ready for their reception. Mr Ramsbottom, who conducted the manipulation, thinks the Tay is one of the finest breeding-streams in the world, and says that 'it would be presumption to limit the numbers that might be raised there, were the river cultivated to its capabilities.' We prefer giving this gentleman's own description of the process of shedding the spawn, and the manner of impregnating it. 'So soon as a pair of suitable fish were captured, the ova of the female were immediately discharged into a tub one-fourth full of water, by a gentle pressure of the hands from the thorax downwards. The milt of the male was ejected in a similar manner, and the contents of the tub stirred with the hand. After the lapse of a minute, the water was poured off, with the exception of sufficient to keep the ova submerged, and fresh water supplied in its place. This also was poured off, and fresh substituted previous to removing the impregnated spawn to the boxes prepared for its reception. The ova were placed in the boxes as nearly similar to what they would be under the ordinary course of natural deposition as possible, with, however, this important advantage: in the bed of the river, the ova are liable to injury and destruction in a variety of ways; the alluvial matter deposited in times of flood will often cover the ova too deep to admit of the extrication of the young fry, even if hatched; the impetuosity of the streams when flooded will frequently sweep away whole spawning-beds and their contents. Whilst deposited in boxes, the ova are shielded from injury, and their vivification in large numbers is thus rendered a matter of certainty, and the young fish reared in safety.'

The date when the first egg was observed to be hatched was on the 31st of March; and during April and May most of the eggs had started into life, and the fry were observed waddling about the breeding-boxes; and in June they were promoted to a place in the pond, being then a little more than an inch long. Sir William Jardine, in a paper read at the recent meeting of the British Association, with a copy of which we have been kindly favoured, says, of the first year's experiment, that the results have been satisfactory in shewing the practicability of hatching, rearing, and maintaining in health a very large number of young fish for a period of two years, and, not reckoning the original expense of the ponds, at a comparatively trifling cost. Sir William also reports the second series of experiments begun last winter as most satisfactory. The work was commenced on the 22d of November, and finished on the 19th of December last, up to which time 183 boxes had been stocked each with 2000 ova. There seems, as we learn from the report, to be a very great scarcity of male fish, as may be gathered from the following entry in the pond journal, kept by Mr Marshall—'Peter of the Pools.' 'When we [Mr Ashworth and Mr Buist of Perth] arrived at the river, they had caught two female fish, and at the next cast two other female fish were taken. At the third cast they captured a male fish in fine condition, from twenty-four to twenty-eight pounds' weight. We had now full opportunity of seeing the whole process of spawning performed. The female fish, after being relieved of their ova, swam away quite lively, and each was marked by punching a hole in the tail.' The same disparity between the quantity of males and females was observed in Ireland. The males were found to be in the proportion of 1 to 14 at Lough Corrib; but we mention this only incidentally, having no intention, in the present paper, to enter into the salmon controversy, or to trace the young fish further than its birth.

Those of our readers who feel anxious for more information on the interesting subject of pisciculture, may consult an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1854 (vol. vi.); and there are a great number of pamphlets on the subject to be had from the French booksellers, such as, '*Pisciculture. Du Repeuplement des Eaux de la France*, par M. C. Millet'—a paper read before the savans of one of the Paris associations, and containing many curious ideas and much striking information on the subject. Gentlemen anxious to visit Stormontfield, on arriving at Perth, can have directions how to reach the ponds from Mr Robert Buist, who has always taken a very great interest in the question of artificial breeding. Once at the breeding-ponds, any amount of information can be had from the faithful guardian of the fish—Peter Marshall.

THE LEAP FROM THE MAIN BRÜCKE.*

I.

It was past midnight—the lights on the stone-bridge which crosses the river Main at Frankfort were still burning, though the footsteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement—when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides. At the same time, another man advanced in years was coming towards him from Sachsenhausen, the well-known suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two had not yet met, when the latter turned from his path, and went towards the parapet, with the evident intention of leaping from the bridge into the Main.

The young man followed him quickly, and laid hold of him.

'Sir,' said he, 'I think you want to drown yourself.'

'You think right, sir; but what is that to you?'

'Nothing at all: I was only going to ask you to do me the favour to wait a few minutes, and allow me to join you. Let us draw close to each other, and, arm in arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger, who has chanced to come for the same purpose, is really rather interesting. Indeed, I have not experienced anything so exciting for some time; and I should not have thought that, in my last hour, so pleasant an occurrence would happen. Come, sir, for many years I have not made a request to any human being: do not refuse me this one, which must be my last. I assure you, I do not remember having ever spent so many words about any request whatever.'

So saying, the young man held out his hand: his companion took it, and he then continued, with a kind of enthusiasm: 'So be it: arm in arm—and now let us be quick about it: it is really charming to feel a human heart near me in these last moments. I do not ask what you are, good or bad—come, let us down.'

The elder of the two, who had at first been in so great a hurry to end his existence in the waters of the river, now restrained the impetuosity of the younger.

'Stop, sir,' said he, while his weary eye tried to examine the features of his companion as well as the flickering light of the nearest lamp would allow him—'Stop, sir; you seem to me too young to leave life in this way. I am afraid you are committing a rash act; for a man of your years, life must have still bright prospects.'

'Bright prospects!—in the midst of rottenness and decay, falsehood and deceit, vice and corruption! Come, let us make an end of it.'

'And so young! Your experience must have been very sad to make you consider all creatures which have the human form a brood of serpents.'

'Oh, serpents are noble beings compared with men; they follow the impulses of their nature; they are no hypocrites, bearing virtue on their lips and vice in their hearts.'

'I pity you from my heart; but there certainly are many exceptions to this miserable rule.'

'I have found none,' said the young man.

'Then it may be a consolation, though a poor one, that you have found one in this solemn hour. However much men are given to falsehood, there are very few who lie in the hour of death, within sight of eternity. But for me, I have never told a falsehood in my life, and I would not for anything in the world enter upon the dark road with a lie upon my lips; and therefore, when I tell you that I am not a villain, as you seem to think me, but an honest and upright man, I am telling you the simple, unvarnished truth.'

'Indeed?—that is interesting. And so I must meet the only honest man ever I saw in the world, when I am on the point of leaving it, and in his own company!'

'Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, there are many good and honest people who could render life charming for you. Seek them, and you are sure to find them.'

'Well, the first one I have found already. But if life presents itself to you in hues so bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave it.'

'Oh, I am only a poor old sickly man, unable to earn anything, and who can endure no longer that his only child, an angel of a daughter, should work day and night to maintain him, and even sometimes to procure him luxuries. No, sir, to allow this longer, I must be a tyrant, a barbarian.'

'What, sir!' exclaimed the other, almost terrified, 'you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for your sake?'

'And with what patience, what sweetness, what love, what perseverance! I see her sinking under her toil and her deprivations, and not a word of complaint escapes from her pallid lips. She works and starves, and still has always a word of love, an affectionate smile for her father.'

'Sir, and you want to commit suicide! Are you mad?'

'Dare I murder that angel? The thought pierces my heart like a dagger,' said the old man sobbing.

'Sir, you must have a bottle of wine with me; I see a tavern open yonder. Come, you must tell me your history; and, if you have no objection, I will then tell you mine. But this much I may say at once—there is no occasion for you to leap into the river. I am a rich, a very rich man; and if things really are as you represent, your daughter will no longer have to work, and you shall not starve.'

The old man allowed himself to be dragged along by his companion. In a few minutes, they were seated at a table in the tavern, with full glasses before them, and each examining curiously the features of the other.

Refreshed and comforted by the effects of the wine, the old man began thus:

'My history is soon told. I am a mercantile man; but fortune never favoured me. I had no money myself, and I loved and married a poor girl. I could never begin business on my own account. I took a situation as book-keeper, which I held until I became useless from age, and younger men were preferred to me. Thus my circumstances were always circumscribed, but my domestic happiness was complete. My wife was an angel of love, kindness, and fondness, good and pious, active and affectionate; and my daughter is the true image of her mother. But age and illness have brought me to the last extremity, and my conscience revolts against the idea of the best child in the world sacrificing her life for an old useless fellow. I cannot have much longer to live; and I hope the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks from my life, in order to preserve or prolong that of my dear Bertha.'

'You are a fortunate man, my friend,' exclaimed the young man; 'I have never seen a more fortunate one. What you call your misfortune, is sheer nonsense, and can be cured at once. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be the heir of all my possessions, and to-morrow night I will take the leap from the Main Brücke alone. But before I leave this world, I must see your Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one who is worthy the name of a human being.'

'But, sir, what can have made you so unhappy at this early age?' said the old man, moved with compassion.

---

* From the German of Ludwig Storch.

'I believe it was my father's wealth. I am the only son of one of the richest bankers of Frankfort: when I mention my name, you will be at once convinced of the truth of my assertion. My father died five years ago, and left me the heir to an immense fortune. From that moment, every one that has come in contact with me has endeavoured to deceive and defraud me. I was a child in innocence, trusting and confiding; my education had not been neglected, and I possessed my mother's loving heart. I endeavoured to associate myself in a union of love and friendship with good and generous people, but I found only hypocrites and impostors, who pretended friendship for no other purpose than to partake of my wealth, and enjoy themselves at my expense. My friends, or rather the villains whom I mistook for friends, and to whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and then laughed at my simplicity; but in time I gathered experience, and my heart was filled with distrust. I was betrothed to a rich heiress, possessed of all fashionable accomplishments; I adored her with enthusiasm; her love, I thought, would repay me for every disappointment. But I soon saw that she was nothing more than a proud fool, who wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other men besides to her triumphal chariot. I broke off the engagement, and selected a poor but charming girl—a sweet innocent being, as I thought, who would be my life's own angel. Alas! I found her one day bidding adieu with tears and kisses to a youth whom she loved: she had accepted me for my wealth only. My peace of mind vanished; I sought diversion in travel: everywhere I found the same hollowness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short, I became disgusted with life, and resolved to put an end this night to the pitiable farce.'

'Unfortunate young man,' said the other, with tears of sympathy, 'how deeply I pity you. I confess I have been more fortunate than you. I possessed a wife and a daughter, who came forth pure and emaculate from the hand of the Creator. The one has returned to Him in the whiteness of her soul, and so will the other.'

'Will you give me your address, old man, and permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow? But you must also give me your word of honour that you will not inform her, or insinuate to her in any manner whatever, that I am a rich man.' The old man held out his hand.

'I give you my word; I am anxious to convince you that I have spoken the truth. My name is Wilhelm Schmidt, and here is my address;' giving him, at the same time, a bit of paper which he drew from his pocket.

'And my name is Karl T——. I am the son of Anton T——. Take these bank-notes, but only on condition that you do not leave this house until I fetch you from it. Waiter! a bedroom for this gentleman. You require rest, Herr Schmidt. Good-night. To-morrow you will see me again; but under whatever circumstances this may happen, do not forget the word you have given me.'

The name the young man had mentioned, as well as the large sum, struck the old man with astonishment; but before he could recover himself, his companion had left the house, and the waiter came to light him to his bedroom, where, wearied and worn out, he soon sank into a profound sleep.

II.

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets of Sachsenhausen, in an attic of a lofty and unsightly house, sat a pretty *blondine*, about twenty years of age, busily employed with her needle. The furniture of the room was poor, but clean and tasteful; the girl's whole dress would not have fetched many kreutzers; but every article was as neat, and fitted her as well, as if it had cost hundreds. Her fair locks shaded a face brightened by a pair of eyes of heavenly blue, which bespoke a peaceful mind and a pure soul. The spirit of order, modesty, and cleanliness reigned in everything around her. Her features were delicate, like those of one nobly born; her eyes betrayed sleeplessness and anxiety, and ever and anon a deep sigh rose from the maiden's breast. Suddenly, steps were heard on the staircase, and her face lighted up with joy; she listened, and doubt seemed to overshadow her brow. Then came a knock at the door, which made her tremble so much that she almost wanted the courage to say 'Come in.' A young man, shabbily dressed, entered the room, and made a low but awkward bow.

'I beg your pardon, Miss,' said he, 'does Herr Schmidt live here?'

'Yes, sir. What is your pleasure?'

'Are you his daughter Bertha?'

'I am.'

'Then it is you that I seek. I come from your father.'

'For Heaven's sake, where is he? What has happened? Something must have happened—this is the first time he has stayed away all night.'

'The misfortune is not very great.'

'Oh, my poor, poor father, what shall I hear?'

The young man seemed to observe the visible marks of anxiety with great interest; then, looking round the room, he said: 'Do not be frightened, my dear girl; it is nothing of great importance. Your father met last night an old acquaintance, who invited him to a tavern. They had some wine together; but when the landlord came for his bill, your father's friend had decamped, and left him to pay the score. He had not sufficient money for this; and now the man will not let him go until he is paid, and declares that unless he gets his money, he will send him to prison.'

'To prison!—my father to prison!' exclaimed the girl. 'Can you tell me how much the bill comes to?'

'Three florins and a half.'

'O God!' sighed the girl, 'all I have does not amount to more than one florin; but I will go at once to Madame Berg, and beg of her to advance me the money.'

'Who is Madame Berg?'

'The milliner for whom I work.'

'But if Madame Berg does not advance the money—what then?' The girl burst into tears.

'I am much afraid she will refuse. I already owe her one florin, and she is very hard.'

'For what purpose did you borrow the money you owe her?'

The girl hesitated to reply.

'You may trust me; I take the deepest interest in your misfortunes, and I sincerely wish I could assist you; but I am only a poor clerk myself. Tell me for what purpose did you borrow that florin?'

'Well, my father is very weak, and occasionally requires strengthening: I borrowed that money to get a quarter of a fowl for him.'

'Under these circumstances, I fear Madame Berg will not give you any more. Here is one florin, but that is all I possess. Have you any valuables upon which we could raise some money?' Bertha considered for a moment.

'I have nothing,' said she at length, 'but my poor mother's prayer-book. On her death-bed, she entreated me not to part with it, and there is nothing in the world I hold more sacred than her memory and the promise I gave her: but still, for my father's sake, I must not hesitate.' With a trembling hand, she took the book down from the shelf. 'O sir,' said she, 'during many a sleepless night I have been accustomed to enter the secret thoughts of my heart on the blank leaves at the end of the book. I hope no one will ever know whose writing they are: will you promise me that?'

'Certainly, my dear Bertha. Do not alarm yourself; I will take care that your secrets shall not be profaned. But now get ready, that we may go.'

Whilst she left the room to put on her bonnet and shawl, Karl T—— (for the reader will have guessed that the young man was no other than our hero) glanced over the writing of the girl in the book, and his eyes filled with tears of emotion and delight as he read the outpourings of a pure and pious heart; and when they had left the house together, and she was walking beside him with a dignity of which she seemed entirely unconscious, he cast upon her looks of respect and admiration.

They first went to Madame Berg, who did not give the advance required, but assured the young man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly this praise Mr T—— valued higher than the money he had asked for. They pawned the book, and the required sum was made up. Bertha was overjoyed.

'But if you spend all your money to-day,' remarked the young man, 'on what will you live to-morrow?'

'I do not know, but I trust in God. I shall work the whole night through.'

'Yes, trust in God firmly, and He will help you,' exclaimed Karl with an enthusiasm which almost betrayed the emotion he felt.

When they came to the tavern, the young man went in first to prepare old Mr Schmidt for the part he wished him to act; then he fetched Bertha. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt when he saw the young girl throw herself in her father's arms, and press him to her heart.

'O father,' said she, 'what a dreadful night have I had—how uneasy I have been about you; but, thank God, I have you again;' and her face brightened up with a smile of joy.

She paid the bill, and triumphantly led him home. T—— accompanied them, and said he had a few more kreutzers in his pocket; she had better go and get them something to eat. And then you should have seen this darling girl, how she busied herself, and how gladly she set about it: the young man felt as if he could fall at her feet and worship her. It was late before T—— went home that night; but the leap from the Main Brücke was no more thought of. He came to the house every evening, in order, as he said, to share with them his scanty earnings.

About a fortnight after, as he was going away one evening, he said to Bertha: 'Will you become my wife? I am only a poor clerk, but I am honest and upright.'

Bertha blushed, and cast her eyes to the ground.

'Can you love me, Bertha?' he asked again in an overflow of feeling.

She was silent, and did not raise her head; but she held out her hand. He seized it, and kissed it fervently:

'Bertha,' said he, 'I love you immeasurably: you have saved my life.'

A few days after, the young couple, simply but respectably attired, and accompanied by Herr Schmidt, went to church, where they were married in a quiet way. When they came out man and wife, an elegant carriage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step.

'Come,' said the happy husband to his bewildered wife, who looked at him with amazement.

Before she could utter a word, the three were seated in the carriage, driving away at a quick pace. The carriage stopped before a splendid house in the best part of Frankfort. They were received by a number of domestics, who conducted them to apartments decorated in the most costly style.

'This is your mistress,' said T—— to the servants; 'and her commands you have henceforth to obey. My darling wife,' said he then, turning to Bertha, 'I am Karl T——, one of the wealthiest men of this city. This house is yours, and these servants will attend on you. I hold a pledge from you that riches will not corrupt your heart. Here it is, in the prayer-book of your poor mother, written by your own hand: "If thou wert to give me all the treasures of the world, O Lord, I would still remain Thine humble servant. For what is gold before Thee, that lookest into the heart? Thine is my heart, and Thine it shall remain."'

'It is the Lord's and thine, my beloved Karl,' whispered Bertha, and sank in his arms.

'Hurrah for the leap from the Main Brücke!' exclaimed T——, embracing his father-in-law.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MOB.

SECOND ARTICLE.

'THIS way, ladies and gentlemen—just going to begin—the ingenious Fantoccini of Signior Cardoni!' Such is the appeal that greets us from the side-door of a small house in the eastern quarter of the town. The house is that of a slopseller, whose wares crowd the shop. Over the fan-light of the private entrance, which stands open, a small transparency bears the inscription 'Cardoni's Fantoccini—Pit 4d., Gallery 2d.' At the end of the passage a flight of stairs, at whose foot stands the money-taker, leads up to a green baize curtain, passing which, we are in a room some twelve feet by fifteen, filled with three rows of red-stuffed seats on the floor, which represent the pit, and a tier of bare benches, rising to within a yard of the ceiling, that form the gallery. The gallery is nearly filled with spectators, and the room is close and hot. The pit does not boast a dozen persons, though a few more drop in as the music strikes up. The musicians are a dark, handsome young fellow, with long curling jet-black locks descending to his shoulders, and an old man of seventy; the former plays the fiddle with surpassing skill, and the latter accompanies him on an old grand piano, the key-board only of which is visible, and protrudes through a wall of green baize fronting the audience. In the centre of this dark-green wall hangs the curtain in folds, ready to be drawn up. There is very little light in the room—barely enough for the musicians to play by. After a short overture, the curtain rises, and reveals an area in the centre about seven feet square, carpeted with green baize, and backed by a dark space into which the eye cannot penetrate; there are also a couple of shifting side-wings which are barely visible in the gloom. There is no note of preparation, not a sound being audible from behind the curtain—but suddenly steps out from the side the figure of an Italian peasant-girl in the Tyrolese costume of laced bodice, short skirts, and circular hat. You know it is not a living figure, for it is but three feet high; but you are puzzled: the girl looks round and smiles, glances at you with a pair of black eyes, dashes the ringlets aside with her hand, bridles up with a little feminine toss of the head, clears her throat with just one 'h'm,' and begins to warble very prettily a Tyrolese air to Italian words, and the accompaniments of fiddle and piano. When it is finished, she bows gracefully to the audience in return for their applause, and retires.

After a pause of a few moments, she is succeeded by a British tar in costume spick and span new, who comes rollicking forward to the tune of the College Hornpipe, which he dances with vigour and animation not to be surpassed—hitching up his trousers every now and then, tightening his hat when it gets loose, and winking and leering at the lasses in the pit in a way supposed to be peculiar to the navy. After the sailor comes a Highlander in plaid and bonnet, who does the Highland fling with a rapidity and energy that would jerk the life out of mere flesh and blood; and after him Paddy bounces in and spins and whirls and flourishes his shillelagh like a madman in the performance of an Irish jig, with a climax of hullabaloo and yell and desperate demonstrations with the bludgeon; the mere 'whiff and wind' of which carry him out of sight. Then a little drop-scene is let down, representing the front of an inn by the roadside, and chair and table are drawn forward from the wings. A jolly English farmer comes on, wiping the perspiration from his face, seats himself in the chair, and knocks with his stick on the table—the summons is answered by a woman who peeps out of the inn-door, receives his orders, and brings him a jug of ale, a glass, a pipe of tobacco, and a light. The farmer pours out the ale, holds it up and eyes it knowingly in the glass; swallows a draught, sets down the glass, and lights his pipe at the candle. As he puffs and puffs, and the clouds float around him, he begins to feel comfortable, and stretches himself in a luxurious attitude; but he suddenly recollects that he has little time to spare, and rising in haste, taps for the mistress, whom he pays like an honest man for what he has had, and then goes on his way. The cottage disappears, and all is dark as before; and now toddles in a thing which looks very like a plum-pudding on feet, with the least possible demonstration of a head peeping out at the top. It dances and wabbles like a Dutch toy to the time of a tremando movement; then the head is shaken upwards, and the fat thighs are shaken downwards, and you see a Dutch burgomaster waddling about with an air of importance and dignity; then, more shaking, and the burgomaster elongates into a nondescript figure in a gray jacket, who grows every minute taller and taller, until his head disappears behind the drop, but who dances on notwithstanding, though neck and breast, and waistband and thighs, knees and calves, stretch and stretch, and disappear in their turn, till nothing is visible but his attenuated toes, upon which he finally dances off amidst roars of laughter, having, it may be fairly presumed, grown as high as the Monument in ten minutes or so.

The music now changes into a soft and fitful dirge, slow, solemn, and sad; the little light there was in the room is almost extinguished, and only a faint bluish gleam is visible on the dark flooring of the stage. As all eyes are straining into the darkness, what seems a veritable human skeleton stalks upon the scene. In this case the deception is startling, because, though the figure is probably no larger than the other marionettes, the eye is deluded by the absence of any other figure to afford a comparison, and the impossibility of judging of distance through an intervening space which is not traversed by rays of light. The apparition is received with an audible gasp by the audience, who, after the first shock, however, look on in perfect silence. The grim thing stalks about in postures of agony and supplication—turning its sightless sockets this way and that—then it reclines wearily against some dark object, slips and falls with a rattling sound, the ghastly skull rolling over and over on the ground—then the bones fall asunder, and one by one the scattered fragments are strewn on the floor in hopeless confusion. But, presto! the music bursts into a lively strain—the dry bones on the ground begin to rattle like castanets—they rise on end—ribs, arms, and thigh-bones jostle and crowd together with a clash; in a moment Grim Death is himself again—the grinning skull has leaped to its place—the gaunt phantom bows a graceful bow, and lifting its skeleton fingers to its jaws, blows you a kiss as it disappears to the air of *Joy be with ye.* This is the last of the Fantoccini, but not the end of the performance; it would never do to close with so dismal a subject; so Signior Cardoni, artist as he is, finds himself compelled to meet the popular taste on its own level. When the curtain next rises it is for the feats of a juggler, clever enough, but too well known to need description, varied at intervals by songs sung by a young girl, in whose voice we recognise that of the Tyrolese maiden. The performance occupies about an hour and three quarters, and the audience, though of a class sufficiently humble, appear to conduct themselves with perfect propriety.

Our next visit shall be to the Bird of Prey.

The Bird of Prey, from her aerie on one of the loftiest buildings in that line of route stretching from Finsbury to Paddington, looks down on town and suburb far and wide, and gathers nightly a pretty numerous brood beneath the shelter of her wings. We shall make one of them this evening. A warm day in autumn has just come to its close, and the broad harvest-moon is rising round and red through the dusky reek of the city, as we drop our coin at the door, and threading a narrow passage, emerge suddenly into a blaze of light which at the first flash well-nigh banishes the power of vision. Becoming by degrees accustomed to the light, we find ourselves landed in what seems, or is intended to seem, an enchanted city of the desert, walled in with rocks and peaks, and shut out from the intrusion of all but the spirits of mirth and luxurious enjoyment. A thousand globes of fire gleam aloft and around, and reveal interminable rows of pillars and cornices vanishing in the luminous haze among the rocky barriers above. In the foreground rise temples, pavilions, and walhallas, blazing with light, and thronged with the ministers of pleasure flitting to and fro; while away in the gloom to the left, retired arbours and shadowy bowers invite the hermit to solitude, and the weary to repose. Cool fountains are playing, and the pleasant plash of water mingles with the hum of voices and the sound of distant music.

We make these observations rapidly as we pass on with the crowd, who seem anxious to witness the performance of a new play with the captivating title of *How to get a Wife*, our own curiosity being also on the *qui vive.* An open door near a fountain proves the entrance to the theatre; and in a minute we are in the pit of as handsome and convenient a building as need be, wanting neither in ornament nor good taste. The curtain rises; and before a dozen words have been spoken, we are aware that the new play we had been expecting is nothing more nor less than the old *Beaux Stratagem* of Farquhar, cut down to meet, first the modern improved tone of morality and decency, and secondly, the capabilities of a company of actors who are bound to get through the business in quick time. If it is gratifying to observe that both the open and implied indelicacy of the play are carefully expunged, it is less so to be made equally sensible that the refined humour, the sparkling and brilliant wit, have nearly all vanished, and that of the little that is left, those appointed to give it utterance are innocent of all consciousness. With the remembrance of the old days and the old cast of characters stealing over us, we find it difficult to sit out the performance, which goes but tamely off.

The play is followed by a concert in the open air, from a stage elevated in the manner of Vauxhall; and this display is remarkable for some extraordinary *tours de force* on the part of the singers, whose execution is something tremendous. While it is going on, we have an opportunity of looking about us, and become aware of some of the odd discrepancies in taste peculiar to Cockney management. Vast expense has been lavished in architecture and sculpture, to give the elysium a classical air—Corinthian columns, surmounted with handsome carved pediments, shew bravely in the intense light—and the exquisite statues of the old Greeks impart an artistic effect. But the money disbursed for all this must be recovered somehow; so, by the side of the Apollo Belvidere sublimely watching the flight of his arrow, there stands a stack of rifles, and a fellow in shirt-sleeves bawling: 'Rifles, gentlemen; a penny a shot—a penny a shot;' and in juxtaposition with the fair Aphrodite just risen from the wave, rises a figure with two protruding stomachs, one for each fist, upon which you are invited to discharge your blows as hard as you like: 'Only a penny a punch, gentlemen—only a penny a punch;' the interior of the figure being a mass of machinery, contrived to register the force of your fist in pounds avoirdupois upon an index which stands for the figure's face. Again, while the prima donna on the stage is wailing in miserable minors, 'What shall assuage my pain?' she is answered by the pie-boy below bellowing—'Banbury cakes, twopence; buns, a penny, gentlemen.' Fortunately these strange mixtures never strike the Londoner as discordant: he can admire with equal mind a Medicean Venus and a punch in the stomach of the weight of 250 pounds; and has no objection, while you are administering to his æsthetic predilections, to your taking any precaution you choose to insure a fair profit upon the speculation.

'Click, click'—that is the rattle of billiard-balls; and now we are in the presence of Herr Twister, the billiard professor, who knows and teaches all the mysteries of chalking, and walking, and screwing—with the front twist, the back twist, the over twist, the under twist, the top twist, the bottom twist, and the side twist—who will make a hazard from red or white into any pocket on the table, or any man's pocket in the room—who makes more cannons in a night than were fired at Sebastopol during the whole siege, and who will do everything or anything that is impossible to be done on the board of green cloth; and will 'bet you a shilling he does it, sir, and post the stakes first.' Herr Twister opens his laboratory from twelve to twelve, and enlightens the lovers of billiards on the intricacies of the science nightly—for a consideration.

But now the concert is finished, and they are clearing the space below the orchestra for a dance. Corks are drawing, bottles are gurgling, glasses are twinkling and tinkling, and waiters are running all ways at once. The gentlemen are sipping gallantry while the ladies are sipping courage, and in the meanwhile an arena is preparing where both are to be displayed. The music strikes up, and dancing commences with a quadrille, in which as many join as feel disposed. By and by, the awkward squad is shuffled aside, and the set is danced with tolerable precision. Then follows the polka of the day, after which there is a demand for the waltz, which gives rise to a little rather uncontinental whirling, ending in something very like an upset and a squabble, which, however, happily comes to nothing, as by this time the performance in the theatre is about to recommence with a ballet, which concludes the entertainments of the night, and all are eager to see it —all, that is, who are not more agreeably employed; for we note that now the cracks from the rifle-gallery are sharp and frequent—that prodigious punches are dealt upon the stomachs of the registering automaton by youths grown valiant under the influence of ale and grog, and that not a few select parties have retired to consummate their libations apart in the shady recesses of the rock. We must forbear remark on the concluding ballet, as candour compels us to confess that we are among the number of those who want the skill to distinguish between a good performance of this kind and an execrably bad one. All we know is, that there is the usual amount of dancing and dumb show, which, as the audience admire it, we suppose they may understand, though we do not. By the time this affair is concluded, it is nearly twelve o'clock, and the company, which has begun to disperse some time before, now vanishes rapidly.

We must confess to leaving the spot quite as much puzzled as pleased, and with a feeling of being overdone, and getting too much for our money. The Bird of Prey, we cannot help thinking, has an appetite too omnivorous; and by catering a little more delicately, and with a little less prodigality, might attain its object better, and with less trouble. But, after all, the guardians of the royal bird know their business best: if it is indispensable that the nightly bill of fare be a yard long in small print, why they must have something to put in it, and are bound to look to the quantity rather than the quality of their attractions.

It has been raining all day, and is raining still, when the prosecution of our discoveries brings us at eight in the evening to a house of amusement on the Surrey side of the water, and not far from the foot of one of the bridges. We are informed at the pay-table that the charge for admission to the spectacle is either a penny, twopence, or threepence, according to the place we choose to occupy. Armed with a box-ticket, price twopence, we walk on to the waiting-rooms, to await the close of the first performance, which will not be over for half an hour. The waiting-rooms proper are two, one for the boxes and one for the pit; but there is no lack of other chambers, all occupied by loungers, and one of them in charge of a man who sells nuts by rifle-shot, proportioning the amount of a customer's pennyworth to the said customer's skill in shooting at the bull's-eye. Some hundreds of persons are in attendance, and the crack of the rifle is incessant. We are not long of making two discoveries—the one is, that we are for the time being housed in the filthiest tenement we ever entered; and the other is that, bad as it is, it is good enough, judging by their language, for the average of its inmates. The house, which has borne but an equivocal reputation for more than a quarter of a century past, seems during all that time to have been falling into ruin, or, what is as bad, to have been undergoing no end of metamorphoses for various purposes at the hands of its lessees. At the present date, most of its internal walls are thin wainscotted partitions of papered pine-wood; its floors are rotted, and its roof lets in the rain, which drips at this moment even to the basement floor. These wainscotted partitions are grimy to the level of your eye with extremest filth, the contributions of the multitude who nightly rub shoulders with them. This multitude is made up of boys, lads, and young men of the class of mud-larks, poor Jacks, lightermen's and coal-whippers' apprentices from the river, of workers in the knackers' yards, the slaughter-houses, and the glue and boiling grounds of Bermondsey—of pot-boys, stable-boys, costermongers' boys, and the raff and rabble of the streets, with a sprinkling of pickpockets, area sneaks, smashers and cracksmen—together with specimens of the other sex of a corresponding character, and remarkable for nothing better than their desperate dowdiness of costume. The scene altogether is as distressing as it is characteristic. The rooms and passages are reeking with the smoke and fumes of tobacco, for in most of the mouths is stuck a short pipe. In the midst of the hubbub, individuals of both sexes are seen stretched on benches, or curled up in a corner, profoundly asleep. Here a boy of ten, who has just lighted his pipe at the gas-lamp, is thrusting the blazing paper through the grating into the floor below. No precaution is taken against fire in a building which, once ignited, would be a mass of flame in ten minutes. Everything is left to chance and the guardianship of the mob. In the midst of this vile atmosphere there are yet mothers who have brought their children to be amused, though every word they hear is a lesson in vice, and all they see tends to familiarise them with its aspect.

But now the expected exit commences in a rather uproarious style, and we have to stand aside as the columns defile past us. This exit is not through the door of entrance, and consequently there is no collision of parties. Those who have had their fill, withdraw by one door, without interfering with those about to enter. The retiring party seem to number some four hundred, and differ not much in description from those about to occupy their places. The majority of the males come out smoking their short pipes; some have children as young as four or five years of age on their shoulders, and here and there a wife hangs on the arm of her husband. Having witnessed the departure of the whole, we mount a flight of rickety stairs, inch thick in dried mud, to the boxes. Here we get the first view of the theatre, which is not badly designed, but is in a woful state of dilapidation. The pit is full to crowding on our arrival; and, smoking like the crater of a volcano with at least a hundred pipes, and sending up a torrent of yells and blasphemies, suggests for the moment a horrid idea of another pit which shall be nameless. The boxes are in reality the gallery, and the seats are foul and greasy benches of rough wood, with the exception of the central portion, which are stuffed and fenced off, and only to be occupied, as an inscription informs us, upon payment of a penny extra. The roof, which never had the benefit of lath and plaster, reveals the tiles through the dusty rafters, and lets in the rain most bountifully, so that we have to shift our position again and again ere we find a dry seat. The so-called boxes are but sparsely occupied; but there is a dense crowd in the regions below, and their uproar augments momentarily, until, wearied with their clamours, there is a lull for a few minutes, when we are aware that the fiddles are getting into tune, and there is a prospect of business commencing.

Of the business done we shall not enter into a categorical account. Enough to say, that with much that is harmlessly amusing, there is mingled much of a demoralising tendency; and that from the lips of an unmitigated blackguard, we have to listen to words which no *man* would write, and which, so far as we are aware, no English press ever did print, even in a dictionary column, and which it were flattery to describe as grossly indecent. While disgusted with this, we are surprised at the same time with the amount of real talent displayed by some of the staff. There are songs by a female singer given in a style that would do credit to some of the minor theatres; there is a *pas seul* by a danseuse who might figure in Drury Lane; and there are athletic feats rivalling those at Astley's: but with all this are mixed other ingredients that impart an intense flavour of blackguardism to the whole entertainment. The fact would appear to be, that as the bulk of the audience are the lowest of the low, and the roughest of the rough, so the subjects chosen for their recreation must be spiced fiery hot for the delectation of palates not excitable by average stimulants. Looking to the staple of amusements for a course of some months, we find them to consist of negro melodies and banjo solos—of Lancashire hops, performed in clogs—of Herculean feats of strength—and of flash songs sung in character; in addition to such matters as are mentioned above. It is to these flash songs we take violent objection. By name, they are often the same as we see in music-sellers' windows and on our own drawing-room tables; but they are garbled and interpolated here in a manner to defy description. They are sung, or rather roared, with a vehemence that is stunning, and accompanied with spoken passages of the most outrageous character. At the end of every verse the audience takes up the chorus with a zest and vigour which speaks volumes; they sing, they roar, they yell, they scream, they get on their legs, and waving dirty hands and ragged hats, bellow again till their voices crack. When the song is ended, and the singer withdraws, they encore him with a peal that seems enough to bring the rotting roof on their heads—with frantic shouts, shrieks, and catcalls—and drag him back again that they may gloat once more over the delectable morsel. The performance concludes to-night with what is called an 'Illustration,' in which a man who has been mortally wounded by a shot in the breast, performs unheard-of feats of strength while staggering in the death-pang, and falls dead on his face in the midst of a circle of friends apparently assembled for the purpose of seeing him do it.

While waiting in the anteroom as the crowd swarms out, something in the face of a poor fellow who stands near induces us to put the question: 'What brings you to such a place as this?'

'Well,' said he, 'I'm not here often; but what is a fellow to do on such a drizzlin' night? I've got no money to spend in the public-house; here I get shelter and amusement for two or three hours for a penny—it's preferable to walking the streets in the wet and mud.'

'The company, then, is not exactly what you approve.'

'You may say that. If I was to tell the conversation I've heard here, you'd never believe it—it beggars imagination—it's horrible. I work on the river, and I hear bad language enough there, but nothing at all compared with this place. 'Tis the worst school a boy can come to, and yet 'tis full of boys.'

'Is it open every night?'

'Every week-night. There's three performances on Mondays and Saturdays, and two every other night. It is a foreigner that has the place now, and they say he's making a first-rate thing of it.'

'Is it insured, do you know?'

'I should think not; I shouldn't like to insure it: every brat of a boy smokes his short pipe, and you see how they fling the fire about. There'll be a run for it one of these nights, I'm thinking.'

Here our friend, who has been waiting for a companion, strolls off; and we, hailing a passing cab, make the best of our way home.

We owe the reader some compensation for being dragged through the dirt of the above dingy domicile of the muses and (dis)graces, and shall endeavour to repay him by introducing him to a more agreeable spot. Let us away now to 'The Barn,' the glory of Merry Islington in the estimation of all merry souls. The Barn has been a celebrity as long as we can remember, and has been celebrated for so many things that we should despair of doing full justice to its character in any chronicle of a moderate length. It has recollections political, theological, and literary, as well as recreative; and the names of O'Connell, of Hazlitt, of Charles Lamb, of reverends in gowns and bishops in lawn, will have to figure in its history when that comes to be written. In the meanwhile, we will take the liberty of looking at it under some of the aspects it assumes as the arena of the enjoyments and amusements of the mob.

Enter on a fine summer's day—the way through the tavern stands open to all, without fee or question. Passing through the house, the gardens and grounds are before you, inviting your steps to wander where you will. You soon come to a clear lakelet, encircled with rocks and foliage, where, in the shadow of a grot, a nude figure of Eve at the fountain surveys itself in the water, in which are reflected the forms of miniature castles and fortresses perched on the crags above. Proceeding onwards, you plunge into a labyrinth of bowers and shady groves, with convenient seats at every turn, and banks flushing with the bloom of exquisite flowers on every side. Graceful statues on pedestals rise everywhere among the foliage; and in dim recesses, which the fiercest sun shall not penetrate, you may retire, if you like, and enjoy in solitude the green umbrage, and qualify it at your pleasure with 'a draught of vintage cooled a long age in the deep delved earth,' brought from the cellars of the host by the obsequious waiter, whom you may summon with a bell. Or, leaving these cool shades, you may stroll down beneath the blossoming hawthorns, or out on the green meadow, where perchance you encounter a group of cricketers earning an appetite for dinner by the labours of bat, ball, and wicket. Further on, you may get down from the sublime of classic associations and poetical reverie to the bathos of skittle-playing —from 'descend ye nine' to 'descend ye ninepins.' Turn then to the left, and cross the green-sward till you come to an al-fresco saloon, where five hundred people may dance as well as five—or, for the matter of that, a thousand if the day or the night be fine. But hark! what sounds are those? There is the twang of trumpets, the thunder of the biggest of bass-drums, and the squeal of clarionets *ad libitum*. We know at once what is coming. Enter into the gardens five hundred—only five hundred this time—brawny fellows from the banks of the Thames; shipwrights all of them, and a stalwart tribe they are—the veritable freemasons that build the wooden walls of Old England. Why are they come all the way from Poplar, Limehouse, Rotherhithe, Wapping, and that district, seven miles off, or near it, up to the Barn at Merry Islington? Why, because to-day is their annual festival. They want a hot dinner and a good unmistakable laugh, and they know they can get them nowhere else. On they come, and in they pour, drums beating, colours flying—and lo! in five minutes the gardens have swallowed up the whole five hundred; and they are walking and lounging, and chatting and skittling, here and there, and the grounds are ready for five hundred more, or twice five hundred, with tables, and seats, and bowers to spare for as many after that. For the fact is, the Barn can do the thing, and is not put out of its way by a trifle like furnishing five hundred people with a hot dinner. If you choose to stay till the dinner-bell rings, you shall see the thing done with a coolness that will be a 'caution.' You shall see roast and boiled, sirloin and round, fillet, shoulder, and leg, haunch, quarter, and saddle, goose, turkey, and ducks, and ducks, turkey, and goose over and over again, with capon, pullet, and chicken at their heels—all rising from the kitchen at the word of command, and walking in to the 'council of five hundred,' without so much as a moment's hitch or stoppage in the ceremony. Then the tarts and pastry shall follow, 'thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa,' and plum-puddings, round and comely, and plentiful as cannon-shot in a battery, shall appear and disappear in a way to astonish you, if you are to be astonished at all. And pray don't think that the Barn is at all nervous touching the five hundred shipwrights; if that notion gets into your head, just look across the way—there, in the other wing of the house, is the Barn's vis-à-vis, a sort of younger brother, or Barn number two, where three hundred of the shipwrights' wives and others feminine, who have come to look after their lords, are just taking a comfortable snack in the hot-dinner way at the same time. Pooh! we think nothing of that sort of thing here! After dinner, you may be sure, the cellar shall pay for it, and the game will be kept up with speech and toast and song till the stars begin to pale in the sky; for there is a good proportion of the guests, if we are not mistaken, who have made up their minds that they 'won't go home till morning—till daylight doth appear—till daylight doth appear!' with no end of *da capos*.

But now, change the scene. Enter the Barn on the evening of a grand military fête, and what do you see? Trophies and insignia are glittering around; flags are flying, and banners streaming aloft; the standards of France and England embrace above the Crescent; and while trumpets bray, and cymbals clash, and martial melodies come pealing from clarion and horn, there defiles past you a band of two hundred Crimean heroes —the genuine thing, mind you, no impersonations, but the very boys that did it—the fine fellows that stood knee-deep in the trenches through the long cold nights —who shivered and famished in rags through that dreary winter—and who, spite of all obstacles, smoked the Russian bear in his den. Here they are, the identical actors in that glorious tragedy! Do you call that a sight worth sixpence? or do you desire anything else? Then find yourself a partner, and lead her out in the dance, and add one more to the four or five hundred couples who are tripping it on the green-sward to the music of the band. Or away to some snug alcove, and peep through the leafy screen upon the gay and animated scene, and enjoy the spectacle of others' enjoyment. That's worth the sixpence at anyrate—without taking into account the grand display of fireworks, with its cascades of flame and showers of rockets, which you will have at the close, into the bargain.

We don't advise you to enter the Barn on a Sunday night—you will act as you choose. If you do, you will have to exchange your sixpence for a ticket at the door, which ticket will stand in lieu of that amount in any expenditure you may choose to make. The Barn gardens, on the Sunday nights of summer, are the Londoner's Champs Elysées, only much more crowded and ornate. Every stately statue in the shady walks and avenues now holds a light in its hand; every arbour and alcove is filled with gaily-dressed people, partaking of refreshments in friendly circles or family groups. An army of waiters are running hither and thither—bells are ringing, glasses tinkling, money chinking, and thousands of voices in mingled gossip and laughter keep up a parley that never intermits for an instant. The spectacle is striking and brilliant. The flashing lights reflected from the foliage afford contrasts of colour which defy the art of the painter—the very flowers in their beds are lighted up by jets of flame rising out of the mould in which they grow; and the vivid tints of roses, geraniums, and pansies, seen with a background of dense shadow cast by the artificial light, assume a strange aspect, and suggest ideas of novelty and mystery in which it is not unpleasant to indulge. On the whole, the illuminated night-aspect of the gardens is the nearest approach to the enchanted bowers of the eastern romancist which the Londoner can get, and we need not wonder that he enjoys it and returns to it often. We have remarked that the Sunday-evening company at the Barn is of a description easily recognised, and varying but little. It is not the Mob, but, in fact, composed principally of the respectable middle-classes, and in about an equal proportion of males and females. There must be a round number of them with whom the Sunday-night symposium, in this place, is a habit of their lives; for if we come in winter, when the gardens are desolate and bare, we find them assembled by hundreds in the saloon, where each separate party or family group has its separate table; but where all have the pleasure of the general association, and of appearing to the best advantage they can in a well-dressed and well-ordered assembly.

Were we disposed to be prolix about the Barn, we might pursue the description to the end of the sheet—for the Barn figures in every way: for a political meeting, it is unrivalled, as it can shelter thousands beneath its roof, and sometimes roofs in its meadow with canvas to accommodate thousands more. For a grand ball, it is equally fitted, and for the same reason. As a bazaar, it presents attractions which no other place possesses; and for lecturing objects, is everything that could be desired. We have seen the Barn applied to all these purposes, and a great many more; and in all its capacities it acts with the air of an establishment of unbounded resources and genuine democratic principles—which combination of qualities may serve to account for the popularity it enjoys.

THE ACCLIMATION SOCIETY.

That our lively neighbours the French have a 'restless curiosity,' has often been remarked: 'they are always trying to find out something new,' said travellers two hundred years ago; and the same may be said now. This disposition leads at times to good results; among which the operations of the *Société d'Acclimation* appear to be especially noticeable. This Society, having their head-quarters in Paris, seek to introduce and acclimatise in France, and in different parts of the French Empire, any such animal or vegetable productions or living animals as are likely to be useful; and an account of their proceedings is published in their periodical *Bulletin.* We have from time to time made incidental mention of the Society's doings, and as the last number of their publication contains a few particulars worthy of attention, we present here a short summary.

First, we have a report by M. Bernis, chief veterinary officer of the army in Africa, on the production and improvement of horses in Algeria. He describes the qualities necessary in the male to insure speed, strength, and endurance, and points out the desirability of choosing none but such as are perfect in form, because, as he shews, it is much better to improve the Arabian race within itself, than to have recourse to dangerous experiments in crossing the breed.—Then it appears that the kind best suited to the climate and forage of Algiers are those of Bazar in the Gironde, known in France as Bazadais cattle; and the Minister of War is called on to take the necessary steps for transferring a few, by way of experiment, from one side of the Mediterranean to the other. The value of the Bazadais is said to be demonstrated by the fact, that numbers have been bought for improving the English breeds.

Next comes a report from M. Hardy, director of the central government-nursery in Algiers, concerning his experiments on the importation, culture, and acclimation of exotic trees yielding caoutchouc, gutta-percha, vegetable wax and tallow, camphor and quinquina. The results hitherto obtained are not satisfactory, and whether they will improve in future, remains to be seen. The sweet sorgho—which, as our readers will remember, is a plant recently introduced from China—is likely to succeed, and repay the labour bestowed on it; and M. Hardy believes himself to be the first to have noticed that when the plant is quite ripe, there is secreted on the stems a white resinous powder—a species of wax, from which candles can be made. One hectare of sorgho will, as is stated, yield more than 100 kilogrammes of the powder.

We have not yet done with Algiers. The castor-oil plant grows naturally in that country, and it is shewn that, while a hectare of olive-trees yields 600 kilogrammes of oil, and a hectare of palm-trees 900, a hectare of the castor-oil plant will yield 1800 kilogrammes. The difference is so great, that if castor-oil could be used in industrial purposes as the other two are, an important advantage would be gained to the colony. M. Bouis, an ingenious chemist, believes that he has settled the question. He proved, some months ago, that by distilling castor-oil upon concentrated potash, the sebacic acid and caprylic alcohol are extracted as separate products, which may be turned to good account. The sebacic acid, having a high melting-point, may be employed instead of stearic acid in the manufacture of candles; and if it be mixed with stearic acid, the hardness and quality of the candles are greatly improved, and in appearance they resemble porcelain. It is possible to use caprylic alcohol in all the purposes to which ordinary alcohol is put, particularly in illumination and in the composition of varnishes. From it, moreover, certain compound ethers may be derived, of remarkable odour, similar to those which are at present largely used in commerce.

From Africa to Asia—and we find Monseigneur de Verolles, vicar-apostolic of Mantchouria, thanking the Society for having elected him an honorary member, and communicating further particulars respecting the oak, or mountain silk-worm, which are the more interesting that the Italian worm seems to be threatened with destruction. His reverence says, that in the ungenial climate of Northern Asia the worms are often hatched before the leaves of the oak appear; and that to prevent their dying of hunger, it is the practice to cut off the branches, and place them in water, whereby the buds are developed into a timely supply of food. When the worms approach their chrysalis period, they are exposed to the attacks of numerous enemies—ants and birds, frogs even, and snakes and foxes prey upon them greedily. To facilitate their feeding, the branch from which they have eaten the leaves is plucked off, and laid on the untouched branches, so that the worms themselves may effect their removal. Their silk is described as less brilliant, coarser, and more rustic, but also stronger than the silk of the mulberry-worm. The spring-silk is whiter than that taken in autumn. Cocoons and eggs were sent to France by the aid of the French consul in China, but unfortunately under conditions which have proved fatal to the success of the experiment.

The next item is one in which European cultivators will take interest. M. Sacc strongly recommends the culture of the bulbous-rooted chervil *Chærophyllum bulbosum*, an indigenous and biannual plant which grows in meadows, in damp forests, and especially in the neighbourhood of brooks. In Bavaria, it is largely cultivated, where it is regarded as an excellent vegetable. It requires a light, open soil, as highly manured as possible, but with old manure; under which conditions it produces tubercles the size of a hen's egg, and of an average weight of twenty grammes; and the calculation is that one hectare will yield about eleven tons. This is considered a good crop, seeing that it is raised from damp and otherwise unproductive lands. The seed is sown broadcast, and not too close, in August or September: it springs up in March, and from June to August the stalk grows to a length of two mètres, and develops pretty and numerous umbels of white flowers, which give it a resemblance to the wild carrot. Some of the tubercles are ready to be dug by the end of June; but it is only in September they acquire the delicious flavour of vanilla, which distinguishes them, and they are then deservedly considered a delicacy fit for any table. They are to be dug up or forked out only as they are wanted, for they keep much better in the ground than in a cellar, and do not fear the hardest frosts. Early in the spring, those which have remained in the soil shoot out their large dark-green velvety leaves. The tubercles are very nutritious; they contain 21 per cent. of starch, perfectly similar to that of the cereals; and it may be extracted as easily as the fecula of potatoes, and by the same process.

We may just add, that the *Chærophyllum sativum,* another species, is already known as producing leaves useful in soups and salads, and so content ourselves for the present with this notice of the proceedings of the Acclimation Society.

THE GREEN DRAGON OF SYDENHAM.

It was in the year 1760 I received the last touch of the artist, and was declared worthy of being exalted to the top of a pole to point out to passers-by the original old well of the Sydenham waters; those waters of which Evelyn in his diary thus writes:—'September 2, 1675.—I came back by a certain medicinal spa waters, at a place called Sydenham Wells in Lewisham parish, much frequented in summer.' Yes, there I hung—the green dragon of Sydenham—no mere painted picture or shadowy representation, but a real, substantial, wooden dragon, 'nat'ral as life,' as everybody said, though I do not know that anybody had ever met with my relations, or that any green dragon had ever before occupied my high position.

The pride of ancestry seems a natural, I had almost said a pious pride; and I would fain believe that I was not the first dragon which had adorned the post; but all I now know with certainty of my predecessors is, that we came in with the extinct animals, and this indeed ought to satisfy any one. Beautiful I was as I hung aloft, now turning jauntily on my swivel, and now looking down with benevolent eye upon the drinkers at the well. The furze of the common on which I stood was a dull, dead green, compared with the brilliant hue of my scales; the shepherd-boys looked at me with wondering admiration, the very sheep stopped their bleating, and the dogs their barking, as they passed me; but I will not speak my own praises, for I had my faults—indeed, we all have our faults, and what a comfort this is to poor dragons like me! Yes, I had my faults, and among them was that of playing with the wind; and if I was not so steady as I ought to have been, it was her doing; but somehow I could not help it, for on that common she was so pure and so fresh, all scented with sweet gorse and broom, and full of pleasant harmonies and sounds. She had so much on her wings, that, I daresay, it was a relief to disburden herself to me; and as for myself, I should have been lonely there but for her: she whispered all sorts of things to me then, and even now visits me in my retreat, and tells me how matters go at the old Sydenham well. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and my fickle playmate in adversity has become my faithful friend in prosperity, coming in, as she does, through a chink in the wall to tell me of the changes of the place. She says that the Crystal Palace stands on Rock Hills, that the Wells Road is a broad highway, that Pig Hill is altered to Peak Hill, and that the Hollow Coombs and Glennie's Corner are names almost forgotten. I like to lie here in this old box—my coffin, I might rather say—and recall the former days, the days that are past, when the beautiful common, now covered with gas-lighted houses, was thick with hornbeam, furze, and black-thorn, and four or five cottages were dotted about like specks upon the green carpet. Their owners still live; and though time has changed them almost as much as it has changed me, I know they can remember all this, and remember, too, how jealously I guarded the wells, and how great was my indignation when one or two dared to pretend to chalybeate springs, and drew away the company from our dear, old, original well. Neither the White Horse nor any other usurping signs succeeded to any great extent; we were always supported as we had a right to be, for my master had the written opinion of the celebrated Dr Peter, who in 1680 pronounced the Green Dragon Well to be the veritable spa, and a certain cure for every ill to which humanity is heir. You may see the document to this day, for we had it glazed, framed, and hung up; and if anything be the matter with you, you will find your disorder in that wondrous catalogue of complaints.

The waters had a great reputation—they were a strong tonic—and I have seen them bring back the bloom of health to many a fading cheek. It was a pretty sight to watch, day after day, the same bright faces clustering round one who was as a lily among roses, and to observe their hopeful looks as she drank the waters before the dew had left the grass, or the first blush of the sun had faded from the sky. Many, it is true, came here who were sick of nothing but an idle life. Age came to drink itself young, dissipation to drown weariness, and imagination to be cured of never-ending diseases; but even these returned refreshed by the early walk, the country breeze, and the matins of the birds. The birds—ah! that reminds me that in these old days a bird-fair was held near us, though I care not much to revert to it. It gave me pain to see the pretty songsters caged, and I scorned the low idle company thus brought to our wells. I was glad, therefore, when the bird-fair was prohibited, and no worse effects left than the cruel habit of spreading nets and snares for the poor choristers of the common. Yet perhaps, after all, it was natural that those who lived in close crowded streets should covet the music which came to us from bush and brake, for the Sydenham concerts of those times lasted both night and day: the lark only began when the nightingale left off; and though we had not our Costas, Grisis, Didiées, and Mariots in the blue orchestra of the Crystal Palace, we had our thrushes, linnets, and black-birds, who warbled beneath green canopies hung with pearls of dew. When the wind brings me reports of the doings of Sydenham as it is now, I like to lie still and remind myself of what it was fifty years ago. We had our concerts, and we had our royal visits too; and as surely as the Sydenham fountains were honoured by the presence of Her most gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, so surely were the Sydenham wells honoured by the presence of His most gracious Majesty, George III. I remember it well. Little notice had been given of the royal intention; but long before the first flock of sheep was led by, and our neighbour had trotted past on her pony for the milk from Pig Hill, my mistress had filled bucket and basin with the spa water, and left her cottage unoccupied and shut up for His Majesty's service. No curious eye was permitted to look in; and the wind so far reverenced the royal wish that not a breath of their proceedings from within reached me or the old gossips and prying urchins who peeped through the bushes to admire the noble soldiers that surrounded the cottage. Many a one there was who envied me my post on that day, for I was privileged to see him who was so sacredly kept from vulgar gaze; and as his kingly form bent to cross our little threshold, it seemed to me that his cheek wore a fresher colour, his lip a pleasanter smile, and his eye a brighter light than are worn by common men. What a chattering there was in the evening when the cottage resumed its old habits!—what marvellous tales were told of things that had never happened! And even the next morning, the tongues of old and young went faster than their feet, as they passed on their way to Rock Hills to gather up the boughs and sticks which the wind, in its boisterous mirth, had broken down from the fine old trees there.

No little envy was created by the royal visit, and when, some days afterwards, a messenger arrived with a purse as a present from the king, my master received it with a fervent 'May King George come again,' but at the same time kept the matter close, as much from fear of the neighbours' tongues as from dread of the highwaymen who haunted the common and its neighbourhood. Now, when I say this, some idea may be formed of the terrors of those tongues, for the highwaymen about this time were, as my master said, most 'owdacious.' Carriages were stopped in broad daylight; our own squire was robbed of his watch before seven in the evening, and never afterwards travelled without a robbing-watch, made up expressly for the occasion; and it was necessary to appoint a patrol, armed with a blunderbuss, to meet the coach daily at the bottom of our hill. The wind brought me all these particulars, and told me how she had in vain shaken the chains of the two men who hung on Hounslow Heath; but that nothing daunted the highwaymen, who would carry on their depredations beneath the very gibbet itself.

I was sorry to hear so much of the wickedness of mankind; but, to tell the truth, we of the wells had not much cause for boasting. I question whether any but myself ever heard the sound of the parish bells, for we were three miles from the church; and yet I fear the clock was the outward sign most missed by us, though even for this we found a substitute in Neville, the shepherdess, who brought her flock so regularly to the common from her hovel at the lower village, that the sight of her rope-girdled coat, red petticoat, and high-crowned beaver, were signals as much to be depended on as the clock, bell, or whistle of the railway-train. Poor Neville! she was the last of the shepherdesses. There was nothing Arcadian about her; indeed, if report were true, her character was as far from straight as the iron crook she carried. She had what the neighbours called 'an awkward trick' of substituting their live lambs for her dead ones; and it was well for her that her large flock could tell no tales, and that I was not a Solomon just about lambing-time. Poor Neville! she died in 1814, in Lewisham workhouse—a sad end for the relic of the golden age! Every place has its peculiar characters, and we had ours; for, in addition to the last of the shepherdesses, we had the last of the hermits, for Matthews, the Dulwich hermit, passed our door daily. Unlike the shepherdess, he was quiet and inoffensive; occasionally working in the gardens around, talking more to himself than to others, but ever predicting the future greatness of Sydenham, and the wonderful building which was to arise near his cave. Truly, he needed some vision of palace, fountain, and brightness, to make his head lie easy in his resting-place, for this was a mere hole, hollowed out by himself in the earth, admitting him only on hands and knees; boasting no other furniture than a kettle hung on sticks, and no bars or bolts, save the few rough bushes which guarded its entrance. Many who came to the wells went a few steps further to see the hermit's cave; and for several years he shared with us the curiosity and regard of the wonder-loving public.

I lived on in peace for many years, watching these strange beings and the drinkers at the well; but I now began to be weak, and the wind turned me round just as she liked. In short, my constitution began to shew signs of breaking up, when a rumour of war reached us, and revived my sinking frame. Our tastes have always been warlike, from the days of St George and upwards. Imagine, then, with what joy I heard of the reviews and sham-fights which were to be held on our common! Many still live who remember those days; if the old men cannot tell you the exact date, they will say: 'It were in the nineties;' and they will relate how soldiers took the place of sheep, and how bullets whizzed where nightingales had sung. Yes, I saw Dulwich Wood in possession of the French, and marked them retreat before the brave English troops of Sydenham Common. I noted the valour of the Oxford Blues, and the shots of the City Rifles, the courtly grace of the Prince of Wales, and the noble bearing of the royal dukes. All this I saw; and when the wind brought me the Duke of York's March as it played from the tents on Peak Hill, my whole frame trembled and vibrated with delight. Few of the gay crowd who pass my old home on their way to the Crystal Palace think of all this; but there are even among those, some who may remember how often, as boys, they fought over again the sham-fight upon that very spot; for long after that day the common was the Aldershott of our children, and there was not a furze-bush or a hawthorn-tree that had not been taken by the French, only to be retaken by the English. I myself, alas! was but too often the mark of the would-be riflemen, and long suffered from the attacks of the juvenile artillery corps. How great are the changes of half a century! Little did any but the hermit then think that in the April of 1855 the French alliance should be embodied by the presence of a Napoleon on that very spot, or that the Coldstream Guards, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Crimean heroes, should celebrate the festival of Peace where the Oxford Blues, the Duke of York, and the bold dragoons had fought their mimic fight.

But I can say no more: the changes and chances of fifty years are full of sadness to men and to dragons. I could go on to tell of the murder of the hermit in 1802, the enclosure of the common, and the last drinker at the wells some twenty years since; but all this makes the worm at my heart gnaw sharper. No, rather would I lie still and listen to the whispers of the wind, and, in the fast fulfilling predictions of old Matthews, bid the morn of youth rise to new light. When I hear how green lawns, gentle slopes, noble terraces, and gay blossoms, have risen in the place of the wood and of the common, I would fain believe that the spirits of the gentle flower-loving Evelyn and the gardener-hermit still linger on the spot, and touch it with a magic finger. When I am told of fountains which now soar upwards, as if impatient to touch the heavens, and now fall in showers of sparkling gems—now clothed in dazzling brightness like some fair bridal train, and now adorned by the sun with mantles of rainbow hues—then I would fain believe that these, too, are the spirits of the wells—these, those pleasant Sydenham waters so 'much frequented in summer.'

THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM A POEM BY CHARLES BONER.

Like the wooing dove,
Breathing an air of tenderness around;

Anon then changing suddenly, as though
Some store of joy at length had found a voice;
And fast and eager gave it utterance so,
Ere the full heart had finished to rejoice—

Thine seemeth not *one* voice, but many, flowing
Like welling streams escaping from their thrall,
Stopped but by floating lilies near them growing,
And making many a noisy water-fall—

A rivulet of voices, sweetly blending
In choral harmony; then quickly after
Changing, beyond all human comprehending,
Now to a voice of grief, and now of laughter.

As sudden as the sun in April time,
It bursts in gladness forth, fresh, thrilling, loud;
Partaking, like the year's most fitful prime,
Of joy and gloom—the rainbow and the cloud.

That voice in listening silence all hath bound,
So wild and thrilling is its witching tone;
A wondrous melody—a stream of sound
That floateth on and on, still ever, ever on.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 149. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856. Price 1½*d*.

THE DRAMA UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Though rupees are as plentiful as black-berries in the East India Company's dominions, to *pick* them with any comfort, you must either be accredited by the magnates in Leadenhall Street, or belong to an old-established mercantile house in Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta. Snug fortunes are occasionally made by indigo planters, lawyers, and a few other lucky individuals; but as a general rule, money-making is a monopoly exclusively enjoyed by the privileged classes mentioned above; and the mere fortune-seeking adventurer, without capital or connections in the country, would do well to avoid it as he would a mad elephant or a wounded tiger.

To the brethren of the sock and buskin, India can never prove a Dorado—the expense of the journey, the heat of the climate, and, lastly, the comparatively small number of Europeans in each station, acting as an effectual damper to any enterprising *artistes* anxious to strut their hour upon an Anglo-Indian stage. Perhaps when railways are more generally introduced in the country, and luggage-vans have superseded bullock-hackeries, greater facilities will be afforded to the roving Thespian for the display of his art; but even with the advantages of expeditious travelling, and the consequent saving of time in his transit from one station to another, cantonments large enough to afford him the object of his ambition, a 'crowded house,' are 'like angels' visits, few and far between;' and the poor player, at the end of his tour through the provinces, would in all probability find himself poorer than when he started.

There *have* been instances, however, where legitimate professors of the dramatic art have been bold enough to try their fortune in this discouraging country, and, moreover, have earned a scanty subsistence by the exercise of their vocation. A few years ago, a kind of theatrical Ida Pfeiffer, who announced herself in the largest type, and with a profusion of notes of admiration, as 'Miss Clara Elton of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,' made a solitary expedition through India, where, with the assistance of some good-natured amateurs, she starred it in legitimate drama to the wonderment of such of the population as had never seen a live actress before. And a French comedian, with a wife who combined millinery and ballet-dancing, pitched his tent in a large hill-station in the north-west; where he occasionally treated the valetudinarians congregated there for the benefit of their health, and the ladies escaped from the damaging effects of a hot season in the plains, to a nondescript sort of entertainment, comprising vaudeville, singing, and dancing—the pirouettes and short petticoats of the little Frenchwoman in the latter part of the performance, considerably astonishing the natives who witnessed the exhibition, *their* nautch-girls being enveloped in clouds of flimsy drapery, in the graceful management of which their art chiefly consists.

An attempt was also made to establish a permanent theatre at Calcutta; but the good people inhabiting that City of Palaces are so busy making their fortunes, and in such a hurry to get home to spend them, that they have no time to be amused; and the little Sans Souci, after a gallant struggle, failed for want of support, was shut up for some years, and now flourishes, I believe, as a sort of Oriental Maynooth.

In this dearth of professional talent, the English public in India is entirely dependent for dramatic entertainment upon the efforts of the amateur; and private theatricals, though usually pooh-poohed, and voted slow at home, are at a high premium in a country where any attempt to dispel the ennui, and vary the monotony inseparable from a residence there, is hailed as a boon by the whole community. The clever actor is a most popular character, especially if he be in the comic line; he gets the credit of all the good things he says on the stage, and is a 'stunner,' 'an amusing person,' or 'a funny man,' according as the opinion is delivered by a rollicking subaltern, a pompous old bigwig, or a frisky young lady. This reputation is not without its inconvenience, however. Irreverent youths slap him on the back, and treat him with the greatest familiarity; whereas they approach the Claude Melnotte of the company with fear and trembling; and when, to fill up a cast, the comic man good-naturedly attempts something serious or sentimental, the audience, only accustomed to see him in *Box and Cox*, or *Bombastes Furioso*, provokingly mistake his pathos for drollery, and will insist upon laughing when he is doing his best to make them cry!

Every station of any size or standing in India possesses its regular Adelphi or Lyceum, built by subscription; but in those lately established, such as Rumballah, for instance, the abode of the drama is generally an empty barrack. A stage is erected at one end, and the remainder of the building divided into compartments. Each spectator finds his own seat. Chairs, ticketed with their owners' names, are sent to the dress-circle; and the occupants of pit and gallery sit on forms contributed from the various barrack-rooms. A carpet is laid down for the quality, and the floor is progressively raised from the orchestra, so that the gods can see over the heads of pit and boxes.

Wooden chandeliers, covered with flowers and bristling with candles, hang by variegated ropes from the cobwebby beams that support the lofty roof—elegant festoons of party-coloured calico take away from the bareness of the white-washed walls, and a crimson purdah, or screen, hanging before each door, gives quite a full-dress appearance to the house. The proscenium is of bright salmon colour, ornamented with imitation stage-boxes, and surmounted by a choice specimen of animal painting, in the shape of the royal arms—more remarkable, perhaps, as a display of loyalty than zoological research, and justifying a doubt in the spectator's mind as to 'which is the lion.' The drop is a master-piece, in which the artist, despising the tame classical landscape, or architectural bit of still life common in an English theatre, has depicted a brilliant scene from a ballet, copied from the *Illustrated London News*, or a spirited representation of the action of Chillianwallah, in which the stereotyped officer of battle-scenes, with his hair streaming in the wind, is sitting with much ease and grace on the invariable white charger, prancing in an impossible position on an inaccessible bit of ground, cheering on his men with his sword in one hand and his cocked-hat in the other, the remainder of the picture being a heterogeneous mass of dead Sikhs, smoke, and bayonets!

The scenery generally, in India, is of an original and striking character, being distinguished by a bold defiance of all rules of perspective, which never fails to have its due effect upon the bewildered spectator, and the artists are usually either amateur dabblers in oils and water-colours, or privates who, having commenced life as plumbers and glaziers, got sick of paint and putty, and exchanged the brush for the musket. Should hypercriticism, as is sometimes the case, uncharitably mistake their clouds for feather-beds, or detect a fanciful resemblance in their trees to cabbages, the Indian Beverleys console themselves with the reflection, that the works of genius have always been liable to misconstruction, and that canvas can be bought very cheap in the bazaar.

Gas not having been laid down yet in this unenlightened land, and being one of the *few* things not exported from England in hermetically sealed canisters, the foot-lights are composed of double cotton-wicks standing in tumblers half full of water, on the top of which floats a quantity of cocoa-nut oil, and the stage is darkened, when necessary, by means of a board working on hinges.

The duty of putting this up is usually confided to the Big Drum, who sits at the O. P. end of the orchestra, and raises it with his hand, having been previously instructed at rehearsal as to the proper time for so doing—the aforesaid Drum invariably mistaking the cue, and darkening in the wrong place, thereby producing effects of the most startling and contradictory character; or he is so engrossed by the acting, that he forgets it altogether, till reminded of his error by the energetic pantomime of the prompter round the corner of the proscenium—a performance immensely relished by the audience, and rewarded with shouts of applause.

Every European regiment has its regularly organised company; but in large stations the *corps dramatique* includes every one who has, or fancies he has, any histrionic talent, from the general to the drummer-boy; and the result is often a very creditable performance, displaying an amount of good acting that would not disgrace a London theatre.

There are some very clever amateurs among the soldiers; but a serious drawback to their performance is their systematic ill-treatment of the letter H. We naturally feel disgusted with Richard III. when we hear that conscience-stricken monarch bellowing loudly for 'another orse;' and if a despairing lover, regardless of his white ducks, drops down on his knees, and franticly implores his 'beautiful Hemmar' to fly with her 'faithful Enry,' we cannot help thinking, making every allowance for his agitation, and the absurdity of his position, that 'Enry's' education must have been sadly neglected.

Another common sin against Lindley Murray is that of reckless punctuation. As an instance: on one occasion, in a quarrel scene, a noble baron was struck in the face by another noble baron. The receiver of the insult ought to have indignantly exclaimed: 'What! —a *blow!*' and, drawing his sword, have invited his adversary to 'come on;' instead of which, the injured nobleman, heedless of emphasis, exclaimed: '*What* a blow!' as if admiring the muscular strength of the opponent that had administered it.

The style of pieces performed depends a good deal upon the company: Officers delight in Planché's dramas, with splendid Charles II. sort of dresses, all velvet, buff boots, gold-lace, and feathers; or elegant drawing-room comedy, with the usual adjuncts of white kid and patent leather—it being a favourite delusion of the gentleman-amateur that he can act Sir Charles Coldstream as well as Mr C. Mathews himself; totally forgetting that a gentleman in private life is a very different character from a gentleman on the stage. Soldiers, on the other hand, incline to diabolical or sanguinary melodrama—they cannot have too many terrific combats or enough of blue fire. Nautical pieces, full of boarding, hornpipes, 'walking the plank,' and 'sucking the monkey,' are also very popular; but their greatest delight is a ghost! Anything supernatural or horrible, such as a headless figure in a white sheet, or a spectral Corsican Brother pointing to his wounded breast, creates a *furore.* All ranks, however, unite in liking what an Adelphi playbill calls a screamer; and broad farce, as it is the easiest, is always the most successful.

The insane individual who attempts to manage a company of gentlemen-amateurs must be no ordinary mortal. He must give every one a good part and a handsome dress, and must read one at rehearsal, and superintend the manufacture of the other. He must make up his mind to be cut by half his acquaintance for not doing so. He must be a judicious combination of the *fortiter in re* and *suaviter in modo*, and must coax, bully, wheedle, or snub, according to circumstances. He must, on occasion, be his own scene-painter, property-man, prompter, and call-boy. He must never leave the theatre, except when, regardless of *coup de soleil*, he is rushing about the station in pursuit of some backsliding or rehearsal-shirking amateur. He must superintend everything and everybody in a temperature ranging from a hundred in the shade to boiling heat in the sun—in fact, he must be, as Mrs Malaprop says, 'like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once;' and must partake of the united qualities of a lion, a lamb, and a salamander.

The first step towards getting up a performance is invariably a tiffin; for as in England no business can be transacted without a dinner, so in India tiffin is the meal at and after which all affairs of importance are discussed. On these festive occasions, so much noise is made, and such a quantity of bottled beer imbibed, that nothing is decided; every one has a favourite play, and wants to take the principal part; and the only thing carried unanimously is, that the invidious task of selecting one, and distributing the other, shall be left to the unhappy individual, a few of whose multifarious duties have been detailed above.

The great difficulty in India consists in procuring ladies for our dramas; and in the absence of professional aid, we are obliged to have recourse to the practice, common in Shakspeare's time, of making boys take women's parts. For this purpose, the judicious manager seizes upon all lately imported cadets, before their voices get gruff or their moustaches incipient, and forthwith puts them into petticoats; and pretty lady-like little men, with small waists, and falsetto organs, are ruthlessly deprived of their whiskers, and padded and bustled into models of symmetry and elegance. All sorts of ingenious devices are resorted to, to round off the rectangular figures of lanky ensigns and bony young cornets, who, with the assistance of crinoline and other artful contrivances, are converted into stately queens, fat landladies, sentimental spinsters, or pert chamber-maids, according to demand. Very lifelike and natural curls are manufactured out of tow, ribbon, and Berlin wool; two or three skeins of worsted, plaited, make capital 'back-hair,' and a net covers a multitude of sins. The ladies of the station are laid under contribution for old dresses, bonnets, and shawls, which, though rather shabby, and unable to bear the light of day, look perfectly splendid at night; and if new and gorgeous dresses be required, glazed calico is a very good imitation of satin, figured chintz of brocaded silk, and cheap cotton-velvet looks like the best Genoa by candle-light. Native tailors do the necessary millinery and dress-making, under the superintendence of a soldier's wife, who acts as lady's-maid to the company.

The difficulties of costume having been got over, the be-wigged and be-flounced young Venuses are put through a course of feminine training, and drilled in all the little airs and graces essential to an elegant female deportment. They are taught to take short, mincing steps, courtesy without bobbing, salute affectionately by looking over each other's shoulders, manage their dress gracefully when sitting down, fan themselves prettily, run with propriety, faint becomingly, scream naturally, and, above all, hold their lace-edged pocket-handkerchiefs by the centre, and *not* at the corner, as these awkward young ladies invariably do.

In spite, however, of the greatest care in educating and 'making up' our actresses, the consequences of this Elizabethan custom are ludicrous in the extreme. Close-shaven, blue chins, which no amount of paint or powder will conceal—voices, which coming apparently from elegantly dressed females, sound intensely gruff, as if their fair owners were suffering from severe cold in their heads; or, if pitched in a high key, occasionally breaking down, making the contrast more laughable—strides a good deal more than the thirty-six inches allowed by Her Majesty's regulations as the proper length of pace for 'quick' time—waists, in spite of the most excruciating compression, equal in diameter to a good-sized barrel—too liberal an exposure of sandal—artificial prominence indulged in without judgment to an absurd extent, or dispensed with altogether, giving a straight up-and-down appearance to the human form divine ridiculous to behold—or perhaps some terrible catastrophe, when the whole structure, unartistically put together, comes unpinned or untied, and gives way 'with a run,' leaving the blushing *débutante* a chaotic ruin, afraid to stir, lest a more alarming *exposé* should take place, till the curtain descends precipitately amid screams of laughter, and relieves her modest confusion!

These little *contre-temps* constitute half the fun of amateur theatricals; and if nothing of the sort happened, the audience would consider themselves defrauded of part of their legitimate amusement.

An actor becomes nervous, forgets his part, and after writhing about in mute agony for some time, with his arms and legs spasmodically agitated, rushes wildly off the stage, carrying a practicable door with him, and is found moaning in the green-room, in much the same state as Mr Winkle after he had been badgered by Serjeant Buzfuz. The stage is kept waiting while an amateur inspires himself with 'Dutch courage;' in his haste to imbibe which, half goes the wrong way, and he is hurried on by the manager, nearly choked and gasping, and, heedless of cue or prompter, plunges into a dialogue three scenes off. The 'drop' is not ready at the end of a piece, and the *dramatis personæ* stand in a semicircle bowing and scraping like so many Chinese mandarins, and looking savagely up at the curtain, as if *that* would bring it down, till the audience are tired of applauding, when a general bolt takes place, and it eventually descends on an empty stage. Doors spoken of as locked are palpably open—characters are killed by pistols the property-man has forgotten to load—half of a palace 'flat,' all gilt and gingerbread, meets half a cottage one, decorated with a kitchen dresser—tree 'wings' appear in drawing-rooms—streets are paved with gay coloured carpets, and a hundred other theatrical enormities committed that would send Mr Charles Kean into tetanic convulsions.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, a hiss is unknown—the most unmitigated 'stick' receives a fair share of encouragement—and considering the temperature he has to perform in, the Indian amateur is certainly entitled to anything but a *cool* reception. The atmosphere of an *English* theatre in the dogdays is rather a trial of one's powers of endurance, but an Indian one during the 'hot season' can be compared in point of temperature only to the engine-room of a steamer in the Red Sea. The audience on these occasions are tolerably cool and comfortable, as punkahs are swinging over their heads, and a kind of winnowing machine, called a thermantadote, is puffing cool air through wet 'kuskus'—a kind of root, agreeably scented—into the body of the house all night; but this cannot be managed behind the scenes, which, with the heat of the lights, and the necessity of keeping all doors and windows shut to prevent a draft putting them out, is converted into a sort of boiler. Swarms of mosquitoes, disturbed by the moving of the scenery from their aërial abodes in the 'flies,' go open-mouthed at the simmering amateur, attracted perhaps by his glittering dress, and make him the centre of a system of pitiless persecution: streams of paint and perspiration run down the faces of stage-struck heroes and heroines, utterly ruining their attempts at 'making up;' and the theatrical martyrs get through their respective parts only by the aid of repeated doses of iced champagne, and other stimulants. A scene like the following—quite a farce in itself—goes on for the twenty minutes before the rising of the curtain.

Scene—The stage of the Sunderbund Theatre; time—8 P.M., the hour named in the bill for the performance to commence; thermometer, a hundred and something; dressing-rooms at the sides opening on to the stage; scene-shifters in red jackets and forage-caps setting the scenes for the *School for Scandal*, under the direction of a stout sergeant, in a white livery coat and plush breeches, who unites the responsible offices of prompter and stage-servant, officiating in the latter capacity on account of his calves, which are 'pro-digious,' and a standing joke with the 'gods' whenever he makes his appearance.

Amateurs in various stages of undress are wandering about, manuscript in hand, muttering to themselves, or gesticulating furiously, and making horrible faces before looking-glasses. Crabtree is hearing Snake his part in one corner, and Joseph Surface is arranging Maria's back-hair in another. Rowley, a fat assistant-surgeon, is drawing black lines all over his jolly red face, in a hopeless attempt to give it a wrinkled appearance. Lady Teazle—in an old satin dress, the gift of the judge's wife, and a plume of ostrich feathers, cut out of silver paper—is sitting on an imitation mangle in the middle of the stage, drinking brandy and water, and puffing out volumes of smoke from a long Trichinopoli cheroot, with her feet on the back of a chair, displaying a pair of elephantine ankles, which are usually decorated with boots and spurs, her ladyship holding an appointment in the governor-general's body-guard. A wonder-stricken native is fanning her with a hand-punkah, to prevent the amalgamation of the rose and lily—in other words, the rouge and pearl-powder, composing her complexion. Sir Oliver Surface, an animated lath, is attempting, with pillows and other bulky articles, to give a more imposing appearance to his spare anatomy, and visibly melting away during the process. Lady Sneerwell—a baldheaded civilian, the collector of Mangopore—is sticking on a black sheepskin beard for Moses, an amateur intrusted with the part, on account of his Jewish cast of countenance. Trip and Careless, two commissariat officers, are squabbling for the possession of a gaudy yellow waistcoat with blue sprigs; and Mrs Candour—a little major, and of course podgy—is bawling for some one to 'hook' her. Native servants are flying about in a state bordering on distraction at the bewildering orders of their excited masters. Screams for assistance and shouts of laughter resound on all sides. Corks are popping everywhere, collisions constantly occurring, everybody is in everybody else's way, and all is hurry, bustle, and confusion.

Enter Captain Crummles, the manager, dressed as Sir Peter Teazle, minus his wig, and with a forage-cap on, in the state of excitement usual with managers on nights of performance. He is followed by a punkah-wallah, who has some trouble in keeping up with his ubiquitous master.

Sir Peter. Now, then, look alive, you fellows: the overture's just going to begin. Strike up, Mr Crasher (telegraphing from the side to the band-master in the orchestra). By Jove! (looking through a hole in the drop) the house is nearly full, and the brigadier's come. Vanish! you niggers (making a dash at a group of grinning natives that are crowding in to see the sahib's *nautch*)—clear the road, you sons of blacking-bottles (driving them helter-skelter in all directions). Fan away, Mephistopheles—I'm parboiled (sinks into chair). Holloa! who's been smoking? (starting up).

Lady Teazle (concealing her cheroot, and looking the picture of innocence). It's the lamps, I think.

Sir P. No, it isn't—the lamps don't burn tobacco! (perceiving her Trichinopoli, and coaxingly)—Now do put it out, Bagot; you know it's against the rules. They'll smell it in front, and then there'll be a row.

Lady T. All right; only one more whiff—there (throwing it away, and hitting Joseph Surface in the eye as he comes on the stage).

Joseph Surface. Come, I say.

Lady T. Beg pardon, old fellow; I didn't mean to hit you—I aimed at that coolie.

Sir Oliver Surface (who, having finished his stuffing, is panting on a sofa with two natives fanning him). I say, Crummles, if you don't begin soon, there'll be nothing left of me but wool and feathers. Here, Butler, bring me something cold in a bucket.

Sir P. What's this mangle doing here, in Lady Sneerwell's dressing-room, Merryweather? It's not wanted till the farce.

Sergeant Merryweather. I couldn't get a toilet-table, sir, and I'm going to make the mangle do with a sheet and a looking-glass.

Sir P. Oh, very well. Just go in front, will you, and pull the carpet straight.

The sergeant's appearance before the curtain is the signal for roars of laughter, and shouts of 'calves' from the gallery, which send him back a good deal flustered, but smiling, as the corpulent non-commissioned officer is secretly vain of his supporters.

Lady Sneerwell (entering from dressing-room in a state of transition, and with a shaving-brush in her hand). Will any one lace me? I have to go on in the first scene.

Sir Benjamin Backbite (a powerful Hibernian). I will. Come here, and I'll make you an illigant figure. Lay tight hould of something. Are you ready?

Lady S. (clutching a wing). Yes! Pull away!

Sir B. (tugging at the lace). Hoy-oh! Hoy-oh!

Lady S. Oh, not so tight. Let go. I can't breathe.

Sir B. One—two—three—haul. (Lace gives way, and Sir Benjamin tumbles through a scene.)

Lady S. Thank goodness!

Sir P. (rushing at Sir Benjamin, and picking him up). Now, then, stupid! We're not playing a pantomime, that you need go flying through the scenery in that harlequin fashion.

Sir B. Och! my leg's broke.

Sir P. Bother your leg! Look at the hole you've made in that panel. Bring a needle and thread, Merryweather, and see if you can't stitch it up.

Sir B. And then come and try your hand on my pantaloons, sergeant; they're split to ribbons! (looking ruefully down at his fractured garments, and limping away).

Maria (a skinny young ensign in white muslin, who looks more like a lamp-post than a young lady). Has any one seen my silk stockings? Will this do, Crummles? (shewing her dress, and turning round for inspection).

Sir P. No—of course not! You're not sufficiently developed, my dear. Ladies in Sheridan's time were like balloons. Where's Mrs Brown?

Maria. She's dressing the major! (The major is Mrs Candour.)

Sir P. When she's finished him, tell her to make you a good deal plumper; and bring me some Indian ink, and I'll give you a pair of eyebrows.

While this operation is being performed, enter Trip and Careless, very much excited.

Trip. I'll wear it!

Careless. No, you won't; I will.

Trip (on one side of Sir Peter). Didn't you say, Crummles, I was to wear that yellow waistcoat?

Care. (at the other side). No, you said I was.

Sir P. What does it matter? There are others in the wardrobe.

Care. But it's too good for a servant.

Trip. No gentleman would be seen in such a thing.

Care. (who has the coveted garment on). Well, I've got it, and I shall keep it.

Trip (with dignity). Then I won't act!

Sir P. (laughing). Nonsense. I'll lend you twice as good a one (producing a flaming red waistcoat from a box, with which Trip retires triumphantly).

Joseph Surface (with cork in his hand). I say, Bagot (to Lady Teazle), give me a pair of moustaches.

Sir P. No, no; *you* musn't wear moustaches. Why, Maria will be wanting a pair next.

Lady S. (who is progressing in her toilet, and presents the unusual appearance of a highly rouged and splendidly dressed lady, with a perfectly bald head). I say, Crummles, I advise you not to go near my wife; she's awfully savage with you for making me cut off my whiskers.

Sir P. You look twice as well without them.

Lady S. Gammon! I'll do anything for you in the low comic line; but this is my last appearance in petticoats.

Enter Mrs Brown, the 'lady's-maid,' an antiquated old female, with an inflamed countenance. She is evidently in that stage of semi-intoxication, popularly known as 'half-seas over,' caused by her having skilfully intercepted several consignments of liquid intended for the refreshment of the amateurs. She stands swaying to and fro in the doorway of the ladies' dressing-room, and articulates huskily.

Mrs Brown. Were you awanting me, Cap'n Crummle?

Sir P. Yes, Mrs Brown. Look there (pointing to Maria's limp medieval figure)—*that* won't do.

Mrs B. I can't do nothink with Muster Blackingberry, Cap'n Crummle. He ain't got no ips; at least (correcting herself), none worth mentionin'.

Sir P. You *must* do something for him. Hips or no hips, he can't go on the stage with no more figure than a bathing-woman.

Mrs B. Well, Cap'n Crummle, I'll make the young genleman fuller, if you like, but I won't answer for the consequences.

Sir P. That's right. Go along, Brackenbury, and see if you can't grow a little stouter: you'd be a perfect Venus if you had more of the Hottentot in you.

Mrs Brown retires, muttering something about 'when a gent ain't got no ips;' then returns and sidles up to Sir Peter.

Mrs B. You couldn't tell that black chap to bring a bottle of beer to my room, could you, Cap'n Crummle?

Sir P. Certainly not, Mrs Brown. You've had quite enough already.

Mrs B. Lor! Cap'n Crummle, how *can* you say so? I've hardly tasted a drop.

Sir P. Never mind; I'll send some to you when the performance is over.

Mrs B. Oh, just as you please, Cap'n Crummle. It's not for myself I wanted it: the major was feeling dry, and says he: 'Mrs Brown, like a good creature, go to Cap'n Crummle, and'——

Mrs Candour (from dressing-room). What 's that about the major? (Mrs Brown retires discomfited.)

Enter Mrs Candour, a jovial little field-officer, *rather* inclining to *embonpoint*, in a handsome dress made out of window curtains, and a petticoat of white calico.

Mrs C. I say, Crummles, my boy, what am I to do? My dress doesn't fit me (turning round and shewing a wide gap). That thick-headed tailor measured me *before* dinner. It 's no use trying—I 've had two of the grenadier company tugging at me for the last ten minutes.

Sir P. It can't be helped. You must only keep your 'full front' to the audience, and back out when you make your exit.—See if all the characters for the first act are ready, Merryweather.—By the by, where 's Brummel? (counting the actors, and missing the amateur that was to take Charles Surface). Has any one seen Brummel?

Moses. He's playing billiards with the colonel; at least——

Charles Surface (the regimental dandy, appearing at door in uniform). Where *do* you expect to go to, you howwible Hebwew?

Sir P. 'Pon my word, it's too bad; Brummel if you can't be here in time, you'd better not act at all; we're just going to ring up.

C. S. (taking off his coat). Oh, pitch into the colonel, not into me, you old savage. I was obliged to finish the wubber, and let him win it too, or I shouldn't have got leave from pawade to-mowwow.

Sir P. Well, look sharp, Beau; the brigadier's here, and you know how savage he gets if he's kept waiting.

C. S. (taking off his waistcoat). He doesn't care, though, how long he keeps us gwilling in the sun, while he smokes his morning chewoot. Here, Beawer, pull off my boots; I'm not equal to the exertion. And you, black Ganymede (to the native mounting guard over the champagne), a glass of the 'cweamy:' I'm athirst.

Sir P. (imploringly, as Brummel generally goes on 'primed' as he calls it). Now, do be careful, Beau: you know you were half screwed in the *Rivals*.

C. S. (tossing down a tumblerful). Why, you old *te*totaller! I never acted better in my life. You're jealous because I bwought down the house.

Sir Oliver (who was Mrs Malaprop on the occasion). Yes, when you tripped over your own sword, and nearly sent me flying into the pit.

Sergeant Mer. (to Sir Peter). There's the last bar of the overture, sir.

Sir P. (immediately getting excited). Now, then, clear the stage. If you don't get out of that, I'll break your head (to a bewildered native, who, in his extreme anxiety to be out of everybody's way, is squatting under a table on the stage). Look out with the drop. Come on, Lady Sneerwell; and Snake—where's Snake?

Snake (from dressing-room). I can't find my wig.

Sir P. Oh, hang your wig; come on without.

Snake. Will you lend me yours?

Sir P. No—of course not. (indignantly).

Snake. I can't go on in my own hair. (It is bright red.)

Sir P. Then we must cut out the scene.

Lady S. No, no—I'll go through it by myself.

Enter an aid-de-camp in full dress.

Aid-de-camp. The brigadier wants to know when you're going to begin.

Sir P. Immediately.

Lady T. If not sooner.

Maria (whose figure is much improved). Ask the old boy, with my compliments, if he'll sing a comic song between the acts.

Sir P. Now, then, Snake, *are* you coming?

Snake (running on breathless, with his wig turned the wrong way). I've found it; fire away.

Sir P. Take your places. (Reading from prompt-book) —'Lady Sneerwell sitting at dressing-table, right; Snake, left—drinking chocolate.' Sit down and fan yourself, Lushington; and drink chocolate, can't you, Snake?

Snake. There isn't any to drink.

Sir P. (stamping). Never mind; take up the cup, and make-believe. Now, then, are you all ready? Mind you, speak out, Snake. Don't hold your fan like a cricket-bat, Lushington.

Lady Sneerwell, in her attempt to be more graceful, drops it. She stoops to pick it up; a subdued crash is heard. She starts up.

Sir P. (horrified). What 's the matter?

Lady S. Something 's given way—I don't know where—but I 'm coming undone. Mrs Brown! Mrs Brown! (rushes to dressing-room, followed by Sir Peter tearing his hair, and shouting 'Music!').

The band strikes up a polka, to which, in spite of the heat, Joseph Surface and Maria commence dancing, followed by Moses and Mrs Candour. In about five minutes, during which two messages are received from the brigadier, Sir Peter returns with Lady Sneerwell repaired.

Sir P. (savagely). Now, then, stop that dancing, and clear the stage. Just see the state you 're in. You (to Joseph Surface) that ought to be looking so calm and sanctimonious, have got a face the colour of beetroot. And that right eyebrow of yours, that I took such pains with, Maria, is trickling all down your nose. Now, then, (seizing bell)—places—(Lady Sneerwell and Snake take their seats). Ready?

Lady S. Wait a bit—I 'm parched. Bring me some champagne, Merryweather.

Sir Peter executes a *pas* indicative of impatience.

Snake (holding out his cup). And give me a little; it will look more natural.

Sir P. That 'll do. *Are* you ready? Mind the drop. Will you clear the stage? (First bell—band stops.) For goodness' sake, don't crack anything else, Lushington. Look out (second bell).

Half-a-dozen amateurs, who, as usual, have loitered on the stage till the last moment, scamper off at the different wings, like so many rabbits; and up goes the curtain, discovering Lady Sneerwell fanning herself rather awkwardly, and Snake drinking champagne out of a chocolate cup.

ABOUT BARBERS.

Probably fashion has never exercised so unrelaxing, and withal so capricious a control, as she has over the human hair. From the earliest times of which we have any record, the world appears to have agreed in placing their heads under her governance. It is impossible to divine the reasons which first induced mankind to be dissatisfied with the provision made by nature for the protection and adornment of the head; but very early in the history of the world, evidence exists of their having become so. We have seen it stated by some learned antiquary, that the first wig was made for and worn by Saul; and any one may see amongst the curiosities in the British Museum a front of curls said to have adorned an Egyptian cranium three thousand years ago. At a later period of the world's history, fashion appears to have inspired her votaries with a superstitious reverence for the natural hair; and, by the Greeks and Romans, it was deemed sufficiently sacred to be offered up to their gods. Indeed, if we are to credit an old Greek writer, by name Lucian—whose power of ill-natured satire and coarse wit entitle him, not unfairly, to be called the Swift of the second century—the Greeks were absurdly fastidious with respect to their hair and beards. Probably, Lucian's sneers at his countrymen have as much ill-nature and as little truth as many of the great Dean of St Patrick's anecdotes; but if he is to be credited, the wise men of Athens condescended even to personal rivalry in the excellence of their beards; and he narrates an instance of a candidate for a professorship losing his election simply because his beard did not reach the capillary standard required by the philosophical voters. Another old writer, Œlian, tells a still more whimsical anecdote of Zoilus—well-known as the founder of an anti-Homeric school which numbers many recent German converts. He, it seems, was in the habit of shaving the crown of his head, that no virtue should be drawn for its support from the more important hairs of his beard.

Nor were the Romans more backward than other barbaric victors in imitating the civilisation they had triumphed over. They soon gave in their adherence to the goddess Fashion, who had ruled the Greeks. Probably no nation ever consumed more unguents and cosmetics, or were better patrons of the barbers than the Romans. Patrician dandies devoted hours daily to the barber and the bath; and few great ladies considered their train of slaves complete in which the *ornatrix*, or hairdresser, did not figure.

And fashion continued to exert her capricious sway over the heads of mankind after the tide of another barbarism had swept over the old brilliant tyranny of Rome. Confining ourselves to her caprices in our own land, we shall find them sufficiently numerous for the limits of this article. At one time, she appears to have caused short hair to be regarded as a sign of degradation, and its wearer was looked upon much as a Chinaman docked of his tail would be regarded now-a-days in the streets of Canton; a little later, a cropped head became a token of the godliness and purity of its owner. In the reign of the first Charles, the court-gallants rejoiced in their long love-locks, and made bad jokes and better songs reviling the close-cropped round heads of their antagonists; when the second Charles was called to the throne, the hair was completely shaved off, and fashion, through him, introduced the periwig into England. Since that time, her caprices have been frequent and startling. The names and descriptions of the various wigs in vogue during the last two hundred years would fill a volume; an account of the head-dresses worn by women would need another and a larger one. Preachers found it necessary to lend their sacred eloquence to the warfare which wit and satire waged ceaselessly against her capricious rule, and succumbing in their turn to her all-powerful influence, were rebuked and even threatened by Pope Benedict XIII.

Recently, fashion seems to have wearied of her sway, and has given way to nature; but the powder has scarcely yet been brushed out of every head, and upper-lips still submit to the dominion of the razor.

It may readily be supposed that all these caprices of fashion tended to make the barbers by no means an unimportant class; indeed, they seem always to have been regarded by society with a degree of confidence and familiarity which was accorded to no other trade. The barber is constantly represented as a meek, obliging man, talkative, good-natured, and sociable, with a fondness for animals alive and stuffed, and a natural liking for curiosities of every sort. Ever modest and retiring, he appears to have been regarded as possessing learning above his station. Steele, in one of his pleasant *Tatlers*, tells us of a barber who was, next to the squire, the most learned man in the parish. Even in the present day, in many country-places, the barber is no unimportant personage. We have a very familiar recollection of a little white-aproned man, who, with a shining tin shaving-pot, trotted round our native village every morning with unfailing regularity. For fifty years did the little barber pursue his humble calling, respected, and almost loved; and when his nerveless hand could no longer wield brush and razor, his old patrons never allowed him to feel the bitter pangs of want. It was the old man's boast that his easy razor had operated on three generations; and it was a pleasant thing to hear him talk of the grandfather you had never known having submitted his gray beard to the same kindly hand that was shaving your youthful chin.

The most marked characteristics we have discovered in the barbers are their extreme modesty and avoidance of notoriety. Resembling Malvolio in neither having been born to greatness nor having achieved it, they have, unlike him, sensitively shrunk from having it thrust upon them; and the barber who fell at Swift's feet, imploring the dean not to put him into black and white, is no unfair representative of a contented, unambitious, and retiring class. Members of almost every other trade are to be met with in our loiterings through the highways and byways of historical literature, occupying prominent positions: high-souled tailors have laid down the scissors for the sword, and cut out for themselves military and naval fame; ambitious cobblers, neglecting the old classic rule, which bids them keep to their lasts, have achieved notoriety; but, with a very few exceptions, the barbers of England, eschewing ambition, have remained contented with their humble lot.

It is doubtful whether this passiveness may not have caused them as a body to sink somewhat in professional position. Humble as they are now, the time was when the barbers of London formed a guild, and had a voice in the civic councils of the metropolis. In those good days, and in some degree until quite lately, they combined chirurgical and tonsorial occupations. So important were they, that in Henry VIII.'s reign, the worshipful company of surgeons were not ashamed to join them, and the two guilds were united by royal charter, and continued so for two hundred years. But long before the dissolution of this partnership, in the year 1745, the barbers, with their usual modesty, gave way to—as Pepys calls them—'the doctors of physique,' and confined their chirurgical practice simply to bleeding and tooth-drawing, until they discontinued these; and Mr Peter Cunningham tells us that the last of the barber-surgeons who practised phlebotomy in London died in extreme indigence early in the present century.

Probably the entire revolution in their fortunes, caused by the introduction of the periwig into general use at the Restoration, may have had much to do with the estrangement which widened at length into a total separation of the barbers from the surgeons. From having been professors of a skilful science, they may be considered to have lost caste when they became mere manufacturers of French wigs. About this time also, a large number of barber-surgeons entirely dropped the old honourable name, and adopted the modern one of periwig-makers. Their new profession was for a long time a very lucrative one. They had to restore the love-locks which, in compliance with the Puritanic fashion, the youth of England had parted with; and it is shrewdly suspected that many of the barbers preserved the long curls which had fallen beneath their scissors, foreseeing that when the king came 'into his ain,' they would be called upon to restore them artificially. During the hundred years following the Restoration, fashion gave the barbers and periwig-makers plenty to do, and they increased in number and importance rapidly. Stow has left it on record, that Middle Row, Holborn—a portion of which still remains, and closely resembles a piece of a bazaar in a third-rate Eastern city—was entirely inhabited by periwig-makers. In 'the days of good Queen Anne,' the wig became of greater importance than the rest of a gentleman's attire put together, and cost three or four times as much; indeed, a gallant frequently carried upon his head the dowry of many a humble beauty, and the capital of many a small tradesman. Who does not remember Sir

Richard Steele's famous full-bottomed wig, for which he paid, or should have paid, fifty guineas! Who does not call to mind that still more famous one in which Colley Cibber was wont to play 'the fool in fashion;' which was so large that it had to be brought upon the stage in a sedan by two chairmen, and for which the gallant Colonel Brett, wishing to become irresistible, offered fabulous sums! Who has not smiled, and yet felt angry at Swift's account of his state-wig, which he told unfortunate Stella was kept for grand occasions at the house of still more unfortunate Vanessa! And as these were for full-dress wear, so there were others for almost every hour of the day. Space alone prevents our giving the names of scores which were, at one time or other, considered indispensable to the wardrobe of a man of fashion. As for the affection with which fashion inspired her votaries for these unnatural appendages, it rivalled in folly all we have heard of the fondness of the Athenians for their beards, or Charles's cavaliers for their love-locks. This folly at length reached its acme, when it was considered a delicate compliment to the mistress of a man's heart to fondle and comb in her presence that ungainly mass of artificial curls which survives dimly in the present incongruous attire of the English bar.

After the days of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, wigs became more and more plain and inexpensive, until, in a happy moment, fashion, wearied with her extravagances, allowed mankind to rest satisfied with the bountiful provision made by nature for the adornment and protection of the human head. But, as if in satire upon her former votaries, she still permits the tribe of 'flunkeydom' to retain the evidences of her old sway; and the ambrosial curls and snowy powder that once won admiration in the palaces of Kensington and St James, now grace the menial heads of the Jeameses.

It is not our intention to follow the barbers into their present low estate: we believe they endure it, as they bore prosperity, with patience and equanimity, looking forward to the time when fashion shall again elevate them into somewhat of their former importance. And there have not been wanting recent signs of some such intention on the part of their patroness and our mistress. But before laying down the pen, we wish to notice a few of those barbers whose career, subsequent to their leaving their old trade, merits our attention.

In the reign of Charles I., there flourished a barber who gained considerable distinction, although not in a way which reflected much credit upon his former profession. He is called, in the language of that day, 'gentleman barber' to the Earl of Pembroke, and seems in that capacity to have gained the confidence of his master. Coming into possession of a small fortune, he expended it in erecting a large house with tennis-courts and bowling-greens attached, which was long known by its nickname of 'Shaver's Hall.' Thither, after the Spring Gardens had been closed by the king's command, flocked the noble habitués of that notorious haunt. It was not long before more dangerous pastimes than tennis and bowls were played there. At length it became the largest and most famous gambling-house in London, and many were the princely mansions and broad acres which changed their owners in Shaver's Hall. The old tennis-court in which the noble master of the quondam barber frequently played exists to this day.

Winstanley, a famous compiler of anecdotes of literary men, and author of *Lives of the English Poets*, was a barber before he adopted literature as a profession, in the reign of Charles II. Subsequent biographers are under considerable obligations to this industrious, inquisitive ex-barber. Craggs, the father of that secretary of state whose name has come down to us, and will live for all ages, as the beloved friend of Addison, began his strange and eventful career as a barber. It would have been well for him, perhaps, if he had presented no exception to the unambitious contentment which characterises his brethren, for his career, after he quitted his old profession, was not an edifying one. He began public life by becoming footman to the famous, or rather infamous, Duchess of Cleveland, and having rendered himself useful to his mistress, rose rapidly in social position. It was for his father's well-known share in Her Grace of Cleveland's intrigues, and for the unblushing corruption which so long distinguished Craggs's public life, rather than for his old respectable calling, that his talented son—as the wits assure us—so often blushed. Happily, this son was laid beside Addison in Westminster Abbey before the ex-barber's life and career terminated miserably in the terrible South-sea year.

A barber may claim the honour of having helped mainly to introduce that delightful, and, at the present time, almost indispensable beverage, coffee, into public use. The second person who established a shop for the sale of coffee—in which he was strongly supported by Sir Henry Blount—was an ex-barber, by name Farr; and the house he opened for that purpose is still worthily known by the name it then bore, of 'the Rainbow Tavern in Fleet Street hard by Inner Temple Gate.' He shared the fate of most benefactors of their kind, and met with persecution from those whose vested interests he injured; for it appears that the parochial authorities were incited to prosecute him for 'preparing and vending a sort of liquor called coffee, to the great nuisance and annoyance of the neighbourhood.' Yet he lived to witness the triumph of coffee, and the establishment in London of three thousand houses for its sale.

Another coffee-house keeper, originally a barber, is well known to all who are familiar—and few are not—with Steele's pleasant *Tatlers*. How few of my readers are there who have not strolled under the cheerful Irishman's guidance through the Five Fields; and after stopping, maybe, at the old bun-house, have visited Don Saltero's coffee-house and museum in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. There is no character in the London of Queen Anne's time with whom we are on more familiar terms than with this pleasant vain barber, whom the wits chose to christen 'Don Saltero.' His coffee, his no less famous punch, his excruciating violin exercises, his shrewish wife, his easy familiarity, his anxiety to prove his descent from John Tradescant, the noted antiquary, are familiar to most of my readers. His museum, which he has described in some strange verses, survived him many years, and was not finally dispersed until late in the last century.

A better poet than poor Don Saltero, and a barber too, was Allan Ramsay. He wrote several of his poems before he quitted the trade to which he had been apprenticed, and adopted the more kindred one of bookseller and publisher. It is said that Gay, when he visited Edinburgh, spent much of his time in the shop of his brother-poet. This is likely enough, as there must have been considerable sympathy between the authors of the *Gentle Shepherd* and the *Shepherd's Week*.

We have only space to allude to a few barbers who had distinction thrust upon them by the talent of their sons. Tonson, the publisher—who seems to have been the Murray of the seventeenth century in all but his liberality—who was on easy terms with the greatest men of his time, and was addressed by dukes as 'dear Jacob'—who could afford to bully Dryden, and be familiar with Addison, was the son of a barber-surgeon, who practised his humble calling in Holborn. The late Mr Turner, the celebrated landscape-painter, was the son of a barber, and would have followed his father's calling, had not a benevolent artist rescued him from that lowly lot. As it was, he remained with his father in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, until the Royal Academy elected him an associate. Later still, we distinctly remember hearing a great lawyer who, when he spoke, was second only in rank to the Queen, proudly acknowledging, as an encouragement to industry and humble talent, that his father lived and died a barber in a small borough-town of Sussex.

SOCIAL TYRANNIES.

We are a free people, say the wise men of our nation: that is incontestable. The fact is stated in public speeches, vociferated at elections and political squabbles—shrieked, roared, or thundered forth in songs. There is something in the British soul, we fondly say to ourselves and to our neighbours, that revolts instinctively and at once from all fetters, all restraints. We must be free, or die. Liberty of the press, of opinion political and religious, of action and of speech, is to us as the very air we breathe. Britons never, never will be slaves! &c.

And yet, bluster as we will, we all cower more or less beneath the lash of a tyrant that rules us—ay, free people, liberty-loving, slavery-defying nation as we are. Bear to hear the truth; let us lay it to our hearts—we are *fashion-ridden.* In this year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-six, we are coerced, made to do that which we would rather not do, and obliged *not* to do all sorts of things we would like very much indeed. Why? Because fashion, *alias* custom, which is the propriety and inexorable moral must of the hour, says, Thou shalt, or Thou shalt not.

The case, though hard, is not, however, peculiar to this century. Our great-grandfathers and grandmothers walked in desperate awe under the same dominion. Mistress Barbara, in the year 17—, in her hoop, and with her turret of powdered hair perilously balanced on her anxious head, was, be very sure, to the full as uncomfortable as her descendant, Miss Julia, fluttering in flounces disposed over vast breadths of crinoline, and with miniature sofa-cushions stuffed under the bands of her soft hair. There may be some consolation in the knowledge that our ancestors were no wiser than we. If we have not improved, it seems at least we have not retrograded.

Nay, there may even be further cause of congratulation in the fact, that though *we* have not grown better, our master has, in some respects. The slavery is the same, but the driver has progressed, it appears, in civilisation, in sense and refinement. Fifty years ago, he insisted on all the gentlemen at a dinner-party becoming intoxicated, under the penalty of being laughed at, scouted, and abused. He would have it, that a hasty word, uttered by one man to another, and capable of being construed into a meaning offensive or slighting, was a prelude only susceptible of the one conclusion—a duel. He ordained that a man must be ready, on such occasions, to stand up to kill or be killed—with a chance of both results ensuing—unless he would be deemed a coward, unless he were content to be disgraced for life in the eyes of his peers.

We are a little better than that now. No man need be a drunkard or a murderer in order to maintain his footing in society. But let us not be too exultant. It is, we emphatically repeat, custom, the master, who has changed—not we, his servants. Our obedience is as implicit, our fear as reverent, as ever.

It is *his* mandate, for example, which, bearing specially hard upon women, compels them to many a tedious, profitless formula of giving and receiving 'morning calls.' Who invented morning calls? And who, ay, *who*, with the courage of a Joan of Arc, and the wit of a De Staël, will arise to abolish them? What good groweth out of them? To what end do they lead? Wherefore should they not be struck out of the statute-book of social life? Who can answer these questions? Who, indeed, does not well know that the system is one that everybody would gladly do away with, but for the fear of offending the dread potentate before named. For it is not your friend, or the person who would fain become your friend, with whom you bandy the sledge-hammer courtesies of 'calls.' It is they for whom you cherish comparative indifference, with whom you never would, could, or should by any probable concatenation of circumstances become intimate—it is with these you persist in keeping up the traditional ceremonies of morning visits. Why do you do it? You complain bitterly of the time it wastes, the difficulty with which you contrive to achieve the work, the 'stupidity' of the said work while being done, and the dissatisfaction of looking back on it afterwards. Also, you more than suspect your partner in the form—the *callee*, so to speak—derives as little pleasure or contentment from its performance as yourself; but, for all that, of course you go on as before. You will go out to-morrow, on a visiting expedition, with a plentifully stocked card-case, which, by a curious paradox, you fervently hope will be useful on the occasion. 'I made a round of calls to-day. Most fortunately I found so many people out, I had only to leave a card at most of the places.' Have you never heard, or even yourself made, a simple speech like that, reader? For it is not the people you wish to see whom you thus visit. Your friends you seek on a very different principle—as a pleasant indulgence, not as a formal duty. Duty! To whom?—ay, there it is—to custom.

The same tyranny also keeps with us in our own homes. It dictates the hospitalities we shall afford, the parties we shall give, the manner in which they shall be given, and the several individuals the pleasure of whose company we shall request, on satin note-paper, or superfine cards, as the case may be. The A——s are to be invited, though they are not amusing, nor handsome, nor particularly attractive in any way; but they asked *you* to a party at their house, and you must return the compliment. Custom requires it. Though you don't care to go to their house, nor to see them in your own—and though, very likely, *they* don't care either—you must fashion your link of the chain of inevitable necessity—invite, because you were invited—accept, because they accepted. They do likewise; and a pleasing stratum in society is thus formed of people who mutually annoy and are annoyed—guests who are profoundly indifferent to their hosts, who, however generous and kindly disposed, can but feel serene satisfaction and contentment in the departure of their guests.

Thus the game of cross-purposes goes on; and the family of Robinson soliloquise in one street to this effect: 'Tiresome party. Sure to be stupid and dull. To dress and go out this wet night to the Browns, of all people!'

While the Browns, in the neighbouring square, are musing: 'Well, one comfort is, it will soon be over. The Robinsons can't stay, and an evening-party can't last for ever!'

It is this system—for which thank our inexorable tyrant—which half fills our English salons with that set of uninterested, uninteresting persons, male and female, who may be observed at every reunion, clinging to sofa corners and back drawing-rooms, examining albums and prints with yawning perseverance. The same people, among their own people, are lively, conversable, and at ease, very likely. But the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea never could consort together: let them not attempt it.

To go further—but, alas! there is no need to go far in our search for examples of our bondage—the tyranny coils round us in our dress, flavours our meals, interferes with our amusements. It is everywhere.

Why do the gentlemen of this present age continue to wear that eyesore of costume, the modern *hat?* Stiff, black, and grim, it still frowns on us in defiance of all taste and comfort. It fears no rival, though enterprising spirits have dared to bring forward supplanters before this. But no! It feels strong, no doubt, that it will not be deposed, even for the most graceful, comfortable, and suitable head-covering ingenuity could invent. It has the *master* on its side, and the cause is safe.

It is the same with bonnets. The modern bonnet affords no warmth in winter, no shade in summer; it is an awkward and unnatural object, perched on the top, or at the back of a woman's head; it is expensive and frail; it crushes and spoils on the slightest provocation; it is not so becoming, so graceful, or so useful as either hat or hood.

But women have some courage. The crusade of the wide-brimmed hats has been waged with much bravery, and a little success. In spite of the little boys' interjections—in spite of covert sneers and open jestings, the number of hat-wearers is on the increase. Common sense has arisen, in this direction at least; and even custom, the puissant, finds him no mean antagonist. A scorched skin, blinded eyes, discomfort unutterable, were heavy penalties to pay. A partial emancipation of the slaves has taken place ever since the first heroic hoisting of the hat. The select band who originally dared and defied the choral shout of 'Who's your hatter?' assuredly deserve everlasting gratitude at the hands of their sisters.

There is no time nor space now to enter further into our injuries. The story of the wrongs inflicted by the tyrant we discuss, is far too long to be detailed here; yet, were their tongues not held silent by fear, how many voices might arise, each to tell its own grievance. How many have lost opportunities of improvement by travel, for example, only because custom decrees that persons of a certain position must only travel in a certain manner and style. So they stay at home, and remain grand and ignorant in Russell Square, because they can't afford travelling *en prince*, as our foreign neighbours call it. In the same way, how many families do we know, who, loving music, go only twice a year to Exeter Hall, or the Philharmonic, because they never go except to the reserved seats. They could never think of going otherwise, though they might hear six concerts for the price of one. Impossible! to go in with the general crowd—to mix with the three-shilling public! It would be grossly inconsistent with their position—out of all rule—a flagrant breach of custom. And who can have a word to say after *that!*

Let us be humbly thankful we who are not compelled to bow down before that artificial custom yclept appearances—we who may dare to wear a last season's dress or mantle—we who may ride in omnibuses, and would not hesitate, if we wished to see a good play, or a great actor, to go to the pit, rather than either not go at all, or spend more than we can afford on the gratification—we who do not give dinner-parties, but can ask our friends to dinner upon occasion, without hiring plate, and the green-grocer to wait at table—we who can manage to live, and be well and happy in the country during the London 'season,' and in or near London when 'everybody is out of town'—we who can enjoy the Crystal Palace on a shilling-day, and can travel in a second-class carriage without trembling at the chance of being seen by a distinguished acquaintance—we who——

But it is time to stop. Be not so exultant. We are none of us free. We all bend beneath the iron rule in some form or another; and Jane, the maid, is quite as inflexible in refusing to clean the knives because she has never been 'accustomed' to do so, as her Grace of Silkington is peremptory that her daughter shall not marry a commoner. The one loses an excellent situation, perhaps — the other a worthy and eligible son-in-law; and both, in their own way, suffer for their allegiance to the presiding genius.

Which of us does not do the same? Who among us does not recognise the majesty of this many-sided, many-named deity? For whether we call it fashion, custom, system, habit, regard for appearances, or what you will, we all know it, and smart under its restraints some time or another. And though it is righteous and wholesome to submit to a just and reasonable rule, it is but cowardly to follow in the wake of the world's procession, offering a senseless homage to a senseless routine; therefore let us, as soon as may be, educate ourselves and our children to ride free of Social Tyrannies.

SCIENCE—ITS POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

Down to the opening of the present century, there was little apprehension of the value of science either in the government or the public. A new era may be said to date from the establishment of the Royal Institution in 1801, and the commencement of Mechanics' Institutions which quickly followed. The Institution had for its especial object to draw together the greatest men of the day as lecturers upon different branches of natural science, and to establish working-laboratories, where trains of experiments might be pursued, whose magnitude precluded their being accomplished by private individuals. As we all know, it was in connection with this Institution that the illustrious Davy became so celebrated; to its influence is mainly owing the small improvement visible about this time in the taste and pursuits of our higher classes. The Royal Institution has had the effect of making scientific lectures fashionable, and the Mechanics' Institutes following in the wake have made them popular. The utility of both is proved by the enlightenment and interest in these subjects which has permeated all classes, and has given birth to associations of learned men for the furtherance and support of nearly every branch of science. The Geological, Geographical, Entomological, and Zoological Societies are all the offspring of the century. Almost every county has its archæological and natural history society, and each town of any consequence boasts its museum. These latter have been made highly instructive, and may be rendered even more so. A local interest is excited by these institutions in the animals, plants, and geology of the neighbourhood.

We can scarcely realise now, that hardly twenty years have elapsed since these provincial institutions were publicly ridiculed by an eminent member of the university of Oxford. An overweening love of classical learning had made the universities oppose for a long period the study of the physical sciences. When Sedgwick or Buckland, we forget which, left England for a sojourn on the continent, some one high in authority was heard to exclaim: 'I suppose now we shall hear no more of *this geology*.' A spirit at once so unreasoning and inacceptive, can hardly shelter itself behind an erudition befitting the days of nominalists and realists. In these better times, men cannot creditably remain ignorant of the first principles of those practical sciences which are used in the arts of life, or continue uninformed of the phenomena of the world, systems of distant nebulæ, the infusorial life contained in a drop of water, or the laws which regulate our own physical existence. Who, indeed, that has a mind capable of rising to a contemplation of the works of the Creator, would remain in ignorance of that tremendous past, whose millennial records are inscribed on the tablets of successive strata, or close his eyes to the glories, the wonders that surround us in the illimitable heaven above, or in this small globe, which is at once our palace and our prison-house! Here are infinite forms of beauty, and unseen forces, which operate in apparent complication, but in real simplicity; here are bonds of union which connect powers the most dissimilar; mysterious agents whose effects we trace, but whose primeval cause is still beyond the power of our mental vision. Are not these, we ask, better subjects for the human intellect to dwell upon, than words, words, words, which make the whole aim of education seem a retrogression, whereby we read Hebrew, think in Greek, and talk Latin? But ever slow as the universities are to accommodate their teaching to the spirit, temper, and necessities of the age, they have yet so far compromised with the times, that at length they have *admitted* the physical sciences into their system of instruction. Surely it will not be long ere due encouragement is demanded as a right for studies at once congenial and important. It can hardly be expected that our great schools will recognise the importance of the natural sciences unless Oxford and Cambridge take the initiative; the want of this progressive step retards our education nationally; and the consequence of this non-encouragement of experimental philosophy on the part of our universities is, that men who have not had the benefits of a collegiate education, make themselves informed upon those matters which are now of indispensable use in the van of civilisation and progress; and accordingly as 'the right man' gets 'into the right place,' they will hold and make important offices, and gain possession of authority commensurate with the utility of their studies and of their own individual merits. Already the class of examination questions for government offices has a considerably enlarged circle of subjects, though still its limits are too restricted to be in fitting unison with the scientific character of the age. Let us not forget that in the *character* of the age, we seek and find our national development. Change is the law of political and social existence, as well as of the material universe.

Neither moral nor intellectual improvement can be thrust either upon individuals or classes; education alone can prepare the mind for useful reform. Happy are those institutions which, in an enlightened spirit, can regulate the education demanded by the inevitable progress of the national mind. Most satisfactorily is this spirit exemplified in the late distribution of the prizes and certificates at the examination instituted by the Society of Arts, to test the capabilities of members of Mechanics' Institutes. Of the fifty-two candidates who presented themselves, only two were rejected at the preliminary examination, and of the fifty who remained, forty-eight obtained certificates. The persons who thus distinguished themselves were, to use the words of Dr Booth, 'shopkeepers' boys, school-masters' assistants, merchants' clerks, apprentices—men engaged from morning till evening in the daily discharge of those duties on which depends their daily bread;' and, as one of our leading journals observes, 'we must admit that no slight praise is due to the Society of Arts for having drawn them out of their native obscurity.' Six prizes of ten guineas each, and one prize of twenty-five guineas, were respectively given to individual members of the London, Leeds, Windsor, and other Mechanics' Institutes, for proficiency in chemistry, geography, English history, mathematics, &c. Two inland-revenue appointments had been placed at the disposal of the society by Mr Wood, the chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue—these were suitably disposed of, and a long list of persons also received certificates of excellence, and the examiners declared 'that it had seldom fallen to their lot to examine such admirable papers as were sent in.' This certainly may be accepted as a movement in the right direction.

The questions at the last examination for the East India Company's civil service, refer entirely to general literature, political economy, and logic; not a single question was asked in geological, geographical, or mechanical science—thus ignoring the application of these useful branches of knowledge; which is the more surprising, when we consider the vast and varied resources of such a country as India; and when we reflect on the influence which official personages have, or ought to have, in developing the natural and artificial productions of a great continent, which includes such diverse physical phenomena. Howsoever important mental philosophy may be in training the intellect, we cannot but think that reference to the sciences of chemistry, mineralogy, and mechanics would be more useful than the following question:—'State the substance of the controversy between realism, nominalism, and conceptualism. What is the characteristic defect of each system?' We have no right to take exception to the study of metaphysics, though we cannot but remark the utter neglect of physics observable in this class of examinations.

All reflecting persons will remark on the change which is taking place in the minds of the public with regard to the importance of scientific acquirements; and even government has at length acknowledged the national utility of studies whose influence is so great upon war and peace. This is an improvement on the feeling which, only a few years ago, made one of our lord-chancellors pettishly exclaim: 'Science! I know nothing of science—we don't want science.' The prejudices against the study of natural philosophy, though all, in reality, arising from one source—ignorance—yet are numerous in their character. To the credit of the religious world, we must say that its animosity is much softened, and science and infidelity are no longer counted synonymous. It was but recently observed, at a great public meeting, by a celebrated popular preacher, 'that the visible creation was as much a revelation from God as the Bible itself, and that he who neglected to read the one was as reprehensible as he who neglected to read the other.'

Many of our first scientific men are clergymen of the Church of England, distinguished for their piety as well as for their philosophical acquirements; and in some of the reformatory and preventive institutions, which we hope may be soon as numerous as our jails and workhouses, we observe that religion and science, in its theory and practice, are wisely working together to develop and elevate at once the moral and the mental nature of those whom they seek to reform.

A large class of objectors to science are those who try to persuade themselves and others that they are ranged under the banner of 'common sense;' and they assert that theory and practice are antagonistic. We cannot refrain from quoting some apposite remarks made by Dr Lyon Playfair in a lecture which he gave 'On the Study of Abstract Science' at the Museum of Geology in 1851. 'For a long time,' he says, 'practice standing still in the pride of empiricism, and in the ungrateful forgetfulness of what science has done in its development, reared upon its portal the old and vulgar adage, "An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory." This wretched legend acted like a Gorgon's head, and turned to stone the aspirations of science. Believe it not! for a grain of theory, if that be an expression for science, will, when planted, like the mustard-seed of the Scriptures, grow and wax into the greatest of trees. . . . It is indispensable for the country to have a scientific education. . . . . England will recede as a manufacturing nation unless her industrial population become much more conversant with science than they now are.' It is objected that the practical workings of a system sometimes refute the principles of an experiment; yet it is to the philosophical theorist alone that we owe any advance whatsoever. It may be said with some degree of truth that economic applications of principles rarely proceed from the same order of mind as the discovery of abstract laws; but we must not hence draw the false deduction that theory and practice are opposed. We must recollect that years of labour may be well spent in the discovery of a *single first principle*—so important are often these results, and so great the intellectual impetus given. In the curious coincidences which ever mark the birth of new discoveries, it seems by some contemporaneous or anterior similarity of thought, there always has been a preparation for discoveries and inventions, either in fresh necessities which stimulate inquiry, or by the development of twin-principles, whose utility and existence is mutually dependent. To the growth of these circumstances which environ a new thought, we must look for the progress of its practical bearing, and even for the acceptance of its truths.

It is in the early period of the development of a science that its followers require assistance, and this assistance can now be substantially obtained through the medium of our philosophical societies, and partially, but, alas! very partially, through our legislature. Foremost among the recommendations at the late annual meeting of the British Association, it was resolved to memorialise government, as to 'whether any measures could be adopted by the government or parliament that would improve the position of science and its cultivators.' This is not the first application on this head; and Dr Daubeny informed us, in his opening address at the meeting, 'that the legislature has at length been seriously called to consider what measures of a public nature might be adopted for improving the position of science and its cultivation, and that the Royal Society have appointed a body of its members to receive suggestions on that subject, and to report upon it, in order that a matured plan may be presented to parliament to meet this object at its next session.' Amongst the favourable changes, it will be recollected that the last two appointments to the mastership of the Mint have been made as rewards for scientific eminence—not on mere political grounds. We have also connected with the Board of Trade a 'department of science and art,' the influence of which is likely to be very important on our national education, by the establishment of schools of art, assistance given to industrial museums, and grants made for the support of scientific lectures, &c. We have a government 'School of Mines, and of Science applied to the Arts.' The geological survey of Great Britain is another recognition of the value of this science. The importance of the study of geology, and the necessity of the cooperation of government in scientific investigations, can hardly be more strongly exemplified than in the manner in which the first discovery of the gold in Australia was treated by our legislature. Though some persons may be informed of the following facts, the public generally may not be aware that in 1844, Sir Roderick Murchison, on his return to England from the auriferous Ural Mountains, was shewn some specimens of Australian rocks collected from the eastern chain of that country by Count Strzelecki. On examining these, he was immediately struck by the similarity to the rocks which he had lately been investigating in Russia. On considering the whole bearing of the question, he became more and more impressed with a belief of the auriferous character of this region, and expressed surprise that gold had not been found in the Australian ridge, which he called by anticipation the 'Cordellera.' The opinions and suggestions he then gave out were totally disregarded; mere accident effected the results which science had long before predicted; the consequence was, that our government has lost the opportunity of securing an immense revenue, and of establishing such a system of order and administrative justice as would have saved numbers from misery and death, and would have secured to us, in all probability, a safer hold and longer possession of the great continent of Australia than we are likely to have under present circumstances.

But, returning to a consideration of the sciences generally, we must not pass over those which may be considered especially as emanating from the investigations of our own age—we refer especially to organic chemistry. In the early part of this century, the laws of inorganic chemistry had been tolerably well ascertained; hosts of facts which careful experimenters had collected were arranged in consistent order; and thus the mineral kingdom, at least, was subjected to the rule of scientific analysis, and the useful arts levied tribute from the conquered dominion; but, in the development of organic chemistry, a new world has been added to the possessions of science. In almost every one of the useful arts of life, a knowledge of this science is demanded; and our great chemists, such as Hofmann and others, are closely imitating the organic compounds of nature, and reducing the results of their varied investigations to the production of substances of economic value.

The kindred subject of metallurgy is one of immense importance to a nation whose mineral treasures are so great and various; and, whether we consider the enormous amount of capital, or the human labour employed in developing these resources of our island, it is evident that the sciences which teach the best mode of conducting this branch of human industry, must be of the highest importance both to the capitalist and the artisan.

We have been lamentably behindhand in all our mining arrangements. Sweden and other of the continental states have long since established schools of mines, and have set us an example of general education that we would do well to follow. That the labouring-classes are ready and anxious for instruction, may be seen by the crowded state of the lecture-room at the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street, when the courses on natural philosophy, chemistry, &c., are delivered to working-men. In the last annual Report of this institution, we observe that a publication is about to be issued by their metallurgical professor, Dr Percy, on 'The Analyses of British Iron Ores.' These results have been obtained in the laboratories of the establishment, and have occupied two chemists incessantly for three years.

The utility of these elaborate investigations can be estimated best by those who feel and know that 'it is by science alone that our country can maintain its present position as the chief manufacturing country in the world.' We might advance this instance, as well as a host of others, to shew the advantages, nationally considered, which accrue from a better appreciation of science on the part of our government.

In agricultural chemistry, too, there is an onward movement. The dispute between Baron Liebig on the one hand, and our own countrymen, Mr J. B. Laws and Dr Gilbert, on the other, is likely to be of much public service, in separating mere hypotheses from such abstract scientific principles as are capable of practical application.

One of the most important questions now before the public is that of the contemplated change in our coinage, and also, it is to be hoped, in our weights and measures; for the present complicated and uncertain system, subject to all manner of local differences, is as perplexing to the experimental philosopher, as it is injurious to the public generally. When we consider the very scientific manner in which the metrical system is arranged, we must allow its claims to attention.

The whole of the French (metrical) system of weights, measures, and coins, is founded upon a standard of *lineal* measures, supplied by the dimensions of the earth. An arc of the earth's meridian between the parallels of Dunkirk and Barcelona was accurately measured. By this means, the length of the entire meridian was ascertained, and the *forty-millionth* part of this great circle was adopted as the unit of lineal measure.

Till we can oppose to this philosophical arrangement a better plan, surely the metrical system is worthy of national consideration, involving as it does a cosmopolitan application that no mere arbitrary standard can supply.

In relation more particularly to social and political progress, is the science of statistics, also the offspring of this century. Lord Stanley, in a late admirable speech, suggested that our government ought to institute 'an organised statistical department.' Such a system exists in Belgium and Prussia, and surely, he says, 'we ought not to be behind our neighbours in the machinery of state.' The statistical test is one of universal application, and effectually serves to correct the chimeras of the imagination, or proves from facts the reasonableness of opinion.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than allude to the advance made in the other sciences. In physical geography, we note explorations in the arctic regions, in Central America, in Africa and Australia, which have extended, and are progressing, by the assistance afforded by government at the instigation of our learned societies. It does not require much reflection to calculate the benefits which must accrue to commerce generally, and the improvement which must result to the great human family, by explorations, which open new highways for the world, and by the development of resources both varied and useful.

Mechanical science is at once the glory of our country and of our age. It finds expression in such works as the tubular bridges over the river Conway and the Menai Straits. The beautiful manner in which our engineers have imitated the cellular arrangements of the animal and vegetable structure, is most striking, and proves that the highest attainment of art is realised in the nearest approach to nature. No one can contemplate the Britannia Bridge, supported by its giant arms, upreared from the surging flood beneath, without being impressed with the feeling that this mass of iron and masonry represents the mental and moral characteristics of the age. The mechanical appliances which have consummated this great work of art, find, in the object of their utility, an exponent also of the times. Ours is essentially an age of transition. We do not now build fortresses, but viaducts, whereby we make a bridge from the past to the future, from the old to the new. There is no standing still, no rest: 'onward, ever onward,' is at once the motto of our intellects and our necessities.

Ours is the truest age of romance the world has ever seen; the startling discoveries of science transcend the wildest imagination of poets, the most puzzling illusions of necromancers: the subtilest agents of nature we bind as our slaves, and the 'superstition of our age becomes the philosophy of the next.' Surrounded by such tremendous realities, it seems as if we lived in an age of wonder, and as if he who followed physical science, wielded, in fact, the magician's wand.

But returning to a more grave consideration of the present position of science and its followers, we must not omit to remark upon the support afforded by the 'British Association for the Advancement of Science.' This society was formed in the year 1831. Its especial objects were to call together scientific men from all parts of Europe, that in their meetings—which were appointed to take place annually—an opportunity might be afforded for philosophical communication on subjects of mutual interest. On these occasions the reading of original papers was invited; thus affording publicity to much scientific research and observation that might not otherwise have obtained the attention the subject deserved. The Association watches over the interests of science, and assumes the office of recommending to government, from time to time, the trial of new experiments, and the further prosecution of inquiries in the various branches of natural and applied science. The members of this learned body have for years been urging that proper encouragement should be given to those studies which the exigencies of the times demand. The funds of the Association itself are devoted to the advancement of science. Geology, geography, and magnetism are especially indebted to the assistance, direct or indirect, afforded by the British Association; they are also largely helping in the maintenance of the Kew Observatory. They are, moreover, assisting in the very important matter of obtaining amendment in the patent laws of this country. The yearly meetings of the Association take place in various parts of the British isles, thus exercising an ever-widening influence. The savans were at first in derision called the peripatetic philosophers; but the time is past when the sneers of ignorance, the prejudices of bigotry, or the malevolence of party, can stay the real advance of science, or injure the permanent interests of its followers.

THE WISHING-GATE.

It was rushbearing-time at Greenside, in the north country—the last Saturday of July, the day whereon the earthen floors of our small churches have their carpeting renewed with rushes from Mineton Mere. There were two wagons full of them; and upon the horses' heads that drew them waved their feathery tops; and in the drivers' hats, like knightly plumes, they nodded; and upon the hats of each of the band that followed, playing *Annie Laurie*, they kept measure with the tune; and bound up gracefully with wreaths of wild-flowers, and carried by young girls, still came the Mineton rushes in procession. Where the twin-rivers run into the Mere, they grow upon a bank of sand, and in the little bay beyond, under those moss-grown rocks whose heads are purple with the heather. This is a great holiday with us at Greenside; the shops—there are but two in all the village—are shut, as though it were Sunday, and the church-bell is clanging: it is the same which tolls for service and knells for burials, but no one can mistake its tones to-day for anything but merriment. Every urchin in the place is having his pull at it, and, as many as can, together, so that it never gives two tinkles alike. To be carried up by it into the belfry, and so hit heads against the rafters, is rare fun. Our women-folk are employed for days upon these garlands, and every household strives that out of it shall be chosen the rushbearing queen.

'The fewer the ribbons the better, Phœbe,' was Dame Forrest's advice to her daughter upon this occasion; and Phœbe—who was but seventeen, and likely to err upon the ribbon side—made a simple girdle of blue flowers round her rushes, and was proclaimed queen by acclamation. 'Hail, beautiful Phœbe Forrest! hail, pretty queen of the rushbearing!' It was the proudest moment of her young life, walking at the head of her subjects; as it was too, without question, that of her mother, whose eyes, however, were filled with tears; the proudest, too, of Leonard Hirds, her lover, whose look never strays away from her, nor relaxes in its steadiness: one would think he was watching a deer in Martindale, lest it should creep out of rifle-range. A powerful young fellow, with a fine face, but for a little too much self-will about the mouth. He has the fleetest foot after a hill-fox in Westmoreland, and is the king of the dalesmen hereabouts in the wrestling ring; and the fear of the men and the love of the women have spoiled him: he says he will marry Phœbe Forrest whether she will or no—and Phœbe says no—which seems a strange sort of wooing.

There was but one in Greenside that summer-noon who had not yet acknowledged Phœbe his queen, and that was not for lack of love, nor loyalty neither.

Frank Meredith, the landscape-painter, who lodged in the farmhouse on the hill—he was the rebel: he had been there for the last three years, until his portfolio was filled to overflowing, and scarcely a rock in Westmoreland had escaped his canvas; but still he gave no sign of departure. The artist flood was now rolling over our beautiful valley for the fourth time since his arrival; but however pleasant his brethren—however lovely was High Crag, no wave ever bore him with it further than the neighbouring dales. Certainly his home-view was so beautiful as not to be excelled elsewhere: the grassy mountain-side sloped down to river and woodland from his door, and Mineton Mere lay not so far beyond it, but that every snow-white sail upon its bosom could be seen. Two sycamores gave forth perpetual bee-music to the song of the dancing brook within his garden; and towering behind and above the farmhouse, crowded the whole mountain-world. Still, there was something beyond the beauty of its landscape that, year after year, chained Frank Meredith to Greenside—its gossips said. They had found out all about him before the second year was out: how that he was a black sheep, and had disgusted his noble family, and was allowed a pound a week, upon condition of keeping out of their way; which was not Frank's history at all, nor anything like it. He was indeed of an ancient stock of painful respectability, and had shocked it a good deal by his inartificial behaviour. He was by nature vulgar, or at least had preferred landscape-painting to any gentlemanly profession; and having been intoxicated with some slight success, pursued it; which was his relatives' account of the matter. And his uncle, indeed, from whom he should have inherited thousands and tens of thousands, and chariots and horses, did, we know, disinherit him for making negus of his particular sherry—'The fellow put hot water and sugar, sir, to my 38, at eighty-four shillings a dozen'—and the family following suit to the rich uncle, washed their aristocratic hands of him, leaving the young artist to live as he could upon a hundred a year of his own, and upon his cunning in water-colours.

On this same rushbearing night, he stands on the natural terrace that leads into Greenside from High Crag, leaning upon the carved gate which opens into the quarry-field, and smoking his clay-pipe. He has not with him, wonderful to say, the instruments of his beloved art, for he has taken that same view from the Wishing-gate a thousand times. There are many spots in the north to which poetic legend has attached this 'faculty of giving,' and to none with a more harmonious fitness than to this at Greenside. The good fairies never had a more lovely dwelling-place than that on which the perfect moon was then outpouring her silver treasure: the songs of the holiday-makers had not yet ceased, but came up from the valley beneath on a gentle wind, which set the clouds afloat over the mountain-sides, but could not bend the fir-trees on their crests: the lake lay sleeping with a quiet smile, like a maiden dreaming of love. It is of love, too, the painter dreams as his charmed eyes wander over the scene; his lips are parted with a smile too, as he whispers his wish across the gate. How many half-believers before him have done the same, in that same place! How the carved bar is cut along and across with the various desires of men! some of them in sober prose, and some in simple song, but all 'of the earth, earthy.'

'A woodbiney Cotage and Kowe' is, alas, the best of them. '4000L.' is the limit of one ambitious mortal's wishes; and 'A five pound note' contents another. 'Carriage and Pair,' exceedingly well cut, and with a flourish, must, we think, be a young lady's vision of bliss, and 'Susan' as unmistakably a young gentleman's. 'King at Carel' is the most remarkable inscription, and would puzzle many to decipher; but Meredith, who is an excellent wrestler himself, and well conversant with Westmoreland aspirations, recognises at once the darling hope of some young athlete that he may win the champion's belt at the approaching meeting at Carel (Carlisle). Frank Meredith smiles again and again at all these things, but, nevertheless, he draws forth his penknife, and begins to inscribe a little wish of his own heart. 'P'—that has something to do with painting, or perhaps power: 'PH'—that may possibly be the way in which an eccentric genius may spell fame: 'PHŒBE FORREST!'—the note of admiration is our own—is what it at last came to!

'And here she is,' said a sweet low voice as he finished the inscription, and the queen of the rush-bearing was standing by his side. She had laid aside her sceptre, and taken the wreath of flowers from her hair, but looked no whit less lovely than before. Frank gazed at her an instant, as though she were indeed a supernatural visitant who had obeyed his call, and then convinced himself of her humanity by an embrace. He was very handsome, and, although still something too youthly in figure, had a frame well knit and active. The two seemed, in that time and place, to be the fit inhabitants of some new Eden Garden.

'I could not come before,' she said, 'Frank, for Leonard made me dance with him three dances on the green there; and as it is, I fear he half suspects us' —— A shrill scream concluded the sentence, as the huge form of the young dalesman strode in between the pair.

'I do suspect you, Phœbe, and I blush for you,' he said. 'Go you home to your mother, wench, at once; and for this young gentleman, I will take his chastisement into my own hands.'

'Don't move a step, Phœbe!' exclaimed Frank. 'By what right, man, do you dare interfere between her and me?'

'Because I am her cousin, Mr Meredith, and shall be her husband. Because I would not have your blood upon my hands, which, as there is a God in heaven, would be there if dishonour'——

'Silence, sir!' thundered Frank. 'Go home, Phœbe. Nay,' he added, as he saw her hesitate to leave such angry folk together, 'we are not going to fight, dear.' And she obeyed him instantly.

The two young men stood opposite each other, face to face, and there was no cowardice in either's eyes.

'If, Leonard Hirds, you came up here to stand between me and her who is to be my wife, I will thrash you to-morrow, big as you are, to a mummy; if you really came to defend the purest and best girl on earth from him you supposed to be a villain, I forgive and honour you.'

'I did think you meant falsely, Mr Meredith,' said Leonard frankly; 'but now, I look upon you, I confess you do not seem like a seducer. With regard to Phœbe being your wife, that shall never be; and as to the thrashing to a mummy, let us try at once.'

'I have promised not to harm you to-night,' returned Frank.

'But to-morrow,' said the young giant, 'I shall be at Carel in the wrestling ring.'

Frank hesitated a moment, and then replied with meaning: 'And I shall be there also, Leonard Hirds;' and each took his way in silence to his own home.

The two young men were not without respect for one another at heart: Frank Meredith knew that amongst the dalesmen, with most of whom he himself was perfectly well acquainted, Leonard was considered highly; it was true that he had forbidden any to aspire to the hand of Phœbe save himself, but this pre-eminence of his excused him somewhat in the painter's eyes, who made allowance for his arrogance as he would have done for the like pretensions in a higher rank, where a fortune as well as a bride might have been the prize, and some hair-triggering, twenty-pacing cousin the monopolist. On the other hand, Leonard Hirds would freely own that there was nothing like pride about Frank Meredith, but plenty of pluck and spirit. The young painter had long accustomed himself to Westmoreland sports, and was especially skilful in wrestling, making up in litheness and activity for what he wanted in strength: he had been thrown by the young dalesman often enough, but each time with the greater difficulty, so as to have become of late by far his most formidable antagonist. Frank well knew by whose unclerkly hand the desire to be 'king at Carel' had been carved upon the Wishing-gate, and he determined, if it were possible, to humble Leonard's pride on the morrow in the presence of the three counties.

Our wrestling in the north is a very different matter from prize-fighting, and I should be sorry if it ever grew to be like it: it is seldom that any serious hurt befalls the competitors, and victors and vanquished appear to be equally in good-humour. The honour of being in the last two or three pairs—much more that of being sole conqueror—is esteemed far higher than the prizes themselves, which, indeed, are of no great value. Wrestling at Carel, to a youth who is only experienced in contests with his neighbour dalesmen, is what speaking in the House of Commons is to a Cicero of 'the Union' at Cambridge or Oxford. There are a great number of pairs, and a young and unknown wrestler rarely 'stands up' more than one or two, and there are thousands of spectators to applaud or criticise. Raised and covered seats for those who fear the rain or love high places, and forms let out at a lower rate, enclose the arena, and a plentiful sprinkling of the masses lie down within upon the grass. The umpires also stand within to watch the combatants, that the fall be not attempted until each has obtained a fair hold—one arm under, and one over, and that when they have once grappled, neither shall let go.

Two men come forward, chosen as the first pair by lot, and strip themselves, except to their shirt and drawers; they have been weighed in a neighbouring field, and are light or heavy weights as they are under or over eleven stone. They shake hands before commencing, and endeavour after a hold, each seeking for the best purchase, and grappling tightly when it is once found. Then comes the tug and the tussle: their arms are almost at stretch; their faces, which were but now seen over each other's shoulders, have disappeared; the backs of their heads are alone visible, drawn down on a level with their spines. The strain for a few minutes is very great, but it does not commonly last long; one of them is dragged downward, and touches ground with his knees, or their legs mingle together, and, after revolving twice or thrice with great velocity, they both come to the ground—the uppermost being of course the winner. The cries of 'Bonny Ambleside!' 'Bonny Nipthwaite!' or whatever may be the dwelling-places of the respective athletes, never cease. The phrase of 'Bonny leil one' puzzles the stranger a good deal, and he begins to think it some extremely populous district; but 'leil one' means little one—the smaller of the two competitors.

At this particular Carel meeting, the light and heavy wrestlers were mixed, and the prizes made general without regard to weight. We of Greenside had several likely youths, but Leonard Hirds was our best man by far. Much to our astonishment, we saw the young painter drawing his lot amongst the rest, at whom Leonard threw a contemptuous smile, and was evidently disappointed at not being in the pair with him. Frank Meredith looked fragile enough when stripped. One ancient wrestler—now with one leg and one arm only, their fellows having been blown away by powder-blasts in Langdale—who always attends this scene of his former feats, assured me that 'the bonny lad would be broken athwart the middle;' and indeed he did look rather waspish about the waist. His first competitor was a large and powerful fellow; and when, after a long struggle, Frank cast him to the earth by the 'swinging hype'—the knee thrown inward sharply against the adversary's thigh—there arose a great cry of astonished joy. He was afterwards lucky in his drawing for some time, and obtained pretty easy victories; his beauty and youthfulness, the smile upon his face as he shook hands before each contest, and the sympathising look, without a trace of vaunt, with which he regarded his unsuccessful rivals, made him popular with the whole assembly, albeit there was not one amongst them who could hope for his final success. Nevertheless, it did so happen that the day wore on, and the pairs grew fewer and fewer, until Leonard Hirds and Frank Meredith alone 'stood up,' of all competitors. There had been a quiet determination about the latter throughout, like the concentrated purpose of revenge, which had prompted him to take the minutest pains in every contest, while the former had thrown his opponents to right and left like a madman, as though they intercepted his approach to some more worthy antagonist; both had opened their lot-tickets with greediness, and read them with disappointment; each desired, up till now, a combat with his particular foe. The embroidered champion's belt, and the honour of being 'king at Carel,' must needs now remain with one of them, and the excitement grew intense. It was evident that Leonard Hirds thought seriously of the task before him, and would not let slip a chance of success through contempt of his less sturdy rival. They were to wrestle for the best of three falls; and it was evident from the beginning that the design of the stronger was to weary Meredith out. Frank instantly obtained his hold, but the other refused to clasp his own hands for a great while, so that the strain might fatigue his antagonist. Many shouted to the young painter to beware of this, for he was a favourite, as we have said, and Hirds had made himself many enemies through arrogance; but Meredith gave no heed to us in his excitement, forgetting that to himself none had 'laid down,' while to his foe no less than four had succumbed without an effort, leaving him by so much the fresher. Frank suffered as we feared: after many loosings, in which his object had been greatly obtained, Leonard took up earth in his hands—as is the custom for the firmer hold—for the first time; and we knew the struggle was nigh. Both of them 'held' at once and together, strained to their utmost shoulder to shoulder, and then head to head, rapidly whirled round for a second or two, and fell—Hirds uppermost.

The chances against Meredith were now two to one, and his strength seemed failing besides. Some spoke to him flatteringly of his having obtained the second prize; and even his rival, as he shook hands after the fall, said something to the same effect, to which Frank answered in a fierce whisper, that he would throw him yet, and be 'king at Carel' after all. It seemed as if the painter's darling hope was now to be the winner of the wrestling match. In the second trial, they took less care for holding, as Leonard found he could not play the same game twice, and both grappled at once, as if with hooks of steel. The dalesman clasped his right leg round his rival's left, and bent the slender body backwards like a reed. With every muscle at fullest stretch, and the veins standing out on their foreheads, but without a trace of ferocity, they stood—models of power and firmness. For upwards of a minute and a half they stood, every instant of which we expected Meredith to give way, with the whole weight of his man thus thrown upon him, and he himself off the perpendicular; but all on a sudden, Leonard's leg-clasp failed; we saw it tremble, and then relax, and almost instantly, taken at a frightful disadvantage, the young giant was thrown heavily. A great cheer burst from a thousand throats, but not so much as a smile came over Meredith. Although his rival gathered himself up, and retired into the tent without difficulty, Frank knew that he was seriously hurt. An overstrained sinew had indeed given way; and while the spectators were awaiting the issue of the last 'tie,' the contest was virtually over, and the victory remained with the young painter. At present, none knew this but the two combatants. The victor followed the vanquished to where he was sitting alone, and took his hand. 'You're king, sir,' said the poor giant, 'through this cursed strain.'

'You must have thrown me, else, Leonard,' exclaimed Frank honestly; 'and it is not fair that you should be deprived of your honours by an accident: your heart was set upon this victory, as I know by what was written on the Wishing-gate, and I shall "lay down" to you, Leonard Hirds.'

Leonard lifted himself up with pain to grasp his rival's hand, and tears were standing in his eyes, as, after a little pause, he said: 'Thank you, thank you, sir! I don't wonder at Phœbe Forrest's preferring so generous a fellow to me. From what I read, too, on the Wishing-gate last night, I think I know the dearest wish of yours too, Mr Meredith. What interest I may have with my aunt, her mother, I beg then to transfer to you. I took too much upon me every way, trusting to this brute strength of mine, and I am fitly humbled.'

'Nay, then,' said Frank, 'you have more reason to be proud of yourself than ever, and have conquered at Carel indeed.'

There was great disappointment and great disapprobation when it was known that Meredith had given up so good a chance, and 'laid down' without a struggle to his antagonist. It was thought that there would be no living at Greenside now, for the airs the victor would be sure to give himself. But from that day, on the contrary, was our young dalesman altered, in all points for the better; and Frank Meredith, on his part, was amply consoled for his loss of the kingship at Carel, by his gain of the queen of the rushbearing. And thus did the good fairies of the Wishing-gate give to each man the gift he desired.

A SLICE OF HORSE, MA'AM?

For some time past, M. Geoffroy St Hilaire has constituted himself the champion of horseflesh, even as Mr Cobden once came out as the champion of the cheap loaf; but whether the Frenchman will be as successful as the hero of the League, remains to be proved. By papers communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and in other ways, he has already endeavoured to interest his countrymen, supporting his view by argument scientific and economical; he, in fact, seems determined that horseflesh shall become an article of diet. 'Horseflesh,' says he, in his last paper to the Academy, 'is mistakenly rejected from the aliment of man. It would supply a considerable resource for the nutrition of the laborious classes, of which prejudice alone has deprived us even to the present day;' and he then proceeds to a threefold demonstration—'that horseflesh is wholesome; that it is agreeable; that it is abundant enough to take a very useful place in the alimentation of the people.'

No serious doubt, he tells us, can be raised as to the wholesomeness; the facts are all favourable. Horseflesh has been eaten for weeks together at Copenhagen and other places; at Paris, during several months in 1793–4, and without producing any disease or inconvenience: moreover, horse-meat and broth given in the military hospitals, chiefly by the celebrated Larrey, has always been attended by the happiest effects upon the patients. In Egypt, during the siege of Alexandria, a scorbutic epidemic which had begun to shew itself in the whole army, was checked by soup and steaks derived from horses.

On the second point, we let M. St Hilaire speak in his own words. 'Horseflesh,' he observes, 'has long been regarded as of a sweetish disagreeable taste, very tough, and not to be eaten without difficulty. So many different facts are opposed to this prejudice, that it is impossible not to recognise its slight foundation. The free or wild horse is hunted as game in all parts of the world where it exists—Asia, Africa, and America—and formerly (and perhaps even now) in Europe. The domestic horse itself is made use of as alimentary as well as auxiliary—in some cases altogether alimentary—in Africa, America, Asia, and in some parts of Europe.'

'Its flesh is relished by people the most different in their manner of life, and of races the most diverse—negro, Mongol, Malay, American, Caucasian. It was much esteemed up to the eighth century among the ancestors of some of the greatest nations of Western Europe, who had it in general use, and gave it up with regret. Soldiers to whom it has been served out, and people in towns who have bought it in markets, have frequently taken it for beef. Still more often, and indeed habitually, it has been sold in restaurants, even in the best, as venison, and without the customers ever suspecting the fraud or complaining of it.'

And further, if horseflesh 'has been often accepted as good under a false name, it has also been pronounced good by those who, to judge of its qualities, have submitted it to careful experiment; and by all who have tasted it in proper condition—that is, when taken from a sound and rested horse, and kept sufficiently long. It is then excellent roasted; and if it be not so acceptable as *bouilli*, it is precisely because it furnishes one of the best soups—*perhaps the best* that is known. It is good, also, as experiments prove, made by myself as well as others, when taken from old horses, not fattened, whose age was sixteen, nineteen, twenty, and even twenty-three years; animals thought worth no more than a few francs beyond the value of their skin. This is a capital fact, since it shews the possibility of utilising a second time, for their flesh, horses which have already been utilised up to old age for their strength; and consequently of obtaining a further and almost gratuitous profit at the end of their life, after they had well-nigh paid the cost of their rearing and keep by their labour.'

M. St Hilaire admits that horseflesh is not equal in quality to the flesh of fat sheep and oxen; but he contends that while so many of the inhabitants of France scarcely ever eat animal food, it would form a valuable addition to their food resources: an abundant one also, for he finds that the number of horses which are killed, or die naturally every year in France, would supply two million and a half of ordinary rations of meat; and he winds up his argument thus: 'Singular social anomaly! Some day society will wonder it was so long submitted to. Millions of Frenchmen are deprived of meat, or eat it six times—twice—*once* a year; and in presence of such deprivation, millions of kilogrammes of good meat are every year abandoned to industry for secondary purposes, thrown to hogs and dogs, or cast into the sewers!'

FRENCH AND ENGLISH FARMING.

The last published number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* contains a few particulars concerning French and English farming, which present the different results obtained in the two countries in so striking a light, that we think them interesting enough for general perusal. To raise corn, the immediate food of man, has for years been the prime object of the cultivator on the other side of the Channel, and with a bad effect on the land, because he has not sufficiently cared for keeping up the fertility of the soil. The Englishman, on the other hand, by devoting a considerable area to green crops and the raising of cattle, not only maintains the fertility of his fields, but produces more wheat from a smaller surface. Taking England alone, a country not larger than one-fourth of France, the produce is 38,000,000 hectolitres of wheat, 16,000,000 of barley, 34,000,000 of oats. France produces 75,000,000 hectolitres of wheat, and 100,000,000 of oats and other kinds of grain. The difference is remarkable; and the writer, who is a Frenchman, states that, 'taking all products into account, animal and vegetable, it appears that the produce of England, per hectare, nearly doubles that of France.' The French farmer contents himself with an average of seventeen bushels of wheat from his hectare, the English farmer reaps his sixty-five or seventy bushels from the same extent of land. In the United Kingdom there are 35,000,000 sheep; and France has an equal number; but while on this side the Channel there are 31,000,000 hectares available for feeding, on the other there are 53,000,000. The sheep in France ought therefore to number 60,000,000, to be in the same proportion to the land as in the United Kingdom. And if the comparison be made with England alone, the difference is yet more surprising. In England, on 15,000,000 hectares, 30,000,000 sheep are fed—three times as many as in France. And this is not all: 'the weight of an English sheep is twice that of a French sheep; so that an English farm on an equal surface gives six times as much mutton as a French farm.' The result is not less favourable to English skill and judgment if we look at cattle. France possesses 10,000,000 head of cattle; England 8,000,000, and yet more meat is produced every year in England than in France. Of the 4,000,000 head of cattle killed every year by our allies, 2,000,000 are calves, weighing about seventy pounds each. And then your Frenchman must have labour out of his cattle as well as milk and meat; so he keeps his ox till it is too old, and kills it when the meat is scanty and poor in quality. The Englishman is content with milk and meat, and kills the animals just when they weigh heaviest. Hence it is that while the 4,000,000 head of cattle killed yearly in France average no more than 100 kilogrammes per head, the 2,000,000 killed in the United Kingdom average 250 kilogrammes per head. Two million cattle on this side the Channel give 100,000,000 kilogrammes more of meat than 4,000,000 on the other side. In other words: 'with 8,000,000 head of cattle and 30,000,000 hectares of land, British agriculture produces 500,000,000 kilogrammes of meat; while France with 10,000,000 head of cattle, and 53,000,000 hectares of land, produces only 400,000,000 kilogrammes.'

AN OBSOLETE USE OF THE KNIFE.

In early times, Ingulphus informs us, conveyances were made by mere word of mouth, without writing or charter, the grantor delivering to the grantee some movable which was known as belonging to him, such as a sword, helmet, cup, spur, curry-comb, ring, walking-staff, a copy of the Gospels, &c., &c. William, Earl of Warren, gave and confirmed to the church of St Pancras, at Lewes, in the reign of Henry III., certain land rent and tithe, of which he gave seizin by the hairs of the heads of himself and his brother. The hair of the parties was cut off by the bishop of Winchester, before the high-altar. After granting, with the assent of his fair wife Isabel and his children, to the monks of St Andrews, at Rochester, his lands in Southwark, called Grimscroft, in perpetual alms, on condition that they should keep an anniversary on the deaths of their fathers, and mothers, and kindred—William, second Earl of Warren and Surrey, confirmed the grant by placing his *knife* on the altar of the church of St Andrew. The same potent earl granted to the priory of St Mary Overy, giving to the church of St Mary of Southwark the church of Kircesfield, by placing a knife on the altar of the said church. The lordship of Brok was given by Edward the Confessor to the monks of St Edmund, in Suffolk, by falling prostrate before, and fixing over, the high-altar of St Edmund a small knife, wrapped up, in the presence of his chief nobility. William Rufus granted to the abbot of Tavistock, in 1096, the manor of Wlurington, by an ivory knife, which knife was laid up in a shrine at that abbey, and had inscribed on its haft words signifying that donation. Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, also gave his estate in Scipena to the abbey of Abingdon, by placing with his own hands a knife on the altar. The knives used for this purpose were, in all probability, the same which the parties had in common use. Every man then carried such an instrument along with him, agreeably to what Chaucer has told us in his reve's tale—

> A Sheffield thwitel bore he in his hose.

Lambard, in mentioning the grant of Alberic de Vere of the donation of Hatfield, describes the knife with which it was effected as a 'short black-hafted knife, like unto an olde halfpeny whitle;' adding, 'and such others of which happily I have seen some and heard of moe.' At the meeting of the Archæological Institute at Cambridge, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College exhibited a broken knife of great antiquity, having a haft of dark-brown horn, attached by a cord of crimson silk (not ancient) to a strip of parchment with a Latin inscription upon it. 'The parchment is not a grant,' says Mr Albert Way, 'and the knife cannot be regarded as in place of a seal. I consider that the existing parchment is merely a memorandum to record that it was the veritable knife. In all likelihood, there never was any written grant; and the knife was the token of conveyance.'

THOU AND I.

Thou art the light, and *I* the shade;
If thou fadest, I too fade;
If thy voice be heard no more,
Mine, the echo, then is o'er—
Mine is mute for evermore!

Thou art the star that beams on high,
In the wave beneath am I—
If the star away should flee,
Who would then the shadow see?
Where would I, thy shadow, be?

Thou art the breath in which I breathe,
In thy heart mine own I sheathe—
If thou livest, I live on;
If thou goest, I am gone—
I too vanish cold and wan! E.

INGENUITY OF WHITE ANTS.

In nothing is the ingenuity of these little insects more remarkably displayed than in the expedient to which they frequently resort to cross a little stream on the sand-beach after a shower of rain. Sometimes their train is cut in two by one of these little streamlets. To plunge into it singly, they would soon be swept away by the rush of the current. They come to the edge of the water, raise their antennæ, point them from one direction to another, as if they were taking a scientific view of all the dangers of the crossing. They wander up and down the stream with the greatest uneasiness, and finding no other way to cross, form themselves into a compact knot or raft of a dozen or more, and launch themselves upon the stream. They have, by previous observation, made sure that they would strike a projecting point or bluff on the opposite shore, and not be carried by the current into the main river. The moment they touch the other side, they use their claws like anchors, and hold on until the whole company disengage themselves, and march off in single file in the track of those that have preceded them. I have watched them for hours together, and have seen raft after raft of these little creatures go over in safety, when, if they had attempted to get across singly, they would all have been swept into the river.—*Wilson's Western Africa.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 150. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856. PRICE 1½d.

MURDER AND THE MICROSCOPE.

AMONGST the immense number of alterations and improvements which have of late years taken place in the mode of administering the criminal justice of the country, perhaps none are more remarkable than those which have reference to the examination of scientific witnesses, when called upon to substantiate the guilt or innocence of an accused person. A few years ago, it was the common opinion that the testimony of such witnesses ought to be regarded with a great deal of caution, if not of absolute distrust. We have ourselves heard people, who should have known better, say 'that circumstantial evidence was bad enough, but scientific evidence worse; and that, if upon a jury, they would certainly throw overboard the testimony of scientific witnesses as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner.' Towards the formation of these opinions, scientific men themselves unintentionally contributed; a man of science, in the witness-box, being in times past very different from the same person in everyday life. If a witness for the prosecution, every tittle of evidence, valueless to the common-sense bystander, and every petty act of the prisoner, was in some way made a fresh link in the chain which drew the miserable wretch to the gallows; while, on the contrary, if it were upon the prisoner's behalf he gave his testimony, the most outrageous proofs of guilt were explained as being perfectly consistent with, and indeed confirmatory of the prisoner's innocence. Of course, in such evidence there was an immense deal of hair-splitting, and a considerable number of technical terms and learned phrases used, wholly unintelligible to the unprofessional man; the consequence of which eventually was, that the unprofessional man treated the evidence as he treated most other things he did not understand—that is to say, he looked upon it with contempt, and pronounced it nothing worth.

All this is very much altered in the present day. It is true that evidence is now and then given by unscrupulous men for certain purposes, so entirely opposed to our common sense, as to bring some amount of odium on science generally; but such cases are not of very frequent occurrence. The cause of this great change is owing to the dissemination, amongst all classes, of a knowledge of many of the data upon which scientific witnesses found their opinions. Questions as to the *opinion* of such witnesses were formerly the only ones put; whereas, such questions are now always accompanied by others as to the reasons for forming such opinion. If, in years gone by, a counsel had ventured to ask a medical man, while in the witness-box, upon what authority he formed his conclusions, the witness would immediately have backed himself by an appeal to the doctrines propounded by Hippocrates, Galen, and a dozen other of his illustrious predecessors—the older the better. At the present day, such authorities have, to a great extent, been supplanted by others of quite a different description, most of whom have arisen during the last few years, and have in their revelations taught us important truths hitherto undreamed of. One of the most invaluable of these authorities is the Microscope.

Of course, the evidence which this instrument affords in all those cases where it is appealed to, is entirely circumstantial; but it is circumstantial evidence of the most important description. It may tell us that certain brown rust upon a knife or razor is blood—and more, that it is human blood; it may acquaint us with the nature of a piece of poisonous matter wholly invisible to the naked eye, and which would therefore, without its assistance, have entirely escaped detection; and so in numberless ways may the instrument fill up a hiatus in the evidence, which would otherwise have been wholly insufficient to convict or to exculpate a prisoner.

We will take, as our first illustration, the case of a man named Munroe, tried at the Cumberland spring assizes in 1855 for wilful murder. The fact of the murder having been committed by some one, and the manner in which it was accomplished, were both perfectly clear. The murdered man had been waylaid in a lonely spot; his throat had been divided from ear to ear, and his body thrown under a hedge. The murderer, whoever he was, had doubtless committed the horrible act for the sake of about thirty shillings, which the deceased, the paymaster of a colliery, had in his pocket at the time.

Circumstantial evidence of the most intricate character was produced against the prisoner. He had been seen in a field near the spot; he had changed a half-sovereign shortly afterwards, and had attempted to disguise himself—so it was suggested—by getting a blacksmith to cut off the whole of his whiskers. These and many other facts were deposed to, and occupied nearly two days in the recital; still, in them, taken individually or collectively, there was nothing to warrant a conviction. But now came the evidence of the microscope. A learned microscopist was called, to whom there had been previously submitted a pair of corduroy trousers and a razor, both known to have been in the possession of the prisoner at the time the murder, by whose hand soever committed, took place. On these trousers, after a most careful examination, the witness said he had discovered several small spots, the largest being not so large as a swan-shot; the microscope revealed to him that these spots were human blood; and, from their peculiar shape and appearance, he stated confidently that they were formed by small streams of blood spirting upward from the divided artery of a living body. On examining around each of these spots, he discovered traces of soap, and evident signs of the spots having been attempted to be washed out, while over one or two of them *ink* had been carefully spread. On the blade of the razor there was some rust; on the ivory handle, a smear of blood, which also turned out to be human. Of course, a vast number of questions were asked in cross-examination, in order to test the credibility due to the assertion that these spots and stains were *human* blood; that assertion being grounded on the delicate measurement of those minute bodies called corpuscles or globules, which constitute the colouring matter of blood. As to this, however, the evidence of the witness was altogether unshaken—the corpuscles found in human blood are each of them about the $\frac{1}{3200}$ of an inch in diameter, and differ more or less in size from those of any known quadruped—those of the sheep being but $\frac{1}{7000}$ of an inch; of the dog, $\frac{1}{3542}$; &c.

What could be said against such evidence as this? Here was a razor rusted with blood—blood, too, being on the handle; trousers with spots of human blood upon them, which it had been attempted to eradicate by washing and covering with ink. Coupled with the other evidence in the case, it was irresistible; a verdict of guilty was found, and the man was executed.

In the next case we will mention, the value of the microscope as an agent in the detection of crime was still more strikingly shewn, although, from certain causes, the prisoner escaped the punishment which no reasonable person could doubt he justly merited.

At the Chelmsford spring assizes, 1852, C—— H—— was put upon his trial for wilful murder. The circumstantial evidence, by which it was attempted to bring the guilt to the prisoner's door, was even more complicated than in the last case; but although, without the scientific evidence, it was sufficient to raise against him a grave suspicion, it would have been wholly ineffectual to convict him of so heinous a charge as murder. The victim in this case was an old woman, living alone, with a considerable amount of money in her bed-chamber. A neighbour calling upon her one morning at eleven o'clock, found the house shut up, and no appearance of anybody about. Being alarmed, she got through a window into the dwelling, and ascending into the sleeping-room, found the poor creature in her bed, quite dead, the back of her head having been beaten in—no doubt by means of a large hammer lying close by—and her head nearly severed from her body. An alarm was immediately given; an inquest was held, and the police were soon in active pursuit after the murderer.

It was not very long before suspicion fell upon H——. Footsteps had been noticed round the house, which coincided with the impress of the boots he wore; the hammer found near the murdered woman's bed was declared by a neighbour to have been seen in his possession; a little girl had observed him come from near the house on the morning in question; but more than all, in a brook about a mile from the dwelling where the murder was committed, was found a cotton handkerchief, and tightly rolled up in it a razor, covered with blood, which was identified as belonging to the prisoner.

This razor, together with the handkerchief, was conveyed immediately to a clever microscopist in London, who, after examination, returned them both with the intelligence, that the blood upon them was certainly human. The case then seemed complete against the prisoner, and at the next assizes he was placed upon his trial. One question, however, had yet to be disposed of. Assuming that the razor and handkerchief belonged to the prisoner, and that the blood upon them was human, how was it to be shewn that they were connected with *this* murder, they having been found more than a mile from the house in which it was committed? The microscope at once gave a conclusive answer to this difficulty. Upon the blade of the razor, when carefully examined with a high power, there was found beside the blood a few fibres, which were distinctly sworn to as being a mixture of flax and cotton, the fibres of these two products being perfectly distinguishable the one from the other by means of the microscope—a fact well known to all who take any interest in the purity of *lint*. On examining the murdered body, it was discovered that the instrument with which the wound was made had partially severed one of the strings of the poor woman's night-cap, and that the material forming that string was composed of a mixture of cotton and flax! A more convincing proof of the prisoner's guilt could scarcely have been desired. There was, however, one remaining link—the identity of the handkerchief and razor. Only two people could supply this—the father and the sister of the prisoner. Before the magistrates, the old man had reluctantly admitted that both were his son's; but when he saw his son before him in the dock, looking upon him with entreating eyes, as the arbiter of life or death, the old man's courage gave way, and he declared that he could identify neither the one nor the other; so also said the sister; and thus, after all, the jury were reluctantly obliged to acquit the prisoner. To him, however, I may incidentally mention, this was of little avail. Scouted from village to village, H—— vainly solicited either employment or charity; and two months after his acquittal, he was found lying dead under a hedge, from—as a coroner's jury subsequently declared—'starvation.'

In both these cases, then, the microscope gave the most important help towards establishing the guilt of the prisoners; and it is worthy of remark, that the peculiar value of the assistance afforded by the instrument lay, not so much in the discovery of blood in the one case, and of blood and certain fibres in the other, as in shewing conclusively the particular kind of blood and description of fibre. If, on the knife of Munroe, the microscope had said only that there was blood, the tale would have been worth but little, living as the prisoner did in a country village, where twenty different operations might have brought that fluid upon his knife and clothes; but when the fact was revealed that that blood was *human*, it of course afforded a very strong proof of the guilt of the accused. So with the vegetable fibres on the razor; as fibres simply they might have come even from off the handkerchief in which the razor was wrapped; but being partly cotton and partly flax, the case assumed a very different aspect.

The value of this peculiar *discriminating* power of the microscope was remarkably illustrated in a very curious case tried a few years ago at Norwich. A female child about nine years old was found one morning lying upon the ground, in a small plantation, quite dead; the cause of death being at once denoted by a large and deep gash in the throat, severing both of the carotid arteries, the trachea and the œsophagus. Suspicion immediately fell upon the mother of the murdered girl, who had been seen by more than one person leading her daughter towards the plantation on the morning of the day upon which the crime was presumed to have been committed.

Upon being taken into custody, the woman behaved with the utmost coolness—at once admitted having taken her child to the plantation where the body was found; but averred, that having arrived there, the girl ran about gathering wild-flowers; that she subsequently lost sight of her, and after a long search, returned home without her. Upon being searched, there was found in the woman's possession a large and sharp knife, which was at once subjected to a minute and careful examination. Nothing, however, was found upon it, with the exception of a few pieces of hair adhering to the handle, so exceedingly small as scarcely to be visible. The examination being conducted in the presence of the prisoner, and the officer remarking: 'Here is a bit of fur or hair on the handle of your knife,' the woman immediately replied: 'Yes; I daresay there is, and very likely some stains of blood, for, as I came home, I found a rabbit caught in a snare, and cut its throat with the knife.' The knife was sent to London, and with the particles of hair, subjected to a microscopic examination. No traces of blood could at first be detected upon the weapon, which appeared to have been washed; but upon separating the horn handle from its iron lining, it was found that between the two a fluid had penetrated, which turned out to be blood, *certainly* not the blood of a rabbit, but bearing every resemblance to that of the human body. Then came the examination of the hair, which added powerfully to the presumption of the prisoner's guilt. Without knowing anything of the facts of the case, the microscopist immediately declared the hair to be that of *a squirrel*—in this he could not be mistaken, for the fur of one animal differs so entirely from that of another, not only in its size, colour, &c., but in its actual construction, that it is altogether impossible to mistake it when under the microscope. Now, round the neck of the child, at the time of the murder, there was a tippet or 'victorine,' over which the knife, by whomever held, must have glided; and this victorine was made of *squirrel's fur!*

This strong circumstantial evidence of the guilt of the prisoner was deemed by the jury sufficient for a conviction, and whilst awaiting execution, the wretched woman fully confessed her crime.

After such proofs as these, which are but a sample of a hundred others that might, if necessary, be adduced of the value of scientific evidence in judicial investigation, we can hardly imagine any one to be bold enough to deny the utility or importance of such evidence; yet we are aware that the question must continually occur to many—'How did our forefathers manage to bring offenders to justice without the use of microscope, chemical analysis, or anything of the kind?' Why, the fact is, that crimes, in the times of our forefathers, were mostly committed in a very bungling manner, and very slight proofs of guilt were held to be sufficient to secure a conviction. Before the recent improvements in microscopic science, there was, for instance, no direct means of ascertaining whether a stain was caused by blood or by any other fluid. Chemistry, indeed, within the last twenty years, afforded a somewhat delicate and circuitous means of detection, but after all, a very unsatisfactory one—simply detecting the presence of a peculiar body called hematosine, the colouring matter of the blood, without the slightest intimation as to whether it was the blood of man or of any inferior animal.

Then came the revelations of the microscope, continually more and more delicate. First it was shewn, as we have before said, that the blood of every description of animal is composed of a countless number of minute globules, mostly of a red colour, floating in a colourless fluid. Subsequently, it was discovered that these globules, in the class mammalia, are uniformly of a circular form, not spherical, but disks, the thickness of which equalled about one-fourth of the diameter; while in birds, fishes, and reptiles, they are of an *oval* form; and last of all, the remarkable discovery was made, that every kind of animal has in its blood globules differing in size from those of any other kind.

Nothing, indeed, was so much wanted in medical jurisprudence as a safe and certain detection of blood-stains; for several other substances so exactly simulated them, as to be mistaken even by eminent professional men. Orange or lemon juice left upon a knife, or other piece of iron, will in a few days produce a stain so nearly resembling that caused by blood, as to deceive the most careful observer; and not many years ago, in Paris, a man was very nearly convicted of murder, owing to a knife being found in his possession, stained with what was pronounced by several witnesses to be blood, but afterwards discovered to be simply *lime-juice.*

So, again, with the stains of paint formed from the red oxide of iron. About fifteen years ago, a person was found murdered in Islington. Suspicion falling upon a particular individual, he was arrested, and in his possession was found a sack having upon it many stains declared to be dried coagulated blood. These stains were carefully and chemically examined by Professor Graham, who proved them to be red paint containing 'peroxide of iron;' and the sack was ultimately found to have been worn as an apron by a young man apprenticed to a paper-stainer. The accused was immediately discharged.

Now, in both these cases, the microscope would instantly have declared the stains not to be due to the presence of blood. But our ancestors, without the aid of chemical or microscopical investigation, would most certainly have considered them to be strong and incontrovertible evidences of the guilt of the accused; and who shall say how many have unjustly suffered at a time when ill-grounded suspicion and assertion could not be negatived by an appeal to the evidence which the various improvements in science will now permit us to invoke.

It ought, however, to be borne in mind, that the microscope, and similar scientific instruments, do not in any way enable us to dispense with the testimony of learned men in criminal cases, but rather serve to render such evidence more valuable; for although it is very true that the revelations made by so simple an instrument as a piece of tube some nine or ten inches long, with a few glasses at either end, are sufficient in many cases to send a man to the gallows; yet the tale such an instrument tells, can be understood only by those who, by long observation and experience, have learned the 'language' in which it is told.

Honour, then, be ascribed to the men whose skill and patience have placed such an instrument at our disposal; greater honour to those who, by long years of laborious investigation, are able to understand the revelations daily brought before them; but the greatest honour of all to those—happily for us, there are many such in the present generation—who, abandoning the, to many people, unintelligible jargon of technical words and learned phrases, in which everything relating to science was formerly clothed, are content to interpret, in plain and unmistakable language, the as plain and unmistakable tale which the microscope and other means of scientific investigation enable them to disclose.

THE RAPHAEL OF GENOA.

One brilliant afternoon in the spring of the year 1544, some Florentine nobles of distinction were sauntering through the streets of Genoa, surveying, with the curiosity of strangers and the interest of connoisseurs, the architectural improvements and pictorial decorations which on every side seemed in progress.

The republic had just attained the most glorious period of her annals. Reposing after the wars which had desolated Italy, free from all internal dissensions, and delivered by Andrea Doria from the yoke of the French, her sway was now acknowledged throughout the whole of the Ligurian coasts; while the fame of the noble admiral, unanimously hailed as the prince, the father of his country, shed imperishable lustre over the city, where, greater than a king, he yet refused to accept of the sovereign dignity.

'Per Diana!' exclaimed Gino Tornabuoni, the eldest of the party, who had formed his taste under Lorenzo the Magnificent—'per Diana! Genoa should be much beholden to the prince. The city is changed beyond recognition since I was here, scarcely twenty years ago.'

'Say rather to our countryman, Pierino del Vaga, one of Raphael's most favoured pupils,' rejoined another of the party; 'for, if I have heard aright, it was his repairing hither after the sack of Rome by the constable of Bourbon, that first taught the wealthy Genoese to unlock their coffers for the embellishment of their city, and the honour of their name.'

'Your pardon, Messer Bardi,' said the senator Spinola, who was accompanying the travellers in their survey; 'but bethink you, though I gainsay not the merit of Pierino, much praise is nevertheless the admiral's due. He took the young stranger by the hand, and gave up his own palace for the first essay of his skill.'

'Where the matchless frescoes we have just been viewing led to a new era in Genoese art,' retorted Bardi, a perfect specimen of a conceited young Florentine, who sturdily maintained his national supremacy.

'Even so, messere. Thus encouraged, Pierino prospered rapidly, and founded a school which already numbers many worthy disciples.'

'You are right, senator,' said Tornabuoni in a conciliatory tone: 'unless the prince himself had led the way, even the divine Raphael could have worked no change in the hard dry manner—if I may venture so to call it—of your former schools; and no one under his station could have set the example of such magnificence as I see all are now trying to follow. Verily, the more I look around me, and note these goodly palaces, o'erlaid with tints that seem stolen from your golden sunlight and cerulean sea, the more I marvel and admire.' As he spoke, he paused before a large building in process of erection by a near relative of the all-powerful admiral, and scrutinised the paintings on the exterior.* 'The taste,' he continued, 'is not, I own, of that strict purity we of Florence would admit, yet it gladdens me to view such tokens of new-born love of art and liberality. In these streets, where painters and sculptors walk with firm tread and erect bearing; where we behold now a statue newly placed in its niche, now a scaffolding half screening some frescoed palace front, I seem restored to the days of my youth, and recall the glories I witnessed in Florence under our great Lorenzo.'

'Yes,' said Spinola, complacently adjusting his black robe, to which sombre hue the senators of the republic were restricted, 'it is a conceit of ours, no doubt; but we deem that these glowing paintings, those rich mouldings and fair sculptures you see so common on the outside of our palaces, are in keeping with the brilliancy for which our Genoese sky is so renowned. Where nature has been thus prodigal, we would not have art chary of her stores.'

'The limner is doubtless of Pierino's teaching?' asked Bardi, as the group continued their observations on the frescoes, which depicted the principal feats of arms of the Doria family, and drew forth general expressions of approval.

'Ay, surely; Lorenzo Calvi was one of his earliest pupils. But that you may not think we lavish all upon our outer walls, will it please you to view the paintings of the interior, which another of Pierino's followers has undertaken?'

So saying, the senator led the way up a wide staircase, into a large saloon on the *piano nobile*, on the ceiling of which, in a space twenty feet wide by thirty-six long, was a large painting, yet unfinished, representing the massacre of Niobe's children. The gigantic proportions of this fresco, the boldness and originality of its conception, at once riveted the stranger's gaze, and called forth a chorus of admiration, in which even Bardi freely joined.

'How admirably have the difficulties of that flattened arch been overcome!—how deftly are the masses disposed!' said the third Florentine, who had not yet spoken. 'What variety in the posture and expression of the figures! Look at that prostrate form; he is expiring without a struggle; the features are not convulsed, the pale lips wear a smile. The arrow stopped life's current in an instant! And that boy, quivering in every muscle, yet forgetting his own anguish in the endeavour to stanch his brother's wound!'

'Beautiful!—sublime!' cried the enraptured Tornabuoni. 'What purity of outline! what delicacy in every detail of the colossal anatomy! See, Bardi, far or near, the effect is equally good.'

'Yes, indeed,' assented the critic; 'save for slight evidences of a less experienced hand, I could almost believe Michael Angelo had furnished the cartoons. Pity the colouring is too dark; 'tis really the only blemish.'

While these nobles were thus discoursing, a slight delicate boy, meanly clad, and of a timid aspect, glided into the saloon. Without venturing a glance around him, he hastily mounted the ladder that led to the scaffolding, and seizing a brush, began working on the unfinished figure of Apollo. Horrified at the child's presumption in venturing to meddle with the principal person in the composition, the three Florentines raised loud cries of indignation.

'Off, off, thou unmannerly varlet!' shouted Tornabuoni. 'How darest thou lay a finger upon the master's painting? Down with thee at once, or thy back shall smart for it!'

'Let go, I say!' cried Bardi, springing upon the ladder with the intention of forcibly dragging down the offender, who spared him this trouble, however, by dropping his brushes with a terrified air, and commencing his descent; while the Florentine, still glowing with indignation, turned towards the senator, whose laughter he considered strangely out of place: 'Is it because ye are new to these things in Genoa, that works of such merit are so carelessly watched as to be free to any varlet from the streets to come and daub them at his pleasure? Ha! here thou com'st, young malapert! Thou art lucky the painter is not here, else thou wouldst not have escaped so easily.'

The poor boy, thus rudely apostrophised, slunk to the side of Spinola, looking up imploringly in his face, but too much overawed to speak. The senator, totally unmindful of his dignity, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, then patting the lad encouragingly on the shoulder, said: 'Hold up thy head, and be a man, Luchino! They'll not eat thee, thou foolish child! Noble gentlemen all,' he added with mock gravity, taking him by the hand, and forcibly leading him forward, 'permit me to make known to you Master Luca Cambiaso, aged seventeen, though somewhat frail and stunted for his years, the author of this same painting.'

'Come, come, senator,' said Tornabuoni, 'you have shewn us marvels enough to-day, without playing off a jest upon us now! What! a stripling like this, whom I should hardly have guessed to be twelve years old, to conceive and execute aught so perfect? No, no; you have overshot the mark!'

---

* This palace is still extant; it now belongs to the Spinola family, and contains the office of the British consulate; so that many English travellers, going thither for their passports, little recking of its ancient fame, pass before these frescoes, which, after three centuries' exposure to the elements, retain sufficient traces of the original colouring and design to justify their former celebrity.

'You hear him, Luchino?' said his patron. 'Climb up again, thou trembling imp, and shew what the boy-painter of Genoa can achieve.'

With great reluctance, so extreme was his natural timidity, Luca Cambiaso obeyed the injunction, and again took his place upon the platform. But once there, forgetting everything save the absorbing interest of his subject, he displayed such astonishing rapidity of execution and vigour of colouring, as captivated the spectators, who at last broke the silence with which they had been watching his proceedings by applause as vehement as their previous abuse.

Encouraged by their praises, a flush of triumph lit up the young artist's sallow cheek, his eye kindled, and holding a brush in each hand, using either right or left with equal facility, he painted with increasing enthusiasm; even the vicinity of the admiring Tornabuoni, who had silently mounted the ladder, and stationed himself behind him on the scaffolding, did not distract his attention, as he pursued his labours with a bold and vigorous touch that contrasted singularly with his shrinking demeanour.

'My son,' said the good old Florentine, 'I shall carry back with me to Florence a grateful recollection of this day; and esteem myself much indebted to thy noble countryman for having brought me hither to witness, with my own eyes, the first efforts of a hand which princes will one day grasp in fellowship and respect. Yet, ere I depart, I would fain see the cartoons thou hadst prepared to guide thee in this work. Young as thou art, long and careful studies of each figure in this composition were doubtless required of thee, ere so great an undertaking was committed to thy care.'

Blushing and confused, Luca hesitated a while, then pointing to a rough sheet of paper, scarcely more than a foot square, on which the subject of his colossal performance was delineated, said: 'Noble signor, that is the whole preparatory study I have made.'

'Then thou art even a greater prodigy than I deemed,' he exclaimed, embracing the boy in a transport of delight. 'Verily, Luchino, the saints have been very bountiful to thee: they sent thee Pierino del Vaga, fresh from the inspirations of Raphael and the Vatican, for thy master, and gave thee grace to profit by his teaching! Go on, and prosper, child; and when Italy shall hail thee as the worthy successor of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, forget not thy friend Gino Tornabuoni, nor his early prediction of thy fame.'

Nearly forty years after the scene we have recorded, about noon, on a mild winter day, two men wearing the rich though grave costume of the Spanish court, the one past middle life, his companion hardly yet in its prime, were traversing with hasty steps the Patio de los Reyes, connecting the church of the Escurial with the remainder of the vast pile, half monastery, half palace, which, in pursuance of a vow, Philip II. had erected in honour of St Lawrence. Without pausing to admire the lofty Doric portico, they hurriedly entered the interior of the sacred edifice, on the decoration of which the king was still lavishing the wealth of the new hemisphere, and concentrating the talents of the old; and there, still heedless of the magnificence around them—the triple rows of richly hewn columns, the treasures gleaming from the side-chapels, the high-altar with its golden statues and jewelled pillars—their eager gaze was directed to the vaulted roof, where a number of workmen were busied in removing a scaffolding from one of the centre compartments.

The elder of the two, with a keen deep-sunk eye, and strongly marked features—of which, however, the fire and the severity were tempered by an expression of profound sadness on the brow, and a diffidence of bearing that displayed itself at every gesture—after a hasty nervous glance upwards, drew a deep sigh of relief, and exclaimed: 'Our Lady be praised! They will yet be in time.'

'And more than in time, dear master,' was the response. 'When we left them to don our courtly gear, I certified first that little remained to do. Every beam and plank will be out of sight ere his majesty can be here.'

'And now, my Lazzaro,' said the painter confidingly, as he leaned on the arm of his pupil, and drew him to a spot whence the painting, from beneath which the last vestiges of scaffolding were fast disappearing, could be most favourably viewed—'tell me frankly, as brother to brother, what think'st thou of it; how doth it strike thee as a whole?'

'As I have always thought of it: worthy of your best days, when your heart was light, and your brow smooth; nay, surpassing them, shewing what in happier times you would always have been. The old freedom of touch, the grace of fancy is here: your mind hath been itself.'

'I would it were thus, my son and trusty friend; I would fain be well assured that thy love to thy poor master doth not deceive thee. Truly Hope hath been whispering to me the while—fanning me with her soft wings when weary, lending me her brightest tints when my darkened soul would have reflected itself upon my subject. Paradise! Good sooth,' he continued gloomily, ''twas a strange conceit of the king's to assign that to me. Purgatory or hell would have suited my humour better.'

'Nay, dear master, but that this is a moment's cloud, I would avail myself of the licence your love hath given me, and chide you for thus doubting and despairing.'

'Ay, doubt, despair—for how many years have not I been their prey! How hath my life been worn away, how have my best faculties been wasted by wrestling against that, which my heart and my conscience condemn not—which the church hath permitted to others before now, yet denies to me!'

The young man was too much accustomed to these outpourings of bitterness to appear to notice them, otherwise than by some remark upon the approaching visit of the king and queen to inspect the fresco completed, which they had constantly watched in progress, and whose subject had been of Philip's own selection—that, he fancied, would lead the unhappy painter's thoughts into another and brighter channel.

'Thou art right, my Lazzaro. Yes, to-day may furnish the occasion for which I have so often prayed; and yet the thought of all that hangs upon the next hour, is well-nigh overwhelming. What if the king should so express his satisfaction with this work, as to embolden me to crave his all-powerful influence with the pontiff?—and then, overcome by my natural timidity, my tongue refuse to frame the petition, my knees to second its humility; and, in my miserable confusion and weakness, the favourable moment will be lost, and I shall be undone!'

It was Luca Cambiaso, the former bashful stripling of Genoa, who thus spoke, pacing the long aisles of the church his pencil had been selected to embellish, and whose presence at his court the proudest prince in Christendom had deigned to solicit as a favour.

Classed amongst the first painters of the age, respected and honoured by his fellow-citizens, the adored chief of a school of which the reputation bade fair to compete with the most celebrated of Italy, it is from the details of his domestic history that we learn how an ill-starred attachment, for which he could not obtain the sanction of the church, imbittered the best years of his existence, and caused him, absorbed in the sufferings of the man, to forget the triumphs and the claims of his calling as an artist.

The biographers of Cambiaso, with more minuteness than is often found in Italian memoirs, relate that the early death of his wife, a virtuous and amiable woman, and thrifty housekeeper, leaving him with a large family of young children, for a time reduced him to despair. Accustomed to her skilful discharge of all household and family duties, his sensitive organisation was unequal to cope with the cares that had so unexpectedly devolved upon him; and throwing aside his pencil in utter discouragement, for some months all the efforts of his friends to rouse him proved ineffectual. At this juncture, it was proposed that a young sister of his wife's should come to take the management of the house and of the unruly children, who had defied all the poor painter's attempts at management; and erelong the results of the admirable Bianca's good sense, activity, and mild though firm sway, became apparent, and the disorganised establishment resumed its former orderly appearance. In addition to these characteristics, wherein she resembled her sister, Bianca was endowed with an innate love of art, a harmony of taste, a refinement of perception, that Cambiaso had never previously met with in any female companion, and on which, with the natural dependence of his nature, he soon learned to place implicit reliance. From this state of feeling it was an easy transition to the avowal of his affection, and his determination to proceed at once to Rome, to solicit from the pope, Gregory XIII., the necessary dispensation to authorise their union.

Though he sought to propitiate the pontiff by the present of two large paintings, which—composed under the stimulus of all he hoped to obtain from his favour—are said to be among the happiest efforts of his genius, his petition was unsuccessful. The pope was inflexible to his prayers, and sternly exacted from him the promise that, as soon as he returned to Genoa, he would send his sister-in-law away from his house, and avoid her society. Drooping and heart-broken, the unhappy man, over whom this passion seemed to obtain greater empire in proportion to the hopelessness in which it was involved, religiously kept his word, and banished from his home the gentle woman, whose face, repeated in every sacred subject he composed for several succeeding years, attests how unfailingly she was present to his thoughts. But all inspiration, all life had forsaken him; and the greater part of his compositions at this period are so inferior to his earlier performances, that it is unfair to take them as specimens of his skill.

This state of miserable depression had lasted well-nigh five years, when an envoy from Philip II. arrived at Genoa, bearing his invitation to Cambiaso. The flattering distinction this conveyed, and the large recompenses held out, would, however, have been ineffectual to induce the painter to comply, had he not fancied that, by interesting the king of Spain in his behalf, he might be prevailed upon to ask from the pontiff the grace denied to him; and filled with this idea, he suddenly passed from the depths of despondency to sanguine expectations of success, that gave back to his hand its former vigour, and to his eye its fire.

Accompanied by one of his favourite pupils, Lazzaro Tavarone, whose gratitude and devotedness had been unceasingly displayed during his master's unhappy state, Cambiaso arrived at Madrid. Here he was received with unwonted affability and interest by the king, who, in aught connected with the adornment of his magnificent toy, the Escurial, somewhat unbent from the usual severity of his demeanour, and at once introduced to the scene of his destined labours.

In the execution of the grand fresco first assigned to him, a representation of Paradise, the artist put forth all the energy of earlier days, and painted with a rapidity and intensity that his frame, worn by continual anxiety and disappointment, was ill calculated to support, and in the irrepressible agitation with which he now waited the coming of the king, his alternate expressions of gloomy foreboding or buoyant hope, his varying colour and gleaming eyes, Lazzaro, too well acquainted with every fluctuation in his unhappy master, saw how much suffering was at work.

Uncertain what topic to introduce, yet unwilling to leave him undisturbed in the painful reverie into which he seemed to have fallen, as, muttering at intervals to himself, he continued to walk slowly backwards and forwards, the faithful scholar leaned against a column, and watched him with mournful solicitude; marvelling for the thousandth time at the undying fervour of this attachment in a man whose grizzled beard and furrowed brow betrayed the footprints of advancing years, no less than the ravages of sorrow.

'Lazzaro,' said Luca Cambiaso, suddenly pausing and confronting him, 'should I die in Spain, I doubt not the king will retain thee in his service, and my cartoons, and the studies we have made together, will render thee good aid. Yet I would fain have thee return to Genoa one day, and tell her'——

'Now, out upon you, honoured master,' cried the young man cheerily, 'for such talk as this! Die, forsooth! It is permitted to the unknown and unsuccessful to creep into a corner, hang their heads like a sick bird, and die to boot, if it so please them. But you? your life belongs to Italy and to fame. Remember the story you used to tell me when I idled at my easel, of the strangers who saw the painting of Niobe and her children, and what they predicted to you. Till that saying hath had its full accomplishment, talk no more of dying.'

'Well-a-day, those words might have been verified ere this,' returned Luca sadly; 'for 'tis no vanity to own I have had good gifts, if I confess likewise that for too many precious years they have lain unheeded and unprized. If I return to Genoa, I will seek out and destroy whatever I painted during that dark time. But hush! here comes the king. May my good angel be my help! I vow to our Lady of the Grazie a silver candlestick, and to the cathedral of St Lawrence at Genoa an altar-piece, if they will befriend me now!' And advancing with even more than his usual hesitation, the painter slowly drew near the royal party, which had entered by a private door, while Lazzaro modestly retired to some distance.

In compassion to the extreme timidity of Cambiaso, the king, who in Spain laid aside much of the icy formality which marked his demeanour when abroad, generally came unattended to inspect his progress. Even on this occasion, when he brought the young queen, Anne of Austria, his fourth wife, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and two or three others of his favourite nobles, to have the first sight of the recently finished painting, there was little of the state to be discerned which in those times seemed almost inseparable from royalty, and more especially might be regarded as the attribute of the haughty prince, whose dominions, besides Spain and her vast territories in America, comprised Naples, Portugal, and the Low Countries.

Advancing in the direction from whence he knew, by constant practice, the best view of the fresco could be obtained, the king, in the dress of black velvet familiar to us in the historical paintings of that period, encouragingly beckoned to the painter.

'We are come, as thou seest, good Luca, to enjoy in its perfection the goodly foretaste thou hast furnished us of the condition of the beatified hereafter. Now, draw hither, and take heed if I expound rightly to the queen and these gentlemen all the celestial personages here depicted.'

'Your gracious majesty,' faltered Luca, in his imperfect Castilian, 'requires no help from me. By the aid of your benign counsels, and enlightened by your sacred lore, have I carried on this work. This poor hand did but execute what your royal judgment had conceived.'

'Tush, Luca! Nature made thee something better than a courtier, though I do not gainsay that I took a slight share in this assemblage of the blessed, which will ever bring thy marvellous speed in painting to my mind. See there, Anne,' continued Philip, turning to the queen, who was surveying, with a pleased girlish air, the bright colouring and richness of the general effect—'see that figure of thy holy patroness, the mother of our Blessed Lady. What say you to it?'

'Sire, it seems to realise my dreams of the venerable saint.'

'Well, mounting one day upon the scaffolding as was my wont, I found Luca had just completed it. I liked the whole, yet observed I wished the face had borne greater marks of age; then, turning away, soon forgot those passing words of blame, so much did I find on every side to praise. A moment afterwards, I chanced to turn round, and what saw I, think you? Why, the blessed saint full ten years older, as you view her now! Like the touch of an enchanter's wand had my Luca wrought this change.'

And the nobles chorused the praise which their monarch so lavishly bestowed; then stood in the attitude of profound attention, while he descanted on the different groups of patriarchs, prophets, and saints the picture comprehended in its vast expanse, bidding them at the same time remark how well the severe simplicity of the black and white marble pavement he had selected for the church, enhanced the glowing splendour of the roof.

'Well done, well done!' he exclaimed exultingly, turning towards Luca, who meantime had shrunk into the background. 'I cease not to applaud myself for having summoned thee hither. I am right well content'—and motioning to him to approach, leaned familiarly on his shoulder, and holding his hand in his, returned to the contemplation of the painting.

'What purity of expression,' said the royal critic, 'what holiness of joy, what beatific ecstasy doth shine on these blessed visages! I had been told thy greater power lay in depicting dark troubled scenes, or mournful faces; but here, thou seem'st to have had a vision of celestial happiness to inspire thy fancy.'

'O my gracious liege,' murmured the trembling painter, 'truly it was the thought of what your royal mercy could obtain for me, that cast light upon my soul.'

An ominous cloud passed over the king's brow, and he withdrew his hand; but Luca, in his eagerness, heeded it not, nor was conscious of a warning pressure upon his arm.

'One word from your lips, most mighty sovereign—but one word; and he who hath power to bind and loose will grant the dream, the hope of years! O noble prince, the church's prop, the church's pride, spurn not my prayer.'

In his frenzied pleading, he had laid hold of the king's mantle, but Philip plucked it from his grasp, and with a stern frown, turned away. In another moment, Luca's outstretched arm was forcibly drawn back, and he found himself face to face with the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

'Art thou mad, Luca?' he whispered, dragging him to the recess of one of the side-chapels. 'How couldst thou presume to venture on such a topic with the king? Thy unhappy passion was well known to him, but he little dreamed thou wouldst ever profane his ears with urging a request that the pope himself saw not fit to grant. What fiend possessed thee that thou must needs thrust thy paltry love-tales on the majesty of Spain? "Let him look to his gray hairs, and learn wisdom," thus doth he bid me tell thee; and beware thou breathe no word of this again, else thou wilt assuredly forfeit the royal favour, and be instantly ordered to depart.'

Like a person stunned, the unfortunate man reeled backward, and caught for support against the wall, while the duke, abruptly quitting him, rejoined the king, who was much chafed by this occurrence, and with the queen and his attendants, immediately left the church.

As Luca gradually returned to consciousness, and became sensible of their departure, a well-known voice pronounced his name, and he felt himself clasped in the arms of his faithful scholar.

'O Lazzaro,' he gasped faintly, 'take me hence. "Put not your trust in princes," I had often heard it said; yet when he held my hand in his, and I recalled the words of the Florentine, I deemed the time was come, and dared my fate. It is over now. Pray that the King before whom I next shall kneel will not cast me thus away!' And they bore Luca Cambiaso to his dwelling, where in a few days he died.

THE LATEST PROMISE OF THE IRON AGE.

It would require some little measure of consideration to determine what characteristic would best express the spirit of the present age. When the attention is fixed upon the doings in Australia and California, *golden* seems to be not altogether an inappropriate epithet. A few days since, we chanced to be present in a large meeting, in which a *ci-devant* lecturer, who assumed the *nom de guerre* of Parallax—*Paradox*, no doubt, he meant—challenged the collective forces of science to a tourney, undertaking to prove against them all, that our good old jolly round world is *flat:* whereupon, for a little time, we were constrained to feel that the age was a very *brazen* one. Glancing from the brazen oracle to its hearers, the suspicion presently arose, that *wooden* might prove more apt than either brazen or golden. On the *fast* banks of the Cam, again, the idea always presents itself that *mercurial* is the proper designation. But then, in moments of quiet reflection, that huge tubular bridge, which carries railway-trains from Caernarvon to Anglesey, across an intervening arm of the sea, comes back to the mind; and that mighty leviathan, too, which is building at Millwall, and which promises, after a short interval of preparation, to rush round the world every three months, with a burden of 25,000 tons in its ferruginous shell. Yes, there is in the composition of this wondrous age an ingredient of higher importance than either wood or mercury, gold or brass, and which does very much more to confer upon it a predominant feature. The age is really an *iron* one. Iron, in the hands of science, is doing more for the benefit of humanity, and for the advance of civilisation, than any other material agent that has been engaged in beneficent service since the civilised history of mankind began.

The peculiarity which is chiefly operative in rendering iron of high value in the constructive arts, is the extraordinary tenacity with which the little molecules of the metal hold together. They grasp each other so tightly, that it requires a very powerful wrench to tear them asunder. An iron bar, of the same size as an oak beam, that would be crushed by a weight of 400 pounds, will bear 2000 pounds, and come out of the trial unscathed. A square piece of sound-wrought iron, one inch thick and one inch long, is capable of sustaining a weight of eleven tons concentred upon its middle.

But there are other properties accompanying this fivefold oak-power of iron, which are of scarcely inferior importance in a practical point of view. By the instrumentality of the steam-roller and steam-hammer, and by the power of heat, the metal can be fashioned into any shape that is required; and by the processes of welding and riveting, masses can be provided of any size. It seems literally that art is now able to oppose to the rude forces of nature iron structures capable of resisting any amount of destructive violence they can bring into play. The hollow beam which lies across the Menai Strait allows railway-trains, laden with hundreds of tons, to be shot through it almost without causing it to bend from the straight line. The *Great Britain* steam-ship remained stranded for months on the rocky coast of Ireland, amidst the fury of the Atlantic breakers, almost without a strain. The *Great Eastern* steam-ship, when completed, if taken up by its extreme ends, an eighth of a mile asunder, with 25,000 tons hanging from its middle, would sustain the weight as if it were no more than twenty-five ounces. The utmost violence of winds and waves will no doubt be trifles when compared with its powers of endurance. Even the hurricane bursting broadside upon the marine giant, will scarcely disturb its equanimity as it floats upon the ocean. Such are the strength and the adaptability of iron!

Then, too, iron is dug from the ground. It lies ready for use upon the earth in inexhaustible masses, which require only to be taken from their natural repositories, and to be prepared for the uses to which mechanics desire to apply them. There, however, is the rub: they must be *prepared* before they can be used. The strength and malleability of the metal are entirely dependent upon its purity; and the native ore contains various earthy minerals besides the metallic iron. It is composed of flint, clay, carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus, besides that subtile corrosive agent which holds its court unseen in the transparent atmosphere, and which chemists call oxygen—that oxygen which is the lurking principle of rust. All these things are mingled together, in what seems to be inextricable confusion, in iron ore. The workers of the metal, however, know the confusion must not be inextricable, and accordingly, by the persevering effort of ingenuity and skill, they have devised a way to extricate the giant from its entanglement. First, they *roast* the ore; that is, they expose it to considerable heat, by making heaps of mixed coal and ore, and setting fire to the mass. The roasted ore gets to be deprived of several impurities which cannot endure heat, and becomes somewhat light and spongy. Then it is placed in alternate layers, with coke or charcoal, and lime, and the whole is subjected to the refining fire of a blast-furnace. The corrosive oxygen of the ore, under this treatment, capriciously finds that it has a much stronger affection for one of the new-comers, the charcoal, than for its old associate, the sturdy metal; and so takes up with its fresh companion, and flies away with it in the state of vapour, vanishing through the air. The flint and clay, in the same way, make the discovery that they are near relatives of the lime, and forthwith strike up a sort of family union, forming among them an earthy scum or slag. The iron, fairly put upon its *mettle* by this base desertion, waxes furiously hot, and melts into a liquid. The superintendents of the process, catching it at this advantage, snatch away the earthy scum from an upper opening in the furnace, and draw off the molten mass through a lower one, into channels and moulds prepared for its reception. When it runs into these moulds, it has lost the principal part of the impurities with which it was combined; it still, however, retains enough to interfere with its constructional integrity. It has still mingled with its mass five per cent. of carbon, and smaller quantities of sulphur, phosphorus, and other similar ingredients, which have the effect of rendering its grain coarse, and its consistence brittle. When it has cooled in the moulds, in this semi-purified state it constitutes the crude pig-iron, or cast iron, of the manufacturers. This cast iron has three times less tenacity, and once and a half less resiliency, or power of recovering its original condition, when slightly interfered with, than the metal possesses in its purest form.

In order that cast iron may be brought into the purest condition the metal can assume, it is again melted in a fierce furnace, and then, when molten, it is splashed about by the end of an iron rod. Corrosive oxygen floating round in the air, thus invited, enters again upon its old pranks; seizes more of the carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus, and flies off with them as vapour. The remains of other less abundant impurities collect into a slight scum, and there then remains tolerably pure iron, which is taken from the furnace as it consolidates in cooling, and transferred to the anvil, to be there knocked and kneaded by the hammer, until it gets dense and close-grained, or rather close-*fibred*, under the repeated assaults. This process of preparing the cast iron for the operations of the forge, by agitating it when in a molten state, is expressively designated by the term *puddling*. When the cast iron has lost in the puddling four out of its five per cent. of carbon, it has been changed into steel. Steel is a carburet of iron, containing one pound of carbon to every ninety-nine pounds of iron. When the remaining one per cent. of carbon has been almost entirely removed, there remains pure malleable iron.

One great drawback upon the employment of this process for the preparation of malleable iron, has hitherto been the heavy expense of the fuel that of necessity has to be employed in the repeated meltings. Some of the best kinds of iron are only procured after *six* successive fusings. In addition to this difficulty, it has always been found impossible, also, to prepare any very large quantity at once. Founders have thought they had effected wonders when they have turned out some four or five hundredweights by one puddling. The railings which surround the cathedral of St Paul's in London were made of iron, procured by the puddling process in Sussex, at the expense of L.7000.

All this, however, appears now to pertain to the past rather than to the present. A civil engineer of London has just patented a plan for the preparation of malleable iron by a new process, by which he is able to deal with the metal in almost any quantity at once. He has experimentally shewn his ability to convert five tons of molten cast iron into a vast lump of pure malleable iron, in thirty-five minutes; and it is stated that, by the use of his process, an equal quantity of iron railing with that which stands round St Paul's might be furnished at the comparatively trifling cost of L.230.

This new process of Mr Bessemer's consists merely in forcing air through the molten pig-iron, in the place of splashing up the molten iron into the air. The molten iron, drawn off from the slag in the usual way, after the first roasting and melting, is received red-hot into a sort of basin, instead of into moulds. This basin has holes at its bottom, communicating with a very powerful pair of blast-bellows, worked by steam. The air-blast is turned on before the red-hot liquid metal is received into the basin; and the result is, that the metal is prevented from running into the holes by the outset of the blast, and that the streams of air rush through it, tossing it violently to and fro with a sort of fiery boiling. The fierce air-blast forces the carbon combined with the iron into a furious combustion, and the heat of the molten liquid is thus raised higher and higher as the blast goes on. The carbon, which is a superfluous impurity, is itself converted into a valuable fuel through the force of the blast. First, a bright flame and an eruption of sparks burst from the mass; then the fiery liquid swells, and throws up the impurities to the surface as a kind of earthy froth, which is composed of these impurities entangled with oxide of iron by fusion. The sulphur and phosphorus are burned off with the carbon, and after a few minutes, when the flame subsides, there remains nothing behind but the perfectly cleansed iron, ready to be drawn off through the vent-hole of the basin, and more pure than the metal procured after half-a-dozen successive fusings by the old plan. The exact quality of the iron drawn off depends, however, upon the extent to which the blast has been carried. The mass passes gradually, during purification, through the condition of cast steel and hard steel into that of soft malleable iron. There is an intermediate form, which Mr Bessemer calls 'semi-steel,' which is harder than iron, and less brittle than steel, and which he states will prove to be of inconceivable value for all purposes where lightness, strength, and durability are required to be combined. The cast iron loses eighteen per cent. by the time the purification has been carried to the utmost.

Such, then, is the new promise which has just been held out in these iron-days. The metal which is in such enormous demand for works of surpassing extent and strength, is to be furnished in the most perfect state, in tenfold quantities, and with more than a tenfold saving of the cost of fuel used in the preparation. There is to be one roasting and one melting, in the place of half-a-dozen tedious and costly fusings; air is to be blown through the molten liquid, and presto! in a few short minutes, huge masses of the finest grained iron are to be ready for the hammer and the anvil. If this promise be fulfilled, the best steel, which is now worth from L.20 to L.30 the ton, will be furnished in any required quantity at the cost of L.6 the ton, and malleable iron will be sold at the same price, instead of at L.8, 10s. the ton. It has been calculated that this improved process of Mr Bessemer's will produce, when generally adopted, a saving to Great Britain of a sum equal to five millions of pounds sterling every year.

[Our readers may be aware that different opinions have been expressed regarding Mr Bessemer's process. The above paper is by an esteemed contributor, and a man well known in general science; but for our part, we are disinclined to hazard, on such a question, any opinion of our own, having had no opportunity of observing the new process.—Ed.]

THE DRAMATIC CENSORSHIP AND THE PROSCRIBED PLAYS.

Previous to the tenth year of the reign of George II., the dramatic censorship as a state institution had no legal existence in England. From the reign of Henry VIII., indeed, a control of stage-performances was exercised by the lord-chamberlain or master of the revels; but this authority was not recognised by law. It was as much an encroachment upon the public liberties, on the part of the sovereign, as the power he claimed to create monopolies; and it is owing probably to the circumstance of its being, if not vexatiously—for this it could not fail to be—but at least sparingly exercised, that it was, for the most part, patiently submitted to by those who might have legally resisted it. It is not until the reign of Charles II. that the first recorded instance occurs of the performance of a play being prohibited by the lord-chamberlain. This honour of priority belongs to the *Maid's Tragedy* of Beaumont and Fletcher, which was followed soon afterwards by Lee's *Lucius Junius Brutus* and Dryden's Prologue to the *Prophetess*. In the reign of Queen Anne, the tragedy of *Mary Queen of Scots* was interdicted by the same authority, and apparently, like its predecessors, upon political grounds. The next best play that suffered from the censor's shears was Cibber's alteration of *Richard III.*; but in this instance, at least, we can almost pardon the master of the revels for the way in which he exercised his assumed authority. 'When *Richard III.*, as altered from Shakspeare,' says Cibber in his *Apology*, 'came from his (the master's) hands to the stage, he had expunged the whole first act without sparing a line. This extraordinary stroke of a *sic volo* occasioned my applying to him for the small indulgence of a speech or two, that the other four acts might limp on with a little less absurdity. No; he had not leisure to consider what might be separately inoffensive. He had an objection to the whole act; and the reason he gave for it was, that the distresses of King Henry, who is killed by Richard in the first act, would put weak people too much in mind of King James, then living in France.'

A much more memorable instance, however, which occurred a few years later, in the prohibition of Gay's opera of *Polly*, interfered so offensively with the rights of literary property, as to excite general disgust and dissatisfaction. *Polly*, which Gay intended as a sequel to the *Beggars' Opera*, had been accepted by Mr Rich, and everything was ready for rehearsal, when the lord-chamberlain sent an order from the country, prohibiting the manager from rehearsing the play until it had been first of all supervised by his grace. In his preface to the published opera, Gay gives the following account of the suppression of the piece:—

'It was on Saturday morning, December 7, 1728, that I waited upon the lord-chamberlain. I desired to have the honour of reading the opera to his grace, but he ordered me to leave it with him, which I did, upon expectation of having it returned upon the Monday following; but I had it not till Thursday, December 12, when I received it from his grace with this answer: "*That it was not allowed to be acted, but commanded to be suppressed.*" This was told me in general, without any reasons assigned or any charge against me of my having given any particular offence.'

He proceeds to state that, subsequently to the prohibition, he had been told that he was accused, in general terms, of having written many disaffected and seditious pamphlets; and he ascribes the suppression of his opera rather to the ill feeling which this false accusation had excited against him at court than to any obnoxious passages in the opera itself, although there were not wanting those who also charged him with having filled his piece with slander against particular great persons. There seems reason to believe that the suppression of *Polly* originated in hostile feelings towards the author; for the piece contains nothing calculated to give offence beyond such general strokes of satire as had delighted the town in the *Beggars' Opera*; and the moral of it is perfectly unexceptionable, for Macheath, who is reprieved, in defiance of the laws of poetical justice, in the first opera, is regularly hanged in the second.

The arbitrary proceedings of the chamberlain excited, as we have said, general disgust. The indignation of the people was roused by an act of oppression which interfered at once with their own amusements and with the rights of individuals; and on the publication of the opera by subscription, the sympathy universally felt for the author is said to have fully indemnified him for the pecuniary loss he had sustained by the exclusion of his production from the stage. That pecuniary loss, however, could not be estimated with any degree of certainty. Gay was in the zenith of his reputation; he had just realised upwards of L.2000 by an opera of which the success had been unprecedented, and he had a fair right to expect a considerable accession of fortune from a piece which, whatever may have been said of its inferiority to the *Beggars' Opera*, abounds in strokes of pleasantry not unworthy of its author, and is in its lyrical parts fully equal to his more celebrated production. It is as an invasion of literary property that the lord-chamberlain's arbitrary and illegal suppression of this opera appears in the most odious light; and it is by considering in this point of view the act which established the existence of the dramatic censorship, that we are enabled to form a correct estimate of the unjust and oppressive character of the measure.

This measure was introduced into the House of Commons, by Sir Robert Walpole, on the 24th of May 1737. It bore to be a 'Bill to explain and amend so much of the 12th of Anne, entitled an Act for the more effectual punishing of Rogues, Vagabonds, Sturdy Beggars, and Vagrants, as relates to Common Players of Interludes.' The history of the bill is curious. A farce called the *Golden Rump*, said to be fraught with sedition and abuse of the government, had been offered to the manager of one of the theatres, who, either with a view of recommending himself to the minister, or of obtaining some reward for his forbearance, immediately put the manuscript into the hands of Walpole. Walpole, who had long been annoyed with the freedom with which the measures of the administration had been attacked and ridiculed in theatrical productions, determined on making this farce of the *Golden Rump* a pretext for subjecting stage-performances to a system of control which should effectually relieve the government from all further annoyances of a similar description. He accordingly, after reading a number of extracts from this manuscript farce, introduced the measure by which the number of playhouses is limited, and an arbitrary power is vested in the lord-chamberlain to expunge a part, or suppress the whole, of any dramatic pieces which may be offered for representation on the stage. The measure, though in a constitutional point of view it was one of no ordinary importance, since it gave to an officer of the household, as was observed by Lord Chesterfield in his celebrated speech on the second reading of the bill, a more absolute power than we intrust even to the sovereign—though it aimed, indirectly, a blow at the liberty of the press—though it imposed shackles on a branch of our literature, and created a monopoly in theatrical property, as objectionable on general principles of commercial policy as it is injurious to the interests of the monopolists themselves—appears to have passed without much opposition. The speech of Lord Chesterfield on the second reading of the bill is the only evidence which remains to us of its having met with any opposition in its progress through the Houses. In the Commons, it seems to have been hurried through its several stages with as much precipitation and as little discussion as an ordinary turnpike bill. It was ordered to be brought in on the 20th of May 1737. It was read a first time on the 24th, a second time on the 25th, committed and ordered to be reported, with its amendments, on the 26th, reported—all the amendments but one being agreed to—on the 27th, and passed on the 1st of June, when Mr Pelham was ordered to carry it to the Lords. In the Lords, it was read a first time on the same day, a second time, after a debate, on the 2d of June, and the third time on the 6th of June. It was returned to the Commons on the 8th, and received the royal assent on the 21st.

Such is the history of the playhouse bill, as it has been handed down to us by the younger Walpole. It was ostensibly introduced for the purpose of improving, or raising new securities for the morality of the stage, and left the stage precisely what it was before. The power of supervision vested in the lord-chamberlain is expressly limited to *new* plays and to *new* scenes or additions made to old ones—a limitation well enough calculated to suppress theatrical pasquinades of a political description, and to cut off for the future this source of political annoyance; but it left all the licentiousness and immorality to be found in our dramatic literature, from the rise of the English stage down to the 24th of June 1737, wholly untouched. It left the managers of theatres at perfect liberty to reproduce all the filth and obscenity scattered with no unsparing hand over the writings of our older dramatists; it left them at liberty to perform, without stint or curtailment, the plays of more modern writers, from which the sturdy nonjuror, Jeremy Collier, in his *View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, had collected a mass of passages which could not be denied to afford ample colour for his charge. If the stage, therefore, has become more pure, the improvement cannot be ascribed to the efficacy of a measure which left all its impurities uncorrected; if at the present day the comedies of Wycherley and Congreve are excluded from the stage, the exclusion is not to be ascribed to the virtuous discrimination of lord-chamberlains or their deputies, but to the refinement—we had almost said the fastidiousness—of the public taste. About thirty years ago, an attempt was made by the manager of Covent Garden Theatre to revive some of the comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Cibber, after they had been subjected to such expurgatory alterations as seemed calculated to quiet the most scrupulous morality and to appease the fiercest virtue. The comedies were admirably acted, but the attempt failed; for the wit of these writers, after all that could be effected in the way of thinning its luxuriance, was found to be too strongly impregnated with licentiousness to be tolerated by a modern audience.

Whether, as a political security, the playhouse bill is at all more efficacious than as a moral security, we shall enable the reader to judge, by bringing under his notice some of the more prominent instances in which the power of the censor has been exercised. Unfortunately, no portion of the *Golden Rump* has been preserved, by which we can judge how much danger to the government was averted by its timely suppression. But although unfortunate in this respect, we have still the means of judging of the species of dramatic composition which really excited the fears of the government in Brooke's tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa*, the performance of which was prohibited, by order of the lord-chamberlain, in the year 1739, when the play had arrived at the last rehearsal. The subject of this tragedy is the successful attempt, on the part of Gustavus, to wrest the Swedish crown from Christian of Denmark. At a time when a pretender to the throne of these kingdoms existed, the lord-chamberlain might perhaps have considered it prudent to object generally to the subject of this play, without reference to the manner in which the author had treated it; but it is most probable that the prohibition of *Gustavus Vasa* was occasioned by particular passages in the drama, in which liberal and patriotic sentiments were too prominently introduced to be palatable to the existing government. The following are, in all probability, some of the passages which gave the greatest offence:—

> The tyrant spoke, and his licentious band
> Of blood-stained ministry were loosed to ruin.
>
> He has debauched the genius of our country,
> And rides triumphant, while her captive sons
> Await his nod, the silken slaves of pleasure,
> Or fettered in their fears.

Some passages might be regarded with the more alarm, as they were not encumbered with any precise meaning:

> A cause like ours is its own sacrament:
> Truth, justice, reason, love, and liberty,
> Th' eternal links that clasp the world, are in it;
> And he who breaks their sanction breaks all law,
> *And infinite connection.*

Here I take my stand!
Although contention rise upon the clouds,
Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward;
Here will I fix and breast me to the shock
Till I or Denmark fall.

These speeches certainly savour a little of 'hydrostatics and other inflammatory branches of learning;' but an audience whose loyalty could withstand the tirades of Ancient Pistol, against which the legislature afforded no protection, might well enough, we should think, have escaped uncontaminated by such patriotic effusions. Besides, the effect of passages of this description is sufficiently counteracted by many others of a most unexceptionable tendency: of these we shall give but one example. Gustavus, though in the guise of a copper-miner, and though fully participating in the toils of his fellow-labourers, for

His hands out-toil the hind, while on his brow
Sits patience, bathed in the laborious drop
Of painful industry—

is nevertheless described as striking everybody with that undefinable awe which legitimate sovereigns are apt to inspire:

Amid these mines he earns the hireling's portion—
Six moons have changed upon the face of night
Since here he first arrived in servile weeds,
But yet of men majestic I observed him,
And ever as I gazed, some nameless charm,
A wondrous greatness not to be concealed,
Broke through his form, and awed my soul before him.

In short, the copper-miners of Dalecarlia, in the tragedy, distinguished the monarch in his mining-jacket as plainly as the lady in the farce could see the gentleman through the coarsest corduroys.

For the rest, though there are some few spirited passages in this tragedy, it is too deficient in dramatic incident to be effective on the stage, and it is, upon the whole, much too feeble a production to justify the alarm or to excite the hostility of a government, except, perhaps, on the grounds we have adverted to, which, however, have ceased to exist with the extinction of the family of the Stuarts. There was no lack of zeal at this time on the part of the dramatic censor in exercising his new functions, for in the same year Thomson's *Edward and Eleanora* was suppressed—upon what grounds, Johnson observes, it would be hard to discover. Three reasons may be assigned for the suppression of this play, however little they may justify such an exercise of authority: in the first place, Thomson had rendered himself obnoxious to the ministry by his poem of *Liberty;* secondly, the tragedy was partly written for the purpose of eulogising the Prince of Wales, who held no part in the affections of his royal father; and thirdly, it contains many such alarming passages as the following:

Besides, who knows what evil counsellors
Are gathered round the throne! In times like these,
Disturbed and low'ring with unsettled freedom,
One step to lawless power, one bold attempt
Renewed, the least infringement on our charters,
Would in the giddy nation raise a tempest.

A nobler office far! on the firm base
Of well-proportioned liberty to build
The common quiet, happiness, and glory
Of king and people, England's rising grandeur.
To you, my prince, this task of right belongs.
Has not the royal heir a juster claim
To share his father's inmost heart and counsels,
Than aliens to his interest, those who make
A property, a market of his honour?

Of the prohibition of Foote's play of *The Trip to Calais*, which was obtained through the influence of the Duchess of Kingston with the lord-chamberlain, we shall only observe that it places in a striking light the arbitrary nature of the power intrusted to that officer. If the Duchess of Kingston could have proved that her character was libelled in this play by evidence of the intention of the author to ridicule her in the part of Lady Kitty Crocodile, the courts of law were open to her for redress. But there could have been no foundation in this case for the lord-chamberlain's arbitrary invasion of the rights of property, except the private communication of the duchess's belief that she was the person satirised by the dramatist; which belief might have been entirely unfounded, and was not sustained by any positive evidence on the face of the drama.

In the year 1823, the tragedy of *Caius Gracchus* was for some time withheld from the stage, in consequence, we presume, of the objections entertained by the deputy censor to the subject of the play; for when the piece was at length allowed to be performed, it was evident that there was nothing in the author's mode of dramatising the story of the Roman tribune which could possibly have offended the most captious censor or alarmed the most timid politician. The next play, however, and the last we shall now notice, on which the censor exercised his shears with a vigour which led to its withdrawal from representation, was made of sterner stuff: we allude to the late Sir Martin (then Mr) Shee's tragedy of *Alasco*. On this occasion, it should seem—from a spirited remonstrance addressed by Mr Shee to the lord-chamberlain on the conduct of his deputy, a functionary who, be it remembered, is commonly selected from a class of persons, the *genus irritabile vatum*, not the least likely to be influenced by literary prejudices and prepossessions, or to discover a want of temper and impartiality in passing judgment on the productions of their contemporaries—that the hostility shewn by this subordinate officer to the tragedy of *Alasco* was probably exasperated, if not occasioned, by a passage in the play which he might have construed into an attack upon his official dignity:

Why, if there were some slanderous tool of state,
Some taunting, dull, unmannered deputy.

It is hardly necessary to observe that this was one of the passages expunged by Colman. We will add a few others which underwent the same fate, that it may be seen how much the state was indebted to that officer for the vigilant discharge of his inquisitorial functions:

What little skill the patriot sword requires,
Our zeal may boast in midnight vigils schooled.
Those deeper tactics well contrived to work,
The mere machinery of mercenary war
We shall not need whose hearts are in the fray—
Who for ourselves, our homes, our country fight,
And feel in every blow we strike for freedom.

To brook dishonour from a knave in place.

When Roman crimes prevail, methinks 'twere well
Should Roman virtue still be found to punish them.
May every Tarquin meet a Brutus still,
And every tyrant feel one!

'Tis not rebellion to resist oppression;
'Tis virtue to avenge our country's wrongs,
And self-defence to strike at a usurper.

Hell's hot blisters on the backs
They turn so basely!

The last instance of erasure—there are several more of the same description—is curious, seeing that it proceeded from the pen of the author of *Broad Grins*, *My Nightgown and Slippers*, and *Poetical Vagaries*. There is no class of functionaries, according to the proverb, so skilful in apprehending delinquents as those who have most assiduously cultivated the art of making other men's property their own; and it is upon this principle, we presume, that the extreme fastidiousness of the deputy-censor in the case of Sir Martin's tragedy is to be accounted for. He detects an exceptionable expression, and makes, where he does not find, an indecent allusion, with that excess of purity and superlative display of delicacy which could belong only to a practised offender against the laws of decency and decorum.

We have now run over some of the most remarkable dramatic productions which have been suppressed upon political grounds, and have given a fair specimen of the most formidable passages in these productions, and would ask, in conclusion, whether it can be reasonably inferred that the state has ever gained by their suppression; and, above all, what the government is likely to gain, in the present times, and in the present state of public taste and feeling with regard to theatrical performances, by the continued exercise of the arbitrary power intrusted to the dramatic censor.

> Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget.

LIFE AT THE SEA-SIDE.

'Old times are changed, old manners gone,' since Lamb's delightful but wilful wit characterised our sea-side town as 'a place of fugitive resort, a heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the ocean.' *Now* it is *the* resort of the noble and distinguished of the land; stock-brokers are ignored during *the* season; the amphitrites exist, but the misses find something better to coquet with than the ocean. Nay, at this very present time of writing, we have *three* ambassadors and our own prime-minister here! The open windows of a house in the grand terrace, called Eversfield Place, afford a peep at a whole bevy of flags which make the walls of the room look like those cards of signals wherewith the young gentlemen of the navy edify and delight their admiring mothers and cousins. This be-coloured mansion is the residence of the Russian admiral. Happily, 'forgive and forget' is a national proverb, and John Bull smiles benignly on the exhibition, and is delighted to welcome a gallant foe. The ambassador from the 'frozen Muscovite' dwells on the same terrace, and within a few doors, the envoy of the sultan, and *l'ambassadeur* of France. We should like to know whether any place except ours can exhibit such a specimen as this of a 'happy family.'

Before, however, we begin to describe the life we lead here, let us try to draw the background of the picture, the landscape to our figures. Imagine—all who read this paper must, we suppose, have artistic imaginations—imagine a rocky coast, with a thousand little graceful curves and indentures; sands smooth and glittering with liquid pearls, and broken by masses of tiny black rocks, all covered with floating sea-weeds; a sea of laughing light, all ripples and soft, low sounds, with every variety of shadow floating over its mirror-like bosom; a quaint old town nestling beneath high cliffs, and crowned with the ruins of that castle which was once its tower of strength—and you will see Hastings. Turn to the right hand, traverse a portion of ground once called the 'Desert,' now a street of nice-looking shops, and, further on still, of small white lodging-houses, and you will find yourself in St Leonards, a far less picturesque but most comfortable and aristocratic watering-place. The towns, to our fancy, are like sisters of one house, bearing a family resemblance to each other, with the differences belonging to age and character. Hastings, the elder, with something of the grace of years, the soft shadows of time, and the charm of memory hanging over her—domestic and cozy, moreover. St Leonards, with the elegance and attractions of a fashionable belle in the heyday of her beauty and her coquetry. So much of needful landscape-painting; now for the life and movement of the 'figures,' as Wilson called the people he saw walking beneath the oaks of Windsor Forest.

Life at Hastings, however, is but a holiday life after all; it is not work-a-day existence, not a succession of grave duties, but of fun and pleasure-parties, whether by land or sea. A bell wakes us early in the morning—too early for any other place save this. It is the *reveillé* of the Sisters of the good Shepherd who dwell above us on the cliff, and gaze from their voluntary thraldom over the freest and wildest of all elements—recluses in the midst of the heyday of this world's bustle. Very good and charitable they are, and worthy of all consideration and respect. We obey the bell-voice, rise, and walk up to the level platform, which is above Eversfield Place, and in front of the convent. How gloriously the sea dances in the early sunlight that glitters on the white sails in the distance, and tinges old Hastings Castle, breaking the hill shadows with arrows of golden light! How fresh and wooingly the sea-air comes on our brow, soothing the spirit, and making the heart feel loving and glad, as in childhood! Wise old Greeks, who fabled that the birthplace of love was the ocean!

The convent is but a heterogeneous mass of buildings, though there is the beginning of what promises to be a noble church. It is not now permitted to strangers to go over the interior; but some years ago an old Irish lady took us through the apartments, and we were much pleased with them. She was exceedingly anxious for our approval, and on our objecting to the unpleasant character of the pictures in the large room—appropriated, we believe, to the priest—she said that to a true member of her church they were exceedingly delightful, 'specially that of *St Aristotle!*' This put us in mind of an old Welshwoman, who once told us she supposed the reason St David hadn't a collect allotted to him in the English Prayer-book, like the rest of the apostles, 'was because the English Church was jealous of his being a Welshman.'

Bathing begins very early—at seven o'clock, generally—and continues for some hours. The Amphitrites of to-day are good, hardy, merry women, and, like all feminines, much in communion with the sea, whether 'caller-herring' criers or *poissardes* of Boulogne, far beyond their inland sisters in strength and energy. They are a peculiar race, too, and often say very quaint funny things. *Par exemple*, a lady complained to one of them the other day that she had brought her to bathe close to a gentleman's machine. At first she pretended to ignore the fact, then said apologetically: ''Taint a man, really, my lady; it's only one of the clergymen bodies.' Nevertheless, the clergy are held in deservedly high repute here. In Hastings, the spirit of the old Henry of Huntingdon, its former lord, is still prevalent, and of course the preachers are popular; moreover, they are excellent men, good parish priests, and persons of intelligence. But we are digressing. After breakfast, people here either walk, ride, or drive. We generally stroll along the shore, examining that sea-life which fashion is now bringing under the observation of most sea-shore visitors. The misses of 1856 don't coquet with the ocean, but with its inmates. An aquarium is to be seen in nearly every house, and very interesting it really is to watch the flower-like existences it contains—the barnacles opening their tiny shells with a constant twinkling in the water, and the anemones varying their form and colour, like living kaleidoscopes. One might spend months on the shore, making acquaintance with its inhabitants—

> Each on its separate track of life,
> And each a mystery.

There is also a peculiar sea-marvel at Hastings—that is, a submarine forest, visible from the surface above. A few days ago, the tide retreating beyond its wont, left a huge trunk of oak or elm visible. Mr Brisco, the owner of Bohemia, happened to be riding on the sands at the time, and the fishermen pointed it out to him; he rode back, intending to send some men and cart-horses to drag the revealed trunk to the upper earth, but before they could reach the spot, the waters had again covered their prey; and it may be, he tells us, ten years before the salt-water veil is again lifted.

And all the time one strays upon the smooth glittering sands, sounds of sweet music float towards one from the land. Hastings has an excellent subscription band, as well as numerous itinerant musicians; and it is no little addition to the pleasure of the scene, to hear familiar music, full of memories, stealing to us with every sough of the wind. The whole coast itself is one grand Eolian harp—full of mysterious utterances, of sobbing and sighing, and muttering breezes, not to speak of the great voice of the ocean.

Ascending from the beach, we find ourselves amidst the active, busy pleasure-life of the idlers on the Esplanade. What groups of people! handsome girls, all looking like very tall mushrooms—thanks to the prevailing fashion of brown hats—talking and laughing together; tiny children of all ages and complexions, running about with wooden spades in their hands, bent on geological researches on the beach and sands; men and women bearing baskets full of shell-manufactures of all kinds, and of ornaments made from the wood of the buried forest. And that sadder life which is the melancholy characteristic of the place, the feeble invalid reclining on her perambulator, or leaning on his crutches. Carriages of all kinds pass and repass incessantly in the road, from the pretty pony-chair, in which yonder lovely girl drives her mother, to the barouche and four, and the 'fast'-looking *char à banc* from Bohemia.

These walking mornings are sometimes diversified by a sail: for ourselves, in the fine lugger belonging to a friend, which almost deserves the name of yacht; for others, in boats of nearly similar size, which, like omnibuses, carry a certain number, each paying a small price. Delightful it is to feel the waves

> bound beneath us like a steed
> That knows its rider;

and to enjoy the excitement of a difficult landing; for only at high-water can a large boat touch the shore, and even then she has to be hauled up on the steep shelving beach by means of a horse and capstan. One of the pleasantest sails we ever took off Hastings was on board the preventive vessel then on the station; but it ended in such rough weather that return became impossible, and we were obliged to put into Newhaven, a recently formed harbour. It was in 1848, just as the kings of modern Europe were running away in all directions, and a gentleman of our party had no trouble in persuading 'mine hostess' of the little inn that an aged baronet of the party was the king of Denmark, and we, the forlorn followers of his flight. She was nobly respectful, considering our supposed fallen fortunes; but not at all 'startled from her propriety,' only observing coolly: 'Well, sure 'tisn't no time ago since the king and queen of France put up here!'

This uncertainty of landing, and fickle nature of our climate, render land-excursions pleasanter generally than those by sea; and there is much to attract the visitor in the neighbourhood of Hastings. Fairlight Glen, with its 'lovers' seat,' and view of an immensity of blue sea on one side, and rich champaign country on the other. Multitudes of flies, crowded with the motley population of a sea-bathing place, are always to be seen on fine days near Fairlight Mill, or on the road to Hollington Wood, in which stands the most rustic of old-world churches. It is said by the authentic tradition of the peasantry that this very peculiar structure was built by angels! A church was designed on the neighbouring height, and the building begun; but every night beheld the day's work removed, and in the morning the workmen had always to recommence their labours. This they must have done with most unwearied perseverance, since the materials they used thus vainly served to build Hollington Church. 'For it was the fiend,' says the legend, 'who took away nightly the stones used in the daytime, and hid them in Hollington Wood. Here they remained for a while unseen by man; but one bright Sunday morning there came from that thick coppice of huge trees, through which there neither was nor is a road, the sound of the church-going bell, and in wonder and awe men obeyed the call, urged by curiosity to trace the voice; and there, in the centre of those old trees, amongst which only a tiny footpath winds, they found a church—*the* church of Hollington—which angel hands had doubtless built, since till that moment human eye had not seen it.' So runs the tale. We cannot say the architecture tends to confirm it, though the strange uncleared narrow access undoubtedly does.

But Hastings, full as it is of historic memories, needs very little the help of traditionary lore to make it interesting. Every spot is connected with the remembrance of some great event in our annals at the most important of all times for England.

Battle Abbey might take an article for itself—with its noble ruins, its embowered 'pleached' walks, its gardens, and its 'Roll,' and its old paintings. It was church-land originally; and so strange and so sad has been the fate of many of its possessors, that it has served to 'point a tale' in Sir Henry Spelman's *History of Sacrilege*. One incident of a more recent character is so singular that we cannot resist the temptation to relate it.

The wife of one of the former baronets fled from her husband, taking with her her only child, a daughter. The father could, and, of course, would claim his child, and legal measures were resorted to, to recall the unfortunate little girl. But the mother, amid all her sin and error, retained her maternal affection, and could not bear to lose her daughter; so letters were sent to Sir Godfrey, to tell him of the dangerous illness of the child; then came the account of her death; next the little coffin for interment in the ancestral tomb. The fraud was too daring to be suspected. The remains of a kid were deposited in the family vault, and the father believed himself childless. Meantime, the infant girl was dressed in male attire, and taught to believe herself a boy. For many years she continued to be thought the son of Lord ——, with whom her mother had fled. It was not until many a weary day had gone by that the unhappy father was undeceived, and reclaimed his child, then a lovely woman. The likeness of this 'translated' young lady is amongst the Battle pictures.

It is pleasant to return from one of these drives to an early and 'severe' tea, drank in the deep bay-window which overlooks the sea. One sits dreamily listening to the dash of the waves on the shore—that deep, strange sound, unlike all others, which is heard above the music of the bands, and the dear familiar voices round the board; and a wild phantasmagoria of monastic walks, old ruins, or sunshiny woods flits through our brain during that pleasant rest. Eventide in its loveliest form is here—

Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Red rose tints resting on the old castle, and tinging the heaving sea; a whole banner of crimson floating over Beachy Head; and then the soft gliding in of twilight, and the hush of the dying day. Good-night, gentle reader. So closes that portion of time in our life at Hastings.

HOW WE BUILD IN LONDON.

A house fell down in the city a few weeks ago, not a great way from what *Punch* calls the Royal Brigand's Bank. A stir was made about it, because somebody was killed, and it turned out on inquiry that the house was an old one; perhaps one of those that were built after the great fire in 1666. So, of course, nobody was to blame.

Now, what I want to ask is, whether anybody is to blame for the many new houses that are 'run up' every year, and that are always ready to fall down—would fall down indeed, if they tried to stand alone. Perhaps you will wonder how this can be, seeing that we have a Building Act here in London, and inspectors to take care that its provisions are complied with, and penalties for evasions. It sounds all right; but haven't we got an act against profane swearing—and is that obeyed? Ah! innocent reader, if you would only take a walk with me for half a day, I could shew you how our Building Act is respected.

I ought to know something about the matter, for I am a handicraftsman, and have helped to put the finishing-touch to many a house—if house be the proper name. I could take you, reader, to street after street, and shew you that these so-called houses ought to be ticketed *dangerous*, as the ice is in the parks in winter. The act provides that for a certain width of road, houses shall have such and such a height. I can point out houses to you which scornfully look down from a height of several feet upon the legal limit. I could shew you dishonest party-walls, rotten foundations, and sham drainage; and yet the act declares in one of its clauses, that considerations to be especially regarded 'are the safety of the public, as against insecure construction, and the spread of fire.'

For confirmation, you may turn back to the *Proceedings* of the Royal Institute of British Architects, where you will find it in discussions on the subject held among the members of that enterprising corporation. You will see how one said that the act defines the thickness of walls, varying according to the height; another, that inspectors were apathetic; another, that evasions were possible, and often practised; and more to the same purport. After reading those reports, you will perhaps wonder that modern houses stand at all. They wouldn't stand, if it wasn't that they had others to lean against. One lends a shoulder to the other, and so they manage to keep the perpendicular for a while; but, after all, it is nothing more than cripple helping cripple. And this is London—the head-quarters of civilisation and liberty—the emporium of the commerce of the world!

Suppose we go a little into particulars. I haven't kept my eyes shut when I have been at my work of finishing and decorating, and one consequence is, that I have witnessed many of the tricks and scandals of the builders. It is not an unusual thing for the plaster of a new London house to change from white to a dirty brown, or to fall off the wall or ceiling in patches; and many a tenant has been astonished by the bad smells in rooms which have never been inhabited. There's a reason for everything, if you only knew it. Did you ever see scavengers scooping up the mud in the streets after a rainy day? This mud they call 'micmac;' and rare slimy stuff it is, as you have found out, if you have ever been splashed by it. The men of the broom cart it away to secret places, where great heaps of it are accumulated, and when dry enough to be sifted, they sell it to the *builders*. But what do the builders do with it? I'll tell you. They pass it through a sieve, to free it from stones and other coarse-grained refuse; then to forty bushels of the pulverised micmac they add a bushel or two of lime: and what then? Why, then they use it for plastering the walls and ceilings of new houses.

There's economy in this. Mud is cheaper than lime, and besides, owing to its cohesiveness, the cost of cow-hair is saved, and the labour of mixing it in. The tenacious mud will be sure to stick to the walls, at least it will do so long enough to answer the builder's purpose; so you see nothing could be better. And what an admirable way of utilising street-sweepings!—one that I would recommend to the attention of our Metropolitan Board of Works; provided always, that 'Works' be the proper term for a body which as yet has shewn so little capacity for working. What matter that your bedroom smells like a dead-house, or worse, every time the weather becomes damp; that the offensive odour turns you sick, should there be a prevalence of rain; that the paper which your wife always admired, because it was so 'nice a pattern,' grows blotchy with foul stains, hideous to look on? What matter, I say, if mud can be turned to such profitable account, and your builder is enabled to keep his phaeton? In your innocence, you have always thought that none but savage tribes—such as the Grimphisogs and Rawgrubgobblers—dwelt in mud-houses, and you won't be very willing to believe that here, in this world-renowned London, you have been living in a mud-house ever since the day you brought your blushing Marian home from the honeymoon.

Possibly the notion of such a thing may shock you. But try to forget all the abominations that go to the composition of micmac, and imagine it a compound of the dust of an imperial Cæsar or two, to say nothing of dukes, barons, and members of parliament, and you will be consoled.

I read once in a periodical that the cause of bad smells in rooms was the many thicknesses of paper on the walls, the new having been pasted over the old till the accumulation began to ferment. I didn't believe it, because I knew better. Take my word for it, if the walls are all right, you may 'stick up,' as they say in Staffordshire, a new layer of paper every year as long as you live without any offence to your olfactories. But how can walls be sound or wholesome when, as I have seen, the mortar is one part lime and three parts mould—when, as I have also seen, the labourers, to save themselves trouble, slake the lime with water dipped from a filthy sewer!

One fact more, and then I shall get out of the mud. I have told you how economical our builders are in the matter of lime, but what if I tell you that in many a party-wall they do without lime entirely. I have seen party-walls put together with nothing but unsophisticated mud—genuine and unadulterated mud. I could pull every brick from its place as easily as a baker lifts loaves from his shelf. Of course, such walls are always damp, if not slimy; but perhaps the builder regards damp as an additional security against fire. I have been up on house-tops where the walls came through the roof, the said walls being as easily displaced as if merely piled of loose bricks.

And even the mud itself is saved in laying foundations. Builders of our day—ought we not to be proud of them?—dispense with mud, mortar, or cement below the ground. Pile 'em up! The weight of the house is sure to keep the bricks in place. They 'll last our time, and that 's as much as can be expected now-a-days.

And then the bricks. Did you ever contemplate a London brick? It would be yellowish-gray in colour were it not defaced by what looks like dirty bruises, and here and there a deep crack, and a clinker sticking out. It is meant to be a parallelogram, but it is no such thing; for it is all muddy, twisted, crooked, and thicker at one end than at the other. Some, if you take them up by one end, will break in two with their own weight; and you shall hardly see one that is not a scandal to the nimble art of brick-making. Even in Victoria Street—that aristocratic and vaunted Westminster thoroughfare—I have seen piles of such rubbish—bricks I cannot call them—used in the building of those stately houses which are let out in flats to tiptop gentlefolk. And this being the case within sight of the Houses of Parliament, of the Queen's palace, what must it be a mile or two further away! Baked rubbish and mud. Why *will* the Society of Arts persist in offering prizes for new building-materials when here is such abundance always at hand!

I shall never forget how once, during a walk in Gloucestershire, I came to a brick-field, where the piles of large, sound, well-shaped red bricks were a pleasure to behold. I took one and another in my hand, and surveyed them with that feeling of satisfaction always inspired by good workmanship. An antiquary could not have been more delighted with Roman potsherds and rusty Saxon sword-blades, than I was with the Gloucestershire bricks.

About two years ago, I was papering a house—a rather stylish house within cannon-shot of the *Elephant and Castle.* The drawing-room had a deep handsome cornice, an ornamental circle in the middle of the ceiling, and the paint of all the wood-work was no bad imitation of mottled maple, and the paper a graceful convolvulus pattern. I felt rather proud of it when my part was finished, and the next day began to paper the bedroom above. Intent on my work, I jumped on one occasion to the floor from the steps on which I had to mount with every breadth of paper, and was at the same moment startled by a tremendous crash beneath me. I ran down stairs: clouds of dust were pouring from the drawing-room, and the room itself was by that time a wreck. Shaken by my jump, the heavy cornice and the ceiling had given way, and fallen to the floor, leaving the bare laths exposed. The paint was all scratched and bruised; the paper was torn, hanging here and there in tatters, and furrowed through to the plaster. It was a woful commentary on modern building, and in a house intended to be let for L.60 a year. Are we not clever people in London?

No longer ago than last winter, just as I had finished supper one evening, and was taking my ease in slippered feet by the fire, a messenger came with a hurried knock to summon me to Eglantine Cottage, where my services were instantly required. What a sweet name! Eglantine—redolent of delicious odours and sunshine, of beauty reposing in luxuriant bowers: anything, indeed, but unhappiness. However, on arrival, I was conducted to the kitchen, and asked to look at the ceiling. A dance was going on in the room above, and the ceiling bent and undulated like waves turned upside down, and little shreds of plaster sprinkled the floor. There was no time to be lost: I recommended an immediate cessation of the dance, and, running home, speedily returned with the boards and joists necessary for shoring up the ceiling. When this was done, the light fantastics went to work again, and capered into the small hours, no longer in danger of dropping through upon the heads of the cook and housemaid. I rather expect that this shoring up will be an annual job for me at Eglantine Cottage.

Perhaps you will think this is an uncommon occurrence. No such thing. There is many a house in London let upon the express stipulation that the tenant shall never have a dance in the drawing-room: houses being built not to live and be merry in, but merely to stay in. Who knows whether by and by the little children will not be forbidden to romp in the nursery, lest they endanger the whole edifice.

You wouldn't wonder that floors sway and ceilings bend, if you saw how slender, and how few and far between, are the joists by which they are supported. I have seen floors laid on joists one inch and a quarter thick, and two feet six apart. The consequence of this is, that even if you don't want to dance, the windows and doors rattle every time you walk across the room: in fact, the house dances, whether the inhabitants do or not. You might as well live in a lantern, or in one of those Chinese houses all paper and bamboo. Not so very long ago, a man was tried for having stolen a number of scaffold poles. He was found guilty, as he deserved; and it came out on the trial, that, after stealing them, he quartered them lengthwise, and used the quarters as floor-joists in some houses he was building. Think of that!—the fourth of a six-inch pole, to sustain a family and their household gear. Talk of being on a raft on the stormy ocean after that! Fine specimens of this style may be seen in Battersea Fields. An enterprising builder once offered to sell me a row of six new houses in that 'desirable neighbourhood' for L.150!

A builder once offered me 'fippence a piece (twelve yards) all round,' to paper a row of ten houses, and to find paste as well as labour. This offer may be judged of when I tell you that the fair price for hanging paper is a shilling a piece. I told him 'twas impossible to hang it for 'fippence' with any hope of its remaining any time on the walls. He didn't care for that; if it would stay up three weeks, till he got the houses off his hands, that was all he wanted.

Botch-papering is kept in countenance by botch-painting. It would surprise you not a little to see how quickly two men will paint a row of houses; but not if you knew the dodge they are practising. The paint is nothing but a wash of water-colour well charged with size, and is laid on with a whitewash-brush wherever the surface is wide enough. It is finished off with a coat of varnish, and the only oil-paint used is on the window-sashes. No wonder your children's fingers so soon wear the paint off the doors and skirting! no wonder it washes off from the mantel-piece! If you buy cheap 'japanned' washstands and chests of drawers, you will find the 'japan' to be nothing more than water-colour.

That the cities of ancient Nineveh have become mere earthy mounds, nothing more in appearance than a swell in the great Mesopotamian plain, is well known to all of us through Mr Layard's remarkable explorations and discoveries. How long would it take to convert London into a similar mound? You won't want me to answer that question, for you will have no difficulty in calculating the time necessary for the decomposition of such a mass of rubbish into its original elements. The result would be accomplished long before the time assigned for the arrival of Mr Macaulay's New Zealander.

But you will say that all this has only to do with poor people's houses. If by poor people you mean such as pay from L.20 to L.30 a year rent, you are right; but let me tell you that such people constitute no small portion of the respectable middle class of London; that they pay their way honestly, and submit to self-imposed self-denying ordinances to get decent schooling for their children; and that they deserve better treatment than most of them get from their landlords. Do you think it is fair to make a man pay even L.20 a year for living in a brick packing-case, that wouldn't stand an hour, if it hadn't others to lean against, as aforesaid?

It is very true that most of what is here mentioned took place in the great parish of Lambeth, where the archbishop lives in his palace at one edge of it; but you mustn't think that things are any better 'over the water,' which means on the Middlesex side. If it were necessary, I could soon convince you that St Pancras or Marylebone can't brag so very much over Lambeth. I have heard the president of the Institute of British Architects say—and he ought to know—that some of the worst building in London is in and around Russell Square. You won't find many L.20 or L.30 houses in that quarter. There is one house in the square, if not more, which trusts the entire weight of its three-flight staircase to a single nine-inch wall. After this, you will hardly desire to know any further particulars of rickety window-sashes, shrunken floors, leaky roofs, and cracking walls. You could slip your watch easily through the joints in some of the floors: perhaps the builder foresaw there would be an outcry for ventilation, and used green wood in order to provide against it. Seasoned wood is rare now-a-days. Don't expect your carpenter to be too virtuous, or you will be disappointed. Make up your mind beforehand that he *will* use green wood, and then you won't lament so bitterly over the dishonesty of the age, as one of our most eminent literary characters does. He paid a good price to have a new study built. It was a *study*—to use an artist's technicality—in which the builder depicted himself as knave. An Indian wigwam would have been preferable.

It was about 1804, that a Mr Burton began to build Russell Square, and set an example which later builders have so cunningly improved on. He perpetuated his name in Burton Crescent, that resort of foreign refugees; and if the square be bad, the crescent is worse. The president above mentioned says there is little hope of real amendment until builders cease to fancy themselves architects, and until architects are employed to direct builders. We have proof enough of what *can* be done with bricks and mortar in houses built in the reign of Queen Anne, or further back in that of Elizabeth. And the late Mr Cubitt shewed that it was possible to build *good* houses with more profit than bad ones. There is a new house at the corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street, which I recommend as a pattern to those builders who are fond of the dead-alive Gower Street style; and there is one in Southampton Street, Strand, which demonstrates the capabilities of coloured bricks, and the possibility of producing picturesque effects even in London. The way in which the chimneys are made to contribute to the architectural appearance, is worthy of all praise and imitation. They are not a deformity, but an ornament.

Cockneydom is renowned for its self-conceit; fancies itself, as the tall Kentuck did on the levee at New Orleans, 'a leetle cleverer' than all the rest of creation. But is it not the fact that Cockneydom could learn a lesson from some of our provincial towns? Ugly Birmingham even has a finer market-hall than any in London; and what is Covent Garden compared with the market at Birkenhead? There's some talk of building a new one, and I hope it is true, for it is pretty nearly time that the excellent fruits and vegetables offered for sale in Covent Garden should be displayed in a market more worthy of them. And in the matter of omnibuses: do not Glasgow, Liverpool, and some other places far outvie the metropolis?

Why should London be worse built than Edinburgh? I once lived six months in the northern metropolis, and had two rooms on a third flat in the New Town. It was a good height; but so solid were the walls, and so firm the floors, that my sitting-room did not chatter when I walked across it; neither had I any apprehensions of tumbling through on the heads of the lodgers in the second flat. A widow with a large family occupied the room above mine; but, except on a Saturday, when she dragged her furniture about in a general cleaning, I never was disturbed by noises overhead, or alarmed for the safety of my ceiling. In my present London lodgings I hear every sound made by my neighbours, east, west, north, south, and underneath—happily there are none above me—and have frequently to lament that London builders have not yet profited by the example of those at Edinburgh.

So ends my say about How we Build in London: should it be read by any whom the cap fits, I only hope they'll try to be honest for the time to come, or let us know whether anybody's to blame.

THE GRAVE IN THE WEST.

Western wind, balmy and sweet!
Stole you the breath of the blossoming limes,
Under whose boughs we were wont to meet—
Wont to meet in the olden times?

Far away—adown in the west
Blossom the limes that I love so well,
Under whose boughs my life was blest
With a love far dearer than words may tell.

Western wind, though so far away,
I trace in your sighing their odorous breath;
Surely you stole it, and brought it to say:
'Think of the boughs you have wandered beneath!'

The limes in that avenue, leafy and sweet,
Blossomed and faded one happy year,
While under their shadow our two hearts beat
With a love unclouded by doubt or fear.

The limes in that avenue, shady and old,
Have blossomed and faded many a year,
Since *one* true heart grew for ever cold,
And the *other* for ever withered and sere.

Western wind, let the lindens rest!
Waft me no breath from the lime-tree bowers—
But the perfume of roses that grow in the west
On a lowly grave that is covered with flowers!

Thomas Hood.

AFRICAN ABSOLUTISM.

The king of Dahomey is one of the most absolute tyrants in the world; and being regarded as a demigod by his own subjects, his actions are never questioned. No person ever approaches him, even his favourite chiefs, without prostrating themselves at full length on the ground, and covering their faces and heads with earth. It is a grave offence to suppose that the king eats, drinks, sleeps, or performs any of the ordinary functions of nature. His meals are always taken to a secret place, and any man that has the misfortune or the temerity to cast his eyes upon him in the act is put to death. If the king drinks in public, which is done on some extraordinary occasions, his person is concealed by having a curtain held up before him, during which time the people prostrate themselves, and afterwards shout and cheer at the very top of their voices.—*Wilson's Western Africa.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 151. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856. Price 1½*d.*

THE ITALIAN CAFFÈ AND CONVERSAZIONE.

[This paper is by the author of *A Peep into an Italian Interior*, a series of sketches of domestic Italian manners, which appeared in Nos. 485, 498, 508, 514, 516, 521, Second Series, and which derive great value from the peculiar position of the writer. She is a lady of English parentage, and of thoroughly English habits and feelings, moral, social, and literary, but has resided in the heart of Italian society from her earliest years. The present paper, a pendant to *At Home in Italy* in No. 131, New Series, has a special interest at this time, as a reflex of native opinion and feeling on the existing position of the country.]

The first of these, as seen in every town throughout the Roman States, must not be for a moment identified with the fairylike structures of mirrors, chandeliers, and arcades, that Paris and some of the principal cities of Italy exhibit.

In all the inferior towns I have visited, one description of a caffè may serve to convey a correct idea of the totality. A middle-sized room, opening on the street—in summer, with an awning, benches, and little round tables outside the door; within, similar benches and round tables, a very dirty brick floor, and a dark region at the back, from whence ices, lemonade, *eau sucrée*, coffee, chocolate, fruit, sirups, and occasionally punch—denominated *un ponch*, and cautiously partaken of—are served out. Youths with cadaverous faces and moustaches, in white jackets striped with blue, answering to the appellation of *bottega*, fly about like ministering genii, and from four or five o'clock in the morning till past twelve at night, know repose only as a name.

The caffè likewise comprehends the office of confectioner and pastry-cook, and no cakes or sweetmeats can be procured but what it furnishes; sorry compositions, it must be owned, their predominant flavour being that of tobacco—with which, from being kept on a counter in the general room, amid a thick cloud of smoke from a dozen or so of detestable cigars, they are naturally impregnated. They are inexpensive delicacies, however; for the value of a half-penny, such gigantic puffs of pastry and preserve, such blocks of sponge-cake, garnished with deleterious ornaments, such massive compounds of almonds and white of egg, are obtainable, as would make a school-boy's eyes glisten with delight. Sold at half-price the next day—a farthing, be it remembered—they are purchased by poor people for their children's slight matutinal refection. We could never persuade one of my uncle's servants in Ancona, the father of a family, that a piece of bread would have been a far more wholesome breakfast, for children of five or six years old, than a little weak coffee and one of these stale cakes. He would shake his head, and say it was more *civile* (refined) for the *povere creature* than bread. As for brown bread—*soldiers' bread*, as they contemptuously term it—being reduced to that, is considered the extremity of degradation.

The sweetmeats the caffè fabricates are still more primitive than its cakes, principally consisting of unbleached almonds, coarsely incased in flour and sugar; chocolate in various forms, and candied citron, tastefully ornamented with red tape. Immense quantities of these are prepared at Christmas; part to be disposed of to outdoor customers, and the rest, piled up on large trays, are raffled for among the frequenters of the place, with a zest which shews that, however insignificant the prize or paltry the venture, the delight in all games of chance is still predominant. Besides the caffè, properly so called, with its talkers and loungers and smokers; its players at dominoes and cards; its readers of the few newspapers permitted, so meagre of details, so garbled in their statements, that little information can be gathered from their columns—the premises generally contain a *sala del bigliardo*, and sometimes a private room for the accommodation of such systematic card-players as nightly resort there.

The conversazione, in its outward features, I have elsewhere sufficiently dwelt upon; but its portraiture of domestic life, of fettered thoughts, of quaint opinion, I would fain reproduce for the English reader, who may probably live to see the day when a mighty revolution will uproot all traces of the system of society feebly, though truthfully, mirrored in these pages.

I should, however, be sorry to convey any idea of the ponderous formality of some of the frequenters of the Marchesa Gentilina's circle; or the fatiguing effect which the unvarying ceremoniousness of their demeanour, on entering, produced upon me. Though accustomed to visit the family every night for scores of years, having formed part of the old Marchesa Marziani's *società* while she lived, as regularly as they now did that of her successor, they never presented themselves without the same profound bow, and the same 'Marchesa, I rejoice to see you well! How is the Marchese Alessandro? I met your esteemed father-in-law, the marchese, not long since on his way to the casino. I concluded, from this circumstance, that his cold was better; the violet-tea he was ordered to take last night, doubtless produced a copious perspiration.' Or else: 'I hope the Marchesa Silvia and her children are in good health. I thought her looking rather fatigued when I saw her taking her accustomed airing to-day. Perhaps nursing does not agree with her;' and so on, uniting the most punctilious etiquette with the most detailed minutiæ of everyday-life, such as is now seldom seen except in the heart of Italy, where intercourse with foreigners is still too rare to have any influence in modifying the old-fashioned tone of conversation.

Then the budget of news would be unfolded, and every murder or highway robbery within the circuit of fifty miles, every accident that has taken place in the town that day, is as circumstantially related as if a reporter from Scotland Yard had been in attendance. Next, there are the maladies of all their invalid acquaintances to be discussed; while any remarkable complaint amongst members of the *mezzo cetto* and shopkeepers, whom of course they all know by sight and name, is also gratefully admitted to the general repository. Add to these the births, present or anticipated, in the high world of Macerata, and, above all, the marriages—an unfailing source of speculation and interest—and a tolerable idea may be formed of the home-department of the Colloquial Gazette, which supplies the place of newspapers and weekly periodicals, &c., to an Italian interior. The foreign intelligence is almost equally well supplied, though not so widely, or, more properly speaking, not so unreservedly communicated. How they contrived to know all they did of what was passing in other countries, considering that the newspapers allowed to be circulated only gave the official report of some events, and pertinaciously ignored others, was always a surprise to me, though fully weighing the stimulus to inquiry of which the government's senseless restrictions were naturally productive.

But this information, as I have remarked, was not common to all, nor dispensed to all equally. The happy possessor of any contraband political novelty could be detected by his air of mysterious importance, his unwonted sententiousness, his impatience till the one or two old *codini*, who had devolved like family heir-looms upon the marchese, had taken their leave; when it would be related, with the accompaniment of many gleeful expressive gestures, how such and such tidings had been received, that must have been like gall and wormwood to the existing powers.

Piedmont, constitutional Piedmont, progressist Piedmont, generally furnished the substance of these discourses. One day it would be whispered that a law was being contemplated in that contumacious little kingdom for the suppression of many among the monastic orders; another, that its clergy were rendered amenable to civil tribunals for offences unconnected with ecclesiastical discipline: or else it would be ecstatically reported that the minister Cavour snapped his fingers at the threatened interdict, and answered the vituperations of the exiled archbishop of Turin by fresh concessions to liberty of conscience. These graver themes were but interludes, however. As if fearful of lingering too long upon them, they used to pass to more trivial subjects with strange versatility, though losing no opportunity of levelling a shaft against their own government, and inveighing at the existing and daily increasing grievances, which not even the respectable codini any longer attempted to defend.

The marchesa's società had not more than four or five unvarying frequenters; but in a small town like Macerata, where most of the ladies received, this was considered quite a brilliant circle. No refreshments of any kind were served or thought of, and no other light was supplied than what the *lucerna* furnished. If the reader, who has followed me through my first day in the bosom of the Marziani family, likes to hear something of its conclusion, he may fancy himself seated on a brocaded chair in that corner—he need not fear being discovered; the lucerna's rays do not penetrate so far—he may put on his cloak if he is cold—there! I have pushed a little square of carpet towards him for his feet, while for the first time he *assists*, to use a foreign idiom, at a genuine Italian conversazione.

'Has the marchesa heard of the strange adventure at the Villa D——, two nights ago?' inquired a young physician, who, uniting some poetical to a considerable share of medical reputation, had the *entrée* to the palazzo, which its mistress was only restrained by the fear of compromising her husband, from throwing open to all the disaffected professional men in Macerata and its environs. 'The house was attacked soon after midnight by a number of banditti, some of them with firearms, of which the people left in charge were of course destitute—our new-year's gift from the Austrian general having been, as you remember, a peremptory refusal to our petition that country-houses in isolated situations might retain one or two fowling-pieces as a defence. Well, the wind was high, so that the unfortunate inmates feared their cries for help, and the ringing of the alarm-bell, would be unlike unheard; while the robbers, finding the coast clear, after having, luckily enough, lost a good deal of time in trying to force open the strongly secured house-door, bethought themselves of *undermining* it. They had almost finished their labours, when the storm beginning to lull, the beleaguered garrison succeeded in attracting attention. A picket of *finanzieri* (custom-house officers) who chanced to be patrolling, on the look-out for smugglers, hastened to their assistance; and the enemy hearing them approach, precipitately dispersed.'

'*Ehi poveri noi!*' sighed the old Marchese Testaferrata, the strongest advocate of retrogradism in the società, 'we are indeed in a bad case! The boasted improvements of this century, its fine liberalism, its socialism, its toleration to heretics, ahem, ahem!—it is all being visited now upon us! I grant you, yes, even I confess, that this military law is a little severe. But if we had not this, ugh! we should have worse. *This* is what the Mazziniani would give us, if they could. *We* can speak of that with some experience, *ehi?*' and tapping his heart with his forefinger, to denote stabbing, he then extended it horizontally as an emblem of shooting; after which he drew in his two hollow cheeks, so as to form a still greater cavity, and slowly nodding his head, looked as if he thought quite enough had been said upon so unpleasant a subject.

The young doctor shrugged his shoulders; the marchesa took up the gauntlet.

'If we had not this! *Per Bacco*, you are right, we *should* have worse. If the Austrians go on in this way, who will reap the harvest of the odium they have plentifully sown? Why, the priests, of course, whom they are now supporting with their bayonets and the stick! *They* are safe from popular vengeance. What has an army like theirs to fear? But let their backs be once turned—let the last sail of the fleet which will bear them from our shores have sunk beneath the horizon, and who can estimate the violence with which the torrent, so long forcibly restrained, will break forth? Who can assign any limits to popular fury under provocation such as daily, weekly, yearly, is crying to Heaven for redress? And who will be the sufferers along with the priests? Why, we nobles, of course, whom the people, right or wrong, identify with them, and hate with equal hatred.'

'*Per carità*, marchesa,' interposed a very timorous-looking little man, turning pale, and wiping his forehead, 'let us not speak of such things. Those who have outlived the Reign of Terror of '49, have reasonable grounds for not expecting to see anything so horrible again. Besides, we are all friends here; but still, walls have ears.'

'It cannot be denied, however, that we are in a cruel position,' said a quiet, benevolent-looking man, with a stoop of the shoulders, and a great weakness of sight—the latter an appanage of old descent in many of the noble families in the Marche. 'It is quite true that the people place us in the same category with the priests, while the priests drain us like a sponge! We shall have soon to choose between the excesses of Mazzinianism or beggary. This additional claim for the land-tax from us poor *possidenti*—coming after the long-standing prohibition to sell our grain for foreign exportation, and the losses consequent upon the low price at which we have been compelled to dispose of it—is really almost too much for mortal patience to endure.'

'*Come, come?* What do you mean?' cried old Testaferrata, one of the largest landed proprietors in the country. 'I pay the bi-monthly tax upon the produce of my estates every two months in anticipation. It is heavy enough already, in all conscience; but I remember an army of occupation cannot be maintained for nothing, and they who necessitated the Austrians being here, are those we have to thank for it. *Ma, ma*, I think we bear our part sufficiently. You surely do not mean to say anything more is expected from us?'

'*Caro mio*,' answered the lady of the house, 'in this extremity, miraculous powers have developed themselves to aid the suffering church. The calendar year, without disturbing the order of nature, will henceforth consist of fourteen months! No *new* measure is in contemplation; tranquillise yourself on this point; simply, we are to pay seven *bimestri*, instead of six as heretofore, to supply the exhausted coffers of the treasury—or, in more straightforward terms, to line the pockets of a certain *eminentissimo* and his amiable relations.'

'Impossible! impossible!' groaned the poor *codino*; 'it is too hard. Surely, some distinction should be made.'

'Without arguing upon differences of opinion,' mildly remarked the good Alessandro, whose office it was to spread oil upon the troubled waters of political discussion, 'I am sorry to assure you, marchese, that what Gentilina tells you is too true. You may always trust to her sources of information.'

'Yes, he is right,' said the marchesa, looking at her husband with a pleased expression. 'Alessandro knows I have never misled him yet in any news of this kind; and you will see that, at the end of this month, although you paid punctually at the beginning of last, you will be again summoned to do so; and then, just as if it was in the proper course of things, your usual *bimestre* will, a few days afterwards, be called for!'

By way of parenthesis, I must state that the correctness of the marchesa's information, in the course of a few days, was fully demonstrated, while this singular arrangement is still continued yearly.

'But this is not the worst,' she continued. 'Our good Conte Muzio there'—indicating the quiet man who had first alluded to the increased taxation—'lamented our losses by this long prohibition upon the exporting corn-trade—a measure rendered indispensable, we were told, by the fears entertained respecting a scarcity after next harvest; so, although commerce languished, and in the seaports thousands of people were thrown out of their usual employment, we did not complain, but acquiesced in its necessity. We sold our grain meantime—at low prices, it is true—but still we sold. There was a silent, yet almost a simultaneous demand for it all over the country. Once or twice, I had my misgivings, and asked who the buyers could be, and what part of the state it was principally intended to supply. "The interior, the interior," was always the answer. There was nothing to say against that. Notwithstanding, I remarked once or twice to Alessandro: "There will be some *diavoleria* here yet." Now my words have come true! The prohibition is removed for a limited period; the ports are open again. At Civita Vecchia it is known to-day, the welcome news will reach Ancona to-morrow morning. For a moment, there will be great joy. The merchants will scour the country to buy grain, but there is nothing left for them. It has all been sold—sold unsuspectingly into the hands of one person, the Cardinal Antonelli's brother. He has it all—a perfect monopoly of the corn-trade. Ha! ha! was it not cleverly done? There will be just time given for it to be all shipped, and then down comes another courier. The ports are once more closed, and the curtain falls upon the brother—or somebody else—chuckling over a few hundred thousand dollars he has realised by this pretty little transaction.'

'I cannot believe that till I have seen it,' said Testaferrata.

'You need not shake your head, marchese; it is as true as that we are all sitting here. As for ourselves, nobody forced us to sell our corn; so, although to a certain degree we have been dupes, I see no particular cause of complaint. But it is the juggling, the pretence of sparing the country's resources, only to drain them tenfold more than by legitimate commerce, which it stirs my bile to contemplate! And if the coming harvest is *not* plentiful, and the price of bread rises in the autumn, what will become of the miserable population, already poor enough?'

The entrance of another personage at this moment gave an opportune turn to the conversation. The new-comer was a handsome, graceful young man about thirty, with an ease and sprightliness of manner that was remarkably opposed to the formality and ceremoniousness of those who had previously appeared. He was hailed with evident pleasure by the whole società; and the marchesa, with an exclamation of joy, gave him her hand to kiss, and inquired what good-fortune had sent her dear Checchino (the diminutive of Francesco) down from Rome.

'I am only here *di passaggio*, dear lady! My duty summons me to Ancona, to await our grand-master, who is expected there next week from Venice; and my affection prompted me to leave Rome a few days earlier than necessary, that I might stop at Macerata with my friends.'

While the marchesa asked half-a-dozen questions in a breath about her Roman acquaintances, Alessandro, who had not yet gone out, told me, *sotto voce*, that this Checchino was a young cousin of theirs, a knight of Malta, whom they were all very fond of.

'A knight of Malta?' I answered, surveying him with increased interest. 'I had fancied the order no longer existed.'

'No more it ought, to say the truth. You should hear Gentilina rave about it,' he said, raising his eyebrows, and emitting a sibilating sound from his lips, to denote the excess of her eloquence; 'and I cannot deny that she has reason. It is *un voto iniquo*, a wicked unnatural vow—an order which, if I were pope, I would abolish the very first hour of my reign. The knights of Malta are rich; they have large revenues: Checchino receives one thousand dollars a year [L.200], and has his apartments rent free in the palace of the order in the Via Condotti in Rome, besides other advantages; so, for a single man, he is amply provided for. Then it is distinction in society; only members of the best families are admitted; and a *cavaliere di Malta* is fit company for kings. But he cannot marry: he is bound by a vow, as irrevocable as that of priests or friars, although exposed to far greater temptations; for he may go to every ball, theatre, or concert in Rome, or wherever he may be, without censure. He dances, he dresses in the height of fashion, he pays court, and yet he cannot marry—anything but that! What will you have? Gentilina has too much justice in all she says!'

Meanwhile the representative of the knights-hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, and the defenders of Rhodes and of Malta, did not seem at all to regard himself as an object of commiseration, but went on talking and laughing in the highest spirits, giving a rapid summary of all the recent carnival gossip of Rome, and then asked, in his turn, the news of Macerata in the same gay, careless strain.

'So the Marchese Ridolfi has married his *gobbina* daughter at last, I am told? It was no easy achievement, I should say. Who arranged the affair?'

'As for that, I do not exactly know,' answered the timid old count, brightening up as he entered on a genial topic; for having disposed of his own daughters very advantageously some years before, he assumed an air of superiority whenever the subject was introduced, conscious that he was regarded with a sort of admiring envy by fathers still burdened with the care of settling theirs. 'I do not exactly know,' he repeated, rubbing his hands, 'whether it was some *amico di casa* (family friend) or a matrimonial broker, who arranged the *partito;* but whoever did, it was clumsily done enough! The sposo, a Neapolitan baron, thought the *dote* very fair, and was tolerably satisfied with the portrait they sent him before he signed. Ridolfi, on his part, had no cause to complain of the information he received concerning the young man, his fortune, and so forth; and accordingly, near the end of carnival, he arrived for the celebration of the marriage. Then *corbezzoli!* there is a pretty piece of work! The barone perceives that one of the young lady's shoulders is much higher than the other, a fact the painter had omitted in her portrait—by the by, it was only a medallion that was sent—merely the head, ha! ha!—and says, *tutto schietto*, just in two words, that unless a bag of three thousand additional dollars is produced, to give her form its required equipoise, he will go back to his own country as he came, and annul the contract! You should have seen the way Ridolfi was in. Nothing could bring him to reason for some time, and a lawsuit seemed inevitable. But then I and some others who had not been consulted before, came forward, and we mediated, and we talked. *Baste!* there was a compromise, and the wedding took place the last Tuesday of carnival. I was really glad, for I had it upon my heart to get that poor girl married.'

'I don't deny the sposo had some reason on his side,' said the other Nestor of the group, the Marchese Testaferrata. 'But if Ridolfi had taken my advice, after what we heard of his vagabond dispositions—instead of thinking it a rather fine thing that his future son-in-law had been to Paris, and who knows where—he would have had nothing to say to the match. "*Senti, caro,*" I said to him, "I have lived a few more years than you, and I never yet saw any good from wandering about the world. Let each man stay among his own people, where his fathers lived and died. What did for our parents, is surely good enough for us." But he thought he knew better, *poveretto;* he would not listen to me, so I washed my hands of the business.'

'What was he to do?' returned the other. 'There was the girl to find a husband for, and he was obliged to adapt himself to what he could get. Besides, it is agreed that the sposi are to spend alternately six months with her family here, and six with his in Calabria.'

I could not help mentally pitying the young couple when I heard of this arrangement; but the next moment's reflection served to remind me that a *ménage tête-à-tête* between persons united under such circumstances could present nothing very inviting, and accordingly I withdrew my superfluous sympathy.

'And young Della Porta?' asked Checchino, 'he has got into a lawsuit about something like Ridolfi's affair—has he not?'

'No; not precisely. It appears he employed a regular *sensale* (broker) to negotiate his marriage with a rich heiress of Ancona; and as she was really a capital match, and several other candidates were in the field, he promised him a large percentage—I do not recollect how much—upon the total amount of her fortune, should he succeed in arranging it. Everything went on smoothly, and the marriage took place; but somehow our good friend did not find it convenient to fulfil his agreement. So the broker cites him before the Tribunal, where Della Porta justifies himself by declaring it is through other channels that success was obtained, and that the plaintiff's boasted influence *alone* would have been ineffectual. So they have gone regularly to law, and a fine affair they will make of it. To crown the whole, the father of the sposa is furious, for he finds the broker purposely deceived him about Della Porta's fortune: he is not half so well off as he gave him to understand. Ah well, I can pity him, poor man: I pity all those who have daughters to marry.'

'And I am sure I pity those who have married his daughters!' cried Checchino, as the door closed upon the two old gentlemen, who always went away together at the same hour, to the evident relief of the rest of the company. 'And that old Testaferrata, too, with his still more ultra-codino theories. He ought certainly to have been a Chinese. I remember when his grandson wanted to visit the Great Exhibition of London. *Corpo di Bacco!* he might as well have requested leave to go to the infernal regions.'

'Oh, as for that, I could tell you of scores of young men whose passports were refused them by our most enlightened government for that dangerous expedition.'

'If I was to repeat that in England,' I said, 'I should either be accused of wilful exaggeration, or of being misled by party feeling.'

'The signorina is right!' exclaimed the doctor. 'It is easy to conceive that these miserable puerilities, these minutiæ of despotism, are below the comprehension of a people who have never been denied either freedom of action or of speech.'

'This condition of things cannot last, however,' said the Conte Muzio, who, since the departure of the two codini, had become more animated; the presence of the old conte, so exulting over all those oppressed with matrimonial cares, always sensibly affecting him—so they afterwards told me—burdened as he was with five marriageable nieces, for whose sake he had long laid aside all projects for himself, devoting his little patrimony to augmenting his widowed sister's scanty resources. 'No, no, it cannot last. From what my nephew writes me from Turin, of the steadiness of the ministry amidst the attacks of the two extreme parties—the Retrogrades and Republicans—and their determination to uphold the constitution to the utmost, I augur better times for ourselves. Let it be but consolidated by a few more years, that precious constitution, the only reality left of the dreams and hopes, and alas! the excesses of a period so bright in its dawning, so dark in its close—let this be, and all of us lifting up our drooping heads, looking to Piedmont as our example and regenerator, will yet find those beautiful words "*Italia unita*" are no delusion.'

'Then he is as enthusiastic as ever with his adopted country, your nephew, *ehi?*' inquired Checchino. 'He is quite a Piedmontese.'

'He is Italian, I hope,' said Muzio quietly. 'I look for the day when *that* will be the only designation of all born within the length and breadth of the fairest country in Europe.'

'You are an optimist, *caro*, as well as the king of uncles. I hope we shall see him a general some day. Do you know, signorina,' turning to me, 'that this unparalleled Conte Muzio, to gratify his nephew's martial genius, took him to Turin, and has placed him in the military academy, where—— But who have we here at last? Signora Volunnia, I congratulate myself on seeing you so well. It appeared to me a thousand years till I saw you again!'

Volunnia received her cousin's greeting with great friendliness, reciprocating his compliments on the pleasure of meeting, but assured him her health was far from good, and announced that she purposed taking some cream of tartar the next morning as a *rinfrescante*, and would stay all day in bed. These particulars having elicited great sympathy from the assembled friends, she next playfully tapped the knight of Malta on the lower part of his waistcoat, remarking: 'Ah Checchino mio, comminci a metterti un po' di pancia,' which delicately translated, signifies, 'You are growing rather corpulent;' a proceeding I could not help looking upon as singular, especially after her strictures on English propriety.

Checchino, who evidently piqued himself upon his figure, bore the laugh this sally elicited with tolerably good grace, but revenged himself by telling Volunnia of the marriages of two or three young ladies in Rome, whose mothers, he well knew, had been her contemporaries; and asked with tender interest after her sisters and their children, which last topic always irritated her extremely.

Then, when he thought her sufficiently punished, with the tact that is almost instinctive to an Italian, he brought back the conversation to the Conte Muzio's nephew, on whom the good uncle's hopes and affection were evidently centered.

'So he passed his examinations well on entering? That must have been a great consolation to you, after all the sacrifices you made, and the difficulties you had to overcome beforehand. Ah, it is a fine service, no doubt: the Piedmontese *are* soldiers!'

'My friend,' said Muzio, 'they are also sailors and engineers, and manufacturers and politicians—in a word, they are MEN. I would sooner my nephew had chosen another than the military profession: to some honourable employment I had always destined him; for I resolved at any cost to emancipate him from the life of caffès and theatres, which foreigners say is the sole aim of an Italian's existence, but that, more truly speaking, he is driven to by the peculiarities of his social position; and it would have suited better with our limited fortune had the boy made a different selection. But the bias was too strong: it would have been cruel to resist it.'

'If he had not had you for his uncle,' cried the marchesa, 'he would have turned out a second Paolo Pagano with his toy-soldiers.'

'Who is he?' I asked. 'Is not Pagano the name of the old gentleman who went away with the Marchese Testaferrata?'

'*Per appunto*,' she answered, 'he is his father; but you do not hear so much of poor Paolo, though he is more than thirty years old, as of the blessing of having disposed of all his daughters. He wanted to be a soldier too, but it was not to be thought of; so his military tendencies, denied their natural vent, have displayed themselves in a ludicrous form. For years he has been employed in the construction of thousands of little pasteboard figures, which he paints and equips with the utmost care, according to the uniform of different nations. To place these in line of battle, to repeat manœuvres he sees the Austrians practise while out exercising, to go through the routine of drill, parade, and bivouac, constitutes the occupation and enjoyment of his life.'

'But you should see the order in which he keeps them,' said Checchino: 'the last time I was here, I got a sight of the army, all equipped for the winter campaign. You must know, it is believed, that being perplexed as to the means of providing for so large a body, he once appropriated the ample cloak of his uncle, a canon, and cut it up into wrappings for his soldiers!'

'We laugh at this,' broke out the young doctor, rather fiercely; 'but we have more need to weep at the reflections it calls up on the condition of our country. Even the desire for distinction in arms is not permitted to stir the dull waters of the young noble's existence! With the exception of the Guardia Nobile, the pope's guard, at Rome, limited to a small number of the sons of the old nobility, it is impossible to gratify the yearning for military life so common to young men, unless by following the example of Conte Muzio, and in addition to great personal sacrifice, incur the suspicion and resentment of the government—which there are few ready, like him, to brave. Here, in our States, to be a soldier is synonymous with disgrace! The few miserable regiments which compose the pope's army are mostly recruited from the dregs of the population—galley-slaves, whose term of incarceration has nearly expired, and so forth; so that to say a man is only fit to become a Papalino soldier, is almost the grossest insult that can be passed upon him. No career, except the church, is therefore open to the patrician youth. And yet it is in presence of these abuses, this palsying idleness, that you find men of good faith, like Testaferrata and Pagano, whimpering after the good old times, which means, if possible a greater state of slavery than the present, and anathematising every prospect of reform!'

'*Carissimo dottore*,' said Checchino, taking up his hat, 'one must be just after all. Trees of liberty bearing bullets and poniards, do not tend to enlarge the understanding, or give a taste for another season of such fruits and foliage. We laugh at Testaferrata, and those who think like him; but, upon my conscience, if you or I had been stabbed and shot at in the open daylight, as both he and Pagano were in Ancona in 1849, simply because it was known we did not coincide with the party which had got the uppermost (it was during the pope's absence at Gaeta, and the short-lived republic at Rome, signorina), I don't imagine we should ever entertain very amiable sentiments towards the system whose advocates indulged in such questionable pleasantries.'

'Those were exceptions, not the rule,' cried the marchesa. 'Who can be answerable for the excesses of a faction? It is not fair to bring up the assassinations of Ancona to the signorina.'

'I am just, I am just,' he answered laughing; 'it is but right to shew the reverse of the medal. You were having it all your own way, if I had not put in a word on the other side. You have enough left to make out a very good case, my friends: console yourselves with that. As for me, I do not expect to see better times, whatever our excellent Muzio may say to the contrary; so I do not kill myself with care, and endeavour to make the best of what we have, laugh and amuse myself, and keep out of politics.—*Signori miei*, good-night.'

A NEW KIND OF BABY.

NOT a newly-born infant, but a really new baby, or, to speak as a naturalist, a new *species* of baby. How this strange phenomenon came into my possession, I shall presently relate: I now wish to give the public, and particularly the better-half of it, some account of the baby itself, its appearance and habits. I know not the little innocent's age: it may have been a few days, or a few weeks, or even months old when I first obtained it. The only guide to its age is, that it had not a tooth in its head. Two days afterwards, however, it cut its two lower teeth, and it was exactly a month more before the two corresponding upper teeth began to appear. From these dates, no doubt its age may be speculated on by those learned in such matters; but, as I am a bachelor, and am not a doctor, I have not myself the most remote conception. It must always be remembered, too, that as this is a new baby, it is not to be supposed that it cuts its teeth at the same time, and in the same manner, as common babies.

For the same reason, its size can be no proof of age—I have a suspicion, however, that it is a baby of the smallest size, being not quite a foot and a half long; but then, as it has very short legs, its body is larger in proportion, and its arms are as much too long as its legs are too short. In colour, it is a dirty brown—something of the colour one may imagine to be produced by a mixture of all the races existing upon the earth, which makes me think it must be a descendant of some very primitive people. Its hands and feet, and mouth and eyes, are, however, much paler, and very much like those of any other baby; but its greatest peculiarity is its long red hair, remarkably long for so young an infant, which has a propensity to stand out on end like that of an electrified doll, making the little creature look always frightened, which I am sure it is not, as it is a sweet-tempered baby, and very seldom cries but when it wants to be cleaned or fed. I hardly know how to describe the personal appearance of the infant prodigy, so as to give a proper idea of its numerous peculiarities, without making it appear less pleasing and pretty than it really is; but the attempt must be made. The general appearance of its head is very much the same as that of other infants, except the red hair, which is certainly a rare phenomenon. Its face, however, is remarkable for a very large mouth and a very small nose, rather more depressed than in the little children of the Earthmen tribe now exhibiting in London. Its arms, as before mentioned, are very large; as are also its fingers, which, however, in other respects, present nothing peculiar. Its little short legs have a strange facility of motion; they are either held aloft in the air, or bent back against the sides of the body, or its toes are put into its mouth for want of something else to suck; but I believe other infants besides this do the same thing. Its feet, however, are most remarkable in having very long toes, and a little thumb to them instead of a great toe. The skin of its neck, breast, and stomach is quite smooth; but, strange to say, all its back and the outside of its arms and legs are covered with long soft red hair. 'Why,' exclaims the reader, 'the creature must be a monkey!' But I beg leave entirely to repudiate the suggestion. The baby in question has no sign of a tail; and if you could see its expressive countenance while slowly eating its soft rice, you would scorn the insinuation as much as I do.

Another peculiarity which this interesting infant possesses, is an appearance of extreme old age. To look at it, you can hardly believe that it is only just cutting its teeth, and is quite incapable of going alone, or of eating anything but what is put into its mouth by other people. The little wrinkles about its mouth and eyes give it an air of precocious wisdom, and the workings of its countenance express so many feelings and passions, as seem quite incompatible with a state of helpless infancy. Still more extraordinary in its possession alike of strength and weakness to an unparalleled degree. It cannot turn itself over on the ground; it is incapable of moving an inch; and yet the most active sailor could not hold on to a rope with so much tenacity, and for so long a time. It will sometimes hang so for an hour together, and seem quite contented; and I generally give it some exercise of this sort once a day to keep it in health. Its little, long fingers are bent at the ends, and even its nails turn inwards, as if formed expressly for hanging on to something, which it is always wanting to do. It sleeps with its hands tight clutched, or sometimes grasping its own hair. There is nothing, in fact, it likes to catch hold of so much as hair. It has a very passion for hair; and if, while feeding it, I inadvertently approach too close, it seizes the opportunity, grasps hold of my whiskers as if it would tear them out by the roots; and when, after some difficulty, and many twinges, I have made my escape, it generally sets up a scream, which can only be stopped by immediately administering a mouthful of rice.

Another thing that would lead one to think it must have come of decent parents, is its love of being clean. If I hear a scream at any time other than eating-time, I am sure the poor creature is dirty, and wants to be washed. And how it enjoys its washing, and being rubbed dry, and having its hair brushed! It never screams or kicks, as do many naughty children under the wholesome operation, but lies perfectly still, however long it may take, and seems rather sorry when it is over.

In my bachelor establishment, I was, of course, put to some shifts to provide for such an unexpected visitor. I contrived a pap-bottle with a wide-mouthed phial, till I found the baby would eat out of a spoon. A small box did duty for a cradle; but as I was obliged to be out a good deal in the day, and the nights were rather chilly, I purchased a little monkey, to be a companion to my abnormal infant, and to keep it warm at night. It might not have been quite proper, but necessity has no law, and I am glad to say the baby was much pleased with little Jacko, and they became excellent friends. The baby, however, was a little exacting, and would try to keep Jacko always with it, seizing hold of his hair and grasping his tail; and when all was of no avail, and the monkey, by desperate efforts, succeeded in escaping, screaming violently with rage. Still, however, they got on very well together; and after the baby had been fed, Jacko would always come and sit upon its stomach, and pick off any little bits of rice that were left about its mouth, or even put in his hand and pull out whatever baby had not quite swallowed.

But, alas! milk was not to be procured, and a diet of rice and water was not sufficiently nourishing for so small an infant. It pined away, and suffered from a complication of diseases—from diarrhœa or dropsy. I once gave it a little castor-oil, after which it recovered for a time; but a relapse again occurred, and, after lingering some weeks, death terminated its sufferings.

I had indulged hopes of sending this infant prodigy to England, where it might have rivalled in popularity the ape-like Aztecs, and the public would have been enabled to judge of the accuracy of my statements. Such hopes, however, being now entirely frustrated, and it being highly probable that neither I nor any one else will ever look upon its like again, I shall simply narrate the circumstances of its discovery, and leave every one to form his own opinion.

I was walking in search of game in one of those vast primeval forests which clothe so large a portion of the tropics; no human habitation or sign of culture was near; parasitical plants swarmed upon the trees, and twisted climbers hung in festoons from their loftiest branches, or, trailing on the ground, helped, with prickly canes, to form impenetrable barriers. All was sombre and silent. No birds fluttered on the branches, and but rarely an insect's wing glittered in a stray gleam of sunshine. Suddenly I heard a rustling in the topmost branches of a lofty tree. I gazed upward, and for some time could not discover its cause; but after moving right and left, so as to see in succession every part of the tree, I discovered a large red animal walking along a branch, in a semi-erect posture. Without losing a moment, I fired a ball, which apparently only served to make the creature move more rapidly. It passed along till the branch became so slender as to bend beneath its weight, when its long arms enabled it to seize the adjacent bough of another tree. This with great strength it pulled towards it, till it had hold of a portion sufficiently thick to bear its weight, when it swung itself across with surprising agility, and continued its journey to the opposite branches, where it succeeded in passing on to a third tree in the same manner. I now fired again, and with decisive effect, for in a sudden attempt to escape more rapidly, it lost its hold, and fell with a crash to the earth. I of course imagined that it was dead; but what was my surprise, before I could reach it, to see it rise from the ground, and grasping with its large hands a small tree close to it, begin to ascend again with great rapidity. It had reached a considerable height before I could fire again, when it again fell to the ground, this time mortally wounded, and soon breathed its last. It was then that I discovered, close to where it had first fallen, the singular infant whose eventful history I have here recorded, lying half buried in a sand-hole, to which my attention was drawn by a half-stifled little scream. Some water being near, I washed the mud out of its mouth and eyes, and discovered a marvellously baby-like and innocent-looking little creature, apparently quite unhurt by its fall, and which clung to me with a most amazing tenacity. I had killed the mother, so I determined, if possible, to save her offspring; with what success has been already seen.

Some natives of the country brought the dead body to the place where I was living. It was three feet six inches high, and its outstretched arms were six feet across. The natives called it a 'mias,' but the Malays say it is an 'orang-outang,' which means 'man of the forest.'

STUDY OF WORDS—HISTORY IN NAMES.

We feel very much indebted to Mr Trench for his works, *Study of Words*, and *English Past and Present.* It is not so much on account of the new matter those books place before us, as the freshness and interest they impart to facts previously, if not generally known. Mr Trench has popularised Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*, and expanded hints and thoughts supplied by Richardson's dictionary. In doing this, he has conferred a great obligation on the student of the English language. He possesses, in a high degree, the ability to seize on and work out or expand suggestions or undeveloped thoughts. The power is one of no secondary order, nor is it widely diffused. It was the power which gave renown to Bishop Butler, Paley, Chalmers, Whately; and if we go back chronologically, and pass without the bound of theological writers, we shall find that to it, in great measure, Shakspeare and Milton owe their fame. No greater praise could be bestowed on any one, than to associate him with such unforgetable worthies.

There is one charge, however, to which Mr Trench has laid himself open, especially in the *Study of Words:* we think he has not sufficiently acknowledged his obligations to others. He has drawn largely on Richardson's dictionary, yet only in one sentence does he allude, and then in a rather off-hand manner, to this invaluable work. Since reading the *Study of Words*, we have had repeated occasions to consult the *Diversions of Purley*, and scarcely ever have we done so, without coming across some hint which may have served as the groundwork of Mr Trench's pleasant and instructive elaborations. Every one who has read the *Study of Words* will remember the explanation of the variety of senses in which the word *post* is used. If the reader would turn to the same word in Richardson's dictionary, or *Diversions of Purley*, octavo edition, second volume, page 28, he will see whence Mr Trench has taken his ideas. *Tribulation*, as used in the New Testament, is another word which will be very expressive to the reader of the *Study of Words.* Horne Tooke, after his usual manner, has supplied the formula which Mr Trench has so beautifully worked out.

After all, we accept Mr Trench's books very thankfully; inasmuch as they help us in obtaining a knowledge of the history, and of the vast rich store of thought treasured up in the English language. They have reminded the student of a large field of study; they have enabled us to employ profitably many a half-hour, and have led us to authors whom we had overlooked or neglected. The result of some of these half-hours we wish now to present to the reader. It will be apparent, as we proceed, that we have not derived any direct assistance from Mr Trench; he started us on the search, others have supplied the material. We have drawn principally upon Camden, Horne Tooke, and Sir F. Palgrave's *History of the Anglo-Saxons.*

Now, we will suppose some one unacquainted with the history of England, to visit it in the age when London will be in ruins, and St Paul's a skeleton of its former self. In passing through the land, our traveller would frequently meet with the débris of what must have been important places. He betakes himself, for information respecting these ruins, to the rebarbarised inhabitants, and is told that a town called *Doncaster* stood here, and another named *Cirencester* stood there. This man has some knowledge of Latin, is somewhat inquisitive, and fond of etymological studies. He repeats the names of the places to himself as if they were familiar, but fails to recall the associations. At last he finds a Latin element in the words; this solves the difficulty; it explains the dim impression as to previous acquaintance, and gives him the first lesson in the history of the country. He guesses that the hardy, undaunted Roman legions must have been here, fighting battles, committing havoc, and gaining honours. He is on the right track, and, with a little perseverance, will make other equally interesting and instructive etymological and historical discoveries.

Or if you rebel against the idea of our fine towns and large towns becoming heaps of ruins, and our descendants sinking into barbarism, we will suggest something more probable. A student of history wants to know where the different invaders settled in Britain, and to what extent they possessed themselves of the land. For want of better means of informing himself, he has recourse to the map of England. As he knows the derivation of the names of our towns and cities, he passes on from place to place, marking the route taken by each band of invaders, and the extent to which they made themselves masters of the soil. Although our fancied student-friend cannot attain to certainty, a high degree of probability would mark such a course, if carefully pursued. The number of villages or towns in a district would, according to the names of the places, be a pretty good indication of the numerical strength of Romans, Saxons, or Danes. Widely spread remains would imply early or lengthened possession. A few illustrations will shew what is meant. There are a great many towns and cities having *caster*, *cester*, or *chester*, as part of their names. The word refers us to Latin *castra* = camp. The remains of Roman military stations are found in or near such towns and cities. This points out conquest and military rule.

We find *coln*, as in Lin*coln* = Latin *colonia.* This word marks a subsequent period, when Roman privileges and policy were being introduced into the country. Two other words of this, and what we shall call *secondary* period, are found in a few instances among our names of villages. *Street* = Latin *stratum* = a place or road marked out and laid down. We all know that those old Romans had a wonderfully practical nature, and that they were almost passionately fond of constructing roads. Let any one take up a *plan* of ancient Rome, and he will see *Via Flaminia*, *Via Campania*, *Via Sacra*, *Via Appia*, and heaps of other *viæ.* If, now, he looks at a map of Britain during the Roman period, he will see exactly the same thing, with only a change of name, for now, instead of *via*, we have *stratum*. The word is still extant in *Watling Street Road*, which runs through the midland counties, and in the names of villages built on these roads. There is one between Bath and Wells. The second word to which we alluded is *foss* = *fossa* = a ditch or trench. This is nearly obsolete, lingering only in a few small secluded villages. These three words, *coln*, *strata*, *fossa*, plainly indicate that the conquest of the inhabitants had been effected, and that the Roman power was establishing and consolidating itself in the country.

If we look again over the map of England, we shall find a Latin element in the names of other places. Here are five: *Westminster*, *Leominster*, *Bishopwearmouth*, *Bishop's Stortford*, *Abbotsbury*. These words have an ecclesiastical character, and a later origin than those previously noticed. The names of these places carry us back to the time when Augustine and the band of noble companions who followed him, risked their lives and sacrificed their ease in order that they might teach our barbarous forefathers the elements of Christianity. This was the *third* and last Roman period in the history of English, so far as the names of places are concerned. Our language received many additions from the Latin after Rome military and Rome ecclesiastic had ceased to affect our country geographically. One thing is well worth notice in connection with the ecclesiastical period. *Abbeys* and *monasteries* were established in abundance during the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and thirteenth centuries; after that time, not one was founded. Was this because the priests thought their places of fraternal abode sufficiently numerous? We guess not. The explanation is to be sought in the political history of the times. Religious houses ceased to be built when the sturdy old English barons began to struggle for their political privileges. However beneficial these houses were in dispensing charity and instruction to the needy and ignorant—however useful in affording rest and shelter to travellers, they were often sources of oppression, and abettors of royal usurpation.

The end of the Roman power in England brings us to another set of names, which have great interest in a historical and constitutional point of view. Very many of our towns and cities have the termination *burgh*, *bury*, or *borough*. What does it signify? Whence is it? At what time was it introduced? On the first question, authorities differ. Horne Tooke says that 'a *burgh* or *borough* formerly meant a fortified town.' Spenser finds in it another meaning: 'A borough, as I here use it, and as the old lawes still use it, is not a borough town, as they now call it—that is, a franchised town—but a main pledge of 100 free persons, therefore called a free borough, or, as you say, *Franci-plegium;* for borough in old Saxon signifieth a pledge or surety, and yet it is so used with us in some speeches, as Chaucer saith: "St John to Borrow;" that is, for assurance and warranty.' Horne Tooke makes out a strong case in favour of his interpretation, and he is borne out by many other writers.

To the second question, Whence is it? we can furnish an interesting and decisive reply, taken from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. iii. p. 486: 'Bourgignons or Burgundians, one of the nations who overran the Roman Empire, and settled in Gaul. They were of great stature, and very warlike, for which reason the Emperor Valentinian the Great engaged them against the Germans. They lived in tents, which were close to each other, that they might the more readily unite in arms on any unforeseen attack. These conjunctions of tents they called *burghs*, and they were to them what towns are to us,' &c. This account of the origin of the name *borough* corroborates the definition given of it by Tooke. In its first application to English towns, facts similar to those detailed in the above extract are brought out.

The third question is not so easily answered; but a pretty correct notion may be obtained by using the data at hand. First, we find that we are indebted to the Anglo-Saxons for the germ of the greater number of our political institutions. The system of representative government was known and practised among them; they divided the country into parts, for the more easy conduct of local government. Hence we have *shire*, from *shear*, to cut, then applied to the part marked or cut off from the surrounding country; and *hundred* as a lesser division, arising from arranging the inhabitants in responsible bodies each of a hundred. With this rude and undeveloped system of representative government, we find *boroughs*, in the course of time, become more intimately connected. When the first English parliament was summoned in 1265, the writs directed the 'sheriffs to elect and return two knights for each county, two citizens for each city, and two burgesses for each *burgh*.' If we refer to the passage quoted from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we find that the Bourgignons or Burgundians settled in Germany, and the probability, almost certainty, is, that these soldiers of Valentinian introduced and established the use of the word *burgh* among the Germans; they, again, brought it to England, where it has continued, expanded and improved from its original signification. At first, it only meant a collection of dwellings; now it reminds us, not so much of arranged piles of brick and mortar, as of the political power possessed and wielded by those who inhabit the *burgh*. Again, it is pretty well known that nearly all our towns and villages have existed ever since the Saxon times. If we exclude the names of about thirty towns and cities which are of Roman origin, the remainder, with few exceptions, will pass over to the Saxon period, and among these, all *burghs*, *boroughs*, and *burys*. In looking over a map of England of the Saxon time, we see *Edwin'sburgh* = Edinburgh; *Cant-wara-burgh* = Canterbury; *Glaestyngabyrig* = Glastonbury. These facts put together, furnish pretty conclusive proof that the word is to be traced to the Saxons.

We have said that, with few exceptions, our towns and cities took their rise in the times of the Saxons. Their names prove this. Suppose we take a few, and note their origin and meaning; it will serve to shew us how thoroughly Britain was possessed and influenced by these German invaders. It may enable us to see a meaning and beauty in words with which we have been long familiar, but of whose expressiveness we have never thought. Birming*ham*, Oak*ham*, Chippen*ham*, and other towns, have the same terminating syllable, derived from Anglo-Saxon *haem*, which means *home*—that of which Englishmen are so fond and proud.

The free, fair homes of England!
  Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
  To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
  And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
  Its country and its God.

The frequency of this syllable in names brings out one of our best national traits—our love of home; and shews, too, that the towns and villages of our forefathers were looked upon as possessing the collected happiness of many homes.

There is another class of names having the syllable *ham* as a prefix, or in the middle of the word, as Hampstead, Berkhamstead, &c. Here we meet with another termination of Anglo-Saxon derivation; in these names we meet with another Saxon word—*stead*. It means a place of standing. Hampstead will then be the *place where home stands*, or the *standing-place of home*. The word is met with in other connections, where its meaning would be seen more readily, as *farmstead, roadstead, bedstead.*[*] Every one will see that in these names the meanings are, the place where a farm stands, place for standing in a road, that on which a bed stands. Immediately related in signification to *stead* is *stow.* Hence we get Nether Stowey in Somerset, Chepstow, Market Stow in Suffolk, and Stow on the Wold, in which name the meaning stands out so distinctly as to force itself upon our attention.[†] The word *stow* has been dropped or abbreviated in the names of some of our towns; but in no instance has an improvement been made. Bristol was once *Brightstow*, or *bright place.* This was a much prettier name—disregarding the truth of it—than the meaningless word which is now the cognomen of the capital of the west of England. Another instance of abbreviation, or rather alteration without improvement, occurs in the name of the city of Bath. In Anglo-Saxon times it was *Ake mannes Castre*, literally, the city of *aching men.* *Bath* points out the city's characteristic; but there is something far more expressive in the old Anglo-Saxon name. The modern name may be most genteel and fashionable, but it only tells part of the truth, while the old one gives us the whole with unmistakable distinctness. It is well for us to look for and retain these Anglo-Saxon names, to keep them in our minds parallel with those of recent date; we shall thus have at hand an important auxiliary in unfolding local, and indeed, oftentimes, national history. If we do not attend to this, much of the beauty and significance of our language, as well as history, will be lost to us. Take, as an illustration, the small seaport town *Bamborough* in Northumberland. We should be apt to pass over the modern name without inquiry; nor would inquiry enlighten us, unless we went back to the sixth century, and resuscitated the old name, which has a striking historical incident to relate. The following extract is from Sir F. Palgrave's interesting little book, *History of the Anglo-Saxons:* 'The British kingdoms of Defyr and Bryneich—Latinised into Deira and Bernicia—extending from the Humber to the Firth of Forth, were divided from each other by a forest, occupying a tract between the Tyne and Tees; and which, unreclaimed by man, was abandoned to wild deer. Properly speaking, this border-land does not seem originally to have belonged to either kingdom; but, in subsequent times, the boundary between Deira and Bernicia was usually fixed at the Tyne. The transhumbrane countries were exposed at an early period to the attacks of the Jutes and Saxons. Some chroniclers say that Octa and Ebusa, sons of Hengist, conquered a portion of the country. At the onset, the invaders made little progress. The Britons of the neighbouring Reged and Strath-Clyde, governed by valiant princes, the descendants of the Roman Maximus, appeared to have possessed more unity than their brethren in the south; and their efforts supported the population of Deira and Bernicia in resisting their enemies. The scale was evenly poised until the English Ida landed at the promontory called Flamborough-Head, with forty vessels, all manned with chosen warriors. Urien, the hero of the bards, opposed a strenuous resistance, but the Angles had strengthened themselves on the coast. Fresh reinforcements poured in; and Ida, the "Bearer of Flame," as he was termed by the Britons, became master and sovereign of the land which he had assailed. Ida erected a tower or fortress, which was at once his castle and palace; and so deeply were the Britons humiliated by this token of his power, that they gave the name of *Shame of Bernicia* to the structure which he had raised. Ida afterwards bestowed this building upon his queen Bebba, from whom it was, or rather is denominated *Bebban Burgh*, the burgh or fortress of Bebba, commonly abbreviated into Bamborough. The massy keep yet stands; and the voyager, following the course of the Abbess of St Hilda, may yet see

> King Ida's castle, huge and square,
> From its tall rock look grimly down,
> And on the swelling ocean frown.'

We are just now reminded of another name, *Canterbury*, in which, through abbreviation, the meaning and beauty of the name is lost. Formerly, it was *Cant-wara-burgh*, or the *borough of the Kent people.* From this, we find that the seat of our archbishopric held, as now, an important and distinct place among its neighbouring towns. There is one feature more worth noticing here. It is somewhat remarkable that *Kent* and *Canterbury* should have retained their Celtic names, despite all the invaders who ravaged the country round so frequently. It is not surprising to meet with Celtic names in the inland and remote parts of the island, where neither Roman, Saxon, nor Dane intruded; but it would hardly be expected to find Celtic names on the coast, where invaders so frequently landed, and where their camps were almost continually standing.

The Celtic names are now almost exclusively confined to Wales. Amongst the few lingering in England are those of places beginning with *Nant*, as in *Nantwich.* A map of England under Ella, the first Bretwalda of the Saxon race, is studded with places called *Caer* = city —as, *Caer-Legion* = Chester, still denominated *Caerleon* by the Welsh; *Caer-Badon* = Bath; *Caer-Glou* = Gloucester; *Caer-Ebrauc* = *Eboracum* of the Romans, our York; and *Caer-Lundene*, which a Cockney would hardly recognise as the metropolis of the world. The *Caer* part of these names being of Celtic origin, is now common in Wales, as it was ages back in Britain: there is Caerleon or Wysk = Caerleon in Monmouthshire (the *Isca Silurium* of the Romans), Caerphilly, and Caermarthen. Camden says that the prefix *Car*, in the English name Carlisle, comes from the same root.

Wara, in the old name *Cant-wara-burgh*, reminds us of the prefix and affix *War*, as in *War*minster, *War*wick, and Wick*war*. Latham says, in a note to the *Handbook of English Language:* 'The compounds of the Anglo-Saxon word *ware* = occupants, *inhabitants*, are too numerous to leave any doubt as to this and several other derivations. *Cant-ware* = *Cant-icolae* = people of Kent; *Hwic-ware* = *Hwiccas* = the people of parts of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, and, to judge from the name, Warwickshire also.' The *wick* part of this last word is much more common in the midland and north counties than it is in the west of England. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wiccan*, and, like the Latin *vicus*, means a row of houses, a village, or collection of dwellings.

In looking over a map of England, one cannot help remarking that some terminations are peculiar to certain districts. In Devonshire, we find many places with *leigh* as the last syllable of their name—Chud*leigh*, Chum*leigh*, Sater*leigh:* again, in the north of England, the termination *by* is met with frequently—Der*by*, Whit*by*, which were in the times of the Saxons denominated Northweortheg and Streoneshalch. The explanation is to be sought, in the first case, in the physical features of the surrounding neighbourhood, affording as it does rich pasturage. *Leigh* or *ley* is from the Anglo-Saxon *leag*, and signifies a field or pasture. In the second case, *by* or *bye* is of Danish origin, and signifies a town. The Saxon names *Northweortheg* and *Streoneshalch* were changed by the Danes into *Deorby* and *Hvitby*, *Whitby*, or *White town.*

Here the student would find great assistance in attempting to discover the exact extent of country held by the many bands of invaders who occupied

---

[*] In Scotland, the farm-buildings are usually called *the steading.*—ED.

[†] There is a village called *The Stow*, in Scotland. In Norway, *stue* is a frequent component in names of places.—ED.

Britain. Nowhere but in the territory called the *Danelegh* do we find towns whose names have *by* as the terminating syllable. The study of physical as well as historical geography may be very much facilitated by an acquaintance with the names of towns and tracts of country. *Clifton* would point out a town on a *cliff;* and this answers to the fact as respects the new and beautiful town which has sprung up in the immediate neighbourhood of Bristol. *Cotswold* gives us, in one word, the physical features, as well as staple produce, of a large tract of table-land in Gloucestershire. *Cot* or *cote* is something which covers, shelters, or protects; hence it is applied to the enclosure in which sheep are kept—*sheep cote* or *cot.* This meaning will be seen in the following quotation from *Paradise Lost:*

> As when a prowling wolf
> Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
> Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
> In *hurdled cotes* amidst the field secure,
> Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold.

Then *wold* is a plain or down, a hilly tract of country void of wood. Now, any one journeying from Northleach to Cirencester, or from Burford to Northleach, would recognise in the numerous pens or *cotes* of sheep, and the high and almost *woodless* table-land, the appropriateness of the name *Cotswold.*

In studying the names of towns, we must exercise great care that we be not misled as to the meaning by similarity of sound or orthography. In all cases, the root of the word must be found; and in compound names, the elements of which the name is composed must be distinctly marked off, and traced to their origin. A few instances will serve to shew the importance of these remarks. We have found that the syllable *ham* means *home; holm* or *holme* is much more like *home* in appearance and sound; but we should be very wide of the mark if we supposed that *holm* or *holme* and *home* were synonymous. Holm and holme indicate a river-island; hence there are the *steep* and *flat holms* in the Severn, below Bristol.

Holt and *hurst*, or *hyrst*, are not at all alike, so far as the spelling goes, but they have exactly the same meaning—a grove or wood.

Mouth (Yar*mouth*, Teign*mouth*) and *lade* (Lech*lade*, Crick*lade*) are very unlike to the eye and ear, but identical in import: *lade* is the mouth of a stream or river.

Space reminds us that we must stop. We have passed over many things of which we had made note, and yet our paper has been extended much further than we intended. The attempt to explain and illustrate these names will, we trust, induce some one else who has more and favourable opportunity than the present writer for investigating them, to give the readers of the *Journal* the results of his inquiries and thoughts thereon.

MISS KIMBO'S DIARY.

If the anonymous author has his privileges—his imperviousness to insult, his exemption from horse-whipping, his possible credit for all that is wise and brilliant—he has his disadvantages also: mingling in the great world-crowd, from which his villains and his heroes, his tyrants and his martyrs, are alike selected, he cannot, nameless though he be, go altogether unsuspected. The swell-mobsman of society is on the alert, and has an uneasy consciousness that every literary detective is after *him.* General Satire appears to him but Private Lampoon: whenever he sees one of his wicked comrades circulating in black and white, 'regardless of grammar, he cries out: "That's me;"' and not only this, for if he knows so much as one of our moral police force personally, he attributes at once his own capture and gibbeting to that person. I should be afraid to say how often I myself have been remonstrated with—in a pastoral, pleasant sort of way—by the bishop of this diocese, on occasions of any public exhibitions of the clergy in the newspapers—with which I have had no more to do than he—only because he is aware that I sometimes snatch an hour from my graver studies to chastise wickedness in high places. The prime-minister, also, than whom I know no one more agreeable and sparkling over his claret, shakes his finger at me playfully when the *Times* hits him, as though *I* only knew how to castigate folly; and the Duke of C——, whose position and connections prevent my speaking of him more particularly, is for ever writing to me with respect to army mismanagement: 'Of course, my dear fellow, it's all true, but tailor-colonels came in with the Fall itself, and a nob is a nob: so don't be so bitter against us.' Thus, too—to descend a little—as the letters of furnished lodgings have been for some time held up to reprobation—and, as I must confess, with justice—in all sorts of journals, my landlady, Mrs Kimbo, is of opinion that each and every attack has had herself for its object, and has been written by me, her lodger. She reminds me a good deal of the government of this country and our official world in this—that she is remarkably pervious to public opinion, without being in the least degree subject to improvement; indignant to excess at censure, but very far from being resolved not to deserve it.

It was not many weeks since I was engaged as usual in my own furnished apartment—which is not an Englishman's castle, or anything like it—upon my great work which is about to supersede the *Organum*, when Mrs Kimbo flounced—nay, furbelowed—into the room without knocking, and holding a popular periodical, which shall be nameless, between her finger and thumb, as though it were a venomous reptile, gave utterance to these remarkable words:

'Yes, sir, if you please, sir, and begging your pardon, it's me. No, I ain't angry, although tremblin, which it is to be expected, worked up as I have been, and having let lodgings—yes, lodgings, and why not?—and ain't you ashamed of yourself, you wicked scribbler, this twenty years? By which means nobody ever put me into print before, and I am come here, and don't go away without it, for an apologue. A poor lone woman to be held up, and none of it true, and forty persons in the same row, or fifty, doing the same, or worse, to first floor and to second floor every day of their lives and night. Now, don't go for to deny it, sir; for let us be truthful, and fear nothing, says I to Jane but yesterday morning, when she broke the winder, and laid it on my umbrella falling down of its own head, which it never done; for write it you did, in this blessed perryodical, as I'm a sinful woman.'

'My dear Mrs Kimbo,' said I, 'so far as I can see, your name, even supposing I wrote it, is never hinted at. I have had great experience in lodging-houses and landladies, and never intended the least allusion, believe me, to yourself and Honeysuckle Cottage. You are everything that is sufficient to me here—more, positively more, than I desire.'

'And may you be forgiven, sir; but I know better, and cannot be persuaded otherwise. The meat that was overcharged, and the beer, and the cat getting at the dinner involuntary, and my eldest daughter too—it is as like as it can stare; and never did I do those things, nor one of them, if I was to be stretched upon my dying bed this minit; and I am come here for a printed apologue, and I don't go away without it.'

'My dear Mrs Kimbo, I will make the amplest amends within my power. If there is any balm in an advertisement—if you would derive comfort from a copy of touching verses—if my name appended in full to any statement of yours whatever (not involving a promise to pay money) can afford you satisfaction, it shall be done.'

'Very sweet and very soft spoken you can be, sir, when you please, and there is none to deny it; but an apologue I'll have, or a reflirtation, or to law will I go, as sure as I speak my mind upon this sofa here present, and every word is truth.'

'Well, my dear madam, I will write a refutation with pleasure. Let us be friends. If you have got anything to say upon the other side, as a landlady, and against lodgers, it shall be printed.'

'Have I got anything to say, O Jerryusalem! have I, or have I not, my daughter dear? She kep a dairy many and many a year, and help me, sir, to squeedge it out of my pocket, which stuck it is and torn, but gospel truth and pleasant reading too, all quite unbeknown to her; but read it, read it, do, for reflirtation's sake, and then say am I bone and skin, and she a thread, for first floor and for dining-room this twenty years, or am I not?'

The authoress of the manuscript, of which I thus became possessed, is a virgin of some five-and-forty years of age; her complexion is fairer than that of the lily, with the exception of the extreme finish of her nose, which has more the hue of the blush-carnation. I am not, however, about to pursue the 'Annie Laurie' description further; it is not so much upon any of her features that my eye has been accustomed to linger, as upon her golden hair, which appears to be capable of all the stages and mutations of the precious metal itself. In the morning it is mingled with white, whity-brown and whity-black substances resembling quartz; and, as I perceive from a huge and unalloyed nugget at the back, the colour of the locks themselves is comparatively dull. Towards the afternoon these foreign textures are removed, the tresses are beaten out smooth and shining, and the nugget resembles a small golden haystack, or a pippin of inestimable value, from the top of a bedpost. In the evening, Miss Martha's head is little inferior in glory to the setting sun: there is a golden circlet upon her brow, and another of scarcely secondary lustre around the nugget; and there are two loops of the same gorgeous character which surround her ears, and give them the appearance of curiosities in precious frames. After this mutation, she attends upon us no more, but passes her leisure in the boudoir, sitting alone, like Mr Tennyson's mermaid, with a crown of gold on a throne. This boudoir is a small and somewhat dingy apartment, adorned with a picture of some dashing person in the Cape Mounted Rifles, and with a couple of peacock's feathers upon the mantel-piece, and is used by Mrs Kimbo—I am given to understand—as an oratory.

'When people get to a certain time of life, sir,' that lady once observed to me in confidence, 'they demand some quiet place to retire into from the bustle of daily life;' and it is there also that she concocts the weekly bills. Her daughter, as I have said, uses it principally for purposes of state and ceremony, and in particular she has here been accustomed to compile her diary. I find from the perusal of this voluminous work, that thirty-four males, forty-six females, twenty-one children of both sexes, seven dogs, two parrots, a monkey, three white mice, and a hedgehog, have been accommodated at various times with board and lodging at Honeysuckle Cottage; but the individual biography of these, in full, it is not my intention to give. Miss Martha, however, has gone into the minutest detail in describing the peculiarities of each, and has used besides a sort of cipher, a series of mystic symbols intended to be private and confidential, of which it has caused me much labour and severe analysis—to the great detriment of the *Organum*—to discover the meaning. Thus, a cross (+) betokens troublesome or exacting; a straight horizontal line (—) signifies near or stingy; a note of admiration (!) denotes negligence in inquiry after missing things, or inattention to money-matters; and a round *o* indicates madness.

This is one of the very earliest of Miss Martha's entries:

'*June* 7, 1835.—A fashionably-dressed young gentleman, not much over seventeen or eighteen, arrived from Bristol, and took our first floor. He is come, he says, to see the scenery, to sketch, to paint, to court the muse among our beech-woods and on our breezy downs. He is, he states, a child of nature, and his other parents are Indian people, who do not sympathise with him. Money is no object; name is Bundlecum [plenty of good linen in portmanteau; evening costume, polished boots, cheroot-case, dressing-case, handbook of Devonshire, and brandy flask]; spends much of his time at "the Dog and Duck;" comes home late at night, and writes for hours poetry; often weeps; approves of goose, currant-pie, curry, and beer; confided to me that he had for the first time found sympathisers in self and mother; comes in very late, singing the following snatches, and so often, that I do believe I shall never get them out of my head:—"We can't eat any more—we can't eat any more—we can't eat any mōār, but we'll have some more to drink." And again: "We won't go home till morning—we won't go home till morning—we won't go home till mōārning, and perhaps not even then." Unwell the next day, and lay in bed eating buttered toast; looked over the bill, and pronounced it reasonable; offered to pay it, or let it run, as we wished; mother and self agreed to let it run.

'*June* 14*th*.—Let it run. *June* 21*st*, Let it run. *June* 28*th*, and the third week, let Master Bundlecum himself run: took his portmanteau with him while mother and self were gone to meeting; left us an affectionate and grateful letter, begging us to crown all our benefits by settling for him his little bills; enclosed to self in particular a lock of his hair; mother in hysterics; landlord of "Dog and Duck" insists on being paid his L.6, 2s. 3d. for value received, or taking the law of us; boatman and family up in the course of afternoon for 19s. due for fishing and pleasuring; ditto Jobber for use of horses; ditto four or five other people. Washerwoman's husband agrees to go to Bristol in pursuit of Mr B., for a consideration; tracked him to his guardian's house near the Docks, who observes that he had washed his hands of him in a pecuniary sense long ago; begs to offer the sincerest regrets, but that this is not the first time, nor the second, by any means, that Master B. has done the like; that he (B.), however, never intends any harm, and in this case, perhaps, imagined that his parent, Mr Bundlecum, senior, of Calcutta, would discharge all obligations, which is far from being likely, Mr B., senior, having already done so twice, positively for the last time; he (guardian), indeed, has still that confidence in Master Bundlecum's real integrity, that he thinks it possible he may right us when he comes into his property, which he will do on attaining his twenty-fifth year; and he (guardian) again wishes most sincerely that we may get it. We are very miserable; ten pounds in hard cash clean gone, and thirty pounds lost, or as good as lost, which we ought to have made in fairness.'

Miss Martha had plentifully interspersed the commencement of the above biography with notes of admiration, but these suddenly ceased; nor could she apparently discover any other symbol to express her subsequent feelings. Here is another extract from the diary, taken at random:

'*July* 1840.—Mr and Mrs Poppet, a young couple, married within the year, took our first floor; Mrs P. exceedingly delicate, and orders dinner from the sofa; does not wish to be distressed by any reference to what is left of yesterday's dinner, or to what is not left; trusts entirely to our feelings of honour, and believes we are persons of respectability, who will repay confidence of that description: which we are indeed—very much so. Mr P., in his dressing-gown and slippers, reads novels most of the day to Mrs P. in her dressing-gown and slippers; and both of them are much addicted to fruits and cream. They do not see, they say, why half-a-crown a dish should be dear for strawberries (when mother made an apology for that circumstance), and if they had fallen into dishonest hands, or perhaps any other than self and mother's, I believe they might have paid half-a-guinea for a dish cheerfully. Mrs Poppet expects her mother, Mrs Snapshaw, in which case they will take the rooms for two months certain; and I am sure it will be a pleasure to wait upon and do for such a charming family.'

The manuscript is henceforward continued in a different and trembling hand. 'Horrible! mother and self lie awake all night conspiring; but in the morning, when Mrs Snapshaw enters the kitchen, all our determination melts away. We never made a stand against her even for a minute. "Mutton cost twopence a pound at Honeysuckle Cottage more than at the butcher's, does it?" "Soap is fourpence a cake, is it?" "Strawberries are half-a-crown a dish, are they?" Any charge, in short, wherein we have made the least mistake, she is continually picking up and throwing in our faces. The bell rang at breakfast the first morning with quite a different tinkle from that which Mrs Poppet used to give it; and when I went in, all smiling, there sat Mrs Snapshaw, at the head of the table, pointing to the milk, and saying: "Another jug: *not skim*." I knew that there was war for us at once, but I did not know there was defeat and subjugation. At dinner, that very day, when the fish came up, she burst out with: "There are only twelve sprats here; I *bought* fourteen." The way in which she taxed our weekly bills was a thing I should have thought mother never would have consented to. "Sevenpence a sheet you charge for washing, Mrs Kimbo, do you? Now the washerwoman tells *me* that she charges you but threepence-halfpenny;" for she had had the meanness to go and ask that question herself, it seems. Then Mrs Poppet was, as I have hinted, in a delicate situation, and actually got confined in our First Floor. The Dining-room left us, because it was forbidden to practise upon its cornopean; and the Attic was interdicted from walking about with its shoes on. Once in the dead of night she came upon mother and self in bed, and cried out in an awful voice: "The brandy! our bottle is not in the cellaret, Kimbo, and my daughter wants it immediately." Poor mother thought that her final end was come, and would have made all kinds of ridiculous admissions in that belief, if I had not prevented her. I positively believe that we were rather out of pocket than not, so far as food went, before Mrs Snapshaw and her two children left; but Mr and Mrs Poppet were, nevertheless, not half so happy, although living so wickedly cheap. Every inch of candle-end, and every scrap of meat, and every wafer of soap, did she carry away with her in a great hand-basket. "There's a little mustard in the cruetstand, Martha, which you may tell your mother she can keep for my sake," were Mrs Snapshaw's parting words, and I positively durst not answer them.' This last piece of biography was much interspersed by horizontal straight lines of amazing thickness, but there was no expression of open disapproval; it seemed as if the authoress had doubted whether the boudoir and the diary itself were safe from the investigation of her terrible foe.

'*August* 1850.—Five young university men and a tutor, seemingly no older than themselves, have taken our whole house. They have a few large books with them, and half-a-dozen boxes of cigars and tobacco, and nearly a hundred pipes. Mother said at once that she never allowed smoking, except in the garden, at which they all of them screeched with laughter, the tutor observing at the same time that she was "a jolly old humbug." They insist upon using the boudoir to read divinity in, and they clean out their pipes with the peacock feathers. They talk about nothing there, so far as I can hear, but beverage and hookah, and Jane is almost worn off her legs in running for beer. They settle their weekly accounts like gentlemen, and complain of nothing, but they have broken all the dining-room ornaments, making what they call "cock shies" of them in the garden. A favourite China mandarin of grandfather's they set up in an apple-tree, saying he was Jupiter or something, and then they fired at him with an air-gun. They call Jane "the Marchioness," and me only "Sophonisba," which is at once ridiculous and inappropriate. Not above three are ever in at dinner-time, so that there is continual cooking, but they are easily pleased. One day, when they had all gone out, mother and I had a good clean up of their rooms, and thinking to do them a kindness, we took all their nasty, dirty, short, blackened pipes we could find, and left in their place nearly sixpenny worth of beautiful clean new ones. "What a nice surprise," said mother, "it will be for them, and a very thoughtful act on our part they will esteem it." But, dear me, they kicked up such a dust about it as never was; some of them swearing, and especially the tutor, because of the time they had lost in "colouring" them; and some groping about in the ash-hole for the bowls and broken pieces, many of which they afterwards got riveted together with silver, and smoked again. We got indicted by Mrs Hawk next door—who is wild with envy at the gentlemen being so comfortable and staying so long with us—for having a disorderly house; and certainly the young men, keeping up a chorus until two or three in the morning, must be rather aggravating to those who don't get paid for listening to it. Three cats belonging to neighbours, of whose tale we shall never see the end, fell victims to the air-gun, and were buried by torch-light under the apple-tree by four of the party, attired in our best sheets, the tutor firing father's blunderbuss out of window every half-minute. All these things were taken ill, and have given our lodgings a bad name; and the smell of smoke pervading every room after the reading-party left, kept quiet old ladies and such like out of the house for months.'

Notes of admiration besprinkle the above very freely, and small round o's, with notes of interrogation, as though mother and self doubted of the party's sanity, tutor and all.

'*September* 1855.—Mr Sutas took lodgings with us for a week certain—a short, stout gentleman, exceedingly shy. Mother waited upon him—as she usually does upon the Dining-room—and he expressed himself as satisfied.

"But, Mrs Kimbo," said he, "I observed a young person about the house on my arrival, I am afraid, did I not?"

"My daughter, sir, perhaps."

"Very well," returned Mr Sutas; "let me never so much as catch sight of that young person's face: let nobody under fifty years of age presume to enter my apartment under any pretence whatever; that is my sole stipulation, but that stipulation is indispensable."

'After the first week, during which he had given us great satisfaction, he again addressed my mother: "Mrs Kimbo, I have again seen that young person, your daughter's face, and it pleases me!!! [The notes are Miss Martha's own, but I beg to acquiesce in them.] I wish to be attended by her exclusively, and from no other hand will I receive my food." I waited upon him therefore for some time, during which he did nothing but stare fixedly without remark. One morning, however, he observed that he could certainly not breakfast any longer with his table in so uncomfortable a position; he wished it to be placed in the centre of the room. I moved it thither: no, it must be at the east window. I moved it as directed: no, it must have a decidedly north aspect. I moved it again: no, he could not touch a single morsel, unless he had his back to the wall. At length, and after spending an hour in table-turning, when I had placed it exactly where it had originally stood, Mr Sutas expressed himself as satisfied, and presently assured me that he had never enjoyed a meal so thoroughly. On another occasion, he demanded that the head of our favourite black cat should be delivered up to him: the animal had met him on the stairs, and deliberately looked at him, which he averred was a most dire foreboding. When the First Floor happened one day to be unusually merry, he bade me go up with his kindest regards, and bring him word what they were laughing about; and at another time he terrified a young gentleman of that party to extremity, by threatening to hang him over the lintel of the door, if he should venture to whistle again. He got very troublesome towards last, and mother was the only person who could manage him. She exercised quite a parental influence, and often reduced him even to tears. There was a good deal of fuss about this, and some envious people called her "Kimbo the keeper;" just as if dear Mr Sutas was mad: even his mode of departure, they said, was a proof of it—as though people of fortune might not travel as they liked—because he had always averred that carriage-exercise shook him to pieces—and yet went away in a spring-cart with four horses, and blowing a horn.'

There are many other biographies, of equal if not greater interest in Miss Martha's diary, which would have made out Mrs Kimbo's case perhaps better, and bear something more of a refutation of the charges brought against her class; but at the termination of the volume I came upon some statements, interspersed with horizontal lines, which, I could not conceal from myself, referred to me. From that instant I determined to perform my duty as an upright critic, rather than as an editor with a partial leaning; and if my private opinion is desired, I pity Mr Sutas, I admire Bundlecum, and I positively revere Mr Poppet's mother-in-law.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

GERMAN YEAST.

This kind of yeast has become an important article of importation, and continues to make rapid progress as such, without appearing to draw the attention of speculators in this country towards its home manufacture. The fact is the more extraordinary that this substance does not keep long enough to render it a safe importation: when a slight detention at sea, for instance, occurs, the cargo heats so rapidly that it is sometimes necessary to throw it overboard. The same peculiarity prevents its diffusion much further than the districts into which it is brought from abroad, as the expense of railway carriage for any considerable distance would be too great; and thus, while 'all Yorkshire,' as we are informed, uses it, supplied by Hull, and the counties around the metropolis are equally favoured by London, other important parts of the country are cut off from the advantage. Leeds consumes eight tons a week, and Bradford five, at 8d. per pound; but in Scotland its use is greatly restricted.

German yeast appears to be nothing more than common distillery yeast, freed by a certain process from its impurities, and more especially from the acidity which has frequently a detrimental effect upon bread. A correspondent has been so obliging as to send us the details of this process, which he obtained through inquiries made in the *south* of Germany, where the manufacturers had not the same interest as their brethren in the north in preserving the secret. We now present it to our readers, in the hope that the experiment will be extensively tried in this country, where the numerous whisky distilleries offer facilities for almost everybody to obtain the best possible yeast at his own door.

'Take brewery, or, by preference, distillery yeast,' says our informant, 'and filter this through a muslin or silk sieve, into a tub or vat containing about four or five times the quantity of soft or cold spring water. The water must be as cold as possible, and in summer, ice should be dissolved in it. As soon as the liquid yeast comes into the water, the whole must be well stirred up—in preference with a broom—until thoroughly mixed, and it has a good foam or light head; then leave it until quite settled and the water becomes clear; then draw the surface-water gently off, so as not to disturb the settled substance.

'The tub should have cocks at different heights, to allow the water to be drawn off gently by opening the highest first. This done, you again pump the tub full of cold water, and stir it up again: let it settle, and draw off as before; and repeat this operation until the water becomes tasteless and clear—that is, till the water has cleansed the yeast of all its bitterness.

'Then add to the settled substance, for every twelve gallons of yeast employed at the commencement, half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia, and one ounce of bicarbonate of soda, previously dissolved in a pint of cold water: mix this liquid with the purified yeast, and leave it in this state for the night, or twelve or fourteen hours.

'Then pump cold water again into your tub, stir it well up as before, and when settled, draw it off, which concludes the purifying process.

'This done, the yeast in its settled state must be emptied into a clean linen bag, tied up, and placed between two boards large enough to cover the bag, so as to press the liquid substance out, which must be done as gently as possible, till the substance is gradually freed from water, and resembles bread-paste or dough, which can then be formed to size and weight as needed. In Austria, the weight is something near one pound when dry, in square forms, and about one inch thick.

'The whole process should be conducted in a very cool place; and when once the pressed yeast has become partially dry, it should be kept in a cold place, as otherwise the yeasting process will begin; whereas, kept in a cold place, it will keep for from eight to ten days in summer, and from ten to fifteen in winter, but not longer in Austria.'

BOG-BUTTER.

We have all read about manna, and bread-fruit, and vegetable wax and tallow, and edible birds' nests, but only a few have read about bog-butter. Nine-tenths of the community would be puzzled to tell you what it means. Let us see if we cannot make it the subject of a few minutes' reading.

For a beginning, we go back to the year when the nation mourned the death of Mary, consort of William III. In November 1695, a resident at Kilkenny, writing to a friend of his, says, among other matters: 'We have had of late, in the county of Limerick and Tipperary, showers of a sort of matter like butter or grease; if one rub it upon one's hand, it will melt, but lay it by the fire, and it dries and grows hard, having a very nasty smell. And this last night some fell at this place, which I did see myself this morning. It is gathered into pots and other vessels by some of the inhabitants of this place.'

This passage is published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society; and with it an extract from a letter written by the Bishop of Cloyne in April of the following year, in which the worthy churchman remarks: 'For a good part of last winter and spring, there fell in several places a kind of thick dew, which the country-people called *butter*, from the consistency and colour of it, being soft, clammy, and of a dark yellow. It fell always in the night, and chiefly in moorish, low grounds, on the top of the grass, and often on the thatch of cabins. 'Twas seldom observed in the same places twice: it commonly lay on the earth for near a fortnight without changing its colour, but then dried and turned black. Cattle fed in the fields where it lay, indifferently, as in other fields. It fell in lumps, often as big as the end of one's finger, very thin and scatteringly; it had a strong, ill scent, somewhat like the smell of church-yards or graves: and indeed we had, during most of that season, very evil-smelling fogs, some sediment of which might possibly occasion this dew; though I will by no means pretend to offer that a reason of it. I cannot find that it was kept long, or that it bred any worms or insects; yet the superstitious country-people who had scald or sore heads, rubbed them with this substance, and said *it healed them.*'

The good bishop is cautious in his 'reason.' He tells us the butter 'fell;' but perhaps this was only a figure of speech, as we say the dew *falls.* It has long been known that a species of tallow can be extracted from bogs; and it may be that the lumps had other origin than the atmosphere. But leaving this phenomenon, let us look at something that is more immediately connected with the subject.

In 1736, there was dug up somewhere in Finland a singular mass, which was called 'mineral tallow.' The learned and curious were greatly puzzled to account for it, and put forth their theories. In 1817, another mass, weighing twenty-three pounds, was discovered in a bog on the Galtee Mountains in Ireland—another puzzle. What did it mean, coming upon a substance that resembled butter or tallow, in such a place? Three years later, another find occurred on the borders of Loch Fyne in Scotland; and in 1826, still another in Ireland, in a bog near Ballinasloe. This latter weighed twenty-one pounds, and was presented to the Royal Dublin Society, and described in their *Proceedings.* Since then, many more specimens have been found: some are in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and others in private hands. Some of these have been carefully analysed; and they all give up those peculiar oily acids which are found in butter.

In these cases, the explanation is easier than in that of the bishop's clammy dew. Mr Wilde states, as reported in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, that it was the practice formerly among the Irish to bury their butter, probably with a view to its preservation. Some of the old writers allude to it, and the Irish Hudibras mentions

Butter to eat with their hog,
Was seven years buried in a bog.

All the specimens found present the same physical and chemical character—'a hard yellowish white substance, like old stilton cheese, and in taste resembling spermaceti—it is, in fact, changed into the animal substance denominated *adipocere.*' And most of them have been met with in old solid bogs, at a depth of ten or twelve feet. They are nearly always enclosed in wood, some in long firkins of small diameter, others in receivers scooped from a single block. Whether they were deposited near the surface, and have since sunk, or the bog has grown over them, are questions to which Irish savans are trying to find an answer. Mr Wilde suggests as a clue 'that when the common fosses of Paris, into which a great number of bodies had been thrown in 1793, were opened a few years ago, it was found that the substance into which they had been converted was an *adipocere*, somewhat resembling this bog-butter.'

In the analyses, no traces of salt have been discovered; and it appears to have been the custom to make the butter without salt in former times, and eat it only when it became rancid or sour; and these qualities would be developed by the burial. An old book of travels in Iceland states that the peasantry used to eat sour butter, and that each bishop's see had a public store, in which the butter was kept against years of scarcity.

In Debe's *Description of the Faröe Isles* (1670) there is a passage bearing on this curious subject, which we quote by way of conclusion. The natives had what they called 'rue tallow,' or 'preserved tallow,' obtained from the carcasses of sheep. It was, after the process of rendering, cast into large lumps, and then, says the writer, 'they dig and put it in moist earth to keep it—it growing the better the longer it is kept—and when it is old, and is cut, it tasteth like old cheese. The most able peasants have ever much endeavoured to bring together a great quantity of that tallow, so that a countryman had sometimes in the tallow-dike—that is, a place in the earth where it is kept—above 100 loads, and this hath always been looked upon as the greatest riches of Feröe. For when sheep dye, such tallow is very necessary in the land, the longer it is kept being so much the better; and forreign pyrates having little desire to rob it from them. It may, therefore, not unreasonably be termed a hidden treasure which rust doth not consume, nor thieves steal away.'

THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT MARINER'S FIRST LOVE.

Sir John Ross, the well-known navigator, is dead. He lived to be nearly eighty years of age; and within the last five months, I heard him tell the story of his first love. Thus it came about. We were wont to meet him at the house of a mutual friend, where he was always a welcome guest; came and went as he listed, and had his hammock swung in a chamber where the temperature suited him best; for he loved a cold clear atmosphere. In a word, he was the centre of as charming a household group as shall be seen any day in the great metropolis. Blooming faces shone upon him, merry songs greeted him as he took his place beside the cheery hearth in those cold evenings in spring. One bright-haired creature with rosy lips claimed him ever as her own, seated him beside her on the velvet couch, called him 'her dear boy,' which delighted the ancient mariner beyond all things, and at last drew from him the tale referred to.

I had been reminding him of a very old friend now dead, and of whom he had heard nothing for many years: as I spoke, a tide of early recollections swept up and filled the old man's eyes with tears. 'Ah!' said he, 'he was a very kind friend to me; we had been schoolmates, and then we went to sea together. After a while we parted, and I entered the royal navy; when I next saw O——, I was commander on board the ——. He was on the quay at Greenock when I sailed in, and little thought that the vessel carrying a royal pennant was commanded by Johnnie Ross. I landed and went up to him with a man who knew us both.

"O——," said the latter, "do you remember little Johnnie Ross?"

"Well," answered O——; "and a precious little scamp he was!"

'On this,' observed Sir John, 'we shook hands, and renewed our acquaintance, and I had reason to be glad of it; for,' he repeated, 'O—— was very kind to me.'

'Now about Margaret,' said the bonny creature beside him.

'Ah! she was a noble girl! When I first knew her she was ten, and I about twelve years old. We used to walk home together from the school, and at first were very happy; but before long the children began to watch us, and we were obliged to make signs to one another about meeting. I mind well how shamefaced we were when the others caught us making signals before breaking up; and one day the master saw us, and it was on that occasion Margaret shewed such spirit and courage as made me never forget her.'

'I had got out of school,' he continued, after a short pause, 'and was waiting for her, never heeding the children laughing at me, as I stood watching for the sight of her bonny face, for she was very fair.' I can by no means describe the pathos of the old man's tone as he said this. 'When I began to think she was in trouble, and "kept in," I hid myself till the place was clear of ither folk, and then I creepit round and keeked in at the window of a side-room where scholars in disgrace were put sometimes. Poor Margaret was indeed there, sitting upon a box, very forlorn, and crying bitterly. She brightened up at seeing my face in the window-pane, and smiled when I told her I had been waiting for her. Then I declared I would be revenged on our hard master, and went at once to the school-room to carry out my plan: this was easy, for there was no one there.

'Just over the master's desk was a shelf, on which stood a large ink-bottle, and near to this again was the hat with which the dominie always crowned himself when he assumed the seat of authority. I mounted the desk, took a piece of string from my pocket, tied the ink-jar and hat together, then, descending from my perch, left the room, and ran round again to the side-window to prepare Margaret for the result of my device. Then I ran home to dinner, and returned to school in the afternoon.

'I was late. All the children were in the room; and at the master's desk stood Margaret, with scarlet cheeks but triumphant eyes, just receiving the last blow of the leather strap on her open hand. The punishment of my mischievous revenge had been visited upon her. Streams of ink discoloured the master's face; and books and desk, on which last lay the broken ink-jar, were saturated with it. The master himself was furious; and the more so that Margaret had borne the infliction like a heroine, in perfect silence, resolutely refusing to give up the name of the delinquent, whose accomplice she was accused of being. She looked at me as she moved defiantly away, and the expression of her eye warned me not to speak. It was indeed too late. I hurried from the room before I was observed; Margaret walked proudly after me; and for the last time we took our way home together from the school.'

I cannot do justice to this story as told by the old navigator. Nearly seventy years had passed away, and yet the memory of his child-love was still the green spot in his heart. The pathos, too, was enhanced by the Scottish accent, which dignified, so to speak, a little history, that finely illustrates the exquisite poem *Jeanie Morison*—

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
  Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
  Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
  The luve o' life's young day.

He said all this, and much more than I can do justice to. The whole picture of the twa bairns—'twa bairns and but *ae* heart'—rose before me, as, blushing, frightened, and silent, they 'cleekit thegither hame' after school.

'Twas then we luvit each ither weel,
  'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time, sad time, twa bairns at schule,
  Twa bairns and but ae heart.

* * * *

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet—
  When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touching cheek, loof locked in loof,
  What our wee hearts could think!
Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
  Our cheeks burnt red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule weans laughing said
  We cleeked thegither hame!

I saw thir twa bairns with their heads bent o'er ae braid page, with one book between them, the girl intent upon the lesson, the boy's lesson in that fair child's eyes—

Thy look was on thy lesson,
But—my lesson was in thee!

I quote from memory, and have not seen the poem for years; but the whole seemed to come back to me as I listened to this simple history from the lips of the ancient mariner.

He and Margaret met but twice afterwards. He dwelt most on the first of these meetings. 'I was travelling,' he said, 'in Scotland, when the coach stopped to take up a passenger. The moment the door opened, *I knew her at once*, but—she didna remember me;' he sighed as he said this. 'Then,' he continued, 'I told her who I was, and reminded her of old times, thirty years before, and of that story of the ink-bottle and the beating she had got for my sake. *She* had almost forgotten it, but *I never had*.' Margaret, the mother of a large family, is now an aged woman, and probably thought little of Johnnie Ross after parting with him in childhood; while he, literally voyaging from pole to pole, and having but a passing glimpse of her from time to time, may be said to have carried the memory of his child-love to his grave.

Among other pleasant records of my life will rest the memory of 'many an ancient story,' told in his eightieth year, by Sir John Ross. Some modern ones there were, too, in which pathos and bathos were exquisitely blended. There was one of the discovery at sea, by the *Isabella*, of himself and his shipmates. He had once commanded this ship, and he knew her immediately, half blind with weakness and starvation as he was; and there was another of his meeting in London with his son, who, through good report and evil report, had 'never given him up.' These might find a place in these pages, but that I think it would be unfair to trench upon the domain of whomsoever shall be selected as editor of the autobiography which Sir John was occupied in compiling up to the last few weeks of his eventful life.

INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION ON HEALTH.

[This brief paper is an abstract of an excellent lecture on the subject, forming one of a miscellaneous series, entitled *Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects* (Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1855). These lectures were delivered at the Working-men's College in London, by a group of men each highly accomplished in his particular subject; and we scarcely know a volume containing more sterling good sense or a finer expression of modern intelligence on social subjects. The particular lecture here condensed was by Dr Chambers, physician to St Mary's Hospital.]

It is a mistake to think that the ill-health found in so many trades is a component part of them, or that those engaged in one occupation must necessarily be shorter-lived, or suffer more physically, than those of another. If we inquire closely into the matter, we shall find that every single instance of ill-health arising from the different trades may be fully accounted for by some breach of the simple laws of nature, and that the evils are capable of a remedy so cheap and attainable, that it would be impossible for them to add appreciably to the expense of the article produced; so that, by preventing the sickness of the artisan, it would be the greatest saving to the masters, and to society at large.

Printers engaged in composing by gas-light, as is required in the short days of winter, sometimes have their vision injured—a very natural consequence of standing with the gas flickering naked just over the head, and in front of the workman. The eye thus receives a blaze of light thrown directly upon it, which it does not want, and which blinds it so much, that the blaze must be increased in order to illuminate the form at which the compositor works. It seems almost incredible that a man should lose his eyesight for the want of a sixpenny gas-lamp, or a penny shade, to keep the glare off his brow, and throw it on to his work. This, indeed, seems monstrous; yet such is the case; for on inquiry at some of the principal printing-offices where such appliances are used, it is found that none of their compositors suffer from eye-complaints. Needlewomen's eyes suffer very often, too, from *gutta serena*—that is, a loss of sensibility in the optic nerve, from overstrained use in feeble persons. The cause of the needlewoman's malady is too obvious. It is well known that in all great milliners' establishments it is a rule that all light-coloured work shall be done during the day, and that dark or black work shall be done after dark. They find that, from bad ventilation, the droughtiness and closeness of the rooms, and ignorant mode of illumination, the fireplaces, or candles, or gas will smoke, smuts fly about, and soil the light-coloured fabrics; while, on the other hand, instead of removing the obstacle, by getting better ventilation and better lighting, the employers insist upon those dark colours alone being exposed to the dirt, where no great harm is done by a little stain. By the simplest rules of ventilation, the milliners' eyes and health might be preserved, and they might also be enabled to work light-tinted fabrics by night.

I do not here allude to the evil effects of overwork; that is too long a question to enter into now; but you must draw a distinction between that and *unhealthy sorts of work.* Watchmakers, jewellers, grinders, sculptors, masons, stone-breakers, &c., are liable to suffer from affection of the eyes. But there is a remedy perfectly simple for all of these. Why should a person ever break stones without a pair of wire-spectacles, that may be got for sixpence? or masons and sculptors the same? Those who are liable to get grains of metal into the eye—as jewellers, railway guards, grinders, and the like—why not have a syringe at hand, and a little water, to wash the lids? The harm of *dusty trades*, from which millers often suffer, may always be prevented by a thorough draught of air. And there are many ways of arresting the evils of iron dust, and preventing it from blocking up the lungs. The diseases prevalent among bootmakers and tailors might often be avoided or remedied by a very slight observance of the laws of nature! The former might keep their health very well, if they would give up the foolish habit of pressing the boot-tree against the pit of the stomach, and adopt instead a similar contrivance to the admirable one invented by Mr Sparkes Hall, bootmaker in Regent Street, of an upright bench at which a man can either stand or sit at his work without pressing the boot-tree against his body. And the tailor, with a very little perseverance, might learn to use one of the many tables that have been designed for his use, without ruining his digestion by assuming the constrained position of crossing his legs, and resting his heavy work upon his knees. Every remedy is in itself simple; and it does not require any great depth of learning or study to acquire the necessary knowledge. A true insight into the elementary laws of life, so as to know correctly what living, breathing, feeling, perspiring, moving, eating, drinking, resting, sleeping, really are, so far as is at present known, is all that is required.

I do not mean, when I speak of elementary knowledge, that it needs be superficial; sound elementary knowledge is the furthest removed from superficial of any that can be communicated. Indeed, the more perfect and further advanced a science is, the more capable it is of having its first and most valuable principles imparted in an elementary easy form.

I am sure that the comprehension of the main organic principles of animal being—the science called physiology—may be placed in the power of all. When once cast into a form capable of being imparted as a part of education, there is no reason why physiology should not stand on the same footing as reading, arithmetic, and grammar. I fear that unless we make more general a knowledge of physiology—of health and disease—very little good can be done by merely philanthropic interference. Ignorance in the interferer and interfered with will always weaken such efforts, and the well-intended energy will be wasted. But first acquire a correct notion of the first principles of this science, and your daily life will continuously add the details of further knowledge; and rules of health, which now, if they seem merely disconnected opinions, will end in seeming a matter of course, from being united in one universally applicable law of common sense.

THE LAST FOOTFALL.

There is often sadness in the tone,
And a moisture in the eye,
And a trembling sorrow in the voice,
When we bid a last good-bye.
But sadder far than this, I ween,
O sadder far than all,
Is the heart-throb with which we strain
To catch the last footfall.

The last press of a loving hand
Will cause a thrill of pain,
When we think, 'Oh, should it prove that we
Shall never meet again.'
And as lingeringly the hands unclasp,
The hot, quick drops will fall;
But bitterer are the tears we shed
When we hear the last footfall.

We never felt how dear to us
Was the sound we loved full well,
We never knew *how* musical,
Till its last echo fell;
And till we heard it pass away
Far, far beyond recall,
We never thought what grief 'twould be
To hear that last footfall.

And the years and days that long are passed,
And the scenes that *seemed* forgot,
Rush through the mind like meteor-light
As we linger on the spot;
And little things that were as nought,
But now will be our all,
Come to us like an echo low
Of the last, the last footfall!

A. H.

HOW TO UTILISE MUSEUMS.

An observation lately made by Professor Tennant is worth repeating, from the very simplicity, but obvious utility of the suggestion. He observed that the labels in our museums were not sufficiently communicative. It is not enough that the name of a mineral is given; its composition, colour, hardness, specific gravity, and other qualities might be written on a label with as much ease as the name. This might, of course, be applied to other things with equal profit for aiding popular instruction. Looking at collections is too often like reading the titles of a library of books; it would be very different if each specimen was ticketed with an epitome of its own history. The Ipswich Museum, of which Professor Henslow is the president, is, we understand, a model of what such an institution ought to be, for teaching the natural sciences.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 152. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856. PRICE 1½*d.*

A WILDERNESS OF WILD-DUCKS.

A TASTE for natural history, a fondness for what quaint old Izaak Walton terms the contemplative man's recreation, and an especial interest in all matters relating to the finned and feathered tribes of animals, annually attract me to the fen-districts of England. On one of these excursions, about nine years since, I accidentally learned, to my great surprise, that in this country of sights and sight-seers, there were places strictly *tabooed* from all but the very few persons employed in their management: places that had never been profaned by the presence of a stranger; where even the spells of that most potent of enchanters—money—fail to gain an entrance; and where, I may add for the benefit of those who love a spice of the horrible, many hundreds of innocent lives are yearly sacrificed before the insatiate shrine of Mammon. Naturally of a persevering disposition, I have, time after time, made various attempts to gain admission to several of these places; but in each instance met with a decided, and, in truth, sometimes not very polite refusal. It is, however, only fair to state that the principal objection was not lest I should become 'mair wise,' as Burns has it, but lest my undesirable presence should interfere with the successful working, or detract from the reputation of the establishment; for, like many other business undertakings, the profits of these places depend solely on their reputation—their reputation, among the wildest of birds, in utter deserts unknown to the eye, unfrequented by the foot of the great persecutor, man. Consequently the sight, sound, or even odour of a man, if detected by the most timid and watchful of animals, might render fruitless the operations of weeks, and seriously reduce the profits of a whole season.

Human curiosity ever hankers to acquire a knowledge of the secret and forbidden; so each refusal made me the more anxious to succeed; every new discovery abroad tantalised me to think how I had been baffled at home. Captain M'Clure solved the long-hidden problem of the north-west passage; while I, Bradshaw in hand, was fruitlessly fretting and fuming up and down on the Eastern Counties Railway. Lake Ngami was explored; but I could not gain access to a Norfolk or Lincolnshire duck-pond. Lieutenant Burton entered the kaaba, kissed the black stone, and pelted the representative of a certain person who shall here be nameless; yet I could not penetrate the hidden recesses of an English fen. At last perseverance met with its reward. By a curious coincidence, on the very morning I read an account, in the *Times*, of the late ascent of Mount Ararat, I received a letter which gave me hopes, and subsequently led to their realisation.

How I ultimately attained my long-desired object, it matters not to state. The time was last September; the place, I am forbidden to reveal. I was admitted by the proprietor, who, conducting the operations of his own establishment in person, was partly independent of any opposition to my presence, from the almost superstitious prejudices of the men generally employed in these places. Perfectly aware that the slightest indiscretion on my part might entail a heavy pecuniary loss on my liberal-minded conductor, I submitted to be led by the arm while on the delicate ground. Moreover, I promised to tread as lightly as possible, to preserve the strictest silence, to guard against any inadvertent exclamation escaping my lips, and to abstain from coughing or sneezing, though a piece of lighted turf should be held beneath my nose, to overpower the undesirable odour of my breath. Upon these conditions, all of which, I am happy to say, I faithfully, yet somewhat irksomely fulfilled, I was admitted among the devious covered-ways, and behind the treacherous screens of a place which wild-fowl foolishly consider to be a sanctuary, but which men technically, as well as literally, term a decoy.

'Dear me!' exclaims the reader, 'it is a decoy for catching wild-fowl the man makes so much mysterious fuss about. Almost every book on natural history describes it; and there is a capital account of one in the *Penny Magazine*, which, with two illustrations, explains the whole affair.' Softly, good reader. All the descriptions you have read were inaccurate, being derived from hearsay, and not from eyesight. The illustrations in the *Penny Magazine* are nice wood-cuts; but, though they have since done duty in another publication, the *Museum of Animated Nature*, they are, nevertheless, mere fancy sketches, representing neither the form, the working, nor the *habitués* of a decoy. One yelp of that noisy spaniel would ruin a dozen decoys. The dog, too, is represented behind the birds, as if frightening them, instead of being before, to attract them. Those well-dressed individuals, in sporting habiliments, would terrify a decoy-man into fits. One of them, as if to heighten the absurdity of the affair, is represented with a gun in his hand; while a gun in a decoy would be as much out of place as a blazing firebrand in a powder-magazine. So strictly, indeed, have strangers been prohibited from entering a decoy, that even the late distinguished naturalist, Mr Yarrell, copied these erroneous illustrations from the *Penny Magazine* into his standard work on British birds; with one slight exception, however—the ridiculous apparition of the man with the gun was judiciously omitted in the copy.

A decoy is a sequestered pond or lake, sheltered on all sides by thickets and reeds. It must be far from any human habitation, and the proprietor must possess sufficient influence, or surrounding land, to prevent the most distant report of a gun from ever being heard in its silent precincts. The whistle of the ploughman, the tinkle of the sheep-bell, the sharpening of the mower's scythe, must never be heard in this wilderness of wild-fowl. It must be far from a road or navigable river. The shrill shriek of a railway-engine, the hollow rumble of a wagon, the lively rattle of an oar, the dull creaking of a barge's sail, are heard on still days at a considerable distance, but must never be heard there. The decoy, in short, must be perfectly noiseless, except such noise as its feathered inhabitants choose to make themselves. The sound made by a few blows of a hammer, in mending a gate, half a mile off, has put upon the wing all the birds in a decoy, and injured the quiet character of the place for some time.

Decoys, like many other things, differ in their size and arrangements; I shall therefore more particularly describe the one I have myself seen. The lake is rather less than three acres in extent, and star-shaped, having six corners or recesses. From each corner, a curved ditch, covered by arched hoops, over which netting is spread, runs into the land; these ditches are termed 'pipes,' and in them the birds are captured, when allured from the central pond. The pipes, at their junction with the lake, are about eighteen feet wide, and the first hoop of netting is ten feet high, but both gradually contract, during their semicircular length of seventy-five yards, till they arrive at their joint terminus, the fatal tunnel or purse net, which lies upon the ground. The object of having six pipes, opening to opposite points of the compass, is to suit different winds; for the most advantageous time to lure the birds is when the wind blows sideways down the pipe; then the smell of the decoy-man is carried away to leeward, and the fowl ever prefer to swim against the wind. Seen from a balloon, the decoy would not uncharacteristically resemble an immense spider, the main pool being the body, the pipes its outstretched legs.

To some extent on each side of the mouth of a pipe, and facing the lake, there is a line of reed-screen; and on the outer bend of the semicircular shaped pipe, there is a series of ten or twelve screens, each about twelve feet in length, and overlapping each other at their extremities. These last-mentioned screens are called 'shootings;' like all the rest in the decoy, they are made of the common marsh-reeds, and it is behind them the man is concealed when observing and 'working,' as he terms it, the birds. Between all these screens and the water, there is left a small margin of bank. The net, for some distance up the pipe, is fastened to the screens, but still further up it is pegged down to the ground. As the more open the place seems to be, the birds have less cause for suspicion, the screens are seldom more than five and a half feet in height; and, consequently, a tall man cannot shew his figure to much advantage in a decoy.

Such are the general features of a decoy; but it would be quite useless for any practical purpose, if the proprietor did not enlist in his service the aid of two very dissimilar animals—a dog and a duck. The dog is of no particular breed, merely a wretched little mongrel, the stupidest of the canine race, and utterly useless for any other purpose. It must be perfectly mute, never known even to whimper, and have no predilection for hunting any kind of game whatever, save and except the small deer that may seek sustenance and shelter in its dirty coat. It knows no name or familiar appellation, but obeys the silent movement of its master's hand. Its sole work is to jump in and out, as quickly as possible, between two screens, and as, unlike other dogs used in catching wild animals, it has no sporting interest in this jumping exercise—as, from its want of common canine intelligence, it has no sense of duty or gratitude to stimulate its activity, every time it jumps it servilely receives its wages in the form of a piece of bread. Its education costs but little trouble. It is first trained to jump for bread, in and out, among the chairs and tables of a dwelling-house, and when perfect, is taken to the decoy, where it becomes an unconscious instrument of destruction in its master's hands. Nor is the decoy-duck one whit more conscious of the purpose for which it is employed than the dog. To be sure, we may all have read, in some works on natural history, how the decoy-duck evinces a fiendish delight in luring its simple associates to the slaughter; and even poets and moralists have not disdained to cite the unconscious tool as an example of treachery; but all such stories are sheer nonsense—the duck, like the dog, works for food alone, and neither knows nor cares anything about the fate of those it lures to death. The decoy-ducks are selected from such of the young of the domesticated kind as may happen to possess the distinctive plumage of their wild ancestors. Their training commences in their first year. They are shut up in an outhouse or some other secluded place, and fed only by the person who is to use them, and who, while they are eating, whistles in a peculiar and almost inaudible tone. They soon learn to know their feeder's peculiar step and whistle, and to eat out of his hand. They are then taken to the decoy, where they are fed every night in one of the pipes; the call by which they are brought to feed is the low faint whistle already mentioned.

Having mentioned the decoy-man's friends and assistants, I must now allude to his enemies and opposers, who as unconsciously frustrate, as the former aid his labours. And these opposers are the more tormenting, as, from the very nature of the place, their opposition is carried on with full impunity; they cannot be driven away or destroyed, without forfeiting the quiet, unfrequented-by-man character of the decoy, upon which alone all success depends. The larger birds of the hawk tribe do not fail to levy toll on the fat young ducks, yet they are less antagonistic to the successful working of the decoy than the piscivorous heron. This bird delights to fish in the shallow water at the entrance of a pipe. With glistening eye and head drawn back, in readiness for the fatal blow, the heron, as motionless as if carved in stone, patiently waits till some wandering fish ventures within reach of its elastic neck; then, with the quickness of lightning, its beak is launched forth, the fish is caught and gulped, and the bird instantaneously resumes its fixed attitude, till another victim approaches within its deadly range. The mere presence of a heron fishing at the mouth of a pipe would be of little moment, if the senses of this bird were not more acute than even those of the wild-fowl. The slightest movement of the decoy-man behind the screen, the scent of the burning turf he occasionally lights to prevent the birds from being sensible of his own effluvia, is sufficient to startle the heron, which flies off with the peculiar scream of dismay it invariably utters when suddenly alarmed. There may not be a universal language among birds, but each tribe well knows the alarm-cry of another. Consequently, the wild-fowl are alarmed by the cry of the heron; they know there is danger somewhere, though from what cause or in what quarter they cannot perceive. Becoming restless and suspicious, they take up a position in the centre of the lake, and more than one day may pass before their apprehensions are quieted, and they again approach the vicinity of the pipes. Sometimes the heron will impudently perch itself on the topmost hoop of the netted covering of the pipe, and there seemingly sleep for hours. But, whether asleep or awake, it is ever on the alert; and as long as the heron chooses to remain in its elevated position, the decoy-man must lie concealed as close as Falstaff in the buck-basket, lest by any means he should disturb the most unwelcome visitor.

There is also one species of duck, the pochard or dun-bird, whose habits and customs are exceedingly annoying to the decoy-man. Not only do they very rarely permit themselves to be caught, but they do all in their power to prevent that fate happening to others. They will fill the entrance of a pipe, amusing themselves by diving for grain that may have sunk there, and assiduously drive away whole flocks of simpler teal, widgeon, and wild-ducks that would go up the channel, for the benefit of the decoy-man and their own destruction. The most agile manœuvres of the decoy-dog have no attraction for them; with the decoy-duck, they scorn to associate. This is the more tiresome, that the pochard, being a near relative of the famous canvas-back duck of America, is second only to it in epicurean estimation, and always commands a high price in the market. Nor is this cautious conduct of the pochards caused by mere suspicion—they actually know that danger exists in the upper part of the pipe. Of all the duck tribe, they alone have the boldness and sagacity to make good their retreat after having passed a certain point in that fatal pathway to the poulterer's shop. They may not know all the dread secrets of the sanguinary shambles at the further end of the pipe, but they know quite enough: they have seen a man in the pipe, and they alone, of all the wild frequenters of the decoy, have seen that man and escaped with life—whether to tell the tale or not, who can say?

The pike is another grievous nuisance to the decoy-man. Though this rapacious fish will actually devour young ducks, yet such depredations are of little consequence compared with the mischief it often causes, by frightening the old ones. After having gorged like a boa constrictor, it loves to lie in the quiet shallow water at the mouth of a pipe, there, in all probability, to digest its prey and meditate on future rapine. The day may be favourable for sport: a flock of wild-fowl, piloted by the decoy-duck, may be swimming into the pipe, like a fleet of ships entering a haven, when the lazy pike, with one slight splash of its tail, rolls lubberly round to see who the intruders may be. It is enough: in one instant the frightened birds are on the wing, their necks are saved for that day, and the decoy-man loses a catch worth probably L.20, all through that splash of a fish's tail.

The wild-fowl, according to their natural habit, leave the decoy every evening, at twilight, to feed in the surrounding marshes, and returning at daybreak in the morning, sleep till about noon, when they waken up, and commence the amusements and avocations of the day. Their first attention is paid to dress. Having carefully preened their feathers, they break up into groups, and apparently engage in animated conversations. If towards the earlier part of the year, a good deal of flirtation is carried on among the younger birds, and rival beaux adjust their jealous differences in single combat; for polygamy, though a recognised institution among domesticated ducks, is unpractised by the wild species. The banks of the decoy, for some distance on each side of the entrance of a pipe, are levelled, and kept free from rank herbage; and here a number of the birds sedately sit, while the rest pursue their various amusements in the water, as free and unconstrainedly, as if they were in the desolate wilds of Bothnia, where many of them were hatched. Little do they fancy that the watchful eye of the silent decoy-man is anxiously studying all their movements, through cunningly constructed holes in the reed-screen. About two o'clock, if the wind, weather, and other contingencies be favourable, the decoy-man emits the peculiar faint whistle which serves as a dinner-call to the decoy-duck. Everything depends on the decoy-duck's behaviour at this critical moment, and its behaviour entirely depends on the state of its appetite. If it has had but a scant supper the previous evening, it will hurriedly flutter and splash along the water towards the pipe, and thereby alarm and disconcert the wild birds. If, on the other hand, it has had too plentiful a supper, it will be careless and indifferent, and fail to attract the attention of its neighbours. But if the proper medium has been observed, it will swim towards the pipe with a self-satisfied going-to-dinner sort of air, that irresistibly induces a number, more or less, of the wild-fowl to join its company. As the flock approach the shore, the birds on the bank, seeing that something is going on, join the others in the water, and the whole soon arrive at the mouth of the pipe, where the decoy-duck, having accomplished its duty, falls in the rear. The most remarkable part of the proceeding, the attraction of the dog, then comes into play. The decoy-man, stationed behind the first screen, or shooting, next to the lake, throws a small piece of bread on the ground, and the dog, as duly trained, does not pick up the bread at once, but, making a circuit, jumps through a place, left for the purpose, where the shootings overlap, to the front of the screen, in full sight of the birds, and rapidly jumping out again at another place, picks up the bread, and returns to its master. The birds, instead of being alarmed at this momentary apparition of the dog, are attracted by curiosity, or some other motive, and swim up the pipe towards the place where it disappeared. The man and dog then move noiselessly on to the next screen; a similar operation is repeated, and the birds, again attracted, follow. Great patience and much skill, the fruit of long experience, are required to conduct this process successfully. By moving small sticks, artfully inserted in the screens, the decoy-man can always have a momentary view of his intended victims; and he must carefully study every circumstance for and against him—the wind, weather, and season of the year; the temper of the birds—whether they be eager or indifferent, timid or bold, reckless or suspicious, and act accordingly. If all go well, the wild-fowl follow the dog from screen to screen, till the semicircular bend of the pipe shuts out the view from the lake. The man then shews himself, waving his hat behind the birds, and the latter, panic-stricken, and afraid to pass him downwards to the lake, confusedly scurry along the avenue of death into the fatal purse-net, where, in a few minutes, their necks are dislocated, and they become food for epicures. One man is quite sufficient to 'work' the birds. In peculiar cases, when an assistant is required, additional care and caution must be used. But if a third person be behind the screens, the wild-fowl, in spite of the burning turf, which is occasionally lighted, will perceive the human odour, and, becoming suspicious, speedily make their exit from the pipe.

The decoy-duck, as already observed, remains at the mouth of the pipe, and when the tragedy at the other end is consummated, comes in, and gets its dinner. The man does not approve of a decoy-duck that is 'too bold,' meaning thereby one that leads the way up the pipe. When questioned why so, he replies: 'Because it might fancy, some fine day, to turn round and lead the way out again.' This, I suspect, is not the exact reason. The decoy-man, passing the greater part of his solitary life in the silent and unhealthy marsh, skilled in the signs of the heavens foretelling change of wind or weather, and in the movements and habits of the brute creation—constantly exercising his little more than mere animal cunning against the nearly, if not quite equal instinct of the wild-fowl—is, as may well be supposed, one of the most uncommunicative of men, and brimful of the strangest prejudices and most curious superstitions. The true reason why he does not approve of the decoy-duck swimming up the pipe is, that he does not want it to know anything about the neck-dislocating business; he wishes it to know him, not as the murderer of its companions, but as its faithful friend and feeder, and that is all he wants it to know.

The attraction of the dog is certainly a curious fact. When the birds are new-comers into the decoy, they will crowd upon one another, apparently to enjoy the sight of the miserable little quadruped; they will turn round with doubt and dissatisfaction when it disappears behind the screen, and push forward again with alacrity when it reappears. The old stagers in the decoy, however, are not so readily attracted by the dog; on some occasions, it will require to be 'put through,' as it is termed, many times at one screen before the birds enter into the spirit of the thing. When they are very indifferent to its motions, a red handkerchief, tied round the dog's neck, frequently attracts them. But how or why does the dog attract them? If a decoy-man be asked this question, he will give the very unsatisfactory reply: 'Because they take it for a fox.' In my opinion, the ducks are attracted by curiosity, in the first instance, and then follow the movements of the dog out of a natural but silly spirit of bravado. Something of a similar kind may be observed when a number of tame ducks are swimming in a pond, and a dog comes to drink; the birds will gather up in a body, and swim a short distance towards the dog, as if to threaten or intimidate it; and if the dog walks away along the edge, they will follow quacking, as if they chuckled at their own courage and the intruder's inglorious retreat.

I have already alluded to the sagacity of the pochard, I shall now explain its mode of escape. Sometimes, in a dark night, the commander of a ship will suddenly find himself surrounded by shoals; danger is on every side, and no friendly light to shew the safe course. When such a circumstance occurs, the only method of escape is to go about, and, if the wind will permit, steer towards the directly opposite point of the compass to that which the ship had just been steered. The reason is obvious; by doing so, the vessel passes over the same track as she had recently been passing over; and the very circumstance of her having passed over it proves that, wherever danger may exist, that course at least is safe. Now this is just the method of escape adopted by the pochards. When the man shews himself, they, instead of recklessly dashing into unknown dangers, dive, and make the best of their way down the pipe, following the exact course by which they came up; and thus it is that they, of all the wild birds in the decoy, have seen the man and lived.

The decoy-men tell how one of their race, a noted destroyer of the bird tribe, was so 'awfully aggravated' by the cunning pochards, that he determined, even at the risk of alarming the decoy, to 'circumvent' them, in the following manner:—A net was pegged down at the bottom of the water, ready to be raised, at a given signal, over the mouth of the pipe. When the alarm was given, the pochards dived in their usual manner, but coming to the net, they turned, took wing, and flew a short distance up the pipe, then wheeling, they dashed back again, and forced their way out through the narrow interstice left between the net and the arched roof of the pipe. Indeed, in the decoy-man's estimation, the pochard is a sort of minor incarnation of the evil one—more of a demon than a duck.

The season for working the decoy is during the five months comprised between the 1st of October and the 1st of March. Great numbers of wild-ducks, breeding in the decoy, remain all the year round, and their young are in fine condition, and might easily be taken in September; but there would be no sale for them, that being the month *par excellence* of partridges. About the beginning of October, particularly if north-easterly winds prevail, the first flight of foreign birds, teal, widgeon, wild-ducks, pochards, shovellers, and pin-tail, arrive from their solitary breeding-quarters in the almost boundless morasses of Northern Europe; but it is not till severe weather sets in that these first-comers are followed by the second and grand migration. During hard frosts, the birds cannot be worked in the usual manner; yet even then, considerable numbers are taken, by breaking the ice in the pipes at night, and laying a train of refuse malt, barley, or other grain, to allure the fowl past the fatal point where the man shews himself. It is at night, too, that all repairs must be made in the nets and screens, when the birds are away on their habitual feeding-excursions.

Blomefield, in his history of Norfolk, states that decoys were invented by a certain Sir William Woodhouse, in the reign of James I.; but there is an ancient Egyptian painting in the British Museum, probably as old as the first Pharaoh, which evidently represents the catching of wild-fowl on the decoy-system. The swarthy profile of the Egyptian fowler is depicted in the very act of shewing himself to the frightened birds, at his feet is the tame decoy-duck, while a cat performs the duty of the dog.

Whatever decoys may have been at one time, they are not now considered to be profitable speculations. Year by year witnesses their decrease, and they will very soon be numbered among the things that have been. The domesticated animals are speedily usurping the erst desolate haunts of the wild children of nature; the yellow grain and meat-producing turnip are profitably supplanting the rustling reeds and mallows of the marsh. The wild feathered tribes, that withstood the bow and net of our ancestors, the fowling-piece of the modern sportsman, and the professional shooter's murderous punt-gun, large enough to have passed for a piece of artillery in the time of Elizabeth, are now nearly exterminated by still more formidable and more useful weapons—the pick, shovel, and wheel-barrow of the indomitable navvy.

A HARLEQUINADE.

Lest we should be accused of misleading our readers, by our title, into the belief that we are about to introduce them to one of those wonderful medleys of whimsicality, incoherence, and perpetual transformations, which, to the detriment of 'the legitimate drama' during part of the year, form the chief attraction of our theatres, we hasten to say that we propose to trace, in connection with the volatile hero who gives his name to these performances, the remarkable unity and consistency of human nature, which allows us to link together by a chain of historic probabilities the shouts of laughter created by the pantomimes of the present day, not only with the merriment that relaxed the minds of the austere Romans and curled the lips of the refined Greeks, but also with the uncouth mirth of the savage races of antiquity, as well as of our own times.

The love of the grotesque must indeed be inherent in human nature, when we see that—while taste differs in all other matters, and that otherwise numberless gradations of refinement separate the pastimes of civilised nations from those of savages and barbarians, and distinguish the pleasures of the educated classes of a community from those of the rude multitude—the antics of a clown or a harlequin will shake the diaphragm of a queen as well as of a clodhopper, and will call forth bursts of applause from an Athenian as well as from a Japanese public, or from a group of South-sea Islanders or Kamskatkadales. And in saying this, let it not be supposed that we wish to insinuate that the more refined and civilised are thus degraded to the level of the more rude and barbarous, for we would only indicate the common nature of all; and laughter, by some considered the grand distinctive characteristic of humanity, is at all events by no means a characteristic of fools. On the contrary, it is in general your blockhead who is solemn; and some of the greatest men of antiquity, as well as of modern times—warriors, statesmen, and philosophers—have evinced a strong sense of the ludicrous, and have been great laughers. On the other hand, the power to seize what is ludicrous in permanent as well as fleeting things, to hold it up to view, and to call forth a spontaneous and hearty laugh, is so far from being an everyday gift, that all honour is due to him who possesses it, be he poet or prosaist, actor in the legitimate drama, or harlequin, professional or amateur. 'It is a great science to know how to assume those attitudes which will most provoke laughter,' says one of the apologists of harlequin—for, like all great characters, he has had his detractors and apologists—and if it be true, as has been maintained by a great physician, that in the majority of cases that came under his notice during forty years of practice, death ensued from depression of spirits more than from actual disease, how great a benefactor of mankind must not that personage be who, from the earliest times to the present, has been a never-failing source of mirth and entertainment!

Generically, harlequin belongs to the grotesque personages, regular jesters by profession, who, under various names and aspects, can be traced back to the earliest period of history among all nations, and whose existence, even in pre-historic periods, may be inferred from the presence of similar characters among the savage tribes of the present day; specifically, however, he is comparatively a new-comer among us, yet his character and honours are by no means of mushroom growth, for though his origin may be somewhat obscure, it is undoubtedly of very ancient date. Some antiquaries maintain that he is a scion of the family of the satyrs, who played so great a part in ancient Greek comedy; and to whom, as they indicate, he bears a strong resemblance, not only in point of mask and girdle, and tight-fitting garments that imitate nakedness, while the peculiarity of his knee-coverings leave you to imagine the receding knees of the satyr—but still more in his mischievous tricks, his bounds and leaps, and other antics, in his jests and railleries, and even in the peculiar tones of his voice; for the original Italian harlequin, we must remember, was a character in spoken comedy as well as in dumb pantomime.

Greek comedy, more especially in the earlier times, was richly interspersed with buffoonery; and various means were resorted to by actors to increase the grotesque and ludicrous effect of the characters they were to represent. At first, they used to smear their faces with leaven; at a later period, they covered them with masks, made of the leaves of trees. Gradually the masks came to be made of bark or leather; and eventually, they were so far improved as to be cut out in wood by expert sculptors, under the direction of the dramatic authors, and in accordance with the characters to be represented. These masks, which not only covered the face, but the whole head, being slipped on like a helmet, at length came to represent certain fixed comic characters, which were constantly recurring in the comedies—such as a cook, a slave-dealer, a parasite, a courtesan, a boor, a female slave, &c.—each having distinctive characteristic features, that were deemed so essential, that it became usual to make drawings of the masks to be used in the performance of the characters in a comedy, and to place these at the head of the piece under the name of *dramatis personæ*. As long as it was allowed to represent upon the stage living persons, many of the masks, though they may, from the clumsiness of their make, have produced a grotesque effect, were not intended so to do, attempts being, on the contrary, made to produce a likeness of the person to be represented; but subsequently, when such imitations were declared illegal, it became matter of study to produce masks as exaggerated as possible, in order to avoid the possibility of being accused of having infringed the law, and incurred the consequent penalty; and thus came into existence those strange caricatures of humanity, which, though considerably modified, have continued their hold upon the popular taste in most European countries, from antiquity, through the dark and middle ages, down to our own days.

Though the Romans are believed to have been indebted to the Etruscans, and through this latter people to the Lydians, for their first dramatic performances—which seem to have been pantomimic actions adapted to music—at a later period they servilely copied the comedy of the Greeks, both as to plot, manner of acting, and *dramatis personæ;* and in tracing the descent of harlequin, we may therefore conclude, without being too hazardous, that the parasite of the Roman stage, distinguished by his peculiar dress, his curry-comb, his oil-cruise, and his little wand, and who is supposed by the great German *dramaturg*, Lessing, to have been the harlequin of the ancients, was only a modified representation of the same character on the Greek stage; and thus we shall have fairly established our hero as the offspring of the two leading nations of antiquity. Whence, indeed, but from the *centunculus*, or many-coloured dress of the Roman *histriones*, can be derived that close-fitting patchwork vest and hose, that bears no affinity to any other known costume in Europe at any period? And the leather foot-covering of harlequin, soft and pliant, and without heels, may we not suppose that it is an approach to the naked foot of the *histrio*, whose blackened visage and closely-shaven head is also imitated by the black mask and tight-fitting skull-cap of the Italian buffoon? Riccoboni, who strongly participates in the notion of Harlequin's descent from the Roman histriones—although the corroborative fact of the latter having, like harlequin, always worn a short wooden sabre at their side, was not then known—supports his opinion by pointing to the fact, that among the best of the early Tuscan writers, Harlequin and his colleague Scapino are always denominated *Zanni*, which he derives from the Latin *Sannio*, of which character Cicero gives a description which exactly suits that of Harlequin. However, Carlo Dati, Ménage, and other authors, maintain, on the contrary, that Zanni means nothing more than Giovanni, which, in the Tuscan abbreviation, is called Gianni; and think that this appellation may be derived from the name of some early and distinguished actor of the part. However this may be (and Riccoboni has taken great pains to refute the assertion), it is a remarkable fact that the jesters of almost all European nations go by the name of John: as, for instance, our own Jack Pudding, the Jean Potage of the French, the Hans Wurst and Hanns Darum of the Germans, and the Hans Nar of the Scandinavians. Indeed, though all antiquaries seem agreed as to the probable very ancient descent of our prince of motleys, the origin of his name, though evidently of much more recent date than the character, is still buried in obscurity. The most current belief at one time was, that it was derived from a young actor of the part, belonging to an Italian troop that performed in Paris during the reign of Henry III., and who, being a great favourite of a certain M. Harley de Chanvallon, was called in derision by his envious fellow-actors, Harlequin, or little Harley. But this, as well as the other tradition, that the name first arose during the reign of Francis I., and was used to throw opprobrium on the emperor Charles V. (Charles Quint), seem to be totally exploded, and we know of no better hypothesis that has arisen in their stead; for we cannot consider as such the supposition that the name is derived from the word *harle* or *herle*, the name of a river-bird. The earliest mention of it, we believe, which has been traced, is in the works of the humorist, John Raulin, who died in 1514.

When despotism had done its worst in Rome, and the taste of the people had become as vitiated as its morals and manners, the grotesque and farcical performances of the mimes and histriones entirely superseded the more regular drama; and they seem to have maintained their sway in most countries that had been under Roman rule, throughout the dark and middle ages, being, however, modified by the changes which time and circumstances wrought in the character and manners of the different nations. Cassiodorus mentions them as existing in Italy in the sixth century; and Thomas Aquinas, in the thirteenth century, speaks of the theatrical performances of his day as being of very ancient origin, and calls the actors histriones.

In France, we hear of masked performers, under the name of histriones, being forbidden by Charlemagne to prosecute their art, on account of the gross and obscene buffoonery with which they interspersed their performances. The same was the case in Germany; and it seems to us that it is not improbable that the vagrants and mummers who played so prominent a part in England during the middle ages, may have had some traditional connection with the mimes and histriones of the Romans.

In Italy, the distinct character of these masked plays, as compared with such other exhibitions as were gradually developed into the regular dramatic performances which have characterised a growing civilisation in all European countries, can be most clearly traced; and there also they attained to a degree of perfection and importance which they acquired in no other country, except in pure imitation of the Italians. Although, after the revival of letters in Europe in the thirteenth century, attempts were made in Italy to revive the dramatic art also—these attempts being during the two subsequent centuries limited to the Latin language—they could exercise no influence on the taste of the people; and even when, in the seventeenth century, a number of distinguished dramatic authors arose, who wrote in the language of the people, their works nevertheless remained foreign to the latter, because they were performed by the members of learned bodies only, or amateurs belonging to the higher classes, and not by regular actors. The people were thus left to the pantomimic exhibitions of religious subjects, which formed part of the church-festivals in early days, to the mysteries and moralities which grew out of these, and to the broad farce and buffoonery of the masked performers, who travelled from town to town, and who, instead of gradually fading out of sight in that as in other countries, as the light of science rose, on the contrary adapted themselves to every new exigency of succeeding centuries, and took a stronger hold than ever on the popular mind; more particularly because the dialogue of the comedies being all extemporised, it was possible for the actors to adapt themselves completely to the public taste or caprice of the moment. From the middle of the sixteenth century, it became customary to make each of the masks in these extemporised comedies the representative of some particular district or city of Italy, the dialect of which they spoke, and the peculiar characteristics of whose inhabitants they exhibited. Thus, Pantalone, for instance, became a Venetian merchant; the Dotore, a Bolognese lawyer or physician; Spaviento, a Neapolitan bully; Pulchinello, an Apulian jester; Beltrame, a Milanese simpleton; and Arlechino, a jocose and roguish serving-man from Bergamo, the natives of which city were noted for their roguery and trickery. As such nominally, Harlequin has maintained himself on the stage ever since, but his chameleon character continued to take all colours, and became, in the hands of eminent artists, the flower and crown of the Italian theatre; while in the hands of inferior ones, it remained the vehicle of the grossest obscenities and most senseless tomfoolery. Readiness in extemporising was the touchstone of the independent genius of the actor; for, whether he represented a rogue or a simpleton, a ready-witted serving-man or an adventurous lover, conquering all obstacles, it was expected that the traditional buffooneries and acrobatic feats should not be omitted from the part; and the capability of going head-over-heels, and leaping through the air in the approved fashion, was as much prized in him as the finest power of wit and humour. During the seventeenth century, the period of the deepest decadence of the Italian theatre, the love of the buffooneries of the *comedia dell' arte*, as these impromptu comedies were called, in contradistinction to the written pieces and learned performances of the academies, &c., was so great, that even regular dramas were travestied to make them suit the masked performers; for in their original form no one would listen to them, it being maintained that nothing was more tedious than scenes containing nothing but words.

The French have never evinced so great a love of the burlesque as the Italians; yet from the middle of the seventeenth until the end of the eighteenth century, the *comedia dell' arte*, with its masked personages, was also much in favour in Paris, its success being, however, in a great measure owing to the wit and talent of successive actors who played the part of Harlequin, and who introduced a greater degree of refinement and grace into the traditional *lazzi*, to suit the more delicate taste of a French audience. A curious anecdote is told of the power of persuasion exercised by Domenico, one of these actors, by the mere comicality of his postures and grimaces. Being anxious to obtain from the poet Santeuil, who was known for his obstinacy and caprice, a Latin verse to be placed below the bust of Harlequin represented on the drop-scene of the Italian theatre in Paris, of which he was the manager as well as the chief ornament, he had recourse to the following method to achieve his object:—Repairing to M. de Santeuil's house, he presented himself unannounced before the poet in his harlequin costume and mask, and commenced at once a series of comic antics, running from one corner of the room to another, and making faces at his host. At first M. de Santeuil looked at the exhibition with astonishment; after a while, he began to be amused; and finally, he was seized by so irresistible a desire to enter into the fun, that he commenced imitating the strange gestures of his guest. After this had gone on for some time, Domenico threw off his mask, the actor and the poet embraced each other under loud laughter, and the latter sat down and wrote the well-known line—Castigat ridendo mores. In 1780, the Italian masks were forbidden in France, and have never, we believe, appeared there since in any of the leading theatres.

In Germany, as in France, the masked comedies of the Italians were introduced in the seventeenth century by Italian companies, and were so much *en vogue* at the different courts and in the large cities, that the directress of one of the best German theatrical troops of the time determined to avail herself of the comic art of the foreigners to enrich her treasury, and in consequence induced Bastrari, the favourite harlequin of the day, to join her troop. The speculation proved entirely successful; and the Italian motley, to whom was soon joined the other Italian masks, reigned supreme in the place of the old legitimate German Hans Wurst for upwards of forty years. After the lapse of this period, he was dethroned by a woman and a pedant, as he had been enthroned by a woman and a wit. This was the period of Gottsched's endeavours to develop the German language and literature. In conjunction with a Madame Neuber, the directress of a troop of German players, and who was animated by a sincere love of the art theatrical, and an earnest desire to see it purified and elevated, Gottsched determined to abolish the extemporised performances which prevailed in Germany, as elsewhere, at that time; and Harlequin being correctly estimated as the centre and vital nerve of these performances, his expulsion from the German stage was decreed. Accordingly, in the month of October 1737, in a booth in a public garden in Leipsic, where Madame Neuber's troop was then exhibiting, a prologue written by herself was performed, in which Harlequin, having been called before a court to answer for his many theatrical delinquencies, among which gross buffoonery and indelicate jokes were most prominent, was formally condemned to be burnt; and the sentence was executed on a manikin, dressed in his costume. Since then our hero has never recovered his former sway in Germany, for he is eschewed by the great and the wealthy; but as popular entertainments, the Italian masks and pantomimes are still relished there; and the same is the case in the Scandinavian countries, where Pantaloon, and Harlequin, and the clown belong to the regular personages of the popular suburban theatres, although they are never allowed to appear in the more refined temples of Thalia.

To England the Italian masks seem to have come later than to France or Germany, their first naturalisation having taken place at the commencement of the eighteenth century; there, however, as well as everywhere else, the star of Harlequin reached its culminating-point towards the close of that century, and has been declining ever since.

GUINEA-MEN.

Often has it been said—and true is the saying—that 'one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.' The remark may be extended over a far wider range of society than that to which at first sight it appears applicable. As generally intended, it comprises only those waifs and strays of humanity whose position is most anomalous, and subsistence most uncertain. It comprises those wretches who, upon some 364 days in the year, rise in the morning without knowing how or where they may break their fast; and see the sun set without knowing how or where they shall spend the night. These unrecognised members of our social body—these Bashi-Bazouks of society—pass their existence in a manner, and obtain a subsistence by means which 'respectable' people can hardly understand, even when explained and depicted with minutest fidelity by our literary daguerreotypists. Their modes of life and resources of livelihood are altogether subterranean. When successful, the members of this class may repose during the night in the common lodging-house, whose hospitalities are purchased at the rate of 2d. or 4d. *per noctem*, according to the magnificence of its decorations; and fare sumptuously upon savoury viands purchased with the shilling, of which, if you inquire how it came into his possession, the only possible reply must be that he picked it up 'promiscuously.' In unlucky times, the night is passed under a dry arch, and the day's hunger appeased—if at all—by an eleemosynary crust.

But at present we have no intention to write a history of the 'wild tribes of civilisation:' our immediate subject relates to a far more exalted class in the social scale—to men who live in respectable districts —who pay rates and taxes, and have a vote for the borough—whose credit is good with the butchers and bakers of their vicinity—above all, whose names pass current in 'City circles.' Of these there are many, of various classes and pretensions. 'My dear Alfred,' says the knowing Captain in one of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's sparkling comedies, 'I am now forty-five—I had run through my whole fortune at twenty-five—I never inherited a sixpence since—I never spent less than four thousand a year—and I never told anybody how I did it.' But the Captain enjoyed the *entrée* into exclusive clubs, was the recognised cicerone to rich greenhorns at their entrance into fashionable life, and was a prime hand at ecarte. How he contrived to 'do it,' could be a mystery only to the uninitiated. The class with whose fortunes we are more particularly concerned belong to the same genus, but cannot aspire to rival these members of the 'highest flight.' They cannot spend their four thousand a year, nor sport their cabs, nor hire opera-boxes and ballet-dancers by the season. Their arena is more limited, and their operations more innocuous; yet they still belong to that singular species of human beings, of whom it must be said that nobody knows how they live. In numbers, they are, on the other hand, far more extensive, especially in seasons of commercial activity. Their sphere of action is found almost exclusively in the city of London, where they are received with a kind of silent tolerance and negative respect, which might seem surprising to any one who did not know the important part they really play in the great system of metropolitan enterprise. The class we allude to is commonly known as that of the 'Guinea-men.'

The Guinea-man obtains his designation from the circumstance that, while his functions, his profession, and his duties, are of most various, and sometimes indescribable character, the remuneration for his services is almost invariably fixed at one guinea on each occasion. This is the only 'fixed' thing about him. Although he may subsist partially, if not wholly, on these guineas, they cannot be said to be earned by a profession, for the Guinea-man has often no profession; nor by trade, for he has still more rarely a trade. He seldom embarks in mercantile pursuits, and on the whole, dislikes speculation, even though indirectly he lives by it. The Guinea-man, in short, is the dummy director of public companies, the 'silent member' at commercial boards, the item among the managing committee who takes no part in the management of the concern. His duties, as may be supposed, are not very laborious. He is commonly attached to several companies; indeed, the Guinea-man, in order to obtain a respectable income, must have a rather extensive connection in that line. In his note-book are entered the days and hours appointed for the meetings of his several 'boards.' These are commonly held by each company once a week; or at longest, every fortnight. Punctuality is the soul of the Guinea-man. True to the minute, he enters the board-room, where, of course, business has not yet begun. He signs his name in the 'attendance-book,' which is all he can be said actually to 'do' in exchange for his guinea; passes some small joke to the secretary; and may occasionally venture to pry so far into the mysteries of the company he 'directs,' as to inquire how they are getting on, and whether there is anything new. He then subsides quietly into his own chair at the long green baize table, behind his own inkstand, blotting-case, and quire of foolscap for notes; listens silently while the secretary reads over the 'minutes' of proceedings at the last meeting, and brings forward successively the 'agenda' for the present one, and duly holds up his hand when the chairman puts any resolution to the vote. This ceremony over, the Guinea-man departs in peace. In very genteel companies, he finds, on withdrawing, that his guinea, neatly wrapped in tissue-paper, has somehow been smuggled into his hat. In such circumstances he takes up the packet carelessly, as something for the amusement of his curiosity at a leisure moment

—having of course no idea of what it contains—and walks out with the air of a man who had performed an important service 'free, gratis, and for nothing.' Ordinarily, however, he takes the money as he passes through the outer office, from the clerk at the counter, who pays him out of the till, without any disguise about the matter.

To explain the origin of the class of Guinea-men, we must trace the working of the 'association principle.' Association, as we are told nearly every day in leading articles, is the great fact of the age. It has given extension to commerce, impulse to enterprise, profit to small capitals, and cultivation to many fields of productiveness, which must otherwise have remained barren. These, and many more, are the virtues incessantly, and not unjustly, ascribed to the association principle. But in developing this principle, a very cumbrous and complicated organisation is rendered necessary, partly by the provisions of the law, and partly by the exigencies of commercial caprice—we can call it by no other word. Without a long list of directors, no company can command public credit or capital; yet the business of even the largest undertakings can always be better managed by a few than by many, and not seldom better by one than by a few. The matter, so far as regards the companies, is most commonly settled by a compromise. For exterior considerations, it is found expedient that the ostensible number of directors should be large; the internal and absolute direction must, on the other hand, be confided but to one or two. To meet this difficulty, the Guinea-man has been invented. He swells out the list of directorate to respectable dimensions, and he fills a seat with equal respectability at the board, but never hampers the operations of the real managers. Content with his position and his guinea, he does not look beyond; he has learned the value of the old proverb, and will not spoil the associated broth by endeavouring to meddle in its cooking.

The ranks of this class of course extend as the list of public companies becomes larger, and it is already tolerably capacious. Yet although figuring only as a sort of fifth wheel to the great association machine, the Guinea-man is harmless, if not very useful. There are hundreds of companies enjoying a very sound prosperity, whose administration is entirely committed to an astute chairman or active secretary, and half-a-dozen Guinea-men. In starting a new company, again, the agencies of this class are highly beneficial. Say that some inventive genius or pushing man of business has hit upon some new branch of enterprise, or novel development of an old one—has got together a connection—has discovered a new machine, become owner of a valuable patent, or obtained the hypothetical proprietorship of a mine, and wants to form a company for the *exploitation* of the opportunities so afforded—how is he to set about it? Such men rarely enjoy access to a circle of individuals fit to become directors in the projected association. But if he can get introduced to a single City firm, especially a legal firm, who are acquainted with a few good Guinea-men, his business is accomplished at once. Thus have innumerable railway companies, assurance companies, mining companies, steam-navigation companies, and trading or manufacturing companies of all sorts and sizes been launched, often not unsuccessfully, upon their career of commercial enterprise.

We say nothing of the bubble-schemes, whose promoters trade upon public gullibility, and which are started with the view only of securing some illicit profit upon the first issue of shares, and then disappear, leaving their shareholders in the lurch. The Guinea-man abhors such nefarious and evanescent projects. If he can help it, he would not be associated with a company whose shares afford scope for speculation, or when any temptation can be offered to the 'knowing ones' to rig the market. It is not his game to play for a great stake. He never wants to throw the trading dice with L.30,000 or the Bench depending on the hazard. He prefers quiet and steady-going concerns, where there is little risk, and where the profits are safe, even if small. Well is he contented if he can earn his guinea regularly, with the chance possibly of gaining an odd fifty pound-note occasionally by way of bonus upon the issue of preference-shares. Fortunately for him, such companies are numerous; their names appear thickly in the *Commercial Directory*, though quite unknown upon 'Change, and their shares bear a steady value among a small circle of friends, although—or perhaps because—they are never quoted in the stock-list. What is of more importance, their affairs flourish; the profits paying a handsome and regular dividend, besides affording his modest fees to the Guinea-man.

Periods of great speculative activity are eminently perplexing to the Guinea-man. The bubbles from which the common mass of adventurers derive such enormous plunder are a nuisance to him, and too often his ruin. During the railway mania of 1845, for example, the class of Guinea-men sustained disasters from which it was long ere they recovered; so many new railway companies were started, and invited his co-operation, among which it was absolutely impossible to distinguish the sound from the unsound, the bad from the good. The Guinea-men fell victims by hundreds to these solicitations. When the collapse came, and writs fluttered down as thickly as snow-flakes upon every one whose name had figured upon a railway board of directors, the members of the class suffered quite as severely, though far more innocently, than many of their partners in misfortune. The population of Boulogne was actually doubled in the succeeding autumn, and house-rents rose cent. per cent. through the multitude of refugee directors. But among the covey of birds of higher flight and gayer plumage than their own, there was a considerable colony of Guinea-men, who gave an unwonted respectability to that place of voluntary transportation for the debtors and blacklegs of England.

In personal appearance and domestic habits, the Guinea-man is respectable and inoffensive. He must maintain his credit and character, for these are his stock in trade, and for the same reason he avoids everything approaching to dash or eccentricity. Being necessarily attached to the metropolis, he resides generally in some respectable, but not fashionable suburb—around the Regent's Park, for instance, or at Notting Hill. The Surrey side is rather objectionable. A private residence is indeed indispensable to his status as Guinea-man; and if he can give his address at some Park Villa or Laburnum Lodge, his value will rise in the company market. He will also sacrifice much in the way of personal comfort for the sake of keeping a gig—not in the spirit of ostentation, but as an index of respectability. Almost always, moreover, he is married, and has given hostages to fortune in the shape of children. The loose, fly-away habitudes of bachelorhood, would almost unfit him for the peculiar place in commercial society which he is required to fill. It will also be commonly found that he either has or has had some means of independent livelihood. He must almost perforce have been 'independent' to some degree before he could have been eligible for the function of Guinea-man. The enjoyment of half-pay and a handle to his name in Her Majesty's service is an immense advantage. A captain 'R.N.,' or 'R.M.,' or 'R.E.,' if qualified in other respects, may almost pick the market as a Guinea-man.

To a member of the general public, the very idea of a company conveys some grand and mysterious meaning. The weekly board-meetings are especially considered with a sort of awe—much as a Venetian citizen might be supposed to regard the colloquies of the Council of Ten. In these secret conclaves it is believed that vast projects are matured, enormous capital handled, and irrevocable resolutions taken. Some persons who have been introduced at one of these meetings on business—as when wishing to insure their lives, or to effect some delicate arrangement with their joint-stock bank—have brought away a life-long impression from the awful gravity and solemnity of the spectacle. But the effect is due entirely to imagination. Any knowing City-man, on reading the names of the grave and reverend councillors whose demeanour had been so impressive, would say at once that nine-tenths of them were Guinea-men. An acquaintance who happened to be initiated in the affairs of the company, might whisper the additional information that the bland chairman at the head of the table, or the secretary, who sat apart at a little desk, in reality 'had the board in his pocket.' Like many another mystery, the mechanism of the joint-stock company system ceases to be mysterious when looked at closely.

The part played by the Guinea-man in that mechanism is a very slight one, although, from his position, somewhat conspicuous. According to certain harsh judgments, he must be designated a humbug; and no doubt he occupies an ostensible position, whose duties he does not and cannot fulfil. But we are not disposed to judge him harshly. His position is rather a matter of accident than choice; and if he does little, he is contented also with little pay. He does not pocket for years a large salary on account of work left constantly undone, and at the end expect to retire with a handsome pension and the order of C.B. On the whole, he is honestly intentioned. He never thinks of swindling himself, even under its modern and polite name of 'speculating;' nor would he allow others to swindle. He could not, for example, quietly sit by at the board while the chairman and his more active colleagues helped themselves wholesale to other people's money. This, at anyrate, is something in his favour. As a director himself, the worst that can be said of him is, that he is a nonentity. Nor is it his fault. If he possessed the genius to plan a new company, or the energy to push and extend its operations over a wider range of enterprise, he might become a better director —or perhaps a worse—but he would then cease to be a Guinea-man.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

This crisis has been postponed so often, that the expectant world finds a little difficulty in getting up the steam of interest and awe with which it is considered proper to watch the event. And what is worse, it has been so long in coming, that one really forgets what it is all about. We know of course that the northern and southern states of the Union are at desperate feud with each other about slavery; that the one has already knocked the other on the head with a cudgel in open Congress; and that the outlying posts of both are tearing one another like fiends in the new territory of Kansas. But this does not explain the crisis—it only makes it unintelligible; since we know likewise that the northern states count at least eighteen million souls, while the southern muster only two or three hundred thousand slaveholders, and these fettered in the dread of their own three million slaves, and sleeping on that dread as on three million barrels of gunpowder. Where is the difficulty, asks the innocent reader, in a case like this? What is this mighty crisis everybody is talking about? and above all things, what do you mean by the 'American Anomaly?'

In the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* there is a very complete account of these questions—only leaving out the answer. The author accomplishes his purpose of disentangling the true issues of American politics from the net-work of party confusion, and places the reader in a condition to understand the steps by which the actual crisis has been reached; but notwithstanding the clearness of the narrative, everything passes on like a dream, because there are no sufficient motives assigned to render actions intelligible, and when the crisis looms at length into view, the reader does not know what to make of it. In the earlier years of the Union, although slavery was certainly regarded by the northern states with suspicion, as something diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Confederacy, and although various efforts were made to protect by legislative enactments the future of the states from this ominous anomaly, still it excited no extraordinary feeling on either side. Many of the southern planters themselves were opposed to it on principle, and so long as the production of cotton did not greatly exceed a million pounds a year, the occasional vaticinations of politicians were listened to without much excitement. The pro-slavery men, however, were politically *the* patriots of the day: they were democrats standing up for the rights of the people, for the independence of the individual states, while the leading men of the north, under the name of Federalists, advocated a central and controlling government. The latter found themselves in a minority both in the north and south; and after the administration of President John Adams, the Democrats came into power.

By this time, says the reviewer, 'a new vitality had been given to slavery. The invention of the cotton-gin, and the rise of our own cotton manufacture, had stimulated the southern states of America to a new agricultural industry, and caused a sudden rise in the value of slave property. In 1789, less than a million pounds of cotton were raised in America; in 1801, nearly fifty million pounds were exported thence. South Carolina and Georgia found their slave property redeemed from deterioration, and converted into an element of new and unexpected wealth; Virginia and North Carolina foresaw an almost unlimited demand for their negroes; and the eyes of all who held slaves, or raised them throughout the south, were turned to the magnificent cotton lands of the Alabama, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi, as to a region of unbounded promise.'

At the very moment the principle of slavery panted for expansion, a new and glorious field was opened out for it. The Great Revolution in France had occurred, and the splendid provinces of the Mississippi were in the hands of the First Consul, who, surrounded in Europe by his necessities and his ambitions, knew not what to do with a territory in the wilds of America. The slave country of Louisiana, therefore, was ceded to the States; the acquisition was hailed with delight by the Democrats both of the north and south; and from that moment 'the anti-slavery republic of Washington, Adams, and Hamilton,' was turned into 'a republic of freemen governed by slaveholders.' From this period till 1852, there was an interval of general prosperity; during which the democratic party were the rulers of the nation. Out of sixteen presidents of the United States, eleven have been slaveholders, and three more went into office the understood representatives of the southern policy. Out of 28 judges of the Supreme Court, the south had 17; out of 19 attorneys-general, 14; out of 77 presidents of the senate, 61; out of 33 speakers of the house, 21; and out of 134 foreign ministers, 80. In the meantime, the actual number of slaveholders in 1852 is taken by the Edinburgh reviewer at only 100,000, and by others at 300,000 to 350,000 at most! Votes, however, it must be remarked, are not counted by persons in this curious federation: the masters vote for three-fifths of their slaves; and thus, of the three million and odd slaves of the Union, two million are actually reckoned by the Constitution as human beings, although in the condition of lunatics or other incapables, represented by their keeper. Without this forced intervention of the slaves against themselves, the northern states could put an end to slavery by a single vote. As for the white population of the south, not slaveholders, they are popularly termed the 'poor white trash,' and are formidable only by their ignorance.

Settlers continued to pour into the Mississippi territory; and by and by the Missouri portion was ambitious of being received as a state. But the northern statesmen had begun to see the drift that things were taking; and the opposition to the admission of the new slave state was so vehement, that it was at length found necessary to—'split the difference!' Missouri was admitted, but the rest of the territory ceded by France was secured to free institutions! The Missouri Compromise, which is its name in history, satisfied the northern states, and was looked upon as a final limitation of slavery.

The annexation of Texas was the next event important enough to be mentioned in a brief abstract like this; and the opposition of the free states became almost frantic for a time; till they succumbed as usual, and at the results of the successful Mexican war which followed, the lower classes clapped their hands with the brute instinct of triumph and conquest. But in the conquered territory, slavery no longer existed, it having been abrogated by Mexico; and a simultaneous claimant for the honours of the Union, California, had resolved itself into a free state. This excited the wrath of the south, and the Crisis appeared to have arrived in earnest—when the north again succumbed! A part of the Compromise hit upon this time was the famous Fugitive Slave Law, which, useless in itself, appears to have been merely an experiment tried by the south as to how much the north could bear in the way of smiling insolence and aristocratic scorn.

In January 1854 a motion was made in Congress for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, with the view of admitting states with or without slavery, just as their own constitutions might prescribe. The object of the bill was nominally the organisation of the north-eastern territory of Nebraska: *and it passed.* The indignation and amazement of the north were as usual extreme; but the settlers who flocked into the new territory, Kansas, were still more surprised when they found themselves met at the ballot-boxes, where they assembled to exercise their rights as freemen, by bowie-knives and revolvers from Missouri, which had crossed the frontier to 'secure Kansas to slavery.' The government of the Union, as our readers know, took the side of the intruders; the northern states at last, shamed out of their incomprehensible supineness, have poured men and money into the far west to fight the battle of freedom; and in the always gallant south, 'the ministers of religion have dismissed their regiments with patriarchal benedictions; and these bear on their banners the legend "God and Slavery," embroidered by the fair hands of southern maids and matrons.'

These movements, which are now going on, are pronounced to be big with the long-looked-for Crisis. We doubt the fact. The northern statesmen in Congress have already shewn unmistakable symptoms of their usual vacillation; and, judging from antecedents, the nation, we expect, will by and by be too busy electing a new president, to care much about the Kansas question. It seems to us that speculators on these grave points are too much accustomed to take things as they appear on the surface, without looking at the under-currents that give its real force to the stream. In this way, the narratives we have given from our contemporaries represent the eighteen millions of American freemen, instead of the strong-headed and resolute-hearted men they are, as idiots or poltroons; for the power before which they have habitually succumbed is too contemptible to intimidate the weakest state in Europe.

But if we are not to entertain the wild supposition that the northern states are pistolled, bowie-knifed, cudgelled, kicked, and horsewhipped into submission by those of the south, it may be worth while inquiring whether the sentiments of the masses of the two belligerent parties are so widely dissimilar on the subject of slavery as has been hitherto supposed. In the northern states, the coloured population are regarded as belonging to an inferior type of humanity; they are without the pale of human sympathy; and a broader distinction is drawn between the whites and them, than between the whites and the quadrupeds. Under such circumstances, is it unreasonable to conjecture that the anti-slavery sentiments of the north belong more to an abstract theory, which one upholds just so long as it is convenient, than to an earnest conviction for which we are ready to sacrifice wealth and life? If this conjecture is correct, it will account for passages in recent American history which must otherwise remain wholly unintelligible.

Again, let us look at the position of mutual dependence in which the south and the north are placed, and inquire whether there is not a principle of cohesion strong enough to account for reflecting men shrinking from the Crisis as often as it presents itself. The rise of slavery was simultaneous with the rise of manufactures; and, in point of fact, the slaves of the south worked, under the lash of their masters, for the looms of the north. But these looms would have been powerless to withstand the competition of England, but for the protection afforded to native industry by the slave-owners; and hence the high aristocratical position taken up by the latter, as the patrons and protectors of their shopkeeping countrymen of the north. If we take these circumstances into consideration, and at the same time suppose, as we have ventured to do, that the mass of the northern opponents of slavery are upheld by no great principle, no earnest conviction, we shall go some distance in accounting for the otherwise unintelligible submission of the more powerful states to the weaker. Let not our readers fancy that this great question lies on the surface; or that the majority of fifty-four votes now possessed by the free states in the Electoral College will of necessity be disposed of according to moral principle. The result of the struggle is of almost as much importance to the rest of the world as to America; but, in our opinion, no result can be acceptable to thinking men which does not restore, even if only gradually, the preponderance of free counsels in the senate of the nation—a preponderance contemplated by the constitution, and enjoyed during the vigorous youth of the Union.

A TRADITION OF ROTHERHITHE.

It was a still autumn evening, about fifty years since, and a strong ebb tide, which was just on the turn, had shrunk the waters of the Thames to their lowest estate, when the skipper of a vessel, arrived that day from a foreign port, and anchored opposite Rotherhithe, put off for the shore. Rotherhithe was then little more than a desolate collection of fields, enlivened by a few public-houses and labourers' cottages; but dreary as it was, and more dreary still for the evening shades that were rapidly darkening over it, it was a link in the chain of old recollections that carried his heart home, and leaning forward on his seat, his eyes fixed on the darkening shore, to which it required but a few strokes of the sculls to carry him, the skipper indulged in the visions prompted by such feelings. Scarcely had the boat grazed upon the shingles, when he jumped from it, and only waiting to give hurried orders to the rowers to await him there at eleven, he hastened up the shore, his eyes restlessly wandering round him in search of the realities of those shadows with which memory had soothed his absence.

The two rowers looked after their chief as he hastened on; but suddenly they observed him stop; and thinking that something was amiss, they ran after him. The skipper had not fallen; he was stooping down, and as they came nearer, they saw that he was endeavouring to disengage his foot, though they could not at first distinguish what had entangled it.

'Curse the chain!' he cried rising, and shaking the foot violently in an effort to extricate it. It was one of the old-fashioned chains with long and large links, attached to a buoy, and left uncovered by the ebb tide, and into one of those links he had struck his foot with a violence that had sufficed to jam it tightly into a space it could not otherwise have entered. The impetus had carried the link over the widest part of the foot, which had thus become so tightly wedged that he could not remove it. The eyes of one of the sailors danced with mirth, though there were no audible demonstrations of it, as he thought how neatly the skipper was caught as in a trap.

'Come, Bob, lend a hand,' urged the other reproachfully; 'now, sir, twist the foot carefully out, while we hold the chain.' But it was more easily said than done; the skipper did twist the foot, and that with a force that ground the bone against the iron, but to no purpose.

'Let me try,' suggested Bob. 'Bill, you hold the chain. Now, sir, slow and steady;' and as he spoke, he endeavoured, first by a twist, and then by a wrench, to draw it out; but though he continued this operation till the skipper execrated his clumsiness, it was with no better success. Bill rose to his feet with a sigh, and scratching his head, regarded the foot askance, while Bob, still on the ground, entreated permission to give it 'just one more grand wrench;' and the captive, finding his own efforts availed nothing, consented to the trial. It *was* a grand wrench that Bob gave it; but it was without result, except in the cries and expletives it drew from the sufferer. Bob also rose to his feet, quite puzzled what to do next, while the skipper again struggled fruitlessly in the iron toils.

There were but few people about; but by this time some two or three had collected round the unfortunate skipper: they seemed to consider it a good joke; and it was in a voice interrupted by laughter that one of them advised that the boot should be cut away. 'Ah! that's the legal way of doing it,' assented another: 'the foot is got into Chancery—of course it must strip to get out again.' The sufferer did not appreciate the joke; he did not indeed hear it; and Bob, who had by this time found the grave side of the case, checked the flow of merriment by remarking to the last speaker, that 'it would better become a Christian and a waterman to fetch a light than to look on a fellow-creature's misfortunes like a land-lubber—only to laugh at 'em.' Without further notice of the reproach, the man obeyed the intimation, and running to the nearest public-house, brought a lantern. He had found a moment to proclaim the curious case, and was accompanied on his return by, not only 'the company' at the public-house, but as many of its residents as could possibly be spared; and the operation of cutting the boot away was performed by the skipper himself under the observation of twenty or thirty pair of eyes. 'Now!' was the general exclamation when this was done, and the event of the subsequent trial was anxiously awaited. It was vain: the foot would not pass. The skipper himself struggled to drag it through till, with the pain and the exertion, the sweat poured from his forehead; and his lips quivered as he set them in the stern effort. It would not pass through that prison-link; and when the victim gave over the attempt, and stood up to wipe his forehead, and consider what further means to try, there was no laugh; not even a smile rewarded the suggestion of a young girl, 'that some one should cut the chain.' 'Better get a chair for the gentleman,' observed a woman with a baby in her arms; 'he's quite ready' (she meant ready to faint), and the girl ran away to procure one; but before it was brought, Bill had been obliged to support him. He was seated, however; and some one having brought a glass of brandy, he swallowed it eagerly, and was soon able to renew his struggle with his iron captor, but to no better purpose than before; and again he intermitted his struggles, and looking round among the gradually increasing crowd, said: 'Will some of you go for a surgeon?' 'I will, sir,' said Bill eagerly, and off he started at the top of his speed. Meanwhile the skipper leaned back in his chair, and the crowd silently looked on, or glanced at each other with wonder, perplexity, and pity. It was half an hour ere the messenger returned, accompanied by the first doctor he could find, as he said. It was a chemist, who in truth knew little of medicine, and less of surgery; but he pressed and rubbed the foot, asking if that hurt it, and then shook his head in approbation of the assent so wisely, that the crowd looked on in wondering admiration and anticipation of what he might do next.

'I'd bleed it,' observed a burly man from the front rank of observers.

'It is what I propose to do,' observed the chemist gravely as the patient approved the suggestion; 'but,' he continued, feeling in his pocket, 'I have not my lancets with me. Thank you,' he went on in answer to Bill's offer to fetch them, 'I must go myself; my wife will not give up my surgical instruments to a stranger.'

Meantime, the rumour of his strange accident had spread far and wide through Rotherhithe, and persons of all classes crowded to the spot; some had brought lanterns with them, and one who had made a circuit by the river in order to approach, held up the blazing link he carried, which threw a strong light over the chief person in the scene. He was very pale, and his eyes wandered restlessly, but there was a slight smile on the lips.

'Bless me, what a time that doctor is!' cried the woman with the baby. 'Sal, you run and see if he's coming,' she continued, addressing the girl who had fetched the chair, and who instantly started off on the run; but it was more than a quarter of an hour before she returned with the chemist, who with due ceremony and importance took out from the formidable array of surgical weapons one small lancet, and having made the necessary preparations, amid the breathless silence of the crowd, proceeded to bleed the foot. The doctor, having entertained some doubts as to the issue, was greatly relieved by finding that venous and not arterial blood followed the stroke of the lancet, and watching the bubbling blood complacently, thought not of stopping it till warned by a caution from the crowd not to bleed the man to death; but before the bleeding was stopped, the skipper insisted on trying once more to extricate the foot. Again and again he wrenched, struggled, twisted his foot, amidst the exclamations, encouragement, and cheers of the rapidly increasing crowd. The bone was not reduced in size —it seemed rather enlarged—and his struggles only increased the irritation; till at length, with a sigh of exhaustion, the skipper leaned back in his chair and ceased to strive.

'If,' suggested the chemist—'if the foot were now left a short time in its present position, I have no doubt the irritation would subside, and the swelling abate.'

'I'd foment it,' said the woman with the baby.

'I was going to propose it,' said the chemist shortly; and twenty persons started for flannel and hot water, including the Sal before mentioned.

The tide had by this time risen to within half a yard of the chair! A murmur ran through the crowd, and at length reached the ears of the skipper: 'The river is fast rising; there is no time to lose.' A new and horrible fear dawned upon his mind; he started up, and for one minute gazed silently over the dark and stealing waters, in which the blaze of the torch was reflected in a fiery column; the next, he turned away, his eyes glaring, and his face paler yet with horror than the bleeding had left it; and again he wrestled fiercely with his impassible foe—again he twisted, wrenched, and strained that fettered foot, till the hemorrhage, imperfectly stopped, was renewed; and it was only when the blood welled warmly over the writhing limb that, exhausted and breathless, he sunk back in his chair.

Through the crowd ran, meantime, a booming sound, composed of subdued exclamations, and agitated questions and proposals, to which no one replied. In the midst of this, the scene was suddenly darkened: the boy who held the torch leaped aside with a cry of 'The water! the water!' and the next moment the rising waters dashed up to the chained foot.

'God!' cried the captive, franticly starting up, 'will no one help me? Send for a doctor—call for help. Sacred Heaven! will you coolly stand by, and see a man drowned by inches?'

'Never fear, sir,' said Bill soothingly, endeavouring to reseat him—'never fear, we'll manage it yet. See, here comes the flannel and the hot water. Come, come, sir; Father Thames is no harum-scarum youngster, that does not know his own mind—he'll take his time, never you fear.'

'Ay, but his time must come,' muttered the skipper shudderingly, yet half soothed.

Already had they commenced the fomentation; the woman with the baby had sent it home, and was busily superintending the operation; and the sufferer glanced uneasily from the foot to the gradually encroaching waters.

'No use in fomentation now,' said the chemist coolly, as the tide plashed on and covered the foot with the cold waters of the river.

'Never mind,' cried the woman cheeringly; 'we shall do very well yet. Try, sir—try if it won't pass now.'

He did make one desperate effort, with a silence as desperate; no, not one effort only, but a series of struggles, obstinately maintained, in defiance, almost in forgetfulness of bodily torture, in the horrible probability that every moment strengthened; he wrenched and strained till the body, not the spirit subdued, he staggered back into his seat. The girl Sal, whose office it had been to renew the hot water, her occupation being now gone, rose from her stooping position to her knees, making some observation in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

'What! what does she say, Bob?' he asked eagerly, leaning forward in his seat.

'A bit of good sense, sir!' replied Bob with a gruff abruptness, that was designed to overcome a faltering of nerve and speech he thought scarcely manly: 'better leave a limb here than a life.'

'You are right, you are right!' cried the skipper, his eyes lighting up wildly with a desperate hope: 'let a surgeon be sent for directly.'

'This gemman can do it off-hand!' cried Bill, rising smartly to his feet, and pointing to the chemist, who negatived the proposition with the observation that his practice did not lie in that direction, and Bill, with a contemptuous notice of the land-lubber, that could not spike a gun as well as load it, went in search of a more effective practitioner.

Sal hastily proposed to go with him, observing that, if he was a stranger, he would not know where to go, and Bill, in as few words accepting the offer, they started on their errand. The crowd of lookers-on, that had gradually increased to a multitude, had been driven back several feet by the rising waters, which had already covered the ankle of the sufferer. There was a hum and a stir amongst them; but it was subdued. Two or three boys, in the excitement of the moment, and that of a sense of numbers, by which boys of a larger growth are often wrought upon, attempted to get up a 'Hooray,' but were checked by a stern 'Silence!' Bob alone stood beside the skipper, cheering him with words of hearty encouragement, by which he endeavoured also to overbear his own fears. In the former service, his aid was little needed. The desperate expedient on which he had determined had excited in the skipper's mind hopes that were almost assurance; and though he now looked anxiously into the gloom of the imperfectly lighted road that stretched before him for his coming liberator, and then glanced behind him at the dark waters, now covered with a heavy white mist—the former look was of hope, and the latter of defiance. There was an abrupt cheer from the crowd, checked almost in the moment of its utterance: it announced the approach of the surgeons —for there were two of them—accompanied by the messengers. They soon made their way to their proposed patient, but to approach him were compelled to enter a boat drawn up on the shingles for the purpose. The scene was imperfectly lighted by two or three lanterns, and only the outline of the sufferer's form was visible as he rose at their approach. There was a call for lights, and in a few minutes several torches brought an illumination more glaring than that of day. Bill insisting on the extremity of the case, had not delayed time by any further account of it to the medical men, than a few hurried words by the way might convey, and they were unprepared for the depth and horror of the danger now suddenly displayed to them. Its hopelessness also was immediately apparent to them. The water had risen nearly to the knee, and, notwithstanding a slight tinge of blood, the swelled and lacerated foot was visible through it, fixed in its iron trap.

'Thank God you are come, gentlemen,' said the sufferer; 'there is no time to lose. Time and tide wait for no man, as you may see;' he laughed hysterically, and reseated himself. 'Now, gentlemen,' he repeated, 'I am ready, and shall be happy to give old Father Thames leg-bail.'

His mirth, forced and discordant, jarred painfully upon the very heart-strings of the surgeons; they looked at each other, and at length one of them observed, that, not being informed of the state of the case, they had not brought their instruments with them.

'What!' cried the skipper shrilly, 'unprepared! Then why don't you send for them? Why do you stand gaping at each other! In the name of Almighty God, send, I say!' and he stamped his free foot fiercely in the plashing waters.

'It is to no purpose; we can do nothing for you,' said one of the surgeons. There was a strange contrast between the hopeless tenor of this declaration, and the calm hopeful tone that was habitual to the speaker's professional manner.

'What!' repeated the skipper faintly; 'you don't understand me, gentlemen,' he resumed, after a momentary pause. 'I don't want you to extricate the foot; I want you to cut off the limb—you can do that.'

'I am sorry to say that it is impossible,' said the other surgeon; 'we cannot perform the operation under the water.'

'You cannot!' repeated the skipper. 'I tell you, you may—you must. Is a man's life no better than a lighted paper, that you can see it crushed out so coolly? Do you see those ——? But I won't swear. I say, do you see those waters, gentlemen? Do you know that in another hour they would choke me as I stand?'

'It is quite impossible,' repeated the other surgeon. 'But can you not remove the foot now—the cold would shrink it. Try again.'

'Ay, try, sir—try again,' said Bill; 'the last time pays for all.'

'Are you, too, coward enough to mock the helpless?' said the skipper sternly; 'have I not tried in vain? I sit here a murdered man,' he went on, folding his arms; 'and if I must die, as my soul lives, I will arraign those men at the bar of the Eternal Judge!'

These words, uttered in a raised voice, reached the ears of the crowd, and, indignant at what, in their ignorant zeal, they considered an unfeeling and reckless disregard of human life, a passionate murmur rose amongst them, mingled with angry exclamations, that were soon wrought up to a fierce excitement that threatened the lives of the surgeons; and amid cries of 'Teach them better; Give 'em a taste of mud; Shew them what drowning is'—the man called Dobbs stepped forward, the voluntary organ of the multitude.

The surgeons quietly urged a few words in explanation, which Mr Dobbs would not hear, much less care to understand.

'No time to lose in talking,' he interrupted; 'send for your tools. There's the doctor here,' pointing to the chemist, 'he'll fetch 'em.'

A loud cry from the crowd seconded the *recommendation*, and the skipper, with reviving hope, stood up and resumed his entreaties.

'It would be to no purpose,' said the surgeon whose manner has been particularised, addressing the sufferer. 'I am sorry to say, we can be of no use to you.'

The other surgeon, however, whether wrought upon by his own charitable hope, or by the dangerous excitement of the mob, suggested that it might be taken off at the knee, if the sufferer would consent to the amputation.

'Let me only carry away my life, gentlemen,' said the skipper eagerly, 'and mangle me as you please.'

The observation was answered by a stifled cheer from the multitude; but Mr Desford, the first speaker, turned on his professional friend a reproachful glance, only uttering the word 'Time' in a low voice, to which the other replied with a movement of disregard, and gave instructions to the chemist to fetch the necessary instruments. The skipper continued to stand; he was now shivering violently from the intense cold of the water in which he was immersed. Bob had this time accompanied the chemist, in order to hasten him; and Bill having brought their boat up close to his captain, many others followed his example, and the shore, to the river's very edge, was crowded with an anxious multitude of both sexes. Their excitement had reached a feverish height, and every moment was augmenting it; several females had been removed from the front ranks of the mob in violent hysterics, and the deep murmur of the male voices was varied by their occasional sobs; but they perceived Mr Desford speaking to the sufferer, and there was a deep hush of anxious listening.

'It would be cruel to deceive you with hopes,' he said: 'if you cannot draw the foot out, no chance of extrication now remains for you—save through the gates of death.'

The words were scarcely spoken, when there was a short cry, and one agonised sob from Bill's boat. It was the girl Sal, who had crushed so close to the sufferer, that her cry, in the strange tension of his nerves, seemed to strike him like a blow. He had been stunned, but not convinced, by the surgeon's words; and this aroused him.

'If not at the knee,' he asked with a sinking voice, glancing at the waters, which had now nearly reached that joint, 'couldn't you take the limb off at the hip?'

'Impossible!' repeated the surgeon. 'It is but cruel to delude you with hope: you must die!'

The skipper heard that calmly spoken but decided doom. He looked to the other surgeon—a dumb and desperate appeal for the renewal of that hope almost dead within him. The surgeon tried to smile an answer, but he turned away his head, and the wreathing lip seemed but a mockery on that face of horror. Well did the victim read it; he sank back in his chair, rather from the relaxation of the limbs, than any voluntary movement. The cries of 'Shame!' mingled with threats, that followed Mr Desford's speech, were paralysed to silence by a cry scarcely human. It was from the skipper. He had scarcely touched the seat of the chair, when he bounded up again. Well might horror change his voice: the chair was afloat, and he had plashed into a bed of water.

'God bless you, captain!' cried Bill, wiping his eyes; 'it is but death after all—why, you've been alongside of him thousands of times.'

'It is but *death!*' repeated the sufferer hollowly; 'ay, it is a word to you, but what is it to me?—chained down, with those black waters rising—rising! My God, deliver me!'

A hand gently touched his arm; it was Sal, who, with a pale, earnest face, was gazing at him.

'It is not so very dreadful,' she said. 'My little brother smiled, and said death did not hurt him. Don't—don't take on so; it is not so very dreadful.'

The sufferer's countenance relaxed as he listened.

'Will you do the errand of a dying man?' he asked gently.

The flood of silent tears she wiped away was her answer; and stooping down, he whispered a few earnest words in her ear, then taking a memorandum-book from his pocket, he wrote in it rapidly for a few minutes, and placing it in her hands, said solemnly: 'Remember, and farewell!'

'I will, I will,' replied the girl.

He pressed her arm; then, turning to the surgeon, said: 'Will you be my executor? You will find here,' he continued, understanding the surgeon's expressive silence, 'a memorandum of my will, my address, and all particulars necessary; and now pray to God for me in this my struggle.'

'Is there anything more I can do for you?' asked the surgeon.

'Ah,' he continued shiveringly, 'how *very* cold it is! Brandy! brandy! to thaw this ice at my heart! Brandy, I say!'

'And brandy you shall have, captain,' said Bill energetically, 'or may I live upon water;' and he strided along the boat in his hurried way to the shore to fetch it. He soon returned with a bottle and a glass, into which he poured some.

'There, that is sufficient,' said the surgeon, checking him.

'Fill up! fill up!' was the skipper's counter-order.

'Would you die drunk?' said Mr Desford, expostulating with him.

'Ay, ay, captain, you shall have enough of it,' cried Bill. 'He has a right to do as he pleases,' he continued, addressing the surgeon: 'it is his own affair, I suppose.'

'You would not dare to enter King George's presence, if you were not sober,' replied the surgeon: 'your captain is going to the King of kings, would you send him there drunk?'

'No, no; I don't mean that,' said Bill in a subdued tone; 'but it's hard to refuse it to a fellow-creature, when there's no other comfort left him.'

He was interrupted by a cry from the multitude on the shore, announcing the return of the messengers with the surgical instruments; but even the surgeon who had sent for them now shewed no thought of using them: the waters had risen several inches above the knee; but the multitude still retaining their belief in the possibility of amputation, the lives of the surgeons were becoming endangered by their desperate excitement. Bill, who saw too clearly that all hope for his captain was gone, suggested that it was advisable that they should, in his own expressive phrase, 'bolt' by the way of the river—advice very rapidly taken. The skipper pressed the hand of Mr Desford when that gentleman grasped his, at his departure, but his eyes roved bewilderedly, and though he echoed the adieu, it was with mechanical indifference. The boat in which the surgeons were standing, was, by the aid of a bribe to the boatman, almost imperceptibly paddled out of the circle of jostling vessels, and they were soon in the gloomy security of the mid-stream. What need to proceed inch by inch in the description of the approach of that which the reader perceives to be inevitable. Gradually, but surely, those gloomy, those relentless waters stole on: they reached the waist—they covered the shoulders—they drew a cold and strangling circle round the throat—they bubbled from the lips, though the neck was strained in the effort to raise them above the blindly hastening flood. Who shall describe the horror of the multitude, that from the land and from the river looked on powerless, while the mighty waters, like an inevitable fate, swallowed up limb by limb a living being! At length there came one strong, one desperate cry from the sufferer—it was his last: the waters closed over his mouth—they rushed into his nostrils—there was a struggle, a deadly struggle beneath them for a few moments, and then stillness—the stillness of death!

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

As usual, science, literature, and law have resumed their periodical activity with the arrival of November. Our learned societies have commenced their sessions, and shew by their earliest meetings, that astronomy, chemistry, mathematics, palæontology, and the like, are cherished and cultivated as much as ever. The return of Professor Piazzi Smyth, astronomer-royal for Scotland, from Teneriffe, whither he betook himself with instruments and apparatus last June, strengthens the conviction of astronomers that a well-conducted series of observations on the heavens in a southern climate would prove of essential importance, not only to their own particular science, but to physical science generally. The professor mounted his telescope high up on the peak above the clouds, and though dislodged too soon by unfavourable weather, had reason to be well satisfied with his results. These include observations on temperature, in hygrometry, radiation; and he finds that the moon does actually radiate heat, though very small in amount. As regards stars, he observed some which, though when seen at hand they appear but as one, resolve themselves into two distinct disks in the crisp, clear atmosphere of a tropical mountain. To those who know anything of astronomy, this test will be a sufficient evidence of what may be accomplished, and we think that but one opinion will now prevail as to the project for establishing a reflecting telescope on the scale of Lord Rosse's in some lofty region of the tropics, as recommended to government by the Royal Society and the British Association. Mr Robert Stephenson very handsomely lent his yacht, *Titania*, for the expedition, and Professor Smyth mentions that much of his success is due to his having had so efficient a vessel at his disposal for nearly four months.

The eclipse of the moon on the 13th of last month gave occasion for further experiments in photography. M. Porro, a savant of Paris, took a complete series of images of the moon, astronomical and physical, during the passage of the shadow: some were taken in the short space of twenty seconds.—The Royal Society have purchased forty impressions of Father Secchi's beautiful photograph of the lunar mountain *Copernicus*, which we mentioned last spring, and intend to distribute them among astronomers and physicists, in furtherance of the endeavours for helping us to a knowledge of the physical constitution of our satellite. Father Secchi, favoured by the atmosphere of Rome, thinks he may pronounce the nature of such lunar regions as he has explored (at a distance), to be similar to that of volcanic regions on the earth. Imperfect as these first attempts necessarily are, there is in them material for advancing science. Photometry has taught us that the sun is hottest and brightest in the centre, and will teach us whether it is the same with respect to the moon. One half of the question is already answered by Professor Smyth. The thermomultiplier will tell the tale. By measuring the light of each phase, and employing photography, data will be obtained for comparison with other planets, and for the detection of a lunar atmosphere, should there be one. To some readers, these may seem insignificant details; but when we remember the inestimable advantages conferred on astronomical science by electrotelegraphy, we need not apologise for noticing the service likely to be rendered by photography.

Yet a few brief particulars from the learned father remain to be mentioned: he is continuing his researches to determine the rotation of the third satellite of Jupiter; the spots upon it are very visible, but it is not easy to get two observations by which to ascertain the rate of motion in any one evening. He reports a difference in the features of Jupiter from last year. The lowest apparent inferior belt 'is a perfect assemblage of clouds, and below this is a very fine line of a yellow colour, which appears like a microscopic thread stretched across the planet.'

From the Mediterranean we hear of another earthquake which took place on the 12th October. It was felt all along the southern coast, in Palestine, in Malta, and the Ionian Islands, and did much damage. On board ships at sea, the concussion was so strong as to be compared to striking a rock. M. Piobert, in a communication to the Académie, attributes earthquakes not to internal force, or expansion or contraction of the earth's crust, but to the external action of other planets.—News from India tell that Colonel Waugh, surveyor-general, has discovered that Kanchinjinga is not the highest of the Himalayas, but that the supremacy belongs to a peak a hundred miles distant between it and Katmandu, the height being not less than 29,002 feet above the sea. He names it Mount Everest, in honour of the colonel his predecessor in the great work of triangulation.—Tremendous floods have occurred along the valleys of the Indus and Ganges; fears were entertained lest Calcutta should be inundated. It remains to be seen whether these disasters are in any way connected with the destruction of forests. Proofs in the affirmative are said to be forthcoming from places in Bengal and Scinde, and from Ceylon. One consequence will be a serious diminution of the rice-crop, and that this is no unimportant matter may be inferred from the almost incredible increase in the demand for rice. The export from India of this commodity in the twelve months 1853–4, was 162,255 tons; in 1854–5, 195,298 tons; and in 1855–6, 340,232 tons: the demand being chiefly for the continent.

Under these circumstances, we read with the more interest the following communication from the *Times'* correspondent at Alexandria. 'There is,' he says, 'an interesting experiment at present under trial in the cultivation of rice. M. Lattis, a Venetian, has undertaken to produce two crops of rice in the year instead of one. The viceroy has placed a certain quantity of land and a sufficient number of labourers at his command. Lord Canning, having heard of the experiment on his passage through Egypt to India, and perceiving the enormous advantages that might be derived from it in our Indian possessions, if successful, requested our consul here to watch the result. M. Lattis brought his first crop to maturity in July last, and I understand he has been equally successful with his second.' The British consul at Alexandria is to send a report of the experiment to our colonial minister.—We may add here, that there is a remarkable increase in the demand for silk from China. At the last accounts, 38,000 bales had been shipped, when in the former year the number was but 12,000; and we hear that there is no limit to the quantity which can be had.

The 4000 miles of telegraph in India are to be extended to 7000; and who knows whether we shall not, erelong, be flashing messages to our resident at Herat?—M. Pétrina has been making a series of delicate researches on the phenomena of two electric currents flashed simultaneously from opposite ends of the same wire; and he concludes that it is only the difference between the two that passes; for should they be precisely of the same strength, they neutralise each other, and disappear.—M. Dufour has shewn, by experiment, to the Academy of Lausanne, that copper wires become brittle, and iron wires tough, by the passage of electric currents.—A new electric machine has been contrived, which may be used in an atmosphere unfavourable for glass. It consists of an endless band of paper, placed on two rollers covered with silk: rotated rapidly, the band gives off sparks, and will charge a jar.—The electric interrupter, which we mentioned as having been introduced on the railway between Paris and Versailles, is now in working condition; and it signals the passage of trains to both extremities of the line with the utmost regularity.—Two inventors of Lyon have so far improved the electric light as to make it burn with steady brilliance for twelve hours. They have an ingenious contrivance by which the charcoal points are made to remain always at the same distance apart.—An 'Induction Coil Machine,' the invention of Mr Hearder of Plymouth, exhibited at the recent annual meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, is much talked of and approved by electricians. It is more powerful than Ruhmkorff's, and with one-half less of wire.

We noticed, some time ago, the application of thermo-electric currents to dentistry: Mr Middeldorp of Breslau now shews how they may be employed in surgery. With wires and blades of platina of various dimensions, brought to a white electric heat, he undertakes many operations commonly performed with cutting instruments. The heating agent is a Grove's battery; and properly employed in an operation, there is no hemorrhage of the small vessels; the action is energetic and limited, can be sustained or cut off at pleasure, and applied through narrow passages, and to depths never attempted in ordinary cauterisation. Mr Middeldorp says: 'This intelligent fire—let me be pardoned the expression—admits of cutting, splitting, of cutting away, of cauterisation on a single point or in rays, or over large surfaces, of stopping hemorrhage, of provoking inflammation of certain tissues, of coagulation of the blood, of suppuration, and the development of proper granulations. In short, being introduced cold, the galvano-caustic instruments inspire no fear in the patient; but once in place, a touch of the finger suffices to raise them to a glowing heat,' and the wished-for effect is speedily produced. Of four hundred operations performed by Mr Middeldorp with the 'intelligent fire,' not one has been followed by ill results.

Dr Remak is effecting cures in the hospitals at Paris by continuous electric currents which he prefers to currents of induction.—M. Collomb, a young physiologist, is using a new kind of stethoscope—dynamoscope, as he calls it, with which he hears and distinguishes the natural or healthy humming sound in the body apart from the sound produced by obstructions or other disturbing causes. He finds the 'puerile hum' to be a very different thing from the 'senile hum;' the 'feminine hum' from the 'masculine hum;' and so forth. And there is, as he thinks, a certain hum in the finger-ends, the cessation of which is an absolute sign of death—hence in doubtful cases the dynamoscope may be used to decide the question.—Claude Bernard, whose name must by this time be familiar to our readers, believes he has established the fact, that the blood is chilled and *not* warmed in its passage through the lungs.

The Society of Arts have published their list of subjects for prizes; and what a list it is—216 items! Among so many, we may well think that whatever of ingenuity is extant in the kingdom will have a fair chance of publicity and success. We can but glance at the numerous subjects in which specimens, improvements, new and more economical applications, &c., are desired. There are drainage and sewage, useful arts of all kinds, chemistry, vehicles, machinery, paper, paper-hangings, how to preserve fresh meats, and new esculents. And wood for engravers is asked for, of which the largest blocks shall consist but of one piece; new kinds of oils, paints, and varnishes are wanted, as also substitutes for that useful thistle, the teasel; and if any one has any real improvements to shew in ship-building or navigation, now is the time.—That the Society are still attracting colonial societies into their 'Union,' is worth notice. Among the last taken in, we observe the Royal Agricultural Society of British Guiana, the Sydney Mechanics' School of Arts, the Horticultural Improvement Society of New South Wales, and the Mechanics' Institute of Hobarton. To make real knowledge the subject of friendly intercommunication at home and abroad, is a right work. May we not hope that many an irresolute purpose, many a slumbering idea, many an aspiration for what is best, will thereby be roused and shaped to a practical end.

As regards articles of food, the Société d'Acclimation might put in a claim for a prize—that is, if prizes be the sort of reward they want. A new esculent has been recently reported to the Society by a French traveller in Guatimala. And on the subject of paper, it is shewn that the great want is a cheap material for coarse and common papers—writing-paper is cheap enough. Many substitutes have been proposed within the past two years; but they are all too dear. The only one that holds its ground is straw, and we hear that from sixteen to twenty tons of straw-paper are made every week—a mere trifle with so vast a demand. The great cane-brakes in the southern states of America are said to offer an inexhaustible supply of the raw material of paper; and *jute*, an East Indian grass, the fibre of which is so fine, that in some places it is used to adulterate silk, will make capital paper, and is equally available. The chief use made of it at present is as 'bagging' for cotton bales.—The Society for the Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge announce their intention to make another attempt for the abolition of the paper-duty: we wish them success, and would recommend them to keep the facts above mentioned in mind, and to remember also, that a petty tax on knowledge, producing no more than about L.8000 a year, is levied on foreign books imported into England. It causes so many difficulties and vexations in the interchange of books as presents among men of science and learning, that, were there no other reason, it should be forthwith repealed.

Education classes connected with the Society of Arts are now opened at the Polytechnic Institution. Representations having been made to the Society that many candidates for examination cannot afford the expense of a journey to London, they announce that, for the convenience of dwellers in the north, examinations for 1857 will be held at Huddersfield. The Society, moreover, have done something in behalf of art, by purchasing, under certain conditions, from

M. Soulage of Toulouse, his collection of furniture and articles of *vertu*, 865 in number, all illustrative of domestic life and adornment in medieval Italy. As the 'Soulage Collection,' it will by and by be open for public exhibition.—Art is making demonstrations in other ways. Architects of all nations are requested by advertisement to send in designs for a magnificent pile of government offices, to be erected in Downing Street and its exemplary neighbourhood. St Paul's is some day to shew what we can do in the fashioning of a monument to the Great Duke's memory. Trafalgar Square will shortly bear on one of its pedestals a statue in honour of General Sir Charles Napier. Florence has set up a statue of Galileo, and Turin is nursing the idea of one to Lagrange; the mighty mathematician having been born in the Piedmontese capital in 1736.—And to notice art of a less soaring kind: in the late Economic Exhibition at Brussels, an important division comprised fittings, furniture, utensils, and sundry improvements for working-people's houses, most of them highly useful, and some singularly ingenious. A good deal of attention has been paid to these matters in Belgium, and our social reformers would do well to test their merits.—Something has been said about trees as a means of beautifying our metropolitan streets; and it is suggested that in such thoroughfares as the New Road, Blackfriars Road, Piccadilly, and the Squares, they might be planted with advantage along the edge of the footways. Any one who has visited Holland, or seen Broadway or Hudson Street in New York, knows how delightful is the effect of a row of trees on either side to the feelings as well as the eye: and 'in the leafy month of June' to gaze down such a street—an endless avenue of richest foliage—calls forth eloquent admiration even from case-hardened citizens. But we apprehend that in London the objection would be that trees hide the light, and are 'littery.' Moreover, are we not afflicted by dendroclastics? There was once a row of trees in a street at Chelsea; and was not the author of *Sartor Resartus* regarded as an obstinate customer by his neighbours, for that having a lingering affection for the one that stood opposite his windows, he wouldn't fall in with 'improvements,' until it languished, as it seemed, from want of sympathy by standing alone? Suppose, as interest is felt in art at present, some one were to promote the *Art of being kind to Trees in London.*

Emigrants and others whose affairs lead them across the sea, will hear with pleasure that the long-complained of want of facilities for escaping in the boats in case of need, is at length satisfied. The *Oneida*, the first of the new line of mail-steamers to Australia, which sailed from Southampton on the 19th of October, having Sir H. Barkly, the new governor of Victoria, among her passengers, was 'fitted with Clifford's newly patented apparatus for lowering and instantly disengaging ships' boats at sea even during the time the vessel is under-way.' A trial was made as the *Oneida* was steaming forth. 'At the word of command,' says the report, 'the boat laden with its entire crew, together with the necessary masts, spars, and gear, was instantly lowered and freed from the ship, at a time when she was at full speed, and with a fall of twenty-six feet from the davit-heads to the water.' We hear, and glad we are to hear it, that the Emigration Commissioners make it compulsory on all vessels chartered by them to be fitted with Clifford's apparatus. We only hope they stipulate also for a sufficiency of boats.

Dr Livingston, when last heard of, had left the east coast of Africa for Mauritius, intending a voyage to England.—Interest is revived in arctic matters by the publication of Maclure's discovery of the north-west passage, and of Dr Kane's two handsomely illustrated volumes, with his deeply interesting narrative. The doctor is now in England in very ill health, accompanied by Morton, that one of his officers who saw the most northerly land in the world; but he will speedily have to depart to a tropical climate. After reading his narrative, and seeing what human perseverance can accomplish, the surprise that none of Sir John Franklin's party have escaped, is the greater, and the mystery that conceals the fact the more terrible. Another expedition to explore the limited area in which it is now known the long-lost ships are frozen up will, it is believed, be sent out under efficient command next spring.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

'Twas the fifth of old November,
I pray you, love, remember,
The merry fires were glancing on the gray hillside;
When, spite of wind and weather,
Far down among the heather,
Midst the ferns and mountain gorses, you won me for your bride.

Now remember, love, remember,
Ever since that old November,
When the earth was lit with glory, and the heavens smiled above,
We have vowed to keep it solely
As a joy, to memory holy,
And from an old dead custom draw a living fount of love.

Let us forth at Nature's summons
To the wild, wood-skirted commons,
There we'll kindle every withered bough that drops around our way;
With our children gathered round us,
We will bless the fate that found us
Down among the reddened gorses in the dying of the day.

And remember, love, remember,
When around each dying ember
We watch their glad young faces, bright with artless mirth and fun,
What it is to feel the glow
Of the loving hearts we know
Will ne'er with life desert us till the dark day 's done!

We may weep or we may smile,
Ay, do all things but revile;
We may rue the bitter louring of the cold world's frown;
But while simple pleasures please us,
Winter's self shall never freeze us—
We can wait with patient faces till the storm dies down.

Leave we the dear old door
For the heath and upland moor;
Let us tread them, love, together, while the ways seem fair:
By and by the dimness—lameness,
When all things shall wear a sameness,
But to-day for hope and gladness, and for God's blest air!

Let my willing arm sustain you:
Does your wound of battle pain you?
Does the rugged pathway shake you? So—lean heavy on my breast;
There is health and vigour coming
Where the swollen streams are humming,
And the lights of autumn playing on the wild bird's crest.

Remember, love, remember,
How soon comes blest December,
With its precious gifts of spirit, and its happy household cheer:
Though the leaves are dropping fast, love,
And the flowers have bloomed their last, love,
When our days are at their darkest, then a glory shall be near!

E. L. Hervey.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 153. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856. Price 1½*d.*

MR THACKERAY ON THE FOUR GEORGES.

The success of Mr Thackeray in his lectures on the Humorous Writers of England, has very naturally led to his preparing a series on the first British sovereigns of the House of Hanover, which, after delivering them with great approbation, and we trust profit, in America, he is now beginning to bring before home audiences. He commenced with Edinburgh and Glasgow in the course of the past month, addressing in each case multitudes to be numbered, not by hundreds, but by thousands. It was verily a remarkable sight. In the huge Music Hall of the Scottish capital is seen an acre-breadth of the human face divine—the intelligent countenances of the middle and upper classes of a city noted for its cultivation of literature and science. In the front of a great orchestra appears the lecturer, flanked with judges, clergymen, professors, authors, magistrates, and distinguished citizens, and backed by a mass of people rising to the very ceiling. A tall and bulky man of five-and-forty, with bushy hair nearly white, surmounting a set of manly but pallid features, begins to speak, and for an hour perfect silence awaits his voice, as he reads with varying tones from the paper lying on the desk before him. What a compliment to a British author, this vast, and in some respects brilliant gathering, drawn at once by interest about his person and expectation of the intellectual treat he is to give them! Surely it cannot now be said that an author is of little account among us. Where are the men who get higher compliments paid them!

In each of his four lectures, Mr Thackeray despatches a George, not detailing his history, but sketching his personal character, his way of life, and surroundings, all in language the most pithy and epigrammatic that can be conceived. The general strain is satiric. In his hands, the courtliness which formed the atmosphere of the monarch in his lifetime is revenged. A century in which sovereigns and oligarchies were everything and the people nothing, is tried in the balance, and found wanting. Every here and there, however, the stern moralist lapses into those tendernesses which form so prominent a beauty in his novels. He never fails to relent towards gentle women and innocent children, and all who love and cherish them.

George I., who came to the British throne at fifty-four, is sketched as a coarse profligate, whom England was glad to accept with all his mistresses as a political convenience, and to make the best of. We must pass from him to come to his son, the second George, who commenced his reign by burning his father's will, 'under the astonished nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury.' This was also a prince of low tastes and habits. His court was scarcely an improvement upon that of Charles II. He had only the good sense to leave the government to Sir Robert Walpole, who, with gross vices and faults, gave England peace for thirty years, and kept the funds at par. Dull and dissolute as the king was, he had the one good quality of bravery. When Prince Charles Stuart was at Derby, and many were looking grave, the royal countenance never changed for a moment. [Perhaps, as Mr Thackeray admires bravery, reconsideration might lead him to expunge the phrase 'that scamp,' as applied to the prince who ventured, with 5000 half-armed Highlanders, to march so far south as Derby.] George had also some sentiment towards his queen and his German subjects.

'His letters are said to have been fascinating. Indeed, he wrote sentimental letters of thirty pages from Germany to the queen, and from London, on his return, to the German friends he left; and if he judged men by a low standard, a dismal experience told him he was right, and there was nothing a minister like Walpole could tell him calculated to alter this estimate. The Germans used to say of him when young: "He is wild, but fights like a man." So he did at Dettingen, where, like a dapper little hero, he brandished his sword in the face of the whole French army. Upon public festivals ever after, he wore the suit he had on at Dettingen, and the people—to whom such honest pride is pleasant—laughed kindly when they saw the odd old garments, for bravery is never out of fashion.'*

Mr Thackeray's sketch of Queen Caroline, the one dignified figure of the court, is most charming. Wise, calm, gentle, affable to all, she cherished in her heart an unaccountable attachment to an unworthy husband, who revered, while he was unfaithful to her. 'Save this husband, she cared for no living being. She loved her children too; but, to please the king, she would have chopped them all up into little bits. She laughed at his terrible jokes, even when she was pained both at body and heart. Caroline's attachment was something quite extraordinary. What charm had the red-faced little princeling, for whom she had rejected one who was to be an emperor, over her? When suffering from gout, she used to bathe her feet in cold water, at risk of her life, to walk with him; and accompanied him through life with one unbroken, unselfish, uncomplaining love. Why was this? Who can unravel the inscrutable mystery of a woman's heart? Few can forget the dreadful death-bed scene, as told in *Hervey's*

---

* Our extracts are almost *verbatim* from the Edinburgh newspapers (*Scotsman* and *Daily Express*), and can only be understood as an approximation to the lecturer's words.

Memoirs—more dark and hideous in its dreadful humour than the gloomiest painting of Swift—more terrible in its satire than the bitterest page of Fielding—with bishops hanging around and anointing her, while her one thought was for that wretched little foul-mouthed corporal, who, after kissing her, and crying over her, went off to sin yet more. At the solemn promise which he made the queen before she died, and the incidents of the scene, we cannot but laugh even in the presence of death, and that with the very saddest of hearts. But the state-parson must bring out his commonplaces—his apparatus of black hanging—and, whether the king be dead or alive, pronounce him "good and gracious," as scoundrel-kings have been pronounced in England for the last three hundred years. It would hardly be credible that Dr Young, the celebrated author of *Night Thoughts*, absolutely burst into tears in the pulpit, because the defender of the faith and dispenser of bishoprics fell asleep during one of his long sermons about the heavens and stars, and other things of that class. No wonder that, amidst all this levity in high places, Wesley left the insulted temple to worship on the hillside. I venerate those men,' said Mr Thackeray, 'who lifted up a protest against the spirit of the time and the court. One was scared as they looked around at this society—at this flaunting vice. What with shoals of cassocked harpies, ever hanging round the back-stairs of the palace, ready to fawn or bribe themselves into bishoprics; women intriguing, and courtiers bowing down in solemn reverence before the picture of the king and queen, sneering at her lady-in-waiting holding the basin to her on her knees; the very air stifled one with a sickly perfume. There are some absurd ceremonies about our court at the present day,' said Mr Thackeray; 'but, as an Englishman looking at the past, shall I not acknowledge the change that has taken place? What a contrast does such a court and such a monarch present to that in England now! The mistress of St James's passes me to-day; and there I see at once the good mother, the good queen, the accomplished lady, the enlightened friend of art, the tender sympathiser with the glories and griefs of her people!' At this passage, as might be expected, there were loud and prolonged cheers.

The lecture on the third George, notwithstanding the difficulty presented by the wide extent of the subject, was generally acknowledged to be superior to its two predecessors. There were sketches of George Selwyn and his bon-vivant chaplain Warner, both admirable. The Earl of Carlisle was selected as a specimen of the respectable nobility, comparatively little dipped in the debaucheries of the time. As to the luxury, the idleness, the dissipation, the vices, the lecturer called on his audience to remember what it was to be one of a set of people possessed of great wealth, high rank, and nothing to do but enjoy. The bad example of George II. told years after his reign had ended; but the good example of George III. gradually effected an improvement of manners. After all—'It is to the middle classes,' said the lecturer, 'that we must look for what is good in the society of England in those days, the working educated man, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the active clergy, not corrupted into parasites by hopes of preferment; the tradesmen rising into opulence; painters pursuing their gentle art; men of letters in their quiet study—these are the men we love and like to read of in these days. How small the grandees and men of pleasure look beside them! How contemptible the story of George III.'s court squabbles beside the recorded talk of dear old Johnson! In their nights at the club, their modest cups never ended in riots. There were Goldsmith, so odd and natural; Burke, the finest talker in the world; Garrick, flashing in with a story from his theatre; with Percy, and Langton, and poor Bozzy at the table. Not merely how pleasant, and how wise, but how good the men were! Relating how Johnson carried an old woman on his back down Cheapside, and how Burke, in returning from the club, encountered a poor Magdalene, to whom he spoke in his kind, wise way, and whose tears so moved him that he took her home to his wife and family, until he could find her an honest way of living. "Oh, you fine gentlemen!" said the lecturer, "you March, Selwyn, Chesterfield, how small you look by the side of these great men." Johnson, more than a whole bench of bishops, more than Pitt, North, and the great Fox himself, had the ear of the nation, and his great voice reconciled it to authority. When George III. talked to him, and when the nation heard Johnson's opinion of the sovereign, a whole generation rallied to the throne. He was regarded as a sort of oracle; and when he declared for church and king, the people followed him. What a humanity the good old man had! He was a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. He had the "liberty of the scenes," as he called it, at the theatre, and occasionally made use of it. "The actresses know me," he said, "and drop a courtesy as they pass." What a picture this would make,' the lecturer thought—'"Gaiety so tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful pure eyes!"'

Mr Thackeray's estimate of George III. is mild in expression, but yet overlooks none of the royal faults. It is rather strange he should say little of Wilkes, and absolutely nothing of Junius. The king in youth was wholly under the control of an imperious mother, who treated him as a boy that still required her tutoring, and was continually telling him: 'George, be a king!' He was a common-place man, with a natural affinity for common-place things. He married Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz for a common-place letter on the sufferings of her country by war, which she had addressed to Frederick of Prussia. He disliked all the ablest men of his age, and preferred the second class. Benjamin West was his favourite painter, and Beattie his favourite poet. The life led by him and his queen was of that quiet monotonous kind which none but the commonest class of minds can endure. 'The simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man, earnestly tried to learn, and succeeded in perfectly acquiring all the routine parts of the royal business. Who could wonder that with such a man to rule and lead the people, to declare war and to decide who his millions of subjects were to slay, and who they were to be friends with, humiliation and failure should be the result? George III. was always at war with the aristocracy; it was he and the people that carried on the American war, denied justice to the Roman Catholics, and on these questions beat the patricians. He bribed, and bullied, and darkly dissembled upon occasion; beat North and Fox, and even bowed the stately neck of the younger Pitt by his indomitable determination. In all this, he was perfectly honest; for it is by persons thoroughly believing they are right that nine-tenths of the tyranny of the world has been perpetrated. Persecution of all kinds has always been popular—in Algiers, in Spain, in Italy, as in England. George III. argued thus: "I wish nothing but the good of my people: those who oppose my measures must be aiming at the contrary; therefore they are bad men and bad subjects."'

The homely personal habits of the king, ever walking about among his neighbours, and bothering them with questions, were sketched by Mr Thackeray with humorous effect. The non-success of his strict system of education with his sons was touched on. Last came his special affection for the Princess Amelia, whose death finally overset his reason, so that from the 10th of November 1810 he ceased to reign. 'History'—thus concluded the lecture amidst the solemn silence of the audience—'presents no sadder picture than that old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through his palace, haranguing imaginary parliaments and reviewing ghostly troops. He became utterly deaf too. All sight, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself on the harpsichord; when finished, he kneeled down and prayed aloud for her and for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself that God would avert his heavy calamity from him; but if not, that He would give him resignation to submit to it. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled. What preacher need moralise on this story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men—the Monarch supreme over empires and republics—the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. Oh, brothers, I said to those who heard me first in America—Oh, brothers, speaking the same dear mother-tongue; oh, comrades, enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle. Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest, whom millions prayed over in vain. Driven off his throne, buffeted by rude hands, with his children in revolt, the darling of his old age killed before him, old Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and calls—Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little.

> Vex not his ghost, O! let him pass, he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this rough world
> Stretch him out longer.

Hush strife and quarrel over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his griefs, his awful tragedy!'

Mr Thackeray's fourth lecture was a merciless exposure of the character and habits of the Sybarite of Brighton—a monarch whom, we are ashamed to say, we saw hailed and cheered in Scotland, as if he had been possessed of all the royal graces of which not one was truly his. We abstain from going into this subject, for we feel that we have reported as much of the demerits of the four first Guelphs as is likely to do any good. And this brings us to a stricture we are inclined to make on the general tendency of this gifted writer to select bad types of humanity for the amusement of the public. He gives us noble and beautiful characters, too: how more than admirable his Colonel Newcome! But such appear exceptional. The greater number are paragons of selfishness and folly. This we think untrue to nature, and we thoroughly believe that it has a bad effect; for when any undecided mind is encouraged to think that his fellow-creatures in general pursue only their own interests, and that by bad means, he feels himself justified in going into the same course; whereas a picture of the opposite kind is calculated to act as a good example for such persons. As to the historical verity, we continually, throughout the lectures, felt inclined to say—'This is perhaps the truth, or part of the truth, about those low-minded kings and those servile courtiers; but the age in general is not to be depicted from the bits of scandal which have been handed down to us, while the virtues of the great body of the people have passed into oblivion.'

JURIES AS THEY WERE AND ARE.

There are curious things to tell regarding juries, both as to their ancient and their modern history. Valuable as the institution is, we have little or no certain knowledge of its origin. Not only have the Normans, the Saxons, the Gauls, the Romans, and even the *Trojans*, in turn had ascribed to them the honour of being the inventors of the system, and in turn been dispossessed of it, but some writers, acting like those foolish old testators who make a point of leaving their money to persons already having more than they know what to do with, declare that to Alfred the Great—a sovereign already lauded as the inventor of half the noblest institutions of our country—the entire credit of the whole matter is due.

Whoever was the inventor, or what the period of the birth of the system, it is quite certain that very few traces of it are to be found anterior to the reign of Henry II. Of course, men had from the earliest times their legal squabbles among one another to settle, and this was usually done after a very peculiar fashion. Long before any mention of juries, we find that civil matters were decided by one of the parties swearing how the facts really stood, and finding eleven men, usually his near neighbours, who severally, on their oaths, declared that they believed his account to be true.

Criminal offences being considered of more importance, in them, by the laws of Ethelred, this ceremony was made only introductory to one of the more perilous, and at the same time more ridiculous modes of trial, called respectively the Fire and the Water Ordeal. The practice of trying both causes and crimes by these two methods, was common with our Saxon ancestors, and only began to be discontinued after the Norman invasion. Trial by ordeal appears to have been very repugnant to the warlike Normans, who, after continuing it for a considerable time, eventually almost entirely abandoned it, and in its stead founded the Wager of Battle.

It is highly probable that the dislike which the Normans felt towards the older institution, was caused by some trickeries which they discovered in it to secure the conviction of *their own* countrymen when accused of a crime, and the acquittal of English under similar circumstances; and in proof of this, there is a document still in existence which narrates how William Rufus having caused fifty English to be tried by the hot iron, they *all* escaped, while twenty Normans *all* suffered! 'Upon which the king said there was great naughtiness in the matter, and that he would try the seventy over again by the judgment of his court, and would not abide by this pretended judgment of God, which could be made favourable or not at pleasure.'

From the time of William, then, to that of Henry II., the mode of administering justice was very simple. In civil cases, a little hard swearing on one side or the other soon settled the matter; while as to criminals, by 'fighting it out,' a far more speedy result was, we doubt not, obtained than is arrived at in our courts of justice at the present day. In Henry's reign, however, the simplicity of all judicial proceedings was much broken in upon by the passing of a famous statute, usually called the Grand Assize. This statute ordained, 'that in all cases in which the ownership of land, the rights of advowson, or the claims of vassalage, came in question, four knights of the county should be summoned, who, joining with them twelve men, neighbours of those whose rights were in dispute, should hear from them, upon their oaths, the truth of the matter in question.' If these twelve could not agree in the tale they told the knights, the minority were dismissed, and others chosen in their stead; and this was repeated until twelve men were found whose tale was uniform; and then according to it, judgment was given.

This singular mode of adjudicating appears to have ever since been held in great estimation; for although other species of trial by jury soon after sprung up, the grand assize was not set aside, but continued to be put in practice now and then down to the year 1838, when, for the last time, four knights girt with their swords, and twelve recognitors, met in the court of Common Pleas at Westminster, and were addressed by the Lord Chief-justice Tindal as 'gentlemen of the grand inquest, and recognitors of the grand assize.' The institution was shortly after abolished by act of parliament.

The grand assize had reference only to those civil matters which we have enumerated; but both before and after its advent, we find the method of trying criminals had, by the passing of certain statutes, become more and more complicated, until a very great necessity was felt for some well-defined law upon the subject. This came at last in the year 1176, being embodied in a statute called the Statute of Northampton; in which we find, to our surprise, the trial by battle unmentioned, and the favourite old fire-and-water ordeal reinvested with all its ancient importance; careful provision being made against trickery, by the insertion of a clause which prevented the accused from going entirely free, even after having escaped the ordeal.

The words of the statute are curious enough; they declare that, 'when any one charged before the king's justices with the crime of murder, theft, robbery, or the receipt of any who have so offended, by the oaths of twelve knights of the hundred, or if there are no knights, by the oaths of twelve free and lawful men, then any one so charged shall submit to the fire or water ordeal; and if he fail, shall lose one foot and the right hand, and also abjure the realm, and leave it within forty days; and if he be acquit by the ordeal, shall find pledges to answer for him, and then he may remain in the realm.'

This barbarous statute, however, soon fell into disuse, and in the reign of Henry III. was formally abandoned; trial by battle then again became popular, and indeed was not legally done away with in certain cases until the year 1819. During the time of Edward I., the jury system was greatly improved, and to a great extent resembled that of the present day. Knights of the shire were summoned by the sheriff—the origin of the present grand jury—twelve of whom had to be unanimous in *presenting* the guilt of a prisoner to the petty jury who were to try him. The petty jury, indeed, differed from a modern one in one important particular; for those composing it, after being sworn to act truly, heard no evidence from others, but each separately delivered a verdict founded on his own knowledge of the matter, and was thus a witness as well as a juryman. If the twelve could not agree, the minority were, as in the grand assize, turned aside, and others chosen in place of them, and this was done till twelve presented a uniform verdict.

It may amuse the reader to know that the first civil matter tried by a jury, properly so called, of which any record has descended to us, was an action by the parson of Chipping-Norton against another parson, for turning him out of his house on a Sunday.

It was not until the time of Henry VI. that witnesses were allowed to be called, to inform the consciences of the jury respecting the matters in dispute, and not till so late as the reign of Anne that witnesses for a prisoner were heard upon oath.

The position of jurymen in 'the good old times' must have been one of no ordinary severity. The fundamental rule was, that the twelve men must agree in order to form a legal verdict. Why twelve were chosen in preference to any other number does not appear, and the only explanation, if it may be called one, is that of Sir Edward Coke, who says that twelve 'is a number in which the law delighteth.' In order, then, to get these twelve men to agree, all kinds of manœuvres were used—at first, the practice of adding fresh jurymen, and turning away those who would not agree with the majority, technically called 'afforcing,' was adopted; but this was attended with the expense of so much time and trouble as to be almost useless. Then it became the custom to heavily fine those who would not agree with the majority, and this shortened matters a good deal; subsequently, the verdict of the majority was taken, the dissentients being fined or imprisoned; and at last the practice was adopted which has descended to the present day, of confining the sacred twelve alone, without meat, drink, or fire, until the verdict was satisfactory.

In some of our old law-books, we meet with very amusing accounts of unfortunate jurymen being detected in attempting to evade this very stringent measure, and their peccadilloes seem always to have met with severe chastisement.

Thus, in Hilary term, 6 Henry VIII., we have a long account of a motion in the King's Bench, to arrest a judgment obtained at the previous assizes, on the ground that the jurors had 'improperly eaten and drank;' and, says the report, 'upon examination it was found that the jury had, after long consideration, agreed, and returning to the court-house to give in their verdict, they saw Read, C. J., in the way *running to see a fray*, and they followed him, and all ate bread, and drank a horn of ale; and for this, every one was fined forty shillings, but the plt. had his judgment stand upon their verdict.' The report does not inform us what fine was inflicted upon the learned judge for leaving the judgment-seat 'to see a fray.'

In another case of 'Mounson *v.* West,' about the same period, the jury had been absent so long to consider their verdict, that 'the court did suspect, and gave commandment that a trusty man should search them, which was done, when some had figs in their pouches, and some had pippins, and some did confess that they had eaten of figs, and some that they had pippins, but had not eaten thereof; whereupon, after great and solemn advice and consideration, they who had eaten of the figs were fined L.5 each, and they who had pippins, of which they had not eaten, forty shillings each.'

Shortly afterwards, the court of Queen's Bench declared, that for 'a juryman to have sweetmeats in his pocket was a high misdemeanour, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both.'

It was not, however, on the score of eating when he should have been fasting alone, that the juryman's life was a hard one: if the judge considered that their verdict was against evidence, they might be punished with loss of all their personal property, might be imprisoned for a year, and were ever afterwards considered infamous; while the amount of bullying to which they were exposed, both from the judge and from the counsel, would scarcely be credited at the present day. They were threatened, laughed at, and even taunted with being accessory to the prisoner's guilt, if they hesitated about giving the desired verdict. After enduring all this uncomplainingly for some hundred years, we find juries, about the middle of the sixteenth century, suddenly attempting to throw off the disgraceful shackles with which they had been for so long loaded. The first important case on record in which a jury boldly stood out against the judge is that of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, tried at Guildhall in 1554.

Throckmorton was indicted for high treason, and after a shamefully one-sided trial, the jury were almost *directed* to find him guilty. After a long absence from court, they returned, and deliberately pronounced a verdict of 'Not guilty.' 'Upon this,' says the reporter, 'the lord chief-justice remonstrated with them in a threatening tone, saying: "Remember yourselves better. Have you considered substantially the whole evidence as it was declared and recited? The matter doth touch the queen's highness and yourselves also; take good heed what you do." When he had finished, Whetston, the foreman, said: "My lord, we have found him not guilty, agreeably to our consciences, and so say we all."' But the jury suffered grievously for their honesty—the court committed all twelve to prison: four were soon discharged, on humbly admitting that they had done wrong; but of the remaining eight, the Star Chamber adjudged that three of them should be fined L.2000 each, and the other five L.200 each. So much for impartiality in the sixteenth century.

Throckmorton's jury had, however, 'broken the ice,' and others were not slow in following their example; and for more than one hundred years after, battles were being continually fought between judge and jury, with ever-varying results. In poor Mrs Lisle's case, the judge (Jeffreys) gained the day; on William Penn's trial, the jury stood firm, and triumphed; but the most glorious example of their success was shewn upon the trial of the seven bishops in 1688, from which period we may date the decline of the arbitrary authority which the judges had before exercised.

The difficulty which the juries experienced some few hundred years ago, in making up their minds as to the proper verdict to be returned, seems to have been caused in a great measure by the manner in which counsel prevented by their speeches the clear facts of the case from being seen. That this was so, even as early as 1560, appears from a little work, published in that year, called *A Guide to Jurymen*, from which we select the following quaint anecdote:

'At a certain trial, after the state of the cause was set forth in the declaration, the counsel beginning to speak, the foreman of the jury calls to the judge, and tells him he had an humble suit to his lordship. "Well," says the judge, "what is it?" "My lord," says he, "it is, that now the state of the cause hath been set forth, we may proceed immediately to the examination of witnesses, and so to give our verdict whilst we remember what is material, and that we may spare the labour of these gentlemen, the counsel on both sides, who, I see, are prepared to speak largely; for truly, my lord, if they shall fall to work as they use to do, our understandings will be so confounded by their long discourse and many niceties, as we shall not be able so rightly to judge thereof as now we shall." This was his humble motion; but the judge, having formerly been a pleader, laughed at the honest man, and so did all the court, except some plain people that had so little understanding as to think there was some reason in it.'

We know not what these honest men, who could have had only *three* speeches at most to listen to, would have done at the present day, when no less than *five* are inflicted upon the unfortunates who have to listen to them.

In our enlightened age, although juries are still bothered with much speaking, *bullying* is all but unknown, and had their other grievances as nearly departed, they would be happy men indeed. But such, alas, is not the case; for glaring defects yet remain in this noble institution. One of the most important of these is, of course, the abominable practice of *starving* juries into a verdict. Our more merciful procedure does allow juries a *candle* when locked up, but that is all. Everybody knows how difficult it is, very often, to get two men to agree on a subject which appears as plain as possible to a third; and how can it be expected that twelve reasonable beings will, after being confined for a few hours, be able to bring their minds uniformly to concur in opinion on some half-dozen naturally difficult questions, which have been rendered a thousandfold more complicated by the conflicting evidence, the one-sided speeches, and the summing up? In such an extremity, there is nothing for them to do but to trust to chance for the justice of their verdict; and accordingly such is not unfrequently done. We very well recollect a person, on whose veracity we can rely, informing us that being upon the jury, not many years ago, in an important Nisi prius cause, he had made up his mind that the retiring-room would be the scene of a very considerable deal of difference of opinion and argumentation, but was much surprised at what he really witnessed there. 'They waited,' said he, 'till the door was locked, and then the foreman taking up a poker which lay upon the hearth, said: "Well, friends, it's a doubtful case; so here goes: if it falls towards the chimney, the plaintiff shall have it; if towards the window, the defendant." The poker was held perpendicularly on the floor, fingers were removed, and as it fell on the hearth-stone, the plaintiff had the verdict.

Another great grievance connected with the present system is, that although on a civil matter of very moderate importance the parties may, if they please, have a special jury, consisting of men who, from their education and position in society, are enabled to understand all the bearings of the case, and pronounce a verdict thereupon in a much more satisfactory manner than any *common* jury could do, yet be a *criminal* matter ever so important or intricate, involving as it frequently does the life of a fellow-creature—whose guilt or innocence can only be determined upon by disentangling with the utmost nicety the most conflicting evidence—it can only be tried by men often of very limited endowments.

No one unused to the proceedings in our criminal courts would believe what strange exposures of the ignorance of jurymen now and then take place. Prisoners have before now been declared guilty, and recommended to mercy on the ground that the jury weren't *quite sure that they did it!* A jury at Cardigan found a man guilty of arson, *with* L.20 *damages.* Another set of 'clodhoppers,' trying a man for murder, and being much confused by the judge telling them that upon the same indictment, if not satisfied as to the capital crime having been committed, they could find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter, just as they could on an indictment for child-murder find a woman guilty of concealing the birth: after deliberating for a long while, found the man *guilty of concealing the birth of the deceased!*

Two similar instances to the above have occurred in our own hearing, one of a poor woman tried a few years ago at an assize town in South Wales, for the murder of her infant. The jury appeared to listen to the case with the utmost attention; but what was the general astonishment when, upon the conclusion of the 'summing up,' the foreman addressed the judge with: 'My lord, I wish to say that I am the only man on the jury *understanding English!*' Of course, nothing could be done in such a case; the prisoner had been given into their charge, and they were bound to convict or acquit her. The foreman had therefore to explain the case to his brother-jurymen, and it is hardly necessary to say the woman was acquitted.

The other, a still more ridiculous instance of jury ignorance, occurred not long ago on the Western Circuit. A man was indicted for burglary: the proofs were so clear against him, he having been caught in the fact, that it was presumed no defence would be attempted. His counsel, however, made a long and flaming speech, and protested that *he* believed the man to be innocent. The judge told the jury that it was unnecessary for him to sum up, as they could have but one opinion. After conferring a moment, they turned round and deliberately pronounced a verdict of 'Not guilty,' to the amazement of every one in court. Of course the prisoner was, without further question on the case, discharged. Meeting one of the jurymen next day, we politely inquired the reasons which influenced them in giving so curious a verdict, and met with the following reply: 'Well, sir, we be most on us P—— men, and though the Lunnon judge said *he* thought the prisoner were guilty, *our recorder* [who was the man's counsel] said *he* thought he warn't, and we like to stick up for our recorder!'

Of course, it is at all times easier to point out defects than to suggest remedies; but for the two grievances we have mentioned, the cures are so simple and obvious—in the one case, to take the verdict of the majority, as is done in Scotland, and with a very ingenious modification in France; in the other, to allow of special juries in criminal trials—that though the defects themselves have become venerable on account of their antiquity, we—with, we believe, almost every one who knows anything of the practical bearing of the subject—hope yet to see the day when such inconsistencies will no longer exist in this all-important and most noble institution.

AN ADVENTURE ON DARTMOOR.

It is not very often that a doctor gets a ticket-of-leave; either he is high up on the ladder, and his sick patients must not be neglected, or he is low down on the ladder, and is afraid if he leaves his post for a day he shall be *ousted* by those above and below him, and find his two or three paying patients picked up, and carried off before his return. Any way, it is not easy to get off: if he has plenty to do, he waits till he has less; if he has nothing to do, till he has more; and sure it is that there is no profession the members of which are so 'tied by the legs' as those of the medical. The only thing that gives a doctor furlough is sickness—his own, I mean. A good fit of illness sometimes saves his life, by cutting him off from the possibility of work—from that endless wear and tear of body and mind which strikes so deep at the roots of life and health.

A severe attack of fever, which had for a long time threatened to withdraw me from the heavy struggle I had for some years maintained with the toil of life, was, by God's mercy, abated; the weary hours of convalescence were past, and the pleasant sentence, that an entire change of air and scene *must* be resorted to before I again faced a single patient, had been pronounced. And so, obedient to the agreeable mandate, I left my home; and after a week spent in a quiet lodging on the borders of the moor, found myself, though certainly not well enough to return to my town duties, yet decidedly at that stage of recovery which would sanction, and indeed called for a more active and inspiriting mode of life than I had as yet ventured to pursue.

I had often longed for the opportunity now offered to me, to search out and inspect some of the curious Druidical remains which abound on Dartmoor, especially some new discoveries lately made by Mr Whitley of Truro. I therefore made my arrangements for a few days' walking excursions, gave up my lodgings at Meavy, and took my course southward, designing first to visit the Dewerstone Rock, then crossing Cadaford Bridge, to inspect this newly discovered British village, and the other relics of the ancient Britons on Trowlesworthy Tor; and then to make my way right through the moor, partly on foot, and partly by any conveyance I might be able to hire passing through Prince's Town; then to visit Great Miston, and thence to strike across by Sittaford Tor, see the circles, the Tolmen, and other aboriginal relics by Castor Rock, and so to Chagford.

It was a lovely day in August that, with spirits elated by the combined effects of returning health and the pure hill-air, which always blows over Dartmoor, I set off on my expedition, crossed Wigford Down, visited Shaugh Bridge, and before noon found myself seated exultant on the top of the Dewerstone Rock, amidst its rough granitic crags, ever green with ivy, and the spreading fringe moss (*Trichostoma patens*), between which cropped out tufts of heath, trees of mountain-ash, now bright with berries, and other wild-flowers, which gave life and variety to the colouring of that beautiful scene.

After resting here, and partaking of the food which my wallet supplied, I again girded up my strength, went aside to visit Saddleborough; and then crossing Cadaford Bridge, followed the course of the beautiful little river Plym to Trowlesworthy Tor. It was getting towards evening before I had completed my survey of the many interesting relics of our British forefathers which are found on this wild hillside; and as I stood among the mighty masses of unhewn granite, disposed in small circles, and partially hidden in the earth, which marked the spots which had been the homes of families, and pondered on their modes of life, and thought of the young children who had been there born and brought up; of the youths and maidens whose hearts had there beat in unison; of the parents who had laid their children down to sleep the sleep of death among those wild breezy slopes; and of the aged men and women who had there begun and ended their course—my attention became so deeply absorbed that I did not notice the shades of evening had begun to fall, until a soft drizzling rain descending on me, accompanied by a chilling wind, led me to rouse myself, and look about for a place where I might obtain shelter for the night.

It is no pleasant thing to be surprised by night in a wild solitude, and when once the idea had arisen in my mind that such was likely to be my case, I lost no time in seizing my stick and wallet, and setting off at full trot down the slippery turf, in that which I took to be the direction of the farmhouse where I had rested on my way to the Tor, hoping that I might get leave to shelter there, in a barn, even, if I could not find better accommodation. But I was not fated to reach even this doubtful place of refuge. The district was wholly unknown to me, and I had walked so many times round and across the hill, that I knew not by which way I had approached it; so, in my haste, I took the wrong path, and found myself, ere-long, opposite an unknown hill, between which and myself lay a brook of some width and depth, its whole bank on either side of so wet and boggy a nature, that I could not attempt to cross it. Along its course, skirting towards the right hand, I, however, soon found myself on stony ground, but in the midst of a wild heath, over which lay scattered huge blocks of moorstone, like flocks of sheep lying asleep. Bogs lay all round me, marked out by the peculiar flowers which always occupy them, the red sundews (*Drosera*), yellow spikes of asphodel (*Narthecium ossifragrum*), and above all, acres of ground covered with the tassel-like down of the cotton-grass (*Eriophorium angustifolium*).

I knew not which way to turn; so, being thoroughly wearied, I thought the best thing I could do was to creep into the shelter offered me by an overhanging mass of stone, and there to lie down and wait till the rising moon, in case she vouchsafed her presence, or, at the worst, till the early dawn should afford me light enough to extricate myself from my unpleasant position.

I had some biscuits and a small flask of wine in my pocket, so that I was not obliged to go quite supperless to bed; and after having partaken of this food, I crept into a snug dry corner, and soon fell asleep.

I know not how long I had slept when I was disturbed by a sound which, in the puzzled state of feeling one awakes in on being suddenly aroused, I took for the cry of the milkman at my area gate, a cry which had not unfrequently awaked me to a day's toil. So, after vainly feeling for my bed-curtains, and wondering, when I put my leg, as I thought, out of bed, that it was still on the same level, I at last rolled over, started up, and perceived what was my true position. The rain had ceased, and the clear full moon was pouring floods of white light over the moor; and so I left the shelter which had proved so friendly to me, and stepped out into the moonlight. But now the cry I had before heard again sounded in my ears: it was the voice of a little child, and evidently very near to me, for I could plainly distinguish that the words it uttered were: 'Mother, mother, *do'ee* come.' Then came a low mournful wail, and then again, in louder and agonised tones, the same words: 'Mother, mother, *do'ee* come.' I shouted aloud, and in encouraging tones and words bade the little one tell me where she was. 'Here 'ticked in the mud,' was the reply; and guided by the sounds, I became aware that the child must be very near me; and presently, by the moonlight, I saw a little creature, apparently not more than an infant, squatted on the ground within a few yards of the spot on which I stood, but behind a belt of such deep bog-water that I knew it would be no easy matter to reach it. Calling to the little wanderer not to move, and promising speedy help, I skirted the piece of water until I came to a place which afforded me a passage. With the aid of a stout walking-stick, and stepping very carefully from one heap of rushes and heath-roots to another, I at last contrived warily to approach the spot where the poor child was, and found that the voice had proceeded from a little girl not more than four or five years old, who had got stuck in the wet mud, and could not move. She had no doubt been tempted by the glowing tints of the asphodel and tassel heath, or the snowy tufts of the cotton-rush, and had reached that point, and then been unable to find her way out, had been benighted there. There, however, she was, sunk far above her knees in mud, weeping and wailing with cold, hunger, and fear, and as yet not *saved*, for between her and me, near as she was, lay a pool so deep and deceitful-looking, that I was afraid to venture through it. The spot on which I stood was so small, and so surrounded by deep mud, that I could not take off my boots and stockings; but turning up my trousers, and firmly planting my foot on the most promising spot I could see, I gauged the mud with my stick, and found that it was not much more than mid-leg deep at that point; so withdrawing the gauge, I put my foot in its place, sinking deep in the coldest of fluids, and felt out a place for the second step in like manner; and so by degrees succeeded, at the expense of making my clothes one mass of mud, in reaching the little child, tucking her up under my arm, leaving her shoes—if she had any—in the mire, and at last fairly getting her and myself to terra firma.

My 'treasure-trove' was a pretty little slight girl, tidily dressed, although of course now well splashed from head to foot. She could give no account of herself, but that her name was 'Titty,' that she saw 'pitty fowers,' and went to pick them, and got ''ticked in the mud.'

A nice predicament I was in! Here, on a wild hillside, near midnight, covered with mud, wet, and leading a poor little child by the hand, who was as wet, dirty, and tired as myself, and without a notion which way to turn, or where to seek food and shelter for either of us.

As I walked along with my little wailing companion by my side, my thoughts recurred to all the stories of lost children I had ever heard, but foremost came one that had been told me only a day or two before, as having occurred in that very district; and I comforted myself by the remembrance that the same merciful hand which had shielded *that* poor little wanderer from harm would surely guide my steps; and with thankfulness to God that He had thus graciously used me as an instrument in saving this poor baby, I besought His guidance and protection for us both. The story I had heard was of a little girl of between three and four years old, who had strayed from her parents' cottage amid those wild hills. When the little thing was first missed, which was in the evening of the same day she had wandered away, a diligent search was begun, but in vain. It was fine warm weather in July, so that hope was entertained that if the poor babe had lost herself among the hills, she would not suffer materially, and would be found in the morning; but morning came, and with it a renewed and extended search, but still in vain—the child could not be found, nor was there the least trace of her to be seen, and deep and agonising were the fears of the poor parents. Had she sunk in a bog? Had gipsies stolen her? Did she lie dead in some wild waste, murdered, or starved, or killed by some dire accident? A second night and a second day passed in anguish and suspense. It was on Tuesday morning the child had last been seen, and now it was Friday, and all efforts to find her had proved vain. The whole neighbourhood for miles round had been roused, and bands of men and women had sought together or separately in every direction they could think of, without gaining the least clue. But now a new idea occurred to some of them: all the sheep-dogs of the district were gathered together, and taken out to seek the poor lost lamb: and they found her. She lay, without her clothes, under a stack, not more than a mile and a half from her home, alive, and no otherwise injured than by the exhaustion of three days' exposure and starvation; and was brought home to her mother. The poor baby's own account, when she was sufficiently recruited to give it, was, that she had wandered on the hill, and could not find her way home; that when night came, she took off her clothes, folded them up, and put them under a bush —where indeed next day they were found as she described—and then lay down to sleep, going to bed in that wild waste. She said that she could not put on her clothes again, so she had run about or lain still without them; no doubt the consciousness that they were there thus acting as a charm to chain her to the one spot, until exhaustion prevented her from moving. She said she had 'screeched and screeched till she could not screech any more;' that she had heard the dogs, but was afraid to speak lest they should hurt her. By the evening of the day she was found she was almost as well as ever, and able to run about.*

This story, which I had so lately heard, weighed much on my mind; for in a district so wild that a child could lie undiscovered within a mile and a half of her home, whilst all the neighbours were in search of her, what chance had I, a stranger to the place, of finding my way, or of making out to whom my poor little companion belonged?

But amidst these troubled thoughts there was one *most* pleasant one—I had surely saved a life. The little creature, sentient, hopeful, immortal, who crept along by my side, or whose warm breath touched my cheek as she nestled in my arms, and slept whilst I bore her onward, was no doubt most dear to some one. Probably there was some home where terror, on her account, caused wakeful eyes and pining hearts, and *I* should have the joy of bestowing their child to them; and so, inspirited by these thoughts, I pressed onward, and, to my great rejoicing, discovered a cart-track, which I judged to lead to some mine. Following this for a time, I at length descried a steady light, which I believed to come from a cottage, and strengthened by the hope, I made my way towards it, and found that a decent-looking hut, built of blocks of moorstone, was before me, and through its window shone the light of a cheerful fire. I knocked at the door, but obtained no answer. I knocked again, but though I heard sounds from within, I still received no answer. Then I called, and represented my case and that of my poor little companion, whose voice was now joined with mine in begging mammy to 'ope a door.' A woman's heart was within, for as soon as the child was mentioned, the door was unbarred. We were admitted into the room. Little Kitty seemed bewildered by the light, and by not finding her mother, as the poor baby had seemed to expect, and the woman who had opened the door took her from me, and exclaiming: 'Bless the poor little maid, her's in a purty pickle sure enough,' led her to the fire, by which stood a table with bread and other food on it, looking much as if some one had hastily left it. The house consisted of one long low room, open to the rafters, and a little *lean-to* which opened from it, and seemed a sort of wash-house. Two beds occupied one end, in one of which lay some one, but whether it was a male or female I could not tell, as the whole person, head and all, was covered with the bed-clothes.

---

* This circumstance occurred as narrated, in July 1852, near the village of Buckland-on-the-Moor.

''Tis my son, sir,' said the woman: 'he's sick.'

'I am a doctor,' said I: 'can I prescribe for him?'

'There's no need,' said she hastily, seeing me turn towards the bed. 'He's fast asleep now, and 'tis only a bit of a cold.'

Taking it for granted that there was not much the matter, I now thankfully accepted some of the food she offered me, of which she had already given some to the child, and taking off my wet boots and stockings, I set them before the fire to dry. The good woman, having first poured some warm water into a pan, now took poor little Kitty, and gave her a good washing; then laid her in her own bed, and at my request removed a bundle of clean straw into the little offset from the room for me, as I preferred being alone to occupying a place in the overheated kitchen.

As I talked to the woman, and tried to find out from her whence it was likely my little companion had strayed, I heard a slight movement amongst the bed-clothes of the sick man, and glancing that way, I saw a round bullet-head, with scarcely a sprig of hair on it, rise up, followed by the upper part of a body, strange to say, fully clothed in day-garments, but of what hue or kind I could not discover. I took no notice; and after he had gazed at me long enough to satisfy him, the owner of the head lay down again, and all was still.

Preparatory to ensconcing myself in my corner, I took off my coat, and hung it by the fire to dry, and at my hostess's suggestion, after I had retired, I rolled myself in an old patchwork quilt which she brought me, and gave her my trousers, vest, and shirt to get dried, she promising to brush them and bring them to me in the morning. I took the precaution, however, of taking out my purse, and some letters that were in my pockets, before I gave them to her, for I did not quite like the mystery of the sick man, and thought it more discreet so to do.

Weary as I was, I could not sleep. I lay listening to the dash of a mountain-stream which ran by the hut, and considering what I should do in case I was unable to discover the home of the poor child; for my hostess—to whom I had proposed that she should remain there until I could find out to whom she belonged, promising to pay her for her trouble and expense—had declined the charge, saying that she must leave the house next day to go a journey; so that there would be no one to take care of the child. I was also not quite at ease about the pretended sleeper, and busied myself by forming plans for defending myself should I be attacked. How many thoughts we waste! how much care and anxiety we expend in forming plans to meet emergencies which never occur! So it was with me this night. Nothing happened, and I fell asleep, and slept quietly until broad daylight awoke me. On awaking, I saw by the height of the sun that it must be getting late; and as I heard no sound in the outer apartment, I thought I might venture to roll myself up in my quilt, and make an irruption into the room of the sleepers for my clothes. Gently opening the door, I peeped round the corner, and saw that the good lady and my little charge lay fast asleep; so stepping lightly towards the fireplace, I hastily gathered up the garments which hung there—just able to discern them by the glimmer of light which shone through the shutters, and slipped back to my shed, intending to rub off the dirt, and thus dress. Imagine my wrath and dismay when I found that, instead of my good shooting-jacket and brown duck-trousers—I had nothing but a full suit of the Dartmoor prison-garments, yellow on one side of the body, and brown on the other! Inspired by rage and indignation, I rolled myself again in my quilt, and sallied forth to the sleeping dame, shouting as I went for redress. 'Where is my coat? What have you done with my trousers and all my clothes?' I said as I shook her sternly by the shoulder; but I shook and screamed in vain. She was like the sleeping beauty of eastern tale, and could not be awakened. At last, however, my behaviour roused her, and she sat bolt upright in bed, and after a time her understanding grasped the truth. 'The villain! the rascal!' she exclaimed: 'that's how he serves me; that's what I get for my kindness! taking of un in, and feeding of un, and letting un creep into my son's bed when you comed—and then telling lies for un! That's how the dirty varmint sars me. Why, sir, he comed to my door two hours after nightfall, and a lifted up the latch, and in a walks as easy as if he'd a knowed me all my days; and then he says: "You do see where I do come from. Well, 'tw'd be a pity if I was took't, wid?—widn't? '*Twould* be a pity, caus for why: before *I* was laid hold on, I'd knock *you* down and kill you!" and he up wi his fist jist as thof he were a gwain to do it. "Now you mind me!" a says: "if you'll find me quarters for two or three days till the search is gone over, I'll gie thee these shiners;" and he shewed me a heap of money: "but if you let on a word about me to anybody, I'll kill you, and flay you alive afterwards; so now you can choose," he says. Says I: "I don't want to do e no hurt. I'd sooner ye did get off than not; for I do often think must be a hard life ye do lead up there to the prison; so you can eat and drink what I've a got; and if anybody do come, you can get into bed, and I'll say 'tis my sick son."'

'And so you helped him to my clothes to get off in!' I said, half inclined to laugh at the ludicrous scene in which I was an actor.

'No, sir, that I did not. I hung up your clothes to dry, and didn't know but what they was there to this minute. That rogue he've a took't um sure enough, and I thought he were sound asleep all the time!'

That the woman spoke truth, was evident. So rejoicing that I had at all events saved my purse, I put on the hateful suit of the felon; and after partaking of the comfortable breakfast my hostess prepared for little Kitty and me, and remunerating her for her trouble, I again sallied forth, much annoyed at the strange position in which I found myself, yet half amused at the absurdity of it, and laughing in my mind at what my friends and patients would think if they had a glimpse of me walking over the moor, dressed in a convicted felon's garb, and leading a little bareheaded and barefooted child, of four years old, by the hand. Such a way of enjoying a holiday!

However, there was no help for it; I was in the *mess*, and now I must do my best to get out of it. So onward I went across the hills, in the direction of the village in which my hostess of the past night had told me I was most likely to meet with an owner for little Kitty. It was a glorious morning, and the scenery so wild and so very grand, that I longed to make some sketches; but situated as I was, this was not to be thought of. Following the moor-road on which we had entered for about a mile across wild hills, over which lay scattered huge masses of granite, we made our way through a wilderness of heath and gorse, interspersed with extensive bogs, until at last we struck a parish road. Along the course of this road lay some cottages, one of which I entered, with the view of making inquiries about the owner of the child, but found it empty, and proceeded to the next, where were only some little children, who ran away at my approach. The third I tried was in the same case; all the doors were wide open, but the inhabitants were absent. Concluding that the people were gone to their work, I pursued my way towards a village I observed a little way before me. Here the matter was cleared up. Groups of people stood here and there in eager talk; some news of deep import had evidently reached the colony:

> Old men and beldams in the street
> Do prophesy upon it dangerously—
>   They shake their heads;
> And whisper one another in the ear.
> And he that speaks does gripe the hearer's wrist;
> Whilst he that hears makes frightful action
> With wrinkled brows, with nods, and rolling eyes.

It was evident that some great excitement prevailed.

So eager were all in their talk, that—as I suddenly turned a corner into the main street where the people were assembled—none noticed me, and I had time to observe one principal group, which attracted my attention. A pretty, very young widow stood with pale and anxious face, and weeping bitterly, by the side of an old man with long white locks; he was blind, but his face, which was turned towards me, expressed dismay and horror. Two police-officers were near, and were talking earnestly together, whilst several men and women stood round, all expressing by their gestures some strong feeling or other. It was but for a moment I had watched this group, when suddenly little Kitty broke from me, and screaming 'Mother! mother!' sprang towards the young widow, who turned quickly round, saw the child, and with a cry of joy received her into her outstretched arms. The scene was most interesting, and I stepped forward with a joyful feeling to greet the mother, and tell her the tale of her little one's deliverance, when, in an instant, the two policemen fell on me, seized me, 'neck and crop,' as if I had been some fierce beast, collared me, and, in spite of remonstrance, thrust manacles on my hands; and then, amidst the jeers and shouts of the juveniles, the execrations of the men, and reviling of the women, I was marched off towards the village inn, where a conveyance to take me, as they said, 'back to my cell,' was to be procured. On my way, the policemen told me that I was not only charged with evading my sentence by running away, but also with *child-stealing*, and gave me to understand that 'the *gentleman* whose purse and papers I had last night stolen' had given notice at the Ivy Bridge station of my whereabouts, and that they were on the way to Dame Foreman's cottage to apprehend me when I had presented myself, and saved them the trouble. It was in vain I assured them that *I* was the gentleman robbed, and their informant the escaped convict; equally in vain that I told them the history of my finding the child. 'No doubt,' they said jeeringly; 'those fine clothes and that cropped head looked like it. All escaped convicts, and other malefactors when apprehended, trumped up some story to get off, and they were not going to let me escape for any such nonsense.' I then gave my name, and demanded to be taken before the next magistrate, saying that if they did not do so, I would proceed against them the moment I was released. Whether it was that they saw reason from my words and manner to doubt whether I really was the malefactor I appeared, I cannot tell, but on this strong remonstrance they agreed that I should be taken to the squire's and examined before they proceeded further. In this resolution they were strengthened by the arrival of my little Kitty and her grateful young mother, who having heard her little one's account of the matter, came to thank me for my kindness to the poor baby. I think, indeed, that Kitty's warm demonstrations of affection did more to convince the men of office that I was not the culprit they had conceived me to be, than all my own assertions and dissentient remonstrances put together.

Matters had now begun to improve. My guardians assumed a more civil tone; and the people of the house, who had heard my story, cheered me by the assurance that 'the squire' was a ''cute man,' and just, and that he'd soon see how matters stood; and in compliance with my request I was at once marched up to the hall, followed by the beadle and half the parish; and within half an hour from my entering the village, I stood in the little justice-room of the squire, waiting until he should be at leisure to examine me. It will well be believed that my appearance was not of the most prepossessing character. I was thin and gaunt from the effects of illness, weary and languid from the effects of the fatigue I had gone through in the last twenty-four hours. My hair had all been cut off during my fever, which gave me the true convict look; I wore the prison garb, and had neither shoes nor stockings; moreover, I was dirty and grim-looking enough to represent any amount of scoundrelship you please. Such was my appearance, when a well-dressed, rather leanish man of middle age, followed by a livery-servant bearing writing materials, entered the room. He walked towards the table with a manner of judicial severity, took his seat, and without more than a cursory glance at me, received the policemen's information of the nature of the business, which was given in few words. He then looked up at me, his eye wandered over my person, then fixed on my countenance, whilst a strange flickering smile rose on his lip. Then he looked more earnestly, jumped up from his chair with a hearty laugh and outstretched hand, exclaiming: 'Dr Brightman! How d'ye do, my good fellow? Why, doctor, who would ever have thought to see *you* in such a pickle! *You*, the very "ape of form," in a runaway convict's garb! Come, sit down my friend; you must dine with me to-day, and we'll soon trim you up a little. I'll be answerable for your *runawày*, my good fellows,' said he to the police. 'He's no convict, but my good friend Dr Brightman, of ——, who helped me out of death's clutches last year; and glad am I to help *him* out of yours now,' added he with a good-humoured laugh.

'Come, my friends,' I said, 'you have behaved civilly, and done no more than your duty; so here's a little recompense for you out of the purse of the *gentleman* whom I robbed;' and I gave them a sovereign, which sent them away in sufficiently good-humour with me, though vowing vengeance on the traitorous vagabond who had put them on such a false scent.

'But now come, doctor,' said my friend, 'come to my dressing-room, and let me fit you out a little before I present you to Lady Boughton and my daughters. But how came you not to recognise me?'

'Why, Sir John,' I replied, 'circumstances have changed *your* appearance as much as my own!

Remember, the last time I saw you, you were a pale sick man, in night-cap and dressing-gown, just clearing out of the small-pox; it was no wonder that I did not know you; and they called you "the squire," so that did not help me.'

''Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,' said my dear little wife, as I finished reading the above to her. 'You know, Edward, if that vagabond convict had not played you such tricks, you would not have been brought before my father, and then *we* should never have met.'

'True, my darling,' I replied; 'and had it not been for my "treasure-trove," I know not where we should have found such a nurse for baby as her grateful mother proves, or such a sprightly playfellow for her as my poor little foundling.'

And so it was. On the memorable day of my appearance before Sir John, I was introduced to her who now sits by my side, the best and dearest of wives; and on the death of the old blind man, who I found was the father of the pretty young widow, and Kitty's grandfather, as we happened to want a nurse, we took both mother and child into our house, where they have lived ever since, and proved the best of inmates; so that, in the end, I have had little cause to regret my Adventure on Dartmoor.

THE POETRY OF FIELD-SPORTS.

Although it is now months since the sabbath of the animal creation ended, and deadly echoes began to break the silence of the moors and the green fields, it is 'seasonable' to say a little on the bright side of the sporting question; to present its poetical aspect to our readers' eyes, and reconcile, if we can, solitary ladies and Wordsworthian young gentlemen to the manly and natural diversions of the gun and the chase. Pretty as the legend of Hart-leap Well is, we think its closing moral and general aim lack that poetry of *truth* on which Wordsworth chiefly prided himself. The sportsman no more

Blends his pleasure or his pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives,

than the poet did his enjoyment of good mutton with the revolting idea of the shambles in which it was slain. It is not in the killing of the creatures the pleasure consists, save in as far as the pride of skill—which *is* merciful—may be concerned. It is in that closer communion with nature; that primitive simplicity; that sympathy with those noble beasts which, like man, were created 'sporting animals,' the true and better part of the pleasure is found. We speak, of course, generally: field-sports, like every other amusement, may be debased by some, as they may be exalted by others.

But to the poetry of the matter. We will begin with grouse-shooting on the moors. Here, at least, withdrawing from the stir of civilisation, and from all the calling, discordant voices of the world, man is alone with nature. A wide bleak waste, silent, saving the sound of the

Feeble and earth-loving wind,
That creeps along the bells of the crisp heather
Bare . . . . without house or track, and destitute
Of obvious shelter as a shipless sea,

is the scene of the first autumnal sport. We felt as if gazing on some glorious old picture, which a keen sportsman, and a man of great taste for the picturesque, was the other day describing to us a storm to which he had been exposed on the moors.

The moor he had taken was on a mountain summit, called the Mons Top, in Yorkshire. He and his son started for their sport at about eleven o'clock in the day. A waste—rich and glittering, however, with balmy heather—spread before them; the sweet morning air rang with the music of the dogs' voices; there was a heavy gloom upon the sky, hiding, like a rich mantle, the sun. They separated, and took each a different direction, accompanied by the keepers; they had good sport, and met again at two o'clock, in a sort of shealing built for the purpose, where a good dinner refreshed them, and enabled them to shoot till late in the day. It was twilight when they rejoined each other to return homewards, and they were then far from the shelter they had found at mid-day. The 'feeble earth-loving wind' died away in faint sultry gasps, and there was the stillness of a great calm over the waste. Then came the low muttering sound of a few heavy drops; black clouds, thick as the murkiest night, put out the remains of daylight, and the thunder-storm broke on them in all its wrath. Each flash of lightning was followed instantaneously by a roar of sound and by a rush of heavy hailstones. There was a pile of stones near, and beside it the sportsmen, lying flat on the drenched earth, found refuge. Their terrified dogs crouched by them, howling fearfully, and thus they saw the moor in one of its most terrible and pitiless aspects. Wet to the skin, and weary with their pleasant toil, they reached their lodge, to find what the mawkishness of everyday-life seldom allows, the *full* enjoyment of shelter and repose.

Our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

But if the moors are full of the beauty of desolation, how rife with the loveliness of life are the haunts of the partridge and the pheasant!

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long
Adorned with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool bowers the birds with many a song
Do welcome with their choir the summer's queen.

Few countries possess the rich silvan beauty of England; at this season, especially, one feels the full truth of the word 'smiling,' as applied to the rich meadows and sunny stubble-lands through which the sportsman wends his way. Prose though it be, we think the following little description of Izaak Walton's deserves a place in our Poetry of Field-sports:—

'Turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows. Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, *whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree* near to the brow of that primrose hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea.'

Shooting has had its acted poetry, its tragedy and comedy. It can bring before us the picture of the hero of the Pickwick Club *shutting his eyes* and firing desperately into the midst of a covey of birds; or the deep pathos of that recent tragedy in which the beloved wife, concealed by the fatal leaves, fell by her husband's shot. We cannot leave this sad view of the subject without telling a little story, touching enough to be above the prosaic.

There was a little child, the only son of his mother, and she a widow, who gave the warm, infantine love, sometimes seen in such little ones, to a merry, high-spirited young sportsman that frequently passed with dog and gun the cottage-gate of his young mother. He was a fair, lovely boy, with pretty caressing ways, and had so won on the tenderness of the young man, that he always paused to speak to him, and to return his caresses. The acquaintance with the child led to one with the mother, and *that* ended in her betrothal to the sportsman. They loved each other sincerely; and the wedding-day was fixed. One morning (just a month before that appointed time), the young man was passing the cottage early, when a little voice calling his dog, which shared his affection for the child, stayed his steps. He paused to lift up and kiss the chubby child. 'May Edwin go shoot too?' asked the little one. 'Not yet: when Edwin is bigger,' was the reply. 'Go in now, darling.' And whistling to his dog, the sportsman walked away. The boy looked earnestly after him. What thoughts passed through his little brain no one may say, but just when his friend was out of sight, he toddled after him, calling on him to stop. Only a stranger cow-boy, who happened to be passing, saw or heard him, and *he* took no notice, but passed on in dull indifference.

There was a spot of great beauty in the neighbourhood—a tree-enclosed, fern-covered hollow, where a brooklet trickled in silvery music over a rocky, pebbly bottom. Hither the baby found his way, and had probably intended to paddle in the water, for one small red shoe was found close to the margin, but the whir of a roused covey caused him to turn round. The next minute there was the report of a gun: a shrill cry—only one—and then the dog with a howl burst through the thicket, followed by his master. What a scene was there for the September sun to look upon! The infant boy lay on his back, his long fair curls dabbled in blood. He was dead. Hours afterwards, the howling of the dog brought aid to the slayer, who was found insensible beside the slain, and restored him to a life of misery. We need scarcely say, that all unweeting as had been his deed, the mother could not meet as she had met the destroyer of her child. Their paths ever after lay apart, and were alike sorrowful beyond all mere earthly comfort.

Say, what remains when hope is fled?
She answered: Endless weeping.

It is to be hoped, however, that like the mother of Egremont, she found at last

A patience to her grief,

for, like her, she reared a memorial to her son, which referred to a hope that fadeth not. In the lonely ferndingle where the accident happened, stands even now a wooden cross with these words carved on it—'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

The keen sportsman never again took gun in hand, nor could, even in old age, hear the report of one without shuddering.

But it is over the chase especially that the poets, from the days of Robin Hood, have thrown the glamour of their spells. Of him, some of our earliest ballads sing, and succeeding ages have conspired to lend the charm of verse to the free, gleeful sports of Sherwood. The roughness of the earlier ditties may be well contrasted by one of the last century:

The portals of the east divide;
The orient dawn is just descried
Mild and gray;
The starry fires elude the sight;
The shadows fly before the light
Far away.

Now, hark! the woodland haunt is found,
For now the merry bugles sound
Their silvan lay.
As each sweet measure floats along,
Sweet echo wakes her mimic song
Far away.

The stag, now roused, right onward speeds
O'er hill and dale, o'er moor and meads
He 's fain to stray;
His flight the shouting peasants view,
His steps the dashing hounds pursue
Far away.

All day, untired, his route we trace,
Exulting in the joyous chase
Of such a day!
At length, at mild eve's twilight gleam,
He 's taken in the valley stream
Far away.

This is pretty; the burden of 'Far away' has a sound of the distant horn and the faint echo, but it lacks the spirit of Shakspeare's

What shall he have that killed the deer? &c.

and of some of the older sporting songs. There is a pretty one by Henry Neele, with a burden of—

To the forest, my merry men all,

supposed to have been sung by the Red King before his last fatal hunt—one of the most poetical events, perhaps, which are attached to the records of the chase; but we cannot at this moment recall it.

Scott's 'Chase,' in the *Lady of the Lake*, is, like the legend of Rufus, too well known to need repetition here; but there is one passage in it which contrasts so charmingly with Shakspeare's 'weeping stag,' that we must beg our readers to peruse once more that which has probably often charmed them, in apposition with the great master's picture.

The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste;
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky,
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared;
And stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam Var.

Thus much, gallantly sung too, of the beginning of the chase; now for its sequel, by a still sweeter minstrel. The banished Duke, a man of a contemplative and dreamy nature, speaks:

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools—
Being native burghers of this desert city—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.
1st *Lord*. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears that you more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day, my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus, the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Shakspeare and Scott were both keen sportsmen. Their vigorous and manly intellects and 'country breeding' caused them to delight in silvan sports, though they could bestow the tenderest touches of pity upon the 'poor dappled fools' which they pursued. We owe the plays of our Immortal to the slaying of Justice Shallow's dappled deer, and a fine poem to Scott's love of the chase. Our readers may remember, that when Sir Walter's little son was asked 'why people called his father a *trouveur*,' he innocently replied: 'Because papa always *finds* the hare first.' His *Waken, Lords and Ladies gay*, will close this brief notice of the chase with its most appropriate moral:

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here
With horse, and hawk, and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
Merrily, merrily mingle they;
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay!
To the greenwood haste away;
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size.
We can shew the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
Run a course as well as we.
Time, stern huntsman, who can balk
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

We should leave our subject incomplete if we omitted to give its poetical due to the peculiarly national sport of fox-hunting.

'Reynard the Fox,' the hero of the fine satirical fable of the middle ages—to which the figures in the German part of the Great Exhibition must have familiarised even the ordinary reader—has been for centuries at feud with our nation; and even Thomson, who abhorred the chase as much as the melancholy Jaques did, gives a faint approval of the hunt.

Give, ye Britons, then,
Your sportive fury pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearthed,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round
From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost.
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
For happy he who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolved, and every guile
Disclosed; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seized and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths
Relentless torn. O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers, when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghastly halls of gray renown,
With woodland honours graced, the fox's fur
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front.

We have several pretty songs on this national sport: we subjoin one of the prettiest, begging our readers, as they glance over it, to call up before their minds' eye the scene all must have often witnessed, of the hunt in full career—the scarlet jackets mounted on such steeds as only England boasts, and with fox-hounds such as Duke Theseus might have rejoiced in; and he will sing them to a mental music.

Hark! the hollow woods resounding,
  Echo to the hunter's cry;
Hark! how all the vales surrounding
  To his cheering voice reply.

Now so swift o'er hills aspiring,
  He pursues the gay delight,
Distant woods and vales retiring
  Seem to vanish from his sight.

Flying still, and still pursuing,
  See the fox, the hounds, the men;
Cunning cannot save from ruin,
  Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him, homeward hie them
  To a jovial night's repast;
Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them,
  Health continues to the last.

Hark! the hollow woods resounding,
  Echo to the hunter's cry;
Hark! how all the vales surrounding
  To his cheering voice reply.

There is, however, less of the poetical element in fox-hunting than in the other sports of the field; and this may be accounted for by the want of sympathy with the pursued. Pity is not roused, as for the innocent, gentle stag, or for the feathered mothers of the wood. We look on the hunt as rather a justice than a joy, and the prosaic at once intrudes on the imagination.

The gallant hounds which share with man the glee and glory of the chase, and which, by their very creation and endowments, set nature's great fiat on the *humanity*, in its full sense, of the sport, are not without their tribute from the poet. Listen to our Shakspeare's noble music:

Theseus. Since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley—go—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hippolita. I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seemed all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning-dew,
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

Scott speaks thus lovingly of his dogs to Marriott, in one of his Introductions to *Marmion:*

Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O'er holt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang
More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.

'What music,' says that prose-poet, Izaak Walton—'what music doth a pack of dogs make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! For my hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.'

We must not omit the picturesque description of the weary hounds in 'the Chase,' the

> Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
> Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,

when the hunter's horn recalled them.

> Then through the dell his horn resounds
> From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
> Back limped with slow and crippled pace
> The sulky leaders of the chase;
> Close to their master's side they pressed,
> With *drooping tail and humbled crest.*

We might find 'much more to say anent this Falstaff,' did space and time permit; but we must leave our readers to add such leaves as may be wanting to the laurel chaplet of the chase, and conclude with Milton's charming invocation to its presiding genius:

> And, if I give thee honour due,
> Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

* * * *

> To hear the lark begin his flight,
> And singing startle the dull night,
> From his watch-tower in the skies,
> Till the dappled morn doth rise;
> Oft listening how the hounds and horn
> Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
> From the side of some hoar hill,
> Through the high wood echoing shrill.

THE MAGICIAN OF THE CLYDE.

In sailing down the Clyde from Glasgow, the scenery, for more than a score of miles, has nothing very remarkable; and as the voyage, even by a steamer, is long, this mode of travelling is usually avoided by the more energetic, who flash down to Greenock by rail, and then launch themselves on the bosom of the magnificent river. The more 's the pity; for the tameness of the water-passage is at length closed abruptly by the majestic rock and fortress of Dumbarton, and presently there breaks upon the view a picture unequalled in Scotland—perhaps in the world. The Clyde here ceases to be a river, whatever the map-makers may say, and becomes an estuary. Your cheek glows with the breath of the Atlantic, and your eye dazzles as it takes in, in one proud sweep, every feature that enters into the composition whether of the beautiful or the sublime. The highlands and the lowlands contribute each their peculiar quota to this remarkable picture, for here is the debatable region between them. On the southern shore are the lowlands of Renfrewshire, with their maritime towns, stretched like fortifications along the water's edge, and their volcano-smokes, that speak of greater works than those of the old Cyclops. Here, too, are vast square-rigged vessels, arriving from or departing to the ends of the earth; some have sails of canvas, some of steam; some are lying motionless at anchor, with boats voyaging between them and the shore, impelled by the stern simultaneous stroke of the oars that proves the rowers to be accustomed sea-dogs. On the north are the highlands of Argyleshire, dominated by a congeries of grotesquely irregular mountains, popularly known as the Duke of Argyle's Bowling-green. More to the right may be seen on a clear day the bald head of Ben Lomond, towering over the unseen Queen of the Lakes, sleeping at his foot. On the shores of the river in this direction is a populous village with an almost unbroken line of white villas extending up the Gareloch, a sheet of always tranquil water, which partly encloses the beautiful peninsula of Roseneath. Beyond Roseneath, descending the river, are white villages, and miles of white villas, in endless succession, but no indications of the trade and bustle of the lowland side.

One of the towns on this lowland side has grown within our own recollection into one of the great seaports of the empire. In our early days, it was a little, primitive, huddled-up, ugly, dirty old town: old in years, but not in recollections; senile without being venerable, a town without history and without traditions, and containing a small population, with a plentiful scarcity of grandfathers. Its progress, notwithstanding, from littleness to greatness, is nothing wonderful. Niched originally in an angle of the river where a great maritime port *must* at one time or other exist, it shared of necessity in the fortunes of the Clyde. The house of a feudal proprietor chanced to be built near the spot; and straightway there gathered on the sea-shore, within view of its protecting walls, a small population of subservient fishermen and cultivators, whose views extended as time flowed on, each generation standing, as it were, on the grave-mounds of the last, and looking higher into the heavens, and wider over the earth.

But there was something different from this common destiny in the fortunes of the little old town. It not only rose with the rise of its time, but contained within its bosom a leaven peculiar to itself. In the fulness of time it gave birth to a Magician, whose mission it was to revolutionise, not only the Clyde, but the whole world: for here, on the 19th of January 1736, was born James Watt. Before the time of this man, steam was well known; and many supposed that if we could only get fairly hold of it, and render it subservient to our purposes, it would turn out to be the grand arcanum which science had been blindly groping after from the beginning. The feat of Watt—who was no discoverer, but a most ingenious inventor—was to throw an iron chain over this monster, to subdue him to the service of mankind, to compel him to work methodically and economically, and thus to place at the command of human industry a Power more prodigious than the wildest fables of the ancients ever imagined. We shall see presently what the result of this was as regards the town and the river; and we shall marvel not a little at the unconsciousness of the Magician himself of the extent to which the force of his own invention was destined to be carried.

An elegant quarto volume has just been printed for the Watt Club, by its late perpetual president, Mr George Williamson, which gives a very full and interesting account of the advent of Watt, and the development of his genius under the influence of lineage, early life, and education.* Something too much, perhaps, is said of the first of these; the biographer seeking very industriously to bolster up the character of the great mechanician by means of some small adjuncts of family respectability. In the case of a meaner man, such matters might tell a little; but Watt is well able to stand alone. It is worthy of note, notwithstanding, that both his father and grandfather made mathematics to a certain extent a profession; and that thus the favourite study of the great James, may be considered hereditary. His grandfather, Thomas Watt, after *his* father was killed in one of Montrose's battles in Aberdeenshire, settled in a poor little sea-faring village, now a suburb of Greenock, called Crawfordsdyke. Here he taught navigation; got into trouble as one of the

---

* *Memorials of the Lineage, Early Life, Education, and Development of the Genius of James Watt.* By George Williamson, Esq., late perpetual president of the Watt Club of Greenock. Printed for the Watt Club by Thomas Constable, printer to Her Majesty. 1856.

'disorderly pedagogues' under the Test Act; and finally, 'it is feared,' took the oath, and subsided into a respectable schoolmaster, and even became 'bailie of the barony' in the said community, thus exercising certain judicial functions on authority derived direct from the feudal superior. Mr Williamson gives various amusing extracts from the Acts and Proceedings of the Heid Courts of the barony, by which it appears that the bailie and his associates met and advised and consulted about the raising of fifteen pounds Scots—about twenty-five shillings English—due for *pouther* expended by the town on the occasion of the Revolution! Various acts likewise demonstrate that the bailie was sadly troubled by the vagrant propensities of the hens of the borough of barony; and one important object of his magisterial arrangement was to regulate 'the drawing of kail out of yards on Hallow-e'en night,' it being '*statut* and *ordained*, that in all tyme comeing non draw any kaill out of any yeard w'tout libertie from the owner under the pain of fourtie shilling Scots, *toties quoties*.'

After the mathematician's death, his son James, father of the great James, removed to Greenock—'a town,' says our author, 'distinguished by no historical celebrity, such as that which places in the forefront of patriotic valour the otherwise unimportant town of Largs, for example, not far distant. No ruins, serving to record the barbaric grandeur or the sanctity or superstition of a former age, are traceable on its surface or in its vicinity; and tradition points to no spot rendered memorable among its inhabitants by foreign invasion or domestic feud. Unchronicled and without name in the annals of bloodshed and of war, its happier guerdon has been to find a place in the page of history, and be pointed to in future times only in connection with the birth of genius, the spread and progress of the arts, and the blessings of peace.' The ancient Celtic name is 'Grian-aig,' descriptive of its sunny aspect and deeply indented curve. 'Not far from the beach lay the primitive hamlet, a straggling row of thatched and low-roofed houses, the dwellings of the laird's "puir pepill." A little further, and beyond, were the boat-way of the laird, the deer-park, the fishpond, the church also, with other appendages of the baronial house; while behind, imbedded in trees, and on an elevated platform which the eye approached by a succession of terraced gardens and walks, rose the mansion itself, described in the old charters as "the auld castell-steid, castell, tour, fortalice, and manor-place"—a picturesque enough structure, conspicuous from around by its high-peaked gables and pointed roofs. Parks and tall elm avenues flanked the house, and, stretching away to the woodlands and hills in the rear, completed the view. Upon the whole, it is far from difficult to believe—from traditionary and other credible sources of information on the subject—that the "policies" or pleasure-grounds of the ancient family and lairds of Grinok might well have challenged attention, and afforded a view of the elegance and simplicity of feudal life as romantic as it was remote and wild.' But all this was now at an end. Greenock had become a small maritime town, with a well-constructed harbour, and a population of 3000 souls.

'I have now,' says Dr Leyden, in his sketch of Mr John Wilson, author of *Clyde*, a poem, 'to relate a singular transaction, which I can scarcely believe would have taken place in any district of Scotland but the west, so late as 1767. Greenock at this period was a thriving seaport, rapidly emerging into notice. In the beginning of last century, it consisted of a single row of thatched houses, stretching along a bay without any harbour. In 1707, a harbour began to be constructed, but the town increased so slowly, that in 1755 its population amounted only to about 3800 souls. About the latter period, however, it began to increase rapidly, and continued to flourish till the commencement of the American war. Still, however, its inhabitants were more remarkable for opulence and commercial spirit, than for their attention to literature and science. During the struggle between prelacy and presbytery in Scotland, Greenock, like most of the towns and districts of the west of Scotland, had imbibed the most intolerant spirit of presbyterianism; a spirit which at no period had been favourable to the exertions of poetical fancy, and which spent the last efforts of its virulence on the *Douglas* of Home. Induced by this religious spirit, and by a cool mercantile attention to prudence, the magistrates and minister of Greenock, before they admitted Mr Wilson to the superintendence of the grammar-school, stipulated that he should abandon "the *profane and unprofitable art of poem-making*." To avoid the temptation of violating this promise, which he esteemed sacred, he took an early opportunity of committing to the flames the greater part of his unfinished manuscripts. After this, he never ventured to touch his forbidden lyre, though he often regarded it with that mournful solemnity which the harshness of dependence and the memory of its departed sounds could not fail to inspire.

'He seems during life to have considered this as the crisis of his fate, which condemned him to obscurity, and sometimes alluded to it with acrimony. In a letter to his son George, attending the university of Glasgow, dated January 21, 1779, he says: "I once thought to live by the breath of fame; but how miserably was I disappointed when, instead of having my performance applauded in crowded theatres, and being caressed by the great—for what will not a poetaster in his intoxicating delirium of possession dream—I was condemned to bawl myself to hoarseness to wayward brats, to cultivate sand and wash Ethiopians, for all the dreary days of an obscure life, the contempt of shopkeepers and brutish skippers."'

Twenty years before the date of this letter, the alarm of invasion had reached Greenock, compelling the town-treasurer to invest 2s. 2d. in drum-sticks, and eventually to increase that outlay by 19s., the price of a new drum. During the greater part of Bailie Watt's time, the consultations of the authorities musing on such great affairs were held in an inn; and opposite this somewhat primitive council-chamber stood the prison, 'an ill-looking thatched house, from the front of which the *jougs* were suspended by a chain, to the terror of all evildoers.' In this inn, likewise, business of still more importance was transacted; for here, on the occasion of a fair, the feudal superior, Sir John Schaw, assembled the dignitaries of the place, and the deacons of trades, to commence the grand ceremonial called the Riding of the Fair. After drinking the king's health, and throwing their glasses among the multitude, they set out, armed to the teeth, and on horseback, to perambulate the streets. Greenock, from its situation on the frontiers of the lowlands, formed the grand attraction of the Highlanders from the other side of the river; and the martial array was not unnecessary to overawe these wild visitors, who glared with covetous admiration on the unimaginable riches that filled the booths. This procession continued in practice after the civilising influences of trade had done away with its necessity. We remember in our own youth gazing at the banners and devices of the various trades with pride and wonder; and more especially being struck with the grand military appearance of the carmen, the only mounted chivalry of the period, who on that occasion gave a holiday to themselves and their horses, and looked the lords of the fair.

Even after the erection of the present Town-hall by Bailie Watt, who was the architect and contractor, the bailies and council did not think it beneath their dignity to meet occasionally on public business at the inn. There is an entry of expenses there (1s. 2d.) between James Watt and James Crawford at settling the treasurer's accounts; and another of the same sum, for expenses with James Watt and John Paton 'in getting the two pennys from Mrs Monroe.' The nature of these expenses is explained in other entries; such as, 2s. 4d. paid for *punch* after examination of the Latin school.

At the date of the last entry, the great James was at the mature age of thirty-six; and that reminds us that we must not dally longer with the innocence of the little old town on the Clyde, but come at once to the recent influences that have changed so much its fortunes and character. Watt was of a delicate constitution, and this threw him much upon the care of his mother, who was a very estimable woman, and ambitious enough to be fond of rather a superior style of living—a fact evidenced by her having *two* candles lighted on the table! This trait is not surprising: for we remember, during a visit in boyhood to one of the largest and most fertile and civilised of the islands situated where the Firth of Clyde joins the Atlantic, being eagerly interrogated by the gentry as to the habits in this respect of one of themselves, who added an official dignity to his quality of tacksman. Yes: it was actually true that the gentleman in question burned two candles on his table; and as we gave our testimony to the fact, it was obvious, from the manner of the listeners, that they wondered at and condemned not a little this presumptuous affectation of superiority. When Watt was sent to school, he was considered a stupid and effeminate boy by his companions, and at his lessons he was slow and inept to rather an extraordinary degree, till in his thirteenth year, on being put to the study of mathematics, his intellectual nature almost suddenly woke up. His genius for mechanics was greatly developed in his father's workshop, who carried on a miscellaneous business, not in ship-building, but in constructing the details of a ship, such as figure-heads, gun-carriages, blocks, &c. In 1753, however, in consequence of his mother's death, and reverses in his father's circumstances, the young mechanician went to Glasgow, and two years after to London. In 1756, he returned to Scotland, and settled in Glasgow in the business of a mathematical instrument-maker. Much narrow-minded opposition was made to this by the corporation of hammermen; till the University itself interfered, and assigning the young aspirant a small apartment within its own buildings, honoured him with the title of its instrument-maker. This was the turning-point of Watt's fortunes; his ambition grew with his elevation; and while working industriously at his own delicate instruments, his mind already began to give itself to the future of his career. To give the details of his progress is of course impossible here. It is only necessary to say, that from a mathematical instrument-maker he became a surveyor and civil-engineer; that he was employed at the Carron Ironworks; in the survey of the Clyde; in harbour-works at Greenock, &c.; and that then joining with Mr Boulton of Soho, he left Scotland in his thirty-eighth or thirty-ninth year.

The steam-engine, perfected by Watt, was long confined, as our readers know, to works on terra firma; and it gave a mighty stimulus to the enterprise of Greenock, as well as to that of the kingdom generally. But the minds of the ingenious throughout the country fevered with the idea of adapting that magnificent power to the purposes of navigation. 'We smile now at the thought of a steam-boat cylinder and boilers attempted to be made in the shop of a brasier; or the curious and intricate piecings of a steam-engine fixed under the rough blows of an anchor-smith's hammer, or still more, constructed under the delicate operations of a mathematical instrument-maker's tools. And yet such was very much the character of the *derniers ressorts* of non-professional experimenters, in their often laudable efforts, in the early stages of the mighty and impending change.'

Of the possibility of this change, the Magician himself appears to have been insensible. Here is a letter from him, in reply to one requesting his firm to take a share in an undertaking projected by Mr Patrick Miller.

'Dear Sir—We have heard of Mr Miller's ingenious experiments on double ships from Sir John Dalrymple, and also some vague accounts of the experiments with the steam-engine, from which we could gather nothing conclusive, except that the vessel did move with a considerable velocity.

'From what we heard of Mr Symington's engines, we are disposed to consider them as attempts to evade our exclusive privilege; but as we thought them so defective in mechanical contrivance, as not to be likely to do us immediate injury, we thought it best to leave them to be judged by Dame Nature first, before we brought them into an earthly court.

'We are much obliged to Mr Miller for his favourable opinion of us, and of our engines, which we hope experience will more and more justify. We are also fully sensible of his kind attentions in offering to associate us in his scheme; but the time of life we have both arrived at, and the multiplicity of business we are already engaged in, must plead our excuse from entering into any new concern whatsoever, as partners: but as engineers and engine-makers, we are ready to serve him to the best of our abilities, at our customary prices of rotative-engines, and to assist in anything we can to bring the scheme to perfection.

'We conceive there may be considerable difficulty in making a steam-engine to work regularly in the open sea, on account of the undulatory motion of the vessel affecting the engine by the *vis inertiæ* of the matter; however, this we should endeavour to obviate as far as we can.

'It may not be improper to mention, that Earl Stanhope has lately taken a patent for moving vessels by steam, but we believe not by wheels. His lordship has also applied to us for engines, but we believe we are not likely to agree with him, as he lays too much stress upon his own ingenuity.

'We cannot conclude without observing that, were we disposed to enter into any new concern, there is no person we should prefer to Mr Miller as an associate; being fully apprised of his worth and honour, and admirers of the ingenuity and industry with which he has pursued this scheme.

'Permit me now, sir, to return you my thanks for your obliging attention to me, and the trouble you have taken in this affair, and to ask the favour of you to present Boulton and Watt's respectful compliments to Mr Miller.—Dear sir, your obliged humble servant,

James Watt.

Robert Cullen, Esq., Edinburgh.'

Notwithstanding this discouragement, the minds of the ingenious—even of those ignorant of the theory of mechanics—fevered and fevered, till in the fulness of time, the mighty project was accomplished, and in the year 1812 the first European steam-boat navigated the waters of the Clyde. She was called the *Comet*, and her dimensions were 40 feet keel, 10 feet 6 inches beam, and 25 tons burden. In two years, five more appeared, each larger than its predecessor, and the fifth of 32 horse-power and 200 tons burden. These vessels were built at Port-Glasgow; Greenock followed; and then one steam-boat followed another, each successive construction rivalling its predecessor in beauty and speed, till the nation saw with astonishment vessels sweeping forth from the building-yards of Greenock carrying 150 passengers, and costing L.40,000. Then came the adaptation of wrought iron to the construction of the hulls of steam-vessels, and then the substitution of the Archimedean screw for the paddle-wheel; and then the Clyde presented a scene of such magnificent industry as has never been paralleled in this respect either in the Thames or the Mersey. 'At one period, about two years ago, there were thirty-two ship-builders on the Clyde, who were constructing, or had contracted for, 266 steam and sailing vessels, with an aggregate of 168,000 tons, and marine engines of 29,000 horse-power. The value of the whole was about five millions of money.'

Such is the result in this corner of the empire of James Watt's invention. On the 25th of August 1819, this great man expired at his residence at Heathfield, near Birmingham. His biographer, whose delightful pen we have followed with a pleasure which we hope we may have in some degree communicated to our readers, is jealous of the wonders of the Magician as taking off too much our attention from the man. 'As if the thunder of the steam-engine in its ponderous march, the din and endless rattle of its million spindles, or its shriek in the ever advancing and disappearing monster of the rail, unconsciously arrested attention, and by the very clamour and uproar made, absorbed and engrossed it all—the thought of the man has been lost, or at least obscured, in the marvel of his machines.' But Mr Williamson has himself obviated this injustice by the production of these Memorials, which, we venture to predict, will be an enduring monument to the memory of Watt.

SHOWERS OF FISH.

On the night of the 19th and 20th of June 1698, when the summit of a volcano north of Chimborazo, on the Andes, fell in, the surrounding country, to an extent of forty-three square miles, was found strewed with fish; a similar event having occurred seven years before, after the explosion of the volcano of Imbabara. In 1666, a grass-field, in the parish of Stanstead, near Maidstone in Kent, was found covered over with fish, of which about a bushel were collected. There are no rivers or fishponds in the neighbourhood, and the place is distant from the sea. The fish were about the size of a man's little finger, were like sprats or whitings, and were supposed to have fallen from a black cloud then passing over the country, there having been a heavy fall of rain at the time. In 1825, a shower of herrings is said to have taken place near Loch Leven, in Kinross-shire; the wind blew from the Forth at the time, and probably carried the fish from the sea across Fife to the place where they were found. In 1828, a similar fall of fish occurred in Ross-shire, three miles from the Firth of Tain. On the 9th of March 1830, numbers of small herrings were found scattered over the fields in the island of Ulva in Argyleshire, after a heavy rain. On the 30th of June 1841, a fish measuring ten inches in length, with others of smaller size, fell at Boston; and during a thunder-storm on the 8th of July in the same year, fish and ice fell together at Derby. A similar occurrence once happened in the neighbourhood of Paris, when, after a violent storm overnight, the streets were at dawn covered with fish. It was found that a fishpond in the neighbourhood had been blown dry. About 1830, fish fell near Dunkeld in Perthshire; and the same thing happened some way from Logierait, on the Tay, where numbers of parr, about two inches long, were picked up on an elevated spot distant from any lake or river. The falls of fish recorded as having occurred in India have been more frequent and remarkable than those made mention of at home. Major Herriot, in his *Struggles through Life*, speaks of a shower of fish as having been experienced during a storm in the Madras presidency by troops on their march. In July 1824, fish fell at Meerut on the men of His Majesty's 14th, then out at drill, and were caught in numbers. In July 1826, live fish were seen to fall on the grass at Moradabad during a storm. They were of the common cyprinus, so prevalent in our Indian waters. On the 19th of February 1830, at noon, a heavy fall of fish occurred at the Nokulhatty Factory, in the Dacca zillah; depositions on the subject were obtained from nine different parties. The fish were all dead; most of them were large; some were fresh, others rotten and mutilated. They were seen at first in the sky like a flock of birds descending rapidly to the ground. There was rain drizzling at the time, but no storm. On the 16th and 17th of May 1833, a fall of fish occurred in the zillah of Futtehpoor, about three miles north of the Jumna, after a violent storm of wind and rain. The fish were from three pounds to a pound and a half in weight—of the same species as those found in the tanks in the neighbourhood. They were all dead and dry. A fall of fish occurred at Allahabad during a storm in May 1835; they were of the chowla species; and were found dead and dry after the storm had passed over the district. On the 20th of September 1839, after a smart shower of rain, a quantity of live fish, about three inches in length, and all of the same kind, fell on the Sunderbunds, about twenty miles south of Calcutta. On this occasion, it was remarked that the fish did not fall here and there irregularly over the ground, but in a continuous straight line, not more than a span in breadth. The vast multitudes of fish with which the low grounds round Bombay are covered, about a week or ten days after the first burst of the monsoon, appear to be derived from the adjoining pools or rivulets, and not to descend from the sky. They are not, so far as I know, found in the higher parts of the island. I have never seen them, though I have watched carefully in casks collecting water from the roof of buildings, or heard of them on the decks or awnings of vessels in the harbour, where they must have appeared, had they descended from the sky. One of the most remarkable phenomena of this kind occurred during a tremendous deluge of rain in Kattywar, on the 25th of July 1850, when the ground around Rajkote was found literally covered with fish; some of them were found on the top of haystacks, where probably they had been drifted by the storm. In the course of twenty-four successive hours, twenty-seven inches of rain fell; thirty-five fell in twenty-six hours: seven inches within one hour and a half being the heaviest fall on record. At Poonah, on the 3d of August 1852, after a very heavy fall of rain, multitudes of fish were caught on the ground in the cantonments, full half a mile from the nearest stream. If showers of fish are to be explained on the assumption that they are carried up, by squalls or violent winds, from rivers or spaces of water not far away from where they fall, it would be nothing wonderful were they seen to descend from the air during the furious squalls which occasionally occur in June.
—*Dr Buist in Bombay Times.*

BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.

When the fields are flooded with water, the Burmese ride into them on the backs of buffaloes, dragging a rough sort of harrow after them: the feet of the animal pound the mud into holes, and the harrows spread it about, and then the seed is scattered over the surface carelessly, literally 'cast upon the waters.' A Burmese man does nothing but fishing, boating, building bamboo-huts, and riding on buffaloes—all very easy work—the navigation part of the business especially so. These people are all great drunkards, and addicted to opium. They all smoke, men, women, and children; an infant in its mother's arms will take the cheroot from her mouth, and indulge in a whiff or two. Wild animals are remarkably scarce in Southern Burmah; probably the annual flooding of the country is the reason; but four-legged animals are rarely seen except in the neighbourhood of the Aracan Hills, or mountainous frontier to the eastward. North of the delta, there are a good many elephants, and an occasional rhinoceros. Tigers are not numerous. There are no jackals, but sometimes a fox is seen. Deer and pig are to be found, but not plentiful. Birds, even, are not numerous; a few snipe, plover, jungle-fowl, and pigeon are to be got with great practice; but such a bag as a sportsman might make anywhere in India, is not to be made in Burmah.—*Private letter.*

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.
CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 154. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1856. PRICE 1½d.

MARSHAL VAILLANT'S LITTLE BILL FOR THE CRIMEAN WAR.

A French official document of unusual interest has just been issued, relating to the recent war with Russia. Setting aside any discussion concerning the relative merits of despotic and representative governments, it not unfrequently happens that the former exhibits a promptness and precision to which the latter can make no claim. Thus it is in the present case. Long will it be, probably, before the full statistical tabulation of our share in the war becomes known to us; our administrative departments work too clumsily and too little in harmony, to enable the balance of account to be soon made up. In France, the emperor is the government, just now; and the details of operation are the products of one man's will rather than of several. Whether our neighbours pay too high a price for this energetic centralisation, we are not called upon here to determine.

On the 8th of September, Marshal Vaillant, French Minister of War, addressed to the emperor a detailed account of all the means furnished, in men and materials, for carrying on the late war. He said: 'I have thought that your majesty would read with interest a Report exhibiting the whole of the immense resources employed;' and the emperor, writing from Compiègne on the 22d of October, acknowledged the work in the following terms:—'My dear Marshal—The most useful services are not always the most striking. The able and indefatigable minister who, day and night, occupies himself in organising 600,000 troops, and in insuring to an army of 200,000 men the means of living, fighting, and conquering, in an almost barren spot 800 leagues distant from France—such a minister, I say, has merit fully equal to that of a general who triumphs on the field of battle. Thus the nation unites, in its thanks, him who prepares for victory by combining the necessary means, and him who achieves victory by plans well conceived and realised. It is on these grounds, my dear marshal, that, in ordering the insertion of this remarkable Report in the *Moniteur*, I wish to enable the public to judge of those services, the importance of which has hitherto been known to myself alone.—Receive, my dear marshal, the assurance of my sincere friendship. Napoleon.'

It may be possible to give an intelligible outline of the contents of this interesting document, without wearying the reader by long columns of figures.

The French draw a very useful line between the *personnel* and the *matériel* of an army—words which succinctly denote the men who are to serve, and the supplies which render their service possible. We have no equally convenient terms in English. Marshal Vaillant's report will, however, be better understood, if we separate the four subjects of *Personnel*, *Matériel*, *Accessories*, and *Transport*.

Personnel.—France sent over, to engage in the war against Russia, 309,268 soldiers, and 41,974 horses; of which numbers about one-sixth embarked from Algeria, and nearly all the rest from France. More than 67,000 of these brave men died, up to the time of the evacuation of the Russian and Turkish territories; and this number is raised to nearly 70,000, by including men missing on various accounts. There were 146,000 French soldiers in and near the Crimea on the day when the Treaty of Peace was signed. Of the horses, about 9000 returned to France, and the greater part of the rest were sold to the Turkish government; for the French had not a very severe loss of horses during the war. In order to supply the large force required for service in the east, and to maintain also an efficient military force at home, a few new regiments were raised, and many others augmented—by additional squadrons to the cavalry, and additional battalions to the infantry. Marseille being the port where almost all the men for the army of the east embarked, the existence of railways, river-steamers, and electric-telegraphs, enabled orders to be transmitted from Paris, and troops conveyed to the place of embarkation, with a rapidity which would have been impossible in any former war—a remark that applies with equal force to England and her contingent for the east; but not to Russia, which possesses not a foot of railway between Moscow and the Crimea. The troops assembling from different parts of France, encamped temporarily near the railways leading to Marseille, which town they did not enter until the transports were ready to receive them. A military commission, composed of officers of all arms, examined every transport-ship, and determined how many men, horses, or stores could be conveniently placed in each; as well as making arrangements for the health of the men during the voyage.

All the wounded or sick men who returned during the war to Marseille, were conveyed at once to a depôt called the *débarquement*, where they remained a few days, until well enough to be sent to their regiments or their homes. All the military hospitals in the south of France were augmented, in staff and in appliances, to meet any exigencies arising on this score—a provision which contrasts strikingly with the neglect exhibited in England. It may be remembered that typhus broke out in the Crimea after the busier operations of the war were over; and the French authorities, in order that this disease might not be brought into France by the returning troops, constructed vast quarantine camps on the southern coast, capable of containing 30,000 men and 2000 horses. The troops first returned were kept in these camps, under excellent medical supervision, until they could safely be conveyed to the ordinary barracks in different parts of France; but the typhus afterwards disappearing, the later arrivals did not require to go through this ordeal. Whether invalided, or tainted with suspicion of typhus, or healthy, more than 100,000 men landed at and passed through Marseille, in three months of the present year, without one being quartered on the inhabitants of that town—so complete were the encamping and transport arrangements. In three months, the large French army entirely left the Crimea, although double that time was allowed by the terms of the Treaty of Peace.

Matériel.—The munitions and supplies for two years and a half of service, for such an army at such a distance, were necessarily vast—comprising, as they did, battle and siege weapons of all kinds; the food, forage, clothing, tents, and harness for horses and men; the tools and implements required for encamping rather than for fighting; and the ambulances, medicines, and other requirements for the sick and the wounded.

The great guns, howitzers, and mortars, were not less than 644 in number; besides 603 contributed by the marine, and 140 Turkish of various kinds. There were more than 800 gun-carriages, and nearly as many ammunition-wagons and vehicles of other kinds pertaining to artillery operations. All this was for the siege-works alone; the lighter artillery for field-service presented a further store of guns, carriages, and vehicles, making the vast total of about 1700 pieces of cannon, and 4800 wheel-vehicles required for their service, sent from France during the war. As may be readily supposed, the missiles to be vomited forth by these instruments of destruction were numbered by millions rather than by thousands. Their array was fearfully vast: 2,000,000 of cannon-balls, shells, and similar projectiles; 10,000,000 pounds of gunpowder in barrels; and 66,000,000 ball-cartridges for muskets and rifles! If Sebastopol had not fallen when it did, France was prepared to plant against it no fewer than 400 mortars of large calibre, besides all the other siege-ordnance, each furnished with 1000 rounds of shell, sufficient for a continuous bombardment during twenty days and nights, at the rate of fourteen bomb-shells per minute! The siege-works outside Sebastopol led to the construction, sooner or later, of more than 100 batteries. Marshal Vaillant estimates the whole weight of the artillery, guns and ammunition, and all the appliances, at 50,000,000 kilogrammes—about 50,000 tons English—all carried over sea from France to the Crimea.

But the engineering materials—the *matériel du génie*—were over and above all those hitherto mentioned. The sappers, miners, engineers, all who were employed in trench-duty, mechanical labour, and the like, had implements and materials in immense variety and number. Picks, shovels, boring-tools, sand-bags, palisades, chevaux de frise, ventilators, smoke-balls, mills, capstans, ladders, carriages, chests, wheels, planks, iron bars, nails, pitch, tar, candles, charcoal, canvas, mining-powder, tents, wooden huts—all these gave a total in weight of 14,000,000 kilogrammes, 14,000 tons. Among the largest items were 920,000 sand-bags, and 3000 wooden huts or barracks. The marshal states that the matériel du génie was five times as great as would have been required, with the same strength of army, for a siege conducted under ordinary circumstances: so exceptional and remarkable was everything connected with the attack on Sebastopol, especially the wintering on a bleak barren plateau. The engineers, during the siege, constructed fifty miles of trench, in which they used 60,000 fascines or bundles of fagots, 80,000 gabions or baskets for earth, and nearly 1,000,000 bags filled with earth; besides ten miles of 'lines' or defence-works on the margin of the siege-camp, to prevent the besiegers from being themselves besieged. These 'lines' were not mere heaps of earth hastily thrown up; they were deep trenches, excavated mostly in solid rock, breasted by thick and high parapets, and defended at intervals by strong redoubts. Besides all this, the French and the Russians, during their antagonistic operations of mining and counter-mining, formed no less than five miles of subterraneous galleries or passages in the solid rock, in some places as much as fifty feet below the surface of the ground.

Those readers who may feel bewildered at these vast military operations, will have less difficulty in appreciating the necessity for enormous supplies of food for the soldiers; but even here, the real quantities almost transcend one's powers of belief. The food sent out to the French army included, among many smaller items, about 30,000,000 pounds * of biscuit, 50,000,000 pounds of flour, 7,000,000 pounds of preserved beef, 14,000,000 pounds of salt meat and lard, 8,000,000 pounds of rice, 4,500,000 pounds of coffee, and 6,000,000 pounds of sugar; these, with 10,000 head of live cattle, and 2,500,000 gallons of wine, were the main supplies for provisioning the troops. Nearly 1,000,000 pounds of Chollet's compressed vegetables were among the smaller but most welcome items. Nearly all the preserved meat, in canisters, was purchased of English and Scotch firms; and the war having ended before the vast supply was consumed, the remainder has lately been sold by auction in London, by order of the French government. The collateral manufactures and outlay to which the shipment of these stupendous quantities of food necessarily led, were in themselves remarkable; for instance, no less than 260,000 chests and barrels were required to contain the biscuits alone, and 1,000,000 sacks and bags for other articles. The horse-food, simple in kind, presented a few large items; such as, 170,000,000 pounds of hay, and 180,000,000 pounds of oats and barley. 4,000,000 pounds of wood for fuel, 40,000,000 pounds of coal, charcoal, and coke, 150 ovens to bake the food, 140 presses to compress the hay—these help to make up the enormous total of 500,000 tons-weight sent out, relating to food, fodder, and fuel; requiring 1800 voyages of ships to convey them to the east.

The clothing—another great department of matériel—comprised garments in such hundreds of thousands as it would be wearisome to enumerate. It may afford, however, a clue to the matter to state that the number of each of the chief items generally ranges from 200,000 to 350,000. Some of the items are quite French; such as 240,000 pair of sabots, or wooden shoes, superadded to the 360,000 pair of leather shoes and boots. The piercing cold of the Crimean winter is brought again into remembrance by such entries as 15,000 sheepskin paletots, 250,000 pair of sheepskin and Bulgarian gaiters, and 250,000 capotes and hoods. The materials for camps and tents, almost as necessary to the soldiers as clothing, were of course vast in variety and quantity. There were tents sufficient to accommodate 280,000 men; those made and used in the first instance were shaped somewhat like the roof of a house, with two upright supports, one at each end; but after the dreadful hurricane on November 14, 1854, the French adopted the Turkish form of tent (conical, with one central support), as being better fitted to resist a violent wind. The harness and farriery department presented, as the most curious items, 800,000 horseshoes, and 6,000,000 horseshoe nails. Altogether, about 20,000 tons weight of men's clothing, horse-clothing, and tent apparatus, was sent out.

---

* In giving equivalents for French measures and weights, we have estimated the *mètre* at about forty inches, and the *kilogramme* at 2 1-5th pounds, English.

Accessories.—The artillery supplies, the engineering supplies, the food, fodder, fuel, clothing, harness, and camp apparatus, although furnishing the great bulk of the matériel, yet leave many other departments unnoticed which we may call accessories—such as medical service, the treasury, the post-office, the printing-office, and the telegraph.

In no department did the French excel the English so much as in hospital arrangements, at least during the first half of the war-period. If it had not been for Miss Nightingale and a few other brave hearts, the deaths, through want of the commonest medicines and necessaries, in the English camp and hospitals, would have been much more numerous than they were. But let this sad tale pass. The French sent over 27,000 bedsteads for invalids, about the same number of mattresses, and 40,000 coverlets. There were also thirty complete sets of furniture and appliances of every kind, for movable hospitals of 500 invalids each. There were materials for ambulances for 24,000 sick men, 600 cases of surgical instruments, and no less than 700,000 pounds-weight of lint, bandages, and dressings of various kinds. Then, for the sustenance of the sick and wounded, there were such medical comforts as concentrated milk, essence of *bouillon*, granulated gluten, Chollet's conserves, &c., to the amount of 200,000 pounds.

The military train, or *équipages militaires*, something equivalent to our Land Transport Corps, were the carriers of the army, so long as that army was on Turkish or Russian ground. The number of vehicles required for this service was enormous. The tilted wagons, wagons without tilts, Maltese carriages, Marseille charrettes, and Turkish arabas and tekis, provided for the use of the French military train, were 2900 in number. There were 900 large chests, to contain about 1400 soldiers' daily rations each. Altogether, there were 14,000 men and 20,000 horses, mules, oxen, and buffaloes, engaged in carrying food and baggage to the troops.

The treasury, the military-chest, an important adjunct to any army, was well attended to in the French army of the Crimea, by a staff of officers, comprising about ninety persons, who managed the post-office as well as the funds. Marshal Vaillant asserts that the French soldiers received their pay and their letters with as much correctness and punctuality outside Sebastopol, as if they had been garrisoned in France. The money was sent over, partly in cash, and partly in treasury notes, which were readily taken by the larger traders in the east. The money thus expended at the seat of war amounted to 285,000,000 francs, or L.11,000,000; this was irrespective of the sums, of course many times larger in amount, expended in France on matters pertaining to the war.

Electro-telegraphy and printing are novel items in the operations of the battle-field: they indicate two among many changes which are coming over the art of war. Both semaphores and electric-telegraphs were provided, to communicate orders from head-quarters to the various army-corps encamped outside Sebastopol; and a staff of about sixty persons was told off for this service. The semaphores were wooden telegraphs which could be set up or removed at a short notice. Besides this, England having laid down a submarine telegraphic-cable from Balaklava to Varna, France undertook to connect that cable with the net-work of European telegraphs, by a line from Varna into the Danubian Principalities, nearly 200 miles in length; and a staff of forty persons, stationed at Varna, Shumla, Rustchuk, and Bucharest, managed this line. As to printing, a lithographic press at head-quarters sufficed at first for the wants of the service; but when the siege commenced, General Canrobert found it necessary to issue two or more copies of so many orders, that he procured a complete typographic apparatus from Paris.

Transport.—Lastly, Marshal Vaillant tells us of the vast maritime preparations—not for fighting the Russians—but for conveying French armies over the sea, that *they* might fight the Russians.

The French imperial navy lent 132 ships to the army for this service; and these ships made 905 voyages, carrying—either going or returning—270,000 men, 4300 horses, and 116,000 tons of matériel. Besides this, the English Admiralty lent 8 ships-of-war and 42 chartered vessels to France, to aid in carrying the enormous military burden. But far larger in number were the merchant-ships directly *nolisé*, or chartered, by the French government, amounting to 1264 of all kinds. A fine fleet of 66 steamers and 22 fast clippers was constantly making to-and-fro voyages during the war; and in addition to these, there were vessels employed in carrying food and fodder from various ports in Turkey and Asia Minor to the Crimea. Taken in its totality, including all the voyages made by all the men, horses, and materials, there were conveyed by the French government, during a period of two years and a half, 550,000 men, 50,000 horses, and 720,000 tons of matériel.

The marshal adds: 'The personnel and the matériel embarked at Marseille were brought to that port, in the larger proportion, by the line of railway stretching from Paris towards the Mediterranean. If this iron road had not existed, the operations of the war would have certainly lost much of their *ensemble* and their rapidity.'

Here closes our brief notice of this remarkable document, which, it will be seen, relates wholly to that part of the warlike proceedings in which the French Minister of War was concerned, excluding all that came under the Minister of Marine. And it need only be added that—as we in England have by this time pretty well paid for our share in the war—it would not be amiss if Lord Panmure would make out *our* little bill, with the same clearness of detail which marks the document put forth by Marshal Vaillant.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MOB.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

South of the Thames, and not many minutes distant from its muddy marge, near the centre of what was once Lambeth Marsh, stands a spacious and commodious theatre, which in the course of its career of some forty years has undergone various vicissitudes; and from having been once honoured by the presence of royalty, has become at length the exclusive property of the Mob. It is the only regular and licensed theatre in London, and, so far as we know, in the whole kingdom, of which the lower classes hold undivided possession. Mob 'appropriative'—mob reckless, bibulous, and demoralised—and mob hard-handed, laborious, and honest, pack themselves together indiscriminately in the gallery, where they laugh and giggle, and shout in patriotic chorus for five hours together every night in the week, at the cost of threepence a head. Mob in a complete suit and untattered shirt—in the receipt of competent wages, or during the success of appropriative expeditions—mob rakish and fast, and mob beery and Bohemian, brings itself and its *inamorata* to the pit, where it issues its doomful decrees to actor, author, and manager—disbursing no more than a nightly sixpence for the privilege. And mob out for a holiday, clad in decent garb, with perchance a glove on its fingers—mob romantic, sentimental, and perhaps stage-struck—mob from the clerk's desk, or its master's counter, or the lawyer's office, bringing its wife and children to enjoy the scene, disposes itself with what grace it may in the boxes at the expense of a shilling.

Such being the audience, let us glance a moment at the pabulum provided for their entertainment. Of this, what is called the legitimate drama forms but an infinitesimal portion; and when it is brought up for discussion at all, it has to be compensated by something extra rowdy and startling to follow immediately, by way of digestion. The pieces most in vogue are showy melodramas, and spectacles of a kind which will admit of gunpowder and blue or red fires as illustrations—or they are the dramatised exploits of highwaymen and burglars of the Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard school—or they are domestic tragedies where murder and mirth walk hand in hand—or supernatural and goblin scenes, marked by a ghastly jocularity, which the mob devours with greedy eyes, shuddering and grinning in the same breath. These are the serious pieces: the lighter ones are made up of the exploits of pirates, smugglers, and bandits—or they are broadly farcical, and translations into slang of domestic and family troubles. But whatever be the piece, and whether supposed to be serious or comic, it must eschew long speeches, must abound in incident, must bring the trap-doors, the sliding-panels, the pistols, and the sword-combats into play, or it may fail of passing the ordeal of the pit. If to a plentiful share of the above attractions it add an ear-splitting song or two, set to flash tunes, its success is pretty certain. If these requisitions are a tax on an author's brains, he is compensated by ample licence in other respects. Thus, he may not only ignore the unities, but all other dramatic responsibilities whatever. The most astounding events may happen without any cause, and he need not trouble himself to account for the most impossible coincidences. Trifles of that sort the audience care nothing about, and they love mystery too well to care a straw about its solution. But let us mount to the gallery ere the curtain rises.

The gallery is the largest in London, and we find it crammed with about a thousand men, lads, and boys, including a small percentage of improper persons, indulging in such a clamour of tongues as would deafen the blast of a trumpet from the stage. The seats are all filled, but there are standing-places for 200 more, which a policeman, who is here on the lookout for a young practitioner who is 'wanted,' and will be sure to come to the play to-night, tells us will also be filled up within the next half-hour. Notwithstanding the dense crowd, the heat is not excessive, the roof being twenty feet overhead, and the air entering from all points. As seven o'clock draws near, the tumult and uproar moderate a little, and when, a few minutes later, the curtain rises, something like silence is recognised by the practical test of the maxim, that 'all noise is stilled by a still greater noise.' The first piece, as the placard informs us, is the 'powerful drama of the *Yellow Admiral*.' Powerful it certainly is, if a series of successful attempts to 'split the ears of the groundlings' be any demonstration of power. We are compelled to add, however, that it is still more perplexing, for in spite of unremitting attention, we cannot succeed in catching the drift of the plot. The scene is partly in England, partly in Africa; partly on land, and partly on board ship. Two foster-brothers suffer shipwreck and a French prison, run away, and are taken by pirates—and sold to slavery in Africa. They escape from Algiers by the aid of one 'Identical Buggins,' who is grand physician to the dey and an old intimate of the Yellow Admiral, who, by the way, has his wife with him. Yellow Admiral and his foster-brother set out for the desert, taking the lady with them; they walk from Algiers to Timbuctoo one fine morning, but are overtaken on the way by the simoom in the disguise of a horrible storm of red fire. Simoom kills the foster-brother, and the lady is on the point of death, when a benevolent Arab appears, who revives her by a drop of wonderful acid, and guides them to Timbuctoo, where they see an English vessel in the offing. But here an emissary of the dey intercepts them, and will force them back. The Arab dares not interfere, and decamps. Yellow Admiral won't go, or give up the lady, but draws his sword, and attacks three foes at once, amidst a volley of cheers from the audience that shakes the very walls. He kills the first man ere the others come up, seizes the fellow's sword as he falls, and then, with a weapon in each hand, begins a 'triangular duel' with the remaining two. Long, dire, and desperate is the combat, and it is undeniably an exhibition of marvellous skill in its way. The gallery grows frantic with delight; it heaves and surges like a sea; it screams 'bravo' till it is hoarse, and waves hats and kerchiefs, and thunders deafening cheers of encouragement. All is of no avail; Yellow Admiral, pressed by his active foes, is horribly gashed about the temples; his eyes roll, his brain reels, his frame staggers, and he gasps fearfully for breath as he faintly parries the deadly thrusts. But, just at the critical moment, the crew of the vessel in the offing have seen the unequal encounter, and a score of them have jumped into the jolly-boat, and rowed for dear life to the rescue of their countryman. They jump ashore with a true British cheer, and a wall of pikes and pistols is interposed between the hero and his enemies; at which interesting juncture the curtain falls amidst a Babel of acclamation that beggars description. The next scene opens in a cottage on the English coast—there is a noise of fighting without, which ends in the enemy striking, the Yellow Admiral turning into a blue post, and everybody marrying everybody, in the usual way.

The second piece is entitled the *Hole in the Wall*, and consists of a single act played without change of scene. It is full of droll humour, chiefly due to the intolerable and impossible insolence of a serving-man, often verging on grossness, and the prodigious lying of which he is guilty. The part of a jealous wife is exceedingly well played; and the lying, purloining servant would be the perfection of comic scoundrelism, but for a hopeless vulgarity in every movement which has consigned him to the mob, and made him theirs for life.

It is half-past ten when the curtain rises for the last piece, which is styled a serio-comical, melo-romantical drama, or *Japhet in Search of a Father*. The play is illustrative of men and manners and the world's ways in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The persons of the drama are no fewer than twenty-nine—English, Irish, and Scotch, of course. There is a doctor and his boy, a widow and a wagoner, a bishop and a titled lady; there are gipsies and whiteboys, and Paddies with shillelahs, and Mr Phineas Colyphagus, who retired from business in revenge for having been tossed by a bull through the window of his own shop. There is an assassin and a keeper of the Tolbooth, a chief-justice and a Quakeress, and we know not how many more, all going the way of the world together, and getting to loggerheads delectably on the journey. But what Japhet does among them, whether he finds his father—whether the wagoner marries the widow—whether the judge pairs off with the Quakeress, and the bishop espouses the gipsy, are points we cannot take upon us to determine. Enough to say, that the whole is immensely relished by those who are the best judges; that it is spiced with a peculiar flavour of what is considered fun by a peculiar class; and that it will be repeated to-morrow night, and to-morrow after that, again and again, for their especial delectation. At twenty minutes past twelve, we have had the benefit of the whole, and, sooth to say, have had something more than enough of it. Although refreshments may be had in a kind of loft in the rear of the gallery, the denizens almost unanimously prefer the surrounding public-houses, into which they are flocking as we leave the spot, although the legal hour for closing has passed

—an infringement of the law which, in all probability, is tacitly connived at by the authorities.

A little further south on the Surrey side, and within a bow-shot of Bethlehem Hospital, stands another theatre, which although of more respectable pretensions than its neighbour, opens its gallery to the lower orders at the charge of sixpence, and its pit, which is a favourite resort of the middle trading-classes and their dependents, at a shilling. On entering the gallery a few minutes before the moment of action, we find it densely packed with about 850 persons, of whom not less than half are females respectably dressed, conversing quietly at their ease, and evidently free from all apprehension on the score of disturbance or tumult—a fact strikingly demonstrative of the superior decorum which is expected and probably exacted here to anything that could be looked for from the threepence-paying mob. The gallery extends all round the theatre, reaching to the proscenium on either side, and, full as it is, we have no difficulty in finding a side-seat. While the overture is playing, a sailor, who has been indulging too freely, swaggers in, but in a moment is quietly coaxed and shouldered down stairs again, and we hear no more of him. The pleasures of the evening commence with a 'new grand drama of extraordinary power and deep interest, entitled the *Half-Caste, or the Fatal Pearl.*' The French origin of this piece is betrayed by the coolness with which it treats the most atrocious crimes and terrible events. The story is that of a white slave of originally noble nature, who having suffered the most horrible oppression from his master, devotes his future life to revenge, which he consummates by a course of rapine and crime. He ruins his master—throws a nobleman over a precipice, and assumes the slain man's titles and dignities, and figures in Paris as a wealthy aristocrat. But love changes again his perverted nature—love for the child of the cruel master whom he had ruined in revenge. This passion brings him into fearful perplexities, and surrounds him with accusers—he defeats them all by his consummate address—restores his ill-gotten wealth to his master—surrenders the daughter to her lover, who is his own brother—gives back titles and dignities to the noble lord whom he imagined himself to have slain, but who was saved by said brother—and, finally, swallows the fatal pearl in a glass of wine drunk to the health of the company, and dies in grand style surrounded by an aristocratic assembly in the centre of a ball-room 'gorgeously decorated and brilliantly illuminated,' and *upon his mother's grave!* The piece is played throughout with astonishing vigour and at an amazing expense of lungs and muscular energy, by a company well versed in the production of theatrical effect. But, in truth, it makes so prodigious a claim upon the sympathies, that unless a man has a hogshead of these to spare, and can manage to set them running through fifty spigots at once, it is impossible for him to answer the demand. One can't be plunged in sorrow, horrified with alarm, gasping with terror, agonised with remorse, thrilled with bodily tortures, desperate with disappointed love, and frantic with rage—all and each ten times over in twenty minutes; and the result is, that after trying the thing for a little while, one gives it up as hopeless, and allows the desperate business to take its independent course. But still, mob loves it dearly, and applauds to the echo—a fact not so complimentary to mob as it is explanatory of the other fact—namely, that they don't care much for the regular drama. On the other hand, it would seem that the better-educated class care as little for this high-spiced fare; for on looking round, we note that though gallery and pit are both crammed, the rest of the house may be faithfully described as 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.'

The *Half-Caste* done with, the next display is the tumbling exploits of a graceful athlete and three children, all dazzling in white and gold. The man lies on a cushion, and elevates his feet in the air; the boys in turn climb to his feet, whence they are whirled aloft to twist, and pirouette, and turn somersaults in the air, descending always either sitting or standing on the upturned toes of the parent, until a final propulsion forward sends them rolling across the stage wheel-fashion. The performance is so startling as to fascinate the eye; but it is at the same time so difficult, and apparently dangerous for the children, that one can scarcely help wishing it were impossible. It is needless to say that it is received with deafening applause.

It is near ten o'clock when the curtain rises for what, in the estimation of mob at least, is the grand performance of the evening. This is a *Drama of Life*, in three acts, avowedly suggested by Mayhew's work on London Labour and the London Poor, to which, however, it appears to be indebted only for the designations of the principal characters. These are—a poor starving but honest boy (played by a woman); Captain George, a street-patterer; a Hindoo tract-seller; Banjo Bill, a negro melodist; an artful dodger, a faker; Lady Mary, the street wanderer; Mother Midnight, who keeps a thieves' kitchen; Joe Bunt, a philanthropic costermonger; and a whole crowd of thieves and vagabonds, male and female. There are in addition the characters of a romantic love-story, which being made up of no uncommon materials, we need notice no further than to say that it is brought to a happy conclusion chiefly through the exertions of the poor ragged boy and his friends, the street-folk. The merit of the piece consists in a forcible one-sided fidelity to fact. The patterer is true to the life so long as he patters, which he does as though to the manner born, but wanders from nature and truth in becoming logical and reflective. The misfortunes of Banjo Bill are irresistibly comic, and the scenes in the dolly-shop of Mother Midnight are as irresistibly touching. The feeling of the audience goes all the way with Jerry, the ragged boy; but in truth Jerry is a subject who was never seen on London streets, and never will be, nor anywhere else, so far as we know, save in a religious tract. But the great attraction of all is the philanthropic costermonger, played by a man who has long been the cherished darling of the mob, and played in a way so natural and effective, that it requires a good stretch of imagination to make anything but a costermonger of him. The tone of voice, the look, the leer of the eye, the sturdy, semi-swaggering gait, and the blunt expression of his plain, manly sentiments—all make up a true picture, finished to the nicest touch, and in no point overdone.

The scenes are carefully got up, and represent localities well known to every Londoner, and form with their groups of living vagabonds some remarkable tableaux. There is the thieves' kitchen in Fox Court, with its family of juvenile practitioners—Covent Garden market before dawn, and the gradual breaking of the day—the entrance to Whitechapel workhouse, with a crowd of famished wretches huddled together during a fall of snow—the dark arches of the Adelphi, populous with houseless wanderers, and the moonlighted Thames in the background—with others of similar interest, imparting an air of reality to the whole performance which it might want before any other than a metropolitan audience. The faults of the play are the high-flown sentimentality put into the mouths of the street-folk, which makes them appear ridiculous when they intend to be pathetic—and the impossibly absurd position the police are made to occupy in regard to their vagabond antagonists—not to mention the gross improbabilities of the plot, which, when departing from actual fact, rarely approaches the *vraisemblable*. One thing, however, is certain with respect to this piece, with all its faults and crudities, and that is, that it is making a profound impression upon the mob and the lower middle-class mind. It is watched and listened to with more attention than we have ever before seen bestowed on any mere mimic scene of such length. The intense fun of the thing never banishes the sense of its dreary reality; and the laughter and applause which the one elicits are followed again and again by the sighs and stifled sobs and moans due to the other. The play has, further, made its way into the provinces, and is performing simultaneously in the great cities of the empire, and everywhere it is the mob and the lower middle classes that rush to its representation.

In our visits to the theatres above described, we have seen enough to afford us a tolerable notion of the way in which the multitude are cared for by the theatrical management, and have learned something of the nature of the dramatic recreations they affect. It would be unfair, however, to draw a conclusion with regard to the popular taste for theatrical exhibitions solely from the scenes above delineated. There has always existed in London, even among the humblest classes of sight-seers, a very considerable and respectable section who doggedly set their faces against what they consider the degradation and the abuse of the stage. They abominate gunpowder and blue-fire, the introduction of quadrupeds or jugglery, and vulgarity in all their varieties—and stand up stoutly for Shakspeare and the legitimate drama. Even in periods when the great houses have prostituted their boards to the wildest melodramatic spectacles and Tom-and-Jerry fooleries, and all London seemed to be infatuated with the display of gorgeous properties in illustration of the silliest nonsense—the good old English dramas, or the sterling productions of the living author, have found warm admirers and stanch supporters among the common people. Happily for them, there are managers who prefer encouraging and cultivating a correct taste to pandering to a vicious one; and it rarely happens in London, whether in season or out of season, that the working-man who has sixpence to spend in recreation, may not spend it, if he choose, in witnessing the representation, at least tolerably well got up, of a play by Shakspeare.

We shall pay our sixpence, and look in now at a house situated in what, a few years back, was a northern suburb, and which for the last two or three lustres has been well known as the abiding refuge of the legitimate drama. Under the management of a man of refined taste, himself a chaste and accomplished actor, it prospers as it should do, and may be said to owe its prosperity to the careful production on the part of the manager of what is genuine and sterling in dramatic literature, and to the thorough appreciation of it on the part of the middle and lower class multitude. The sixpence admits us to the gallery, in which some four hundred people might be packed away with some degree of comfort, but where we find five hundred crammed and wedged together, awaiting the rise of the curtain and the commencement of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. On a platform at the back of the gallery is a stall, in charge of a woman, for the sale of cheap refreshments, ginger-beer, fruit, buns, &c. Some provision has been made for ventilation, a current of cold air making itself felt from the rear; but it is all too weak to produce a cooling effect. The pit is overcrammed, and the heat, as it ascends, is reflected from the roof, which is within reach of your hand, upon the heads of the gallery, and the result is, that ere we have stood ten minutes in the place, we are dripping with perspiration from head to heel. Not so, however, the habitués of the place—they take the matter coolly enough; all they want is to settle themselves comfortably, and establish silence before the play begins. At seven to the minute the curtain rises, and immediately all is stillness and attention. It needs but a few minutes' observation of this gallery-audience to see of what stuff they are composed. Nearly all of them are past the age of boyhood, and there is a pervading look of intelligence throughout the close lines of attentive faces. Of females there are very few—not a sixth of the whole—and whether male or female, all are quiet and interested in the 'cunning of the scene.' That they understand what they see and hear you are not permitted to doubt—in fact, a majority of them know what is coming. When a covert joke lights up a whole row of faces, or a sally of unobvious stupidity, on the part of Master Slender, sets them all in a grin, there is no room for question as to the intellect of the audience, made up though it is of costers and 'prentice-boys, and labouring men in close cloth caps and fustian jackets. Not that these fill the gallery entirely, for we note besides a tolerable sprinkling of poor foreigners, lank of hair and bushy of chin, among whom there is a portly German provided with a square four-inch copy of the play in his native tongue, by the aid of which he is greedily sucking in a sixpenny lesson in English; and a lithe Frenchman who is making the best of the English edition. Falstaff is played by the manager himself, whose appearance is the signal for an affectionate greeting of three rounds at least of enthusiastic applause. Were this a place for theatrical criticism, we should feel disposed to indulge in liberal commendations of this gentleman's version of the fat knight. Enough to say, that it was such a version as might challenge the censorship of an educated taste—that the Falstaff of the 'Wells' did *not* descend to provoke laughter by an impossible belly—that he never forgot that he was a knight—that there was a dignity even in his drollery, which, wounded and damaged as it was by his mishaps, was never driven out of him, but remained matter for mirth, and something deeper and better to the last scene. By the end of the first act, the heat of the gallery drove us down stairs into the pit, whence the impossibility of seeing or hearing anything, owing to the intolerable pressure, drove us up again into the boxes, which, being comparatively deserted, allowed us breathing-room and to spare to the close of the performance. The partial emptiness of the boxes would seem to confirm the supposition, that the legitimate and serious, as well as the factitious and exciting drama, finds its exclusive patronage in the lower middle and lower classes. If so, what can be the cause of such a state of things? Can it be that the better-educated public, who used to delight in Kean and Kemble, have reached that stage of refinement which looks on all histrionic attempts as barbarous mimicries, and enjoys profoundly in the closet what it no longer cares to witness on the stage?

We should extend our researches to an unreasonable length were we to report *seriatim* on the whole of the theatres and theatrical establishments of various kinds supported by the mob which are to be found within the city and suburbs of London. What is remarkable about them is, that the further they get from St Paul's, the more liberal they become in the provision they make for their guests, and the more extravagant and grotesque is the *mélange* of their bill of fare. Our expeditions in various directions have taught us some lessons we never dreamed of learning, and given us some new ideas of what it is that constitutes amusement in the estimation of the mob. Among things theatrical, we have seen Hamlet burlesqued into Gimlet, a carpenter's apprentice; his uncle turned into a body-snatcher; Ophelia, a mad basket-woman, dispensing carrots and cabbages as tokens of remembrance. We have seen the tragedy of נכוכדנאער presented to an audience of Jews, said audience quarrelling and fighting savagely over the performance, and turning the pit into a field of battle (perhaps of the two opposing sects of Sephardim and Ashkenazim), and beheld the be-jewelled and Roman-nosed ladies in the boxes, forgetful of their decorum, cheering Moses and Lazarus to the combat, with clamorous injunctions to 'pitch into Levi, and settle him.' We have seen phenomena of thirty-five inches playing on the great fiddle, and heard baby-songs lisped by an infant nine feet high. We have witnessed the sorrows of the Licensed Victualler's Daughter, and have gone down into the coal-mine with the Daughter of Night, over in Hoxton. We have sat composedly behind playbills five feet long, with 150 lines of small print and large print, and crammed with every horrible and every sentimental epithet that could be gathered from all the dictionaries in the Museum. Of things not theatrical, we have seen as much. We have met the choice spirits of the ring, in these the days of their decline, banished to a dreary loft, and reduced to bruise anew each other's battered faces for the miserable dole of subscription twopences. We have seen champions in shin-kicking, champions in head-breaking, champion dogs, rats, cocks, and singing-birds. We have seen dancing among sharp blades and hot irons with bare feet—dancing blindfold among eggs—dancing with a garland of half-hundredweights—dancing in saloons, in lofts, in cellars, at all hours of the night, and by damsels whose ball-dress wouldn't fetch a groat. We have seen a thief's wedding and a thief's ball, and the sudden inroad of the police while the fun was fast and furious, followed by the dashing out of lights, and the hasty rush in the dark from the dreaded grasp of authority. Such things, and more of the sort, has the search into popular amusements revealed to us; but we have no fancy for dwelling on such pictures as these, and forbear to present them to the reader.

Here we must close our review of the cheap amusements of London; not that we have visited more than a fraction of the whole. By comprehending all, we should have to tell the same tale many times over; and in prosecuting the search on higher ground, we should have to leave the recreations of the mob and the mass for those of a class in easier circumstances. It may be thought that we have already transgressed a little in this particular; but in truth we have rarely touched the shilling, and even Mob will occasionally disburse a shilling when sure of a shilling's worth; and it is impossible, as all the world knows, to draw with accuracy the line where mob ends and middle-class begins, for the very sufficient reason that there is no definite line at all.

EDITH WALSINGHAM.

I.

I was always very romantic. At fourteen, I wrote verses of a dark and dreary character, and was melancholy and misanthropical; at seventeen, I proposed to a young lady nearly twice my age, who very wisely refused me; and I was so profoundly miserable, or thought myself so, that I meditated for days about suicide, but could not determine upon the exact form of violent death that might be advisable. Even Oxford, with all the boating, and beer-drinking, and cricketing, wine-parties, whist, billiards, and various boisterous diversions, did not quite cure me of my sentimental tendencies. I was all but plucked for my 'little go;' because during the vacation before this dreaded ordeal, I had been flirting with a blue-eyed cousin named Ada, instead of devoting myself to Euripides, Horace, and Euclid.

In my twelfth term—that is, after about two years and a half residence at college—it seemed almost time to make some preparation for my final examination, or 'great go;' and I was informed by a candid tutor at the close of the summer term, a few days before the glorious saturnalia of commemoration, that nothing would save me but very steady reading during the whole of the long vacation. Whereupon I packed my portmanteau full of clothes, and an enormous deal-box full of books, and shunning my blue-eyed cousin, I got into the train, and giving myself only a two days' holiday in London, I went forthwith to Sandhaven.

Everybody knows Sandhaven and its dull High Street, and its sands and its assembly-rooms, and its bazaars and bathing-machines, and flies and young ladies on horses, and old ladies in vehicles and infants in perambulators drawn by chubby-faced nursery-maids; its billiard-rooms, eating-houses, suburban tea-gardens; its steamers arriving daily and departing daily; its circulating libraries, not a novel less than ten years old; its three churches and eight chapels; its wind, its dust, its heat, its glare; the terrific greed of its lodging-keepers; and, during the season, its generally unquiet, unstudious character. What could have induced me to select Sandhaven, I know not; but the stubborn fact is—I did select it.

I established myself in very expensive, and not very comfortable apartments. They had these recommendations: there was a fine view of the sea; the landlady, a widow of about forty, was plain; her daughter, a girl of seventeen, still plainer; and the servant positively hideous. I shall at least, thought I, be safe here. Arriving on a Friday, I thought it as well to see something of the place during that and the following day. If I set to work on the Monday, and made a fair start, it would be better than to begin before I knew anything of the institutions of the town or its inhabitants. So on Friday and Saturday I bathed and boated, and had a donkey-ride, and dropped into various billiard-rooms—rather astonishing provincial pool-players by the experience attained at Oxford—and I also haunted the various bazaars, and danced, though with much decorum, ay, even solemnity, at the assembly-rooms. On Sunday I went to church.

Full of good resolutions, on the evening of that day I retired to bed early; but before doing so, arranged an elaborate machinery to enable me to rise early the next morning. I am a very heavy sleeper, and had no *alarum* with me, so I tied a string round my finger, passed it under the door, and gave orders to the servant-girl to pull the string until I got out of bed. She obeyed me scrupulously; and at seven, despite various remonstrances, which I growled forth in tones not by any means gentle, I was pulled out of bed by my finger, and half an hour afterwards was unpacking the colossal deal-box, and arranging my library for the ensuing literary campaign. I was to read only eight hours a day; this I thought moderate; in prospect it looked so: if necessary, this was to be increased to ten or twelve. More steam might be put on—that was the exact expression—as the danger grew more imminent; but at present eight hours would do. I drew out my programme, which ran thus:

Before breakfast . 7·30 to 8·30 = 1 hour.
After 〃 . 10 〃 2 = 4 hours.
In the evening, . 8 〃 11 = 3 〃
8 〃

I was not a candidate for honours, but only for the simple 'pass,' in the old days of 'passes.' My subjects were divinity, logic, Latin composition, four plays of Sophocles, the *Odes*, *Epodes*, and *Ars Poetica* of Horace, the four first books of Herodotus, and the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil. These were to be mastered in the following method:

7·30 to 8·30, ...	Divinity.
10 " 11 , ...	Logic.
11 " 12 , ...	Latin Writing.
12 " 2 , ...	Sophocles.

The three hours in the evening were to be devoted respectively to Herodotus, Horace, and Virgil, all which I had read before, and was therefore only compelled to refresh my memory by re-perusing them, with the assistance of an English translation and a Manilla cheroot.

During the early part of Monday my progress was marvellous. The hour intended for theology was spent in unpacking; but at ten I assailed the logic with vigour; moved on to the Latin writing at eleven; and soon after twelve was absorbed in the woes of Antigone. At one, or thereabouts, I heard the tramp of horses, and what more natural than for one moment to leave the twin-sisters and that truculent tyrant Creon, and rush to the window to see who might be the passers-by? Would that I had never done so!

II.

Can I ever forget the witchery of that smile, the heaven of that calm pale brow, the latent music in those eyes, the poetry of that tiny foot, the glitter of those pearly teeth, the majesty of that arm, the temptations of that waist, the rapture of those wavy ringlets? Oh, Edith!—no, not Edith either.

What a perfect command she had of her horse! (To be sure he was daily overworked and underfed: was that her fault?) With what grace she sat in her saddle, and how fascinating was the tremulous vibration of the feather in her wide-awake hat! Can it be matter for wonder that, after gazing on such charms from my window, Imene appeared an insipid and pusillanimous time-server; Antigone, a strong-minded woman with a grievance, sadly addicted to vapouring and sentiment; Creon, an utter ruffian, and the Chorus a bore?

Before two my books were closed, and I was wildly searching through the streets and shores of Sandhaven for the lovely object of my strong though sudden passion—in vain. That day at least I found her not—nor the next—nor even the day after. Not one line could I read: it was utterly useless to attempt it.

Friday is usually accounted an unlucky day. *Quintam fuge.* It is a classical superstition which the moderns have indorsed. I found it in my case the fortunate one; for after three days' vain and restless roving to and fro, in quest of the faultless creature whose beauties had lured me from my Sophocles, and destroyed my equanimity on Friday, I caught a glimpse of her on the sands. She was with two other young ladies, whom I took to be her sisters. They were amusing themselves in gathering shells and pieces of sea-weed. They were unaccompanied by any gentleman. Each wore a wide-brimmed brown straw-hat—it was the year those abominations came into fashion. She—Edith I was going to say—I had imagined her name must be Edith—looked beautiful even under that grotesque and dreadful covering. I passed and repassed them. In looking at her, I threw an energy and fervour into my admiring gaze, which I thought in no way displeased her. I sat down on a rock some two hundred yards off, and taking a volume from my pocket—not Sophocles this time, but Keats—I affected to read, but watched their movements narrowly.

I saw her writing with her parasol on the sand. How my heart palpitated! Is it, I thought, some tender sentiment, some gentle encouragement?—does she inscribe her name, possibly add her address? I was in a fever of expectation. I sat absorbed, as they may have thought, in my book until they moved away some distance, when I followed to the spot where she had written in large clear characters, EDITH WALSINGHAM. It was then Edith. This, then, was her name. How true my presentiment! Had it been revealed to me in a dream? I looked round to see that no one watched me, and wrote in large letters under it my own name, HENRY. I then hurried after them, that I might, if possible, see what the earthly abode of this goddess was. Everything favoured my design: they never looked round once, but went directly up a hill from the sands, and entered the door of 17 Promenade Villas, Prospect Place.

I returned immediately to the sands. How happy was I now! That morning, when I left my lodgings, all was doubt and uncertainty; now, did I not know everything?—her very name and address? I felt so calm and contented, that I could have almost returned to the society of Antigone and Imene for an hour or two, but I determined first to revisit the sea-shore. I wandered back to the spot where I had written my Christian name under hers, and was hurt and disgusted to find that some mischievous and ill-meaning person had scrawled under them, in large coarse-looking letters, A PAIR OF IDIOTS. This was the treatment which sentiment met with at the hands of the vulgar. I had always been a friend to education, except in my own particular case; I now bitterly regretted that the masses, or any of them, could write. I looked around, but to no purpose, for the miscreant who had committed this sacrilege. Not a bone in his body should have remained unbroken.

I quickly obliterated the ribaldry that had been added, and left the two names as they stood originally, until it occurred to me that I would destroy her surname, place my own opposite, and bracket the two Christian names together. I then sat myself down on the shingles, and watched the tide come in, ripple after ripple washing up nearer and nearer to the writing, until at last the two names still united were submerged under the waters of the Atlantic; and as the tide had now reached me, I woke from my reverie with my shoes and stockings wet.

That evening I dined with some appetite; it had entirely forsaken me during the three preceding days. With my cheroot, I attempted Herodotus, but soon laid the venerable Father of History aside; took up Virgil, but with the same result. Even my favourite Horatius Flaccus could not, on this occasion, be tolerated, but was exchanged for my pen, with which I wrote an acrostic on Edith Walsingham. I went to bed reciting my lines, which at the time seemed a very happy effort of my muse, repeating the euphonious name which had inspired them, and meditating on the beauty of its enchanting owner.

Next morning, I was up betimes, long before the hideous servant had plied the string fastened to my finger. I had now some object in life—that object was Edith Walsingham. I would read, ay, read even before breakfast, and divinity too; so for one hour I applied myself unremittingly, and afterwards took my first meal with cheerfulness and appetite.

Before I should commence my logic at ten, there was ample time for a short walk, and what could better settle my mind for the day's study than one glance at 17 Promenade Villas, Prospect Place? When I approached it, there was an unusual stir and bustle in the front of the house. Servants were running about; the dining-room table, so far as I could see from the opposite side of the way, was covered with a cold collation. Presently up dashed a carriage and pair to the door, and out floated one of the young ladies whom I had seen with Edith on the sands, robed in soft Indian white muslin.

A horrible suspicion seized me; I felt dizzy, and staggered, as the thought passed through my mind that there was to be a wedding, and that Edith was to be the bride of another. Suspense was torture I could not endure, so I walked boldly over to the driver of the carriage and pair. 'Is there a wedding here this morning?' I asked.

'Yes, sir,' answered the coachman.

'One of the Miss Walsinghams?' I suggested.

'No, sir: Miss Jones.'

I breathed freely. It was not my Edith; but she would probably be a bridemaid, and I should see her in all the virgin purity and whiteness of muslin, light as gossamer. I was again happy, and full of expectation. What would I have given to be invited to the breakfast, and been called on to propose the bridemaids' healths.

In another moment another carriage arrived, and this time two India muslin bridemaids descended—one I recognised as of the trio on the sands, but not my Edith. When would she come? I crossed the road again to Jehu the second, and remarked in a very unconcerned way, that I believed Mr Walsingham lived here.

'No, sir,' he replied firmly: 'Mr Jones.'

'Then Miss Walsingham is on a visit to Mr Jones's?' I, by way of conjecture, observed.

'Daresay she may be,' said the charioteer; 'there's a deal of company in the house.'

Carriage after carriage drove up. I had now counted six bridemaids, and Edith was not among them. But, heavens! what is this? Edith leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman—Edith arrayed as a bride, rustling in glacis silk, covered from head to foot with Brussels lace, and veiled. Oh, Edith—Edith Walsingham!

I gazed for one moment at the carriage as it rolled away; I would have followed to the church, but had not strength to do so. I reeled home, and threw myself on my sofa. The plain landlady called her plainer daughter; they held a consultation in the passage, and were sending off the very plain servant for a doctor, when I rose and rebuked them, and then lay down again. I slept I scarcely know how long—I hardly remember anything more of that awful day.

Next morning, though I ate no breakfast, I tried to read the *Times*, and got as far as the supplement and the marriages, among which I saw—'On Saturday 17th, at St Paul's Church, Sandhaven, by the Rev. Peter Jones, uncle of the bride, Mary, eldest daughter of Alexander Jones, Esq., to Percy Batkin, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law.'

'Mary Jones, now Mary Batkin,' I soliloquised—'what could have induced her to inscribe on the sand that other name?'

Two hours after, I purchased a copy of the *Sandhaven Herald*, in which was the following paragraph:—'We rejoice to state that Percy Batkin, Esq., the celebrated author of many works of fiction, led to the hymeneal altar, on Saturday last, the eldest daughter of our respected fellow-townsman, Alexander Jones, Esq. Mr Batkin is, we understand, upon the point of giving to the world of letters another three-volumed novel, under the attractive title of *Edith Walsingham*.'

And it was this, then, of which she was thinking when I saw her write! Need I add that I at once left Sandhaven a blighted being, but found that in addition to being blighted, I should be, if I did not read, also plucked—that I therefore read—passed 'great go'—and am now romantic no more.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON IDIOTS.

Perhaps there never was a greater triumph of humanity, than the success which has already attended the efforts made to improve the condition of idiots, a condition which had hitherto been considered utterly hopeless.

How gratifying is the reflection that none are cast beyond the pale of human society; but that in all God's creatures, even in that class afflicted with the greatest of human infirmities, some latent capability may be brought into action, that places them in a position which, though humble, is neither useless nor degraded. Experience in the training of these hitherto neglected beings may lead to the happiest suggestions as to the mode best suited to their capacities of giving them instruction, and may throw new light on psychological science. Not only have idiots been found capable of manual employment, and to have a liking for it, but numbers among them are actually endowed with a taste for one of the most delightful of the fine arts; for we find, as reported by the resident physician of the asylum for idiots, Parkhouse, Highgate, that there are but very few cases of idiocy that are unaffected by Music; even those forlorn beings who mope in corners, apparently insensible to every outward impression, can be roused from their stone-like immobility, and a new life infused into them by the harmony of sweet sounds: all exhibit pleasure, some move their body in time to the air which is played; others sing after their own fashion; some, even of the most torpid among them, when looking on for some time as some of their less apathetic companions dance, suddenly become animated, start up, and dance in their own way. When the music stops, they relapse into their inert state; still it is evident that the excitement is not without its use; their looks shew that they take more notice of what is passing, and their complexions that the circulation has been quickened. The most senseless among this unfortunate class still have their favourite instruments. The physician mentions one boy in particular, who had a decided preference for the violin: when sitting near one who is playing on some other instrument, he quits his side, to get near another who begins to play on the violin. So fond is he of this instrument, that he will follow the performer wherever he goes. The boy is so naturally timid, that he will not venture to stand upon a low chair; but he will follow the violinist when he mounts the highest table. It is not for certain instruments only that these poor creatures shew a preference, but they have their favourite airs: if one which they do not like is played, they remain in their apathetic state; but as soon as they hear one of their pet tunes, they testify their pleasure by their animated movements.

The physician and the other persons in attendance on the idiots, take advantage of the power which music has over them. When it is necessary that they should be composed, recourse is had to music: it succeeds in soothing the most violent paroxysms of passion, and the fits of crying to which even the dullest among them are subject. A very remarkable case is mentioned of a boy who had a great dislike to a particular air: when brought to the asylum, his temper was most violent; in his rage, he would kick, bite, and scratch furiously. His master discovered that he had an aversion to a particular air: when he heard it at first, it threw him into a violent fury, and he would endeavour to kick the master, and snatch the violin from him when compelled to desist; and if the air was 'continued beyond a certain point, he would begin to cry.' This boy improved in intelligence and observation, and became more obedient; he was put into the drill-class; he sometimes exhibited great violence of temper and provoking obstinacy; he was, however, subdued by music. When he acquitted himself well, he was gratified with his favourite airs; when he misbehaved, he was punished with the hated tune. This mode of managing him produced the happiest effect—he became more submissive and teachable. So sensitive, indeed, did he become at last, that, as the master tells us, 'as soon as the air he disliked was begun, he would put his hands together, and say, in his own language, that he was *a good boy.*'

There is a still more extraordinary case: that of a boy who cannot be taught to put on his clothes, and who cannot reply to any question so as to be understood, and who will eat anything, however disgusting; yet with so great an aptitude for music, and so vivid a recollection of anything he hears, that if an organ or a chance band should play when he is near, he will, very frequently on the day after, go over several airs he had never heard till then. One of the attendants wished to learn to play on the violin, and found this boy of the greatest use: by promising to reward him with a bun, he would sing any air which the attendant desired, according to his own mode, out of the many he had acquired. The man now plays very well.

There is another boy, of about seven years old, remarkable for the smallness of his head, which is stated to be very little larger than the clenched hand: this boy surprises everybody by his fondness for music, and his power of imitation. He not only sings many airs, but imitates all the movements of the music-master in the most entertaining manner. He will amuse himself throughout the entire day with two sticks, as if playing on the fiddle, singing all the time to the supposed accompaniment.

There is another little boy, too, in the asylum, who has a very small head and receding forehead. One side of his body is paralysed, and he is dumb. His health was very delicate when he first entered the asylum: he was very fretful, and slept badly; he would often cry for the greater part of the night. However, he, too, became *il fanatico per la musica:* instead of crying all night, as had been his wont, he sung unceasingly, going over and over all his favourite airs. He became fond of the place, and an evident improvement in his temper was perceptible. The nurse preferred a complaint against him sometimes: she said that she was obliged to darken his bedroom, for otherwise, he would waken up at three or four o'clock on a summer's morning, and instantly commence singing *Rory O'More.* This was the signal for another *child of song* who lay near him, and who would rouse up and join him to the full extent of his voice. To sleep near these vocalists was impossible, and they had to be placed in separate apartments. It is curious that one incapable of speech should hum airs correctly.

The account of this boy brought to our minds one we had seen many years since in Swift's hospital in Dublin: he was then about twelve years old. He was at times very violent, tearing his clothes and whatever he could lay his hands on, sometimes even his own flesh. He was quite blind, and could utter no articulate sound. There was something inexpressibly sad in the whole appearance of the child, as he paced the long corridor with a keeper by his side: such wild uncouth music as he could make, seemed to be the sum of all his enjoyment. A pair of triangles served for his instrument; and the melancholy and not unpleasing tone of the incessant 'ullah, ullah' with which he accompanied their sound, was peculiarly mournful. His case was still more sad, from the fact of his being an only child, long wished for by his parents, who had been many years married before his birth.

The music-master who attends the inmates of the asylum has succeeded beyond all expectation: not only can a number of his pupils sing various songs and glees correctly, but he has been actually able to teach some among them to read music, and to copy it into ruled books; after he had accomplished this, he taught them the harmonicon, on which they now play some of the music copied by themselves. It took time and patience to teach two boys to play together correctly, but six playing an air together on the harmonicon, astonished all who heard them. There can scarcely be a doubt that in some of these cases the idea of time and tune is intuitive. 'One boy in particular,' the physician tells us, 'has often amused me, when with something like a baton in his hand, I have seen him beating time with the greatest accuracy, whilst his fellow-pupils were playing and singing. I have often, too, seen this time-beating boy during the play-hours seated in some snug corner, by the side of the boy who has the faculty of catching tunes so readily. The first boy will take two sticks to imitate a violin, and then, as well as he can, will go over any fresh tunes his master may have been teaching him; the second boy perhaps already knows the tune. They get excited, and often sing loud enough to be heard at a considerable distance. In gloomy weather their voices have often had quite a charming effect; every now and then they would have a group of auditors.'

The time-keeper is about sixteen. When he sings, notwithstanding the discordancy of his voice, he keeps perfect time; while he sings, he nods his head in time to the air. 'You would think,' says the physician, 'that his head was the pendulum of a clock.' He possesses a most extraordinary faculty—it is that of always knowing the hour of the day, no matter how employed. If digging, sweeping, or engaged in any kind of work, if suddenly asked, he will tell the hour correctly. The account of the accuracy with which the time-keeper can tell the hour, reminds us of a passage in the *Spectator*, where it is said that 'Mr Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells of an idiot that, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day, whenever the clock struck; the clock being spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire.'

The love of the idiots for music, and their intuitive idea of time, suggested the proposal of having them taught to dance; and it has been carried out at the asylum with the greatest success. The cases to which we have referred, prove how much can be done with those labouring under the greatest of human infirmities. Some have not only made progress in music, but can read, write, and draw surprisingly well.

It is stated that idiots appear to most advantage when under the influence of music. When the violin is played to them, they may be seen hastening round the room after the master; their animated faces and movements convey the idea that they are happy. It is fabled that the enchanting harmony of the lyre of Orpheus was such, that stones and stocks danced to the melody. The poor idiots, in their untaught state, are little more than stocks and stones, and music has the power of animating them. Its tranquillising effect on those subject to paroxysms of passion and inordinate fits of weeping, reminds us of the influence of David's harp on Saul, when the evil spirit was cast out, and he was restored. Without even taking the effect of music in subduing the angry passions into account, we may consider it a blessing which cannot be too highly estimated, that any influence has been discovered which can rouse, even for a while, the poor apathetic idiot from his torpidity, and dispel the gloom which surrounds him; the blessing is enhanced when we consider the vast numbers who stand in need of it, for, by the returns in 1847, we find that forlorn class numbered 7265 in England alone.

A PARALLEL TO A LATE CRIMINAL TRIAL—FRENCH AND ENGLISH JURISPRUDENCE.

The trial of Dr Castaing in France, several years ago, for poisoning two brothers named Ballet, bears so striking a resemblance to that of William Palmer of Rugeley, that it seems worthy of being related, both for the purpose of noticing the extraordinary coincidences of the two cases, and of marking the different mode of procedure adopted in a French court of justice, from that which is practised in our own. Castaing had, like Palmer, made the action of poisons his peculiar study, with a view to ascertain which of them were sure in their operation, while leaving no trace of their presence in the body of the victim. At the time of his trial, Castaing was in the twenty-eighth year of his age, of rather small proportions, but with a strikingly handsome countenance, and a highly prepossessing appearance. He at one time had given promise of distinction in his profession, but having been led into an unfortunate connection which involved him in heavy expenses, he neglected his studies, and looked about for a speedier way of acquiring wealth. His covetous eye fell upon the fortune of two brothers, named Ballet, with whom he had been some time acquainted; and he determined, if possible, to make it his own. Auguste, the elder brother, had been in a great measure neglected by his parents, and left to grow up in the society of grooms and servants; Hippolyte, the younger, had been a favourite of his mother, and had been brought up with extreme care. They were still in youth when both their parents died, leaving each of them in possession of about L.16,000 sterling; and when they had thus become their own masters, their former slight acquaintance with Castaing ripened into close intimacy. Auguste, casting off all restraint, gave full play to his vicious inclinations, and plunged headlong into a career of wild dissipation. Hippolyte, on the other hand, unable to do without the comforts of a home, went to reside in the house of a half-sister who was married. He does not appear to have been ever in ill health, though of a morbid temperament, and with a tendency to consumption. In the beginning of October 1822, however, he became slightly indisposed, and was attended by Castaing, who took the patient completely under his own care, permitting no one else to wait on him. In three days Hippolyte breathed his last, and it was observed that for two full hours after his death Castaing remained alone in the room. Shortly after, Castaing waited upon Auguste, and having informed him of his brother's death, he cautiously approached the subject of his will. He mentioned that Hippolyte, out of gratitude for his attention, had left him his watch and some other small articles of value; and the unsuspecting Auguste at once expressed his approbation of the bequest. Castaing, however, desired him not to be too hasty in expressing his approval of all his brother had done, and mentioned to the astonished Auguste that Hippolyte, influenced against him by evil tongues, had left all his money to their half-sister, in whose house he had been residing. In proof of this assertion, he produced the copy of a will which he said he had found in a drawer, and stated that the original was in the hands of a confidential clerk of the late M. Ballet, his father, out of whose hands it could not be got, unless for a consideration. This clerk was known to be a man of the highest character; yet so specious was Castaing's manner, and so complete his ascendancy over his victim, that the fabrication was believed, and Auguste handed over to him the sum of 100,000 francs, wherewith he undertook to procure the will. Castaing did, in point of fact, bring back the document, though the bribe lay still in his own pocket, and together they destroyed the will. Castaing now held his victim by the bond of a common crime, all the while declaring that his part was dictated by the most disinterested friendship. But he soon found means to persuade the surviving brother that the property of which he had thus put him in possession, ought, in case of untimely death, to come to him, as he had perilled his safety to prevent its falling into the hands of strangers. Auguste accordingly made his will in favour of Castaing, who at once resolved that as soon as possible it should take effect.

On the evening of the 29th of May 1823, the two friends arrived at the hotel of the *Tête Noire*, at St Cloud, where they engaged a large double-bedded apartment, intending to occupy it for a day or two. On their return from a short ramble the following evening, about nine o'clock, Castaing ordered some hot wine, desiring that no sugar should be put into it, as they wished to sweeten it to their own taste. When the wine was brought, the doctor put in some sugar, which he took from a parcel belonging to himself, and having added a lemon, he left the room for the pretended purpose of seeing a servant, who was ill. On his return, he saw that the wine had not been drunk, as he expected; and in reply to his inquiring glance, Ballet remarked that he had tasted it, and found it so bad that he could not drink it. A waiting-maid having entered the room at the moment, Castaing observed that he had put too much lemon in the wine; and the servant, on tasting it, confirmed the fact. The little of the wine Ballet had taken, however, served to render him indisposed and restless throughout the night. The reader will no doubt have observed the remarkable coincidence between these circumstances and the glass of brandy and water which burned the mouth of poor Cook.

The following morning, as early as four o'clock, Castaing went out, under pretence that he wished to take a turn in the park. Instead of walking, however, he hired a car, and dashed off straight to Paris, where he arrived as the apothecaries were opening their shops. Like Palmer, he called at two of these successively, and bought poison at each. In the first shop he entered, he startled the apprentice who served him by asking for twelve grains of tartar emetic antimony; but he succeeded in quieting his scruples by some supposed explanation of the purpose for which he wanted it. The next shop to which he went was that of M. Chevalier, with whom he had some acquaintance, and there he purchased so large a quantity of the acetate of morphine, that he had again to explain to the chemist that he wished it for the purpose of experimenting upon animals. With these supplies, Castaing hastened back to St Cloud, called for a cup of cold milk, which he gave to his friend to drink, and in three-quarters of an hour after, Ballet was suddenly seized with violent pains and vomitings. Dr Pigache, who resided at St Cloud, was called in; and as Castaing had taken care to remove everything which could have revealed the truth to a physician's eye, the doctor could only act upon the descriptions which Castaing chose to give him; and Castaing, himself a medical man, pronounced the attack to be one of ordinary cholera. The doctor renewed his visit about three hours after, and prescribed tartarised lemonade, which was made up by an apothecary in the neighbouring little town of Boulogne, and administered to the patient by Castaing himself, who carefully preserved the prescription, to shew that, in his last moments, Ballet was attended by another physician. The reader cannot fail to observe in these circumstances again, the exact counterpart of Palmer's conduct towards Cook. Late on the same evening, Dr Pigache again visited Ballet, and found him in a state of insensibility. He attempted to bleed him, but finding that blood would not flow, he proposed to send at once to Paris for a surgeon. Some frivolous objection on the part of Castaing being overruled, Dr Pelletan was sent for, but arrived too late to be of any service to the patient. A slight examination of the case, however, served to awaken suspicion in the mind of this shrewd practitioner; and more minute inquiries into the circumstances bringing out, among other things, the fact that Castaing was the residuary legatee of the deceased, so far confirmed it, that, with the concurrence of Pigache, he mentioned the whole affair to the mayor. A *post-mortem* examination was resolved upon, and Castaing, without being actually arrested, was placed under the surveillance of the police.

The uneasiness manifested by the criminal during the *post-mortem* examination, and the anxiety he betrayed as to the discovery of any traces of poison, could not escape the observant eye of Pelletan; and although no remains of poison were found in the body, the circumstances seemed altogether so suspicious, that Castaing was immediately after committed to the prison of Versailles. He was no sooner in prison, than he selected one named Goupil, whose term of imprisonment was nearly expired, and whom he made the depositary of his confidential communications, assuring him that if any traces of poison had been discovered, he would have committed suicide at once; and hoping thus to engage his sympathy, he at the same time made him sure of remuneration. The manner in which he was required to act, however, appeared to Goupil so hazardous, that he took fright, and revealed all that had occurred to the authorities.

The suspicions respecting the death of Auguste Ballet, meanwhile, excited attention to the manner of his brother Hippolyte's death. One apothecary remembered having twice sold Castaing large quantities of acetate of morphine previously to that event; another recollected having met him in the street when he made minute inquiries as to the effects of certain poisons, and, though proving nothing of themselves, these facts seemed to strengthen the chain of circumstantial evidence. The result of a *post-mortem* examination made at the time of Hippolyte's demise was also canvassed. The decision had been that death was caused by consumption; but it was remembered that the examining surgeon had expressed his opinion that the symptoms were equally consistent with the operation of some kinds of poison. Moreover, the symptoms which had marked the death of Hippolyte were found to be remarkably similar to those attending the death of Auguste; and, in short, so much ground for suspicion was found, that it was resolved to commit Castaing for trial on the charge of a double murder.

Here we pause to notice one or two remarkable points of difference between the French and English modes of conducting criminal trials. Under the French system, it is the accused himself who is made to furnish most of the materials to be used against him on his trial. From the moment of his arrest till the verdict is pronounced, he is subjected to one long series of examinations, which seldom extend over a period of less than six months. Thus Castaing, who was arrested on the last day of May, was not put on trial till the 10th of the following November, when the *juge d'instruction* resigned him into the hands of the president of *La Cour d'Assises de la Seine.* The great objection to this system is, that there evidently lies at the root of it an assumption that the prisoner is guilty, thus throwing on him the *onus* of proving himself innocent. The fundamental maxim of English justice is, as every one knows, exactly the reverse of this—namely, to assume the innocence of the accused till he is proved guilty. Another peculiar feature in a French criminal process is the *acte d'accusation.* The inquiry of which this is the result, embraces the whole previous life of the accused. Commencing from his cradle—nay, looking back into his family history, it traces hereditary and individual characteristics, follows step by step the development of his character, marks his bias towards good or evil, and, in short, leaves nothing unnoticed which can in any way throw light on the person's character and disposition. All the previous circumstances of a man's life are thus brought to bear on his trial for one crime; either in the way of accounting for his commission of it, or of rendering that unlikely; and if in the course of his inquiry a magistrate should stumble on some former delinquency in an individual's career, he includes it in the indictment, and the accused has to stand trial for both.

This mode of procedure has at least this advantage: the reading of the acte d'accusation stands in lieu of an opening speech from the crown-lawyer, and being simply a statement of facts, dispassionately read, it is not likely to produce such an effect against the prisoner as an eloquent and pointed address, setting forth the charge in a strong light, and delivered *vivâ voce.* In Castaing's case, the general impression, even after the reading of the acte d'accusation, was in his favour; and it was not till he began to wince and contradict himself under the searching examination of the judge that the feelings of the audience turned against him.

Immediately after the reading of the acte d'accusation, the court proceeds to examine the prisoner, thus placing the judge and the accused in a sort of personal controversy. In Castaing's case, however, it may be thought that this method was on the whole advantageous. The point where he specially failed in his defence was in accounting for his purchase of two large quantities of poison. For this he could give no satisfactory reason, and his answers to the pressing questions of the judge were so confused, as to leave a strong impression of his guilt. He pretended that the cats at the hotel were so noisy that his friend requested him to destroy them; and when confuted by the landlord and people of the house, he said his friend wished to see experiments as to the effect of poison on animals. Questions as to how he had actually disposed of the poisons received answers equally contradictory, many of which were proved by witnesses to be untrue.

Castaing's trial lasted a whole week, during which time there were ninety-one witnesses examined, of whom sixty-five were for the crown and the *partie civile*, and twenty-six for the defence. It may be well to note here, that the partie civile is the party who suffers by the death of the victim, and who is allowed to claim damages out of the murderer's estate. Castaing's property, instead of being forfeited to the crown, would thus be applied to the indemnification of the relations of the brothers Ballet.

The fact that no trace of poison had been found in the bodies of either of the supposed victims, was of course strongly urged by the counsel for the defence; and the question was consequently raised—Can vegetable poisons be traced? On this point, a number of eminent medical men and chemists were examined, and the manner of their disagreement, though the trial took place thirty-three years ago, was almost identical with what occurred in Palmer's case. Dr Laennec, under whom Castaing had studied medicine, said that, judging from the symptoms described, he would expect to find that Ballet had died from poison. M. Orfila could not give an opinion in this case, as the liquids in the stomach had not been analysed, but affirmed that he could detect half a grain of acetate of morphine in a pint of liquid. M. Vauquelin supported this opinion. Dr Pelletan, who first entertained suspicion of the murder, admitted that he had not found traces of poison, but stated that the symptoms as described to him had suggested the probability of its having been used. He thought it probable that if great vomiting should occur after the last dose of acetate of morphine, no trace of it might remain. Other professional authorities of high standing followed, and assumed different degrees of certainty in their utterances. It was also broadly insinuated, as in Palmer's case, that professional jealousy and prejudice had greatly influenced the opinions given. But the closely woven chain of circumstantial evidence was not to be turned aside by a theory, the truth of which could not be demonstrated. Moreover, the systematic murders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had not been forgotten in France. The habit of advancing personal interests by quietly disposing of the lives of others, which was commenced by the Medicis, and perfected by the Borgias, had been too successfully imitated in France, and had come to such a height that *poudre de succession* became an understood term, and had its regular practitioners. The climax was attained in the hands of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, who was at length convicted and burned for her crimes, and a check was thus given to the diabolical practice. But the recollection of these events had great influence in exciting a panic during Castaing's trial, lest there should be a possibility of administering poison in a way not to be detected by appearances after death; and there certainly was great reason to fear that if Castaing should be acquitted on the ground that no trace of poison had been found, similar attempts might become frequent where an object was to be gained.

There was one other element in Castaing's defence which must not be omitted. Like Palmer, he could play the good fellow at times, and several witnesses came forward to testify to his benevolence. He had gratuitously attended patients in poor circumstances, and had even refused money when offered to him by persons of limited means. This may seem anomalous when contrasted with his conduct towards the brothers Ballet; but it would appear to be the nature of those reckless minds, which, while despising small gains, grasp at mighty advantages without admitting the least scruple of conscience. They must have prey worthy of their colossal appetites.

At nine o'clock in the evening, the jury retired to consider their verdict, and returned in two hours, declaring Castaing not guilty of the murder of Hippolyte Ballet, but guilty of having, along with Auguste, destroyed Hippolyte's will; and also of having, by means of poisonous substances, caused the death of Auguste. In France, as in Scotland, a majority of the jury is sufficient to pass the verdict; and in this case seven were for the verdict given, and five for acquittal. Possibly this plan may occasionally be adopted by those who have an aversion to capital punishments, in order to give the prisoner the benefit of an apparent doubt, when they cannot plead extenuating circumstances. The judges, however, of the whole court declared their unanimous approval of the verdict, and thus the prisoner's doom was sealed.

Dr Castaing, who while his victim was receiving the last rites of the church, had interrupted the officiating priest with his vociferous responses and appeals to his Maker, now renewed his boisterous devotion with a vehemence which, on an audience already intensely excited, and at midnight, did not fail of its intended effect. Having been asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be carried into effect, he exclaimed: 'No, Monsieur le President, I will meet my fate, unhappy that I am, and plunged by the circumstances of which I am the victim, into the tomb—I shall go to meet my two poor friends. I am accused of having basely assassinated them. Oh! if there be a Providence, if there be in living man a divine spark, that divine spark, be it what it may, shall go to meet again Auguste and Hippolyte Ballet!' Here he paused, overcome by emotion. Then, after a short time, pointing to the crucifix which was suspended over the bench, he resumed: 'These are no vain declamations—I ask nothing from any human being—I appeal to the divine! I call on death, and I will march with joy to the scaffold! Yes, I know I shall, because my conscience does not reproach me—because it will not accuse me, even when I feel'—— Here he pressed his hands about his neck, expressing thus his allusion to the guillotine.

His advocate, M. Roussel, wept while the prisoner affectionately held his hands, desiring him to embrace for him his old father and mother, his two brothers, and his little daughter. Then turning to the audience, he exclaimed: 'You young men who have assisted at my trial, you will be present at my execution: my firmness will not then fail me. A prompt death is the only favour I ask. I would blush to implore clemency.' These ejaculations were interrupted by the return of the judges, who had retired to prepare the terms of the sentence, and the culprit was formally condemned to death.

Castaing, however, made the ordinary appeal to the *Cour de Cassassion*, by which he gained only the fortnight required by the forms of the court. He had calculated, and not without some reason, that his displays of religious fervour would operate in his favour. At that time, Louis XVIII. was approaching his end, and the heir-apparent to the throne was under the influence of the Jesuits. The judges and magistrates also were chosen from among the professedly devout; and at a time when the bulk of the nation were avowedly sceptical, Castaing played a skilful part for his own interest when he acted the religious hypocrite. So confidently had he reckoned on the success of the plan, that when, on the morning of his execution, a communication was made to him that he must prepare to die, he received the message with an air of incredulity. It is more than probable, however, that, in the event of his expectations being disappointed, he had meditated suicide, for a quantity of virulent poison was discovered on his person, and removed. Castaing's next step, after receiving this notice, was to write a long letter to his wife, couched in such terms as to lead the authorities, to whose inspection he knew it would be submitted, to suppose that he was in the constant habit of conversing with his family on religious topics, and that their minds were absorbed in the consideration of these subjects. No doubt, he had calculated on the effect of this letter; for when told again, in the course of the day, that he was to be executed two hours before the usual time, he gave way to bitter complaints that he should be deprived of these two hours of existence. This arrangement, however, was rendered necessary, because the crowds who had gathered to witness the execution were so dense, and the excitement so great, that the authorities were apprehensive of serious accident if the execution were deferred till the usual time. They therefore appointed two o'clock, instead of the fatal *quatre heures* of *le dernier jour d'un condamné*.

When the last order came to prepare for death, he saw that his calculations had failed, and with the final extinction of hope, his firmness entirely forsook him. His physical strength seemed paralysed, and his mind sunk into such a state of stupor as to render him incapable of receiving one word of that support and consolation he had before so shamefully desecrated. When led out to execution, his lethargy was such that his head fell from side to side according to the motion of the cart on which he sat. Being roused at the foot of the scaffold, he seemed to recover consciousness for a moment, threw himself on his knees, and uttered a short prayer; then relapsing into his state of partial insensibility, he was carried on to the platform, and, without a struggle, endured the penalty his crimes had brought upon him.

OUR NATIONAL STUDY.

Most of our readers, we presume, are acquainted with the fact, that within the precincts of London there has long been established a fine national collection of curiosities, gathered from every quarter of the globe, and illustrative of the manners and customs of various races at almost every period of the world's history—together with galleries of works of art and cabinets of scientific specimens; and that this national collection is called the British Museum. It is likewise well known that, in connection with this Museum, there exists an extensive and valuable library, and also a spacious public hall, in which antiquaries, architects, artists, clergymen of various denominations, intelligent members of the newspaper press, students in anatomy, chemistry, botany, geography, &c., philosophers, and authors, congregate for the purposes of study. Several of these, grown gray in the service of literature, have punctually frequented this sanctum for the last twenty or thirty years, and from their devoted constancy and venerable bearing, seem to have become, to the eye of fancy, the genii of the place.

Were we inclined to give wings to our imagination, and pry into the career of those who have pored day by day for so many years over dusky volumes and musty manuscripts, we might inquire how have they lived on? what have been their thoughts? with what hopes, what aspirations, did they first take their seats? with what feelings do they now resume them? We might be still further impertinent enough to ask, what has been the result of so many years' study, the exercise of so much patience, the toil of such infinite research?—what has been the reward of so much, let us hope, labour of love? But we won't. Suffice it to know, that it would be difficult to find an institution that has really been more useful in advancing the general knowledge of the country than this reading-room. In it have been forged many of those valuable works which have shed information throughout the length and breadth of the land, either in the shape of ponderous tomes for the learned, or brief but lucid treatises and articles for the unlearned, which reach them by means of magazines and other more frequent periodical journals.

A venerable place, then, is this hall, or rather double hall, for, in fact, it consists of two large rooms, leading the one into the other. Around its lofty walls, libraries are ranged filled with works of a referential character—such as grammars, dictionaries, encyclopædias, biographies, geographies, annuals, reviews, magazines, &c. These cases are all open, and the reader has immediate access to them, thereby avoiding the tedious delay of a formal application, such as is necessary to obtain a work from the other departments of the library. About twenty feet from the ground, an iron balcony or gallery runs round the room, enabling the attendants to reach any work that may be required from the shelves above, which line the walls almost to the cornice. Occupying two lengths and a half of the lesser hall, are to be found the huge folio official catalogues of printed books, manuscripts, maps, newspapers, pamphlets, &c., contained in the library, and to which the reader must apply to ascertain the position of the volume or volumes he wants in the building. This is done by means of letters and figures, somewhat enigmatically disposed on the margin of the catalogues, which he transfers to a printed form he finds on the table.

It is not our intention to dwell further on these two rooms, as they will be soon replaced by a magnificent hall, the particular object of our notice. It may, however, be as well to premise, that the increase in the number of visits to the reading-room of the British Museum for the purposes of study and research, has been so rapid within the last forty years, that successive enlargements have barely kept pace with the demand for more room. By the different returns which have been made to parliament, we find that in 1810 there were 1950 visits paid to it; in 1820, the number rose to 8820; in 1830, to 31,200; in 1840, to 67,542; and in 1850, to no less than 78,533, or more than 76,000 above the number who attended in 1810; giving a daily average of 260 visitors. So widely has the desire of knowledge been extended within the last half-century, so powerfully has education stimulated the mind in its pursuit of information, and made it ahungered for more food!

The reading-room, as we have said, is too small to accommodate the increased number of its daily visitors. There was also another reason, equally imperative, which necessitated the extension of the library. When the present building, the work of Sir Robert Smirke, was nearly completed, it was discovered that the portion allotted to the department of printed books would not hold more than about 20,000 volumes, whereas more than this number flowed in annually. There was no time for hesitation; space must be provided for future accumulations; and an additional room was erected at the north-west end of the building. New works, however, were still pouring in. This was a tide with no ebb; and the question was ominously asked: 'What was one room among so many volumes?' The present relief could only be temporary, for a few years at the utmost. Another library was consequently thrown up on the east side of the Royal Library, and now occupied all the available space, so that further extension was impossible—yet more room must be had. The worthy trustees put their heads together, and various propositions were made, and various plans drawn up. At length it was mooted that a new and separate edifice should be erected in the centre of Russell Square: but then the expense! Would government sanction the purchase of the pleasure-ground of that fine quadrangle of palaces, or parliament be willing to grant sums sufficient to satisfy the proprietors? besides, the cost of rearing a complete building had to be considered. The more it was considered, the less feasible it seemed.

In the May of 1852, however, M. Panizzi, the ever spirited and enterprising guardian of the interests of the library, and now its energetic chief, represented to the trustees the serious consequences of allowing the books to accumulate without shelf-room, and how fatal delay must be. He did more. At the same time that he made these serious representations, he submitted a scheme which, while it involved the country in little expense, would secure ample provision for the influx of books for the next fifty years—in fact, give accommodation to more than a million of volumes. Here, then, they were relieved from their difficulties.

The British Museum, as most of our readers are probably aware, is a large quadrangular building enclosing a spacious court; the plan proposed by M. Panizzi was to convert the area of this court into a vast hall, which might be appropriated, not only to the accumulation of books, but also to the service of readers. The advantages of this scheme were at once manifest. It involved the purchase of no new ground; and as the works of construction, whatever they might be, would be absolutely out of sight, it spared the necessity of any expense in external ornamentation. The project was accepted, and designs for carrying out the idea were supplied by Mr Sydney Smirke. It is true that some antiquaries had previously talked of covering this court over with a glazed roof, and depositing in it those enormous monuments of Assyrian and Egyptian architecture, for which, it was feared at the time, sufficient space would not be found in the ordinary galleries. Still, we should be grateful to M. Panizzi that he proposed, and was the means of having carried into execution, a plan which must eventually prove of the highest utility to the advancement of literature and civilisation.

The entrance to the present reading-room of the Museum is from a street behind the building uniting Russell and Bedford Squares. At the end of a back-lane, the student arrives at a low narrow door, through which he enters a gloomy subterranean passage, vaulted over with massive arches. At the further end of this dimly lighted passage he finds another doorway, and then a mean kitchen-like staircase. Up this flight, the learning, the genius, the intelligence of Great Britain and the world has to mount, to reach the vast reservoirs of knowledge contained within these walls. Happily, under the new plan, he will not have to submit to this indignity. The doors of the grand entrance will be thrown open, and he will enter through the beautiful portico facing Great Russell Street, and by the spacious vestibule, which is the admiration of all visitors. A short corridor leads to the great hall. On either side of this corridor are ranged chambers, cloak-rooms, and lavatories, where the students may wash and adonise themselves; since now, as in the days of Molière, there are some geniuses who cannot compose their thoughts until they have composed their perfumed locks, nor brace up their minds to study until they have seen that neither their coat nor their brow exhibits a wrinkle. At the end of this passage, we come upon the vast vaulted dome-roofed hall, which rises around and above—to compare great things with small—like the interior of a colossal egg-shell. It is indeed a national study. There the mind may dedicate itself to the solemnity of learning in the quiet and solitude almost of the cloister. The vastness of the space around invites the spirit of the student to reflection. No place is better fitted for study, in our opinion, than a spacious hall. In low chambers, the ceiling seems to press down upon and crush the intellect. In lofty vaulted galleries, the mind has room to shake its aërial pinions, to soar upwards, and so escape from the narrow and the material.

But we must not forget that we have undertaken a description of this vast hall for the edification of our readers. There are two ways of describing a building either externally or internally: the one is *scientifically*, as it would strike the judgment of the architect or engineer; the other is *pictorially*, as it would strike the taste of the artist or poet. We shall scarcely venture upon the first, though it were as well that the reader should know something of dimensions, shape, and capabilities.

The new reading-room, then, is a circular apartment 140 feet in diameter, 440 feet in circumference, and 106 feet in height, lighted by twenty windows at the springing of the dome, and by a glazed aperture in the apex forty feet across. Allowing upwards of four feet for each reader, the hall is capable of accommodating 336 persons. The contents of air within this room are about 1,250,000 cubic feet; and we are promised that this ample volume will be constantly and gradually renewed, summer and winter, by an approved system of ventilation. But who can put faith in scientific ventilation? Are not its failures manifold? Is not the ventilation of the present reading-room allowed to be almost insupportable; and what of the houses of parliament? Let us live, however, in hope.

The first thing that strikes the visitor's imagination on entering, as we have already suggested, is the nobility of space before and above him. When he recovers a little from his surprise, he looks around, and beholds the lofty walls lined with richly bound volumes—a picture and a treasure in themselves. He raises his eyes, and sees three tiers of delicate, airy-looking iron balconies or galleries, traced round tl room like a belt of filigree-work. Above these splendi libraries, double-arched windows sweep round th circle, giving both light and lightness to the hall Inwoven, too, into the general design, he descries a series of statues, placed between each window, so as to give the idea of support to the ascending dome, which springs from this level. It is the vast concave roof, we should observe, which gives its peculiar feature to the building. Only one, the dome of the Pantheon, surpasses it in size, and none in beauty. The dome of St Peter's at Rome, and therefore that of St Paul's in London, are considerably less. We cannot fail to be struck with the elegant proportions, as the various sections of the inclining ceiling diminish upwards towards the glazed aperture, the crown-work of the room, and long to see them filled with symmetrical decorations and appropriate frescoes. It was originally intended, according to the model shewn in the Paris Exposition last year, to adorn the panels of these compartments with artistic designs. But government has proved too economical. Only L.5000 was granted for the decorations, which will barely be sufficient to paint the panels a light blue—the colour, we believe, intended, as a set-off against the gilding, which is being thickly laid on. Had the windows, however, been stained with rich and suitable patterns, of such weight of colour as would have thrown into the room a 'dim religious light,' and prevented the panes above from looking like holes through the dome; and had the rich yet subdued colours been carried along the panels by means of suitable frescoes, on subjects connected with literature, art, or history, the British public, insinuates an advocate for a superior style of decoration, would have possessed an apartment worthy of the important purposes to which it is to be devoted, and at the same time have been the means of encouraging and advancing the arts in this country.

We must now revert a little to the specific and superior accommodations afforded to visitors by the new reading-room. We have already stated that this magnificent hall is 440 feet in circumference. In the centre is a raised platform or pavilion, where the superintendent will sit. Around this pavilion two concentric ranges of table-cases are erected for holding the catalogues of printed books, manuscripts, music, engravings, &c., belonging to the institution. Some idea of this collection and its annual enlargement may be formed from the fact, that the supplementary catalogue for September 1850 to April 1853, has grown from 150 to 305 folio volumes. All students will hail the arrangement of the catalogues so near the superintendent as a great boon, since at present these volumes being placed at the further end of the second room, he has to tramp backwards and forwards the length of the two halls, much to his own annoyance at hearing the measured tread of his step, and the annoyance of the readers, roused from their devotions or reveries by the harsh beat of the foot. From these cases, the tables or desks of the visitors radiate like the ribs of a fan, a small segment of the circle only being partitioned off, to give access to the attendants in going to and from the library, and for the temporary deposit of books *in transitu*. The sides of the room, the reader is aware, will be lined with books of more immediate and general demand. The central hall, however, will but form the nucleus of the new library. All the open space between the present building and the old—that is, the complement between the circle and the square—will be converted into wrought-iron fire-proof galleries, three stories high, capable, together with the shelves of the reading-room, of accommodating a million volumes, or nearly twice as many as are in the library at present. Computing, then, the accumulation of works at 20,000 volumes annually, the ascertained average, it will take fifty years to fill up the vacant space. Thus two nerations may hope to remain at rest unvexed by ie demand for room, room.

But before that period has elapsed, may we not hope o see libraries, large, extensive, valuable libraries, established in every part of the kingdom, and open freely to all comers? Is it not a relic of barbarism that the doors of this magnificent hall are not accessible to any man at any moment? Much advance may be looked forward to in this respect. Would it not be a noble inauguration of the new reading-room, which, it is intended, shall take place in May next, to throw it open to all, without the tedious and disgraceful formula of a regular application and testimonials of respectability? Why should the trustees of the institution suspect every man to be a rogue, adhering to an old degrading proverb? On the continent, there is not this necessity. There is no seeking permission. The right of every citizen to avail himself of the advantages of the public libraries is recognised, and there is no barrier to his walking in at once, calling for the work he wants, and sitting down to study. Let us hope that the conduct of other civilised nations may in this respect be imitated by the trustees of our National Library, and that, on the opening of the new room, steps may be taken to do away with the practice now prevailing, of the visitor shewing a ticket on entering.

AUTUMN AND SPRING.

I.

AN AUTUMNAL VOICE.

TO-NIGHT! to-night! it must be done:
No respite can I gain.
I said I would be patient, but
My best resolves are vain,
So torturing is agony,
So passionate is pain.

And ever gnawing at my life
A hungry purpose seems;
Oh! Heaven forbid that should be true
Which haunts me in my dreams!
The very spring seems mocking me
With gladness in its gleams.

I think of the old parsonage,
All beautifully gay
With lilacs and laburnums,
And angel-shining May;
But here my toil and misery
Make midnight of the day—

A darkness deeper than the night,
For in a noonday sky
There are no tender little stars,
No better prospects nigh.
The cruel pain is back again:
O God, if I should die!

I am not ready yet for death;
I am as young as she
For whom my weary work to-night
A fairy robe shall be:
The life so beautiful to her,
Is just as dear to me.

Her lover she will see to-night—
Ah love, how sweet a fate!
Ah me! how many murdering months
We two may have to wait:
And who is there to comfort him
If he should come too late?

But I will not yield life up yet,
I hold it as a right;
My eyes are weakened, but I know
His smile will give them light:
My cheeks that are so pallid now,
His kisses will make bright.

The little heart beat strong again,
And flew the fingers slight.

II.

A SPRING VOICE.

The bridal dress is finished now;
It must go home to-night—
The lovely lady said it must:
Perhaps, ere morning light,
The robes that I shall wear will be
More exquisitely bright.

I think that long ago she told
Her age was just my own;
It seems to me that latterly
She must have younger grown,
For smiles were on her rosy lips,
And laughter in her tone,

As on her garland bright she gazed
(The last that I shall weave),
And took it home to shew to him
On this their wedding-eve.
To-night, without a look or line,
My lover I must leave.

Strange that I do not sorrow more!
I feel so tame and old—
How strange to think without a thrill
Of rest so still and cold!
I quite forget to wonder when
Or how he will be told.

My soul is steeped in apathy;
My tears have ceased to start;
Can Heaven itself vitality
To such a death impart?
Is any mercy anywhere?
I know not—I depart!

Slight fingers rested heavily
Upon a silent heart. M.

ORIGIN OF THE RUSSELLS.

The family of Russell, which has occupied so conspicuous a position in the history of our country, derives its name and origin from the little hamlet of Rosel, situated about eight miles from Caen in Normandy. The old curé of Rosel, in turning over the musty archives of his parish, found frequent mention of the family of Rosellius, as being possessed of great estates in the neighbourhood; and by dint of searching the registers, traced down the family till it assumed the name of Russell, who having settled in England, acquired great wealth and rank in that country. Now it happened that the parish had dwindled down into a little hamlet, and the church was out of repair. Our good curé, therefore, indited a letter containing much complimentary and supplicatory matter, and addressing it to 'Milord Russell, London,' awaited the event with patience. Not many weeks elapsed before the letter came to Lord John Russell's hands, who requested Lord Clarendon to cause inquiries to be made. The Earl of Clarendon placed the matter in the hands of P. Barrow, Esq., the vice-consul of Caen; and he not only confirmed the curé's story, but obtained much corroborative testimony connected with the family of Russell. The Duke of Bedford, on the petition being presented to him, immediately gave orders for a handsome bell to be made for the church; and when Mr Barrow had informed his Grace that the parish was too poor to afford to pay for the carriage of it from England, and that the bell-tower required repairing, the Duke defrayed every expense of transit, and requested Mr Barrow to have the tower repaired, and the bell hung, entirely free of expense to the curé or the parish. It was a happy day in Rosel when the first sounds of the Duke's bell were heard. With the consul's assistance, a village-fête was held; the bell was blessed, and rang forth its mellow tones; and many a prayer and blessing from old and young were offered on behalf of the Lord of Rosel.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by JAMES FRASER, 14 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 155. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1856. PRICE 1½*d*.

A MORNING WITH THE SCULPTORS AT ROME.

The first thing that strikes a traveller arriving at Rome, is the extent of sight-seeing before him: he is absolutely bewildered with the richness and variety of subjects provided for his entertainment. All classes of intellectual enjoyment centre here—everything that has interested him elsewhere is presented in its highest manifestation. Cities formerly visited are looked back on, where two, or at most three days comfortably exhausted all the sights: London, for instance, where there are scarcely half-a-dozen things worth looking at, when the Tower, Abbey, St Paul's, and the Houses of Parliament have been seen; or even Paris, which may be 'done' very well in a week. How different is the Eternal City! I heard a gentleman say very gravely, that he had lived there seven years, and had not yet exhausted its wonders.

To begin with antiquities: the Coliseum, the Pantheon, innumerable temples, arches, and columns immediately rush on one's remembrance, more beautiful and striking in their decay than they could have been in their original completeness. Days and weeks might well be spent in wandering among these evidences of a fallen grandeur and a past magnificence. Indeed, zealous antiquaries have devoted a lifetime to researches into the history of one temple or palace; and a large library might be filled with works in all European languages, treating alone of the ruins of Rome. Remains connected with Christianity, how countless are they! beginning with its earliest teachers—for we find faint and shadowy memories of the apostles clinging to the Appian Way and the Mamertine dungeons. We may dive into the catacombs, to search into the first rise of the faith, or drive to St Paulo fuori le Mure, to witness its latest development. And if we wish to study the links that connect these remote periods, the very dissimilar beginning and end of a church that professes to be the same, there are materials enough in a long series of churches, whose name is legion—for they say the pope might perform mass in a different one each day in the year, and yet have a few over.

Then, if art is your favourite pursuit, in no city in the world will you find more opportunities of gratifying it. You may walk through miles of gallery, pass acres of canvas, viewing the finest statues and the rarest pictures ever produced by the cunning hand of man. The Vatican, the Capitol, and many private collections, are lavishly thrown open, and miracles of ancient or modern genius meet your glance at every turn. Or, if neither art nor architecture, but men and manners, be your particular line, provided you are not fastidious as to cleanliness or agreeable smells, you may indulge it to the full by strolling through the Ghetto, or prowling about the markets near the Pantheon and Piazza Navona, where also you may observe the very queer diet the Romans live on in the strange provisions there exposed for sale—snakes of all sorts, and even porcupines, being by no means uncommon.

If, sick of churches, tired to death of pictures, blâséd with ruin and association, you sigh for rest and quiet, walk out beyond the walls into that wild desolate Campagna; you will find yourself in perfect solitude—no other companions but the tombs and aqueducts, no other sounds save the buzzing of insects and the lowing of cattle. Or if this is too oppressive to your spirits, and you desire a softer beauty, ramble through any of the villa-grounds which girdle Rome; and beneath the murmuring pines of the Pamfili Doria, or amidst the rare flowers and fountains of the Ludovisi, catching through the trees a glimpse of tower and dome, and listening to the distant hum of the city, dream that life is naught but enjoyment, and amongst these elysian bowers forget that such words as care, toil, trouble may be found.

It is curious to mark at Rome how different periods and races distinguish the several parts of the town. The southern half is consecrated to the past; there, amidst vineyards and gardens, lie the grandest relics of the lost pomp and pride of the mistress of the world. The Coliseum, the temples of the Forum, the 'mountainous ruins' of Caracalla's baths, and the tombs, are all found there. Among them, it is true, are scattered some objects belonging to a later age, but by no means unsuitable neighbours—a few ancient fortress-like convents, and grand old basilicas reared in the earliest ages of the church; while, reposing in the shadow of some of the oldest monuments, is that sweet Protestant burial-ground, with its fragrant flowers growing above the graves of unhappy genius, and many memories of the young and lovely who came to this sunny land in search of life, and found death. Crossing the Tiber, we find ourselves in the Trastevere quarter, among the real descendants of the masters of the ancient world—a proud, handsome race, tenacious of their picturesque dress and old customs, but quarrelsome and passionate, eager for blows, and ready with the knife. The Jews are restricted to the Ghetto, which few will envy them. The Monte Vaticano is the quarter of the cardinals and other dignitaries of the church; and princes inhabit the Corso. English-speaking races swarm round the Piazza di Spagna to such an extent, that, with closed eyes, one might fancy one's self in London or New York. The sculptors haunt the Babuino and its tributary streets; the painters prefer the Pincian Hill, whence they behold the fair city mapped out before them. The artists form a large body, associating chiefly among themselves, and consisting of almost all civilised nations. They may be readily known, at least the younger portion of them, by their quaint, uncouth dress, and flowing hair. They have their own places of resort—the restaurant of the Lepre in the Condotti, and the Café Greco, at whose doors they may be seen lounging about. We cannot wonder at many, who only came for a time, remaining their whole lives long. What fascination there must be here for the artist's eye and mind—monotony, order, and regularity unknown—a fresh picture at each turn of the street, and everywhere the rich glow of colouring peculiar to southern climes!

It is with the sculptors we have to do to-day. In one of the quiet streets leading into the Babuino, in the midst of a dreary expanse of blind wall, there is a *porte-cochère*, with the word 'Gibson' printed on it. Pulling the bell, the door soon opened, and revealed a little bit of fairyland, forming a complete contrast to the dull and sleepy street outside. From amidst gleaming marble statues, we looked into a courtyard-garden, where the spray of a fountain was discernible amidst camellias rising to a tree-like height, orange-flowers and roses. In sheds opening into this, the workmen were busy on statues in every stage of being, from the shapeless block of marble, to the perfect figure they were now cording in the packing-case which was to go to England to-morrow. Mr Gibson soon came, all courtesy and kindness, as truly all the Roman artists are in shewing their works to strangers. Nothing could be more obliging than the way in which he shewed us his beautiful productions, and his explanations and descriptions were particularly valuable, as coming from the acknowledged head of living English sculptors. He is a Welshman by birth, but has been so long at Rome (thirty-five years), that he speaks English with a foreign accent, and is little acquainted with his own country. He is not tall, has black hair turning iron-gray, piercing black eyes that look right at you, a low voice, and quick sharp manner. His conversation is extremely amusing; the words come forth in a continuous stream, seasoned with odd pithy sayings and a vein of satire. I was glad to see that he was dressed like a gentleman, and that in this particular he does not give way to the vagaries of ordinary artists.

After shewing us some statues, chiefly portrait-busts, which were just going off, he took us to another room to see the great work he was then engaged on. This was the colossal statue of the Queen, seated in a chair of state, with Justice and Clemency on each side. It is intended for the House of Lords. The figure is exceedingly graceful and dignified, and the face a very good likeness. While pointing out the most noteworthy things about the statue, he told us much about Her Majesty's sitting to him, describing in an amusing way his trepidation when commanded some years ago to take his first bust, and how soon he was put at his ease; running on for some time on the subject in a racy style, shewing a keen and close observer. He mentioned some pleasant little bits of court-life, among several other incidents, proving the strong mutual attachment between the royal pair.

Then he was kind enough to explain the process of statue-making, which was rather more in the manufactory line than I expected, so different from the work of a painter, who has to do everything himself—the sculptor, on the contrary, takes very little charge of the marble. He begins by making the original model in clay, and then his work is pretty nearly over—at the beginning, as we should say, and he has then only to overlook and direct the workmen. From the clay-model a plaster-of-Paris cast is taken, and then the block of marble being selected, some of the men begin by roughly chiseling it into the general idea of the figure or group. When this is done, other and more skilful workmen proceed with careful measuring, and by degrees to make it exactly like the cast—the skill employed being of a higher character as it nears completion. 'Look at that man,' said Gibson; 'he does nothing but the crown and ornaments: he is a very delicate worker.' Thus the finished statue becomes a very costly thing, not only because of the expensiveness of the material, but also from the amount of labour bestowed on it. The sculptor comes at last, chisel in hand, to survey the completed work, and to give the last touches. It is evident that any number of copies may be made equally well from one clay-model; and in the studios, frequent repetitions of the same subject are seen. Mr Gibson now took us into a room apart, where his *chefs-d'œuvre* are, to shew us a statue we had heard talked of ever since we had been at Rome—his coloured Venus, evidently the pride and darling of his heart. It is a Venus victrix, with the apple in her hand—truly a noble statue. The colouring is very, very slight—a faint flesh-tint; a suspicion of gold in the hair, and tinge of red in the lips; the eyes are blue. It is undeniably an improvement there, for it gives life to the eye. Of course, it approaches nearer to life than the pure white we are accustomed to see; but there is something strange and unearthly in it. Gibson turned it round on the pedestal for us to see, and told the motives that had induced him to make the experiment, chiefly the example of the ancient Greeks, who, he said, invariably coloured their statues as well as their buildings. He spoke almost with pleasure of the violent opposition he was encountering from his brethren in the art, and seemed quite certain of eventually triumphing over all opposition, and that his method would be generally adopted. The Queen's statue is to be coloured, for she had given him permission to do as he liked. It will be the first of the kind seen in England. Before we went, we had heard most exaggerated accounts of the Venus, and I was strongly prejudiced against it, imagining we were going to see something in the style of Madame Tussaud. The reality was so different, and in its peculiar line so beautiful, that I was almost converted; still, I am convinced that the colouring ought to be of the faintest, and should be used by the greatest artists alone. In the same room, there was a beautiful bass-relief, the marriage of Cupid and Psyche. Such sweet faces! It was the duplicate, he told us, of one in the prince's possession, and had been ordered by the Queen as a birthday surprise for him. The generosity with which Gibson spoke of other artists was very pleasant: at the top of his profession himself, he is not averse to allowing talent to others. On taking leave, he gave us the address of Mr Spence, a rising young artist, whose studio was close by, and we proceeded there.

The principal statue here was Highland Mary, which is very popular, and of which we saw several copies in different stages of development. There was an engraving of this in the *Art Journal* a few years ago. It represents the well-known scene of the parting, so familiar in painting, though this is the only instance in statuary: 'The lovers met in a sequestered spot, near the banks of the Ayr, one standing on each side of a small brook, in which they laved their hands, and holding a Bible between them, they swore to be faithful to each other.' The story is well told: the sweet Scotch lassie stands with a plaid over her head, the Bible clasped in her hand, and in her face, slightly bent forward, is the sad shadow of approaching doom, as she thinks of the lover she is never to see again; while a thistle in the rock at her feet marks the spot as Scottish ground. In looking at this beautiful statue, we thought what a pity it is that sculptors do not more often, as in this case, diversify their mythological subjects by groups and figures from British history and literature. There was, too, an interesting monumental statue, or rather its plaster-cast—we saw the original a few days afterwards, in the burial-ground which lies so pleasantly in the shadow of the Aurelian walls and the pyramid of Cestius. It is erected to the memory of an English officer, who died at Rome, and is hewn in stone—I suppose that being considered more durable than marble in the open air. The young soldier was represented as if asleep, wrapped in his military-cloak, his sword at his side, and a little dog at his feet.

We were anxious to see the studio of an Italian sculptor, to contrast the works of native artists with those of our countrymen. We were told that one of the first artists now living was Benzoni, and we found his works well worth seeing. He is a tall and handsome man, dressed in exactly the same way as his workmen; he kindly shewed us round, describing the different statues in beautiful language. He seems a man of a devout and religious spirit. His allegorical figure of Religion with the Gospel, is thoroughly Christian in sentiment. Many of his productions are in England; among others, some copies of his beautiful Eve. He spoke of his early years, and pointing to a touching group of an old man raising a forlorn and tattered child, said he had sculptured it as a grateful memento of the support afforded him during his obscurity by a wealthy marchese. Benzoni excels in children. Few who saw the Great Exhibition in 1851, can forget two groups of his there, though possibly they may not remember the sculptor's name. I allude to Fidelity, the dog protecting the sleeping child from the snake; Gratitude, the same child taking a thorn from the dog's foot. These were portraits; and though merely trifles of art as compared with some of its grander inspirations, they attracted as much attention by their grace and ease as any sculpture in the Exhibition.

Several hours had passed, and it was necessary to return home. The morning's pleasant occupation left us with the impression that sculpture is in a very promising state at Rome. It is true that there is no one name pre-eminent, as Thorwaldsen's was some years ago; still the works now produced may vie with those of any age in modern times.

DR KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

Two volumes—forming one of the most beautiful products of the American press—have just been added to the already extensive series which comprises the annals of arctic adventure.* These very remarkable books contain a narrative of the proceedings of the second Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, and they are the record of a tale of endurance and noble effort, which has had no parallel, at least since the days when the lamented object of the search made good his retreat from the outskirts of the remorseless frost-land, which now holds him, it is to be feared, for ever in its depths.

The expedition, under the command of Dr Kane, sailed from New York on the 30th of May 1853. It consisted of eighteen chosen men, besides the commander, embarked in a small brig of 144 tons burden, named the *Advance*, which was furnished by Mr Grinnell, other expenses being contributed by Mr Peabody and several generous individuals and societies. Dr Kane's predetermined course was to enter the strait discovered the previous year by Captain Inglefield, at the top of Baffin Bay, and to push as far northward through it as practicable. He engaged the services of a native Esquimaux, of the name of Hans Christensen, at Fiskernaes, and then crossed Melville Bay, in the wake of the vast icebergs with which the sea is there strewn. These huge frozen masses are often driven one way by a deep current, while the floes are drifted in another by winds and surface-streams, disruptions being thus necessarily caused in the vast ice-fields. The doctor's tactics were to dodge about in the rear of these floating ice-mountains, holding upon them whenever adverse winds were troublesome, and pressing forward whenever an opportunity occurred. This plan was so skilfully and pertinaciously followed, that by the 28th of August, the brig was lodged in a small bay on the eastern coast of Smith's Strait, some forty or fifty miles beyond Captain Inglefield's furthest position. There the *Advance* became untrue to the prestige of her name, for having been snugly placed in the midst of a cluster of islands, she turned into a fixture, and obstinately refused to budge another inch. Where she was berthed in the September of 1853, she now remains.

On the 10th of September, the thermometer was down to 14 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale, and all the fragmentary floes and ice-masses were so cemented together by young ice, that the men could walk and sledge anywhere round the ship. It had therefore become obvious to all concerned, that there remained nothing else to be done but to make the best preparations for the winter that were possible in the circumstances. The hold was unstowed, a storehouse was prepared on one of the islands close by, and a snug deck-house was built over the cabin. A dog-house was also constructed for the accommodation of nine Newfoundland and thirty-five Esquimaux dogs, which formed the quadrupedal element of the expedition. Upon another island, an observatory was erected, a very ingenious plan being adopted for the preparation of an extemporaneous adamant to serve as the piers of the astronomical instruments. Gravel and ice were well rammed down into empty pemmican casks, and there left to be consolidated by the intensity of the cold. They were soon transmuted into a material as free from tremor as the densest rock.

On the 20th of September, seven men were sent out with a sledge to deposit a store of provisions in advance, in preparation for an exploring-party that was in progress of organisation. The party was out twenty-eight days, and succeeded in placing 800 pounds of provision in *cache* a hundred miles towards the north, near the debouchure of a huge glacier, which was discovered shooting out from the Greenland coast over an extent of thirty miles. This was within the eightieth parallel of latitude.

While the advanced-party were absent upon this duty, the commander seized the opportunity to endeavour to rid the brig of a troublesome colony of rats, which had attached themselves to the explorers' fortunes. Three charcoal fires were lit in the fore-peak, and the hatches and bulk-heads hermetically closed. The doctor soon after detected a suspicious odour; and upon looking into the cause, found a square yard of the inner deck one mass of glowing fire, which was extinguished only after great exertion and risk from the mephitic vapour. The result of the experiment was the dead bodies of twenty-eight rats, which the experimentalist gloated over at the time. Before he escaped from his arctic quarters, however, he had learned to be less prodigal of rat-life. Once, upon a more recent occasion, when starting upon a sledge-journey with a companion, he recorded that he had added to the stores, for his own especial consumption, a luxury which consisted of 'a few rats chopped up and frozen into a tallow ball.'

---

* *Arctic Explorations. The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin:* 1853 *to* 1855. By Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N. Philadelphia: Childs and Petersen.

Direct sunlight visited the deck of the brig for the first time on the last day of February, after an absence of 140 days. The earliest trace of dawning twilight was seen as a fleeting dash of orange tint on the southern horizon on the 21st of January. Dr Kane climbed a lofty crag to catch sight of the returning sun on the 21st of February, and describes his nestling there for a few minutes in the sunshine as like 'bathing in perfumed water.' The mean temperature of the month of February in this high latitude of 78 degrees 37 minutes, the most northern station in which any body of civilised men have ever wintered, was 67 degrees below zero. The thermometer occasionally stood 102 degrees below freezing. The mean temperature of the year was two degrees lower than that of Sir Edward Parry's winter-station at Melville Island. The shores and islands were hemmed in, in the spring, by a continuous ice-belt 27 feet thick and 120 feet wide. In sheltered positions, freezing was never intermitted for a single instant throughout the year, and snow was falling on the 21st of June.

During the winter's residence in this severe climate, the interests of science were not overlooked. Besides such observations of the heavenly bodies as were essential for the exact determination of the position of the observatory, a continued series of magnetic observations was made and registered. The doctor gives a very graphic description of the proceedings on what he calls the magnetic 'term-days.' A fur-muffled observer sat upon a box on those momentous days, with a chronometer in his bare hand, and with his eye fixed to a small telescope, noting the position of a fine needle upon a divided arc every six minutes, and registering the observation in a note-book; the process being carried on uninterruptedly by two sets of eyes for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

On the 19th of March, continuous day having set in, a travelling-party was sent off to increase the deposits of provision at the advanced cache. On the 31st, three of the party returned, swollen, haggard, and hardly able to speak. The utmost they had been able to accomplish was the deposit of their burden some fifty miles away from the ship. They had been enveloped in almost impenetrable snow-drifts, and four of their companions were now lying frozen and disabled *among the drifting hummocks somewhere* to the north-east, with one attendant in better plight to look after them. Almost on the instant, a sledge was prepared, and the strongest of the three broken-down men who had returned was wrapped in dog-skins and furs, and strapped upon it, in the hope that he might be able to render some service as a guide. The gallant chief of the adventurous band, with nine of his fresh men, then harnessed themselves to the sledge, and started off to the rescue, with a tent and food for the disabled sufferers, but carrying nothing else with them saving the clothes upon their backs. The thermometer indicated a temperature 78 degrees below frost. After sixteen hours' incessant travel, it became evident that the rescue-party had lost their way among the hummocks. The guide upon the sledge had fallen asleep from exhaustion, and when they attempted to wake him up, they found that he was in a state of mental derangement, and quite unconscious of what was said to him. In this dilemma, the tent and provisions were deposited upon the ice, and the party dispersed upon the wide floe with the hope that they might providentially strike the trail of the missing band. The poor fellows were here soon seized with trembling fits and short breathing, and almost inadvertently clung to each other. Their brave leader fainted twice upon the snow. They had been eighteen hours out without food or drink, when the Esquimaux, Hans, stumbled upon what seemed, to his acute senses, a nearly effaced sledge-track. The clue was followed up into deep snow, in a wilderness of hummocks, until at length a small American flag was descried fluttering from a hummock, and near to this, the top of a tent almost buried in the snow-drift. This proved to be the camp of the disabled men. It was reached after an uninterrupted journey of twenty-one hours. The four poor fellows, stretched upon their backs within the tent, repaid the brave man who had come to their rescue by a hearty cheer the instant he appeared, to which was added the assurance that they were 'expecting him, for they were sure he would come.' After a short rest, a bundle of skins was fixed on the sledge for the disabled men, and the return-journey was commenced. The sledge was top-heavy with its living load, and the maimed men could not bear to be tightly lashed upon their bed. Every thing was left behind excepting the coverings necessary for the men; still the load on the sledge amounted altogether to 1100 pounds. When still nine miles away from the tent and food which had been left on the ice as they went out, the entire party began to shew signs of failing energy; the stoutest of the men sank down on the snow-drift, and declared they must sleep. The tent was therefore pitched, and the party left to snatch four hours' repose; while the doctor, with one companion, pushed on to get some hot refreshment ready in the further tent, against the arrival of the rest of their companions. They reached it after four hours' further march, but quite unconscious of what they were doing. All they could afterwards remember was, that they saw a bear moving leisurely just ahead of them, and tearing down the tent before they came up. Almost instinctively, they set the tent up, crawled into their reindeer bags, and slept three hours. When they awoke, the doctor's companion had to separate him from his buffalo-skin by cutting away the beard, which was frozen hard to the fur. The backward-party arrived after some hours' delay, to find a mess of hot soup ready for them. As soon as this was swallowed, the sledge was repacked, and the painful progress renewed. At length the men who were tracking the sledge had to halt every few minutes, and fall down sleeping on the snow. The party finally reached the brig, quite delirious, and devoid of all consciousness of their actions. Their foot-tracks subsequently shewed that, under the strong instinct of self-preservation, they had travelled quite in a bee-line to the ship. Their delirium proved to be only the consequence of exhaustion, and soon yielded to the influence of generous diet and rest. One of the party suffered from blindness for some time; two had to undergo amputation of portions of their feet; two died in consequence of the exposure. The rescue-party was out seventy-two hours, and travelled between eighty and ninety miles, halting only eight hours out of the seventy-two. Such was a veritable incident in the arctic experience of Dr Kane.

Notwithstanding the untoward issue of this pioneer excursion, the intrepid explorer was off with a sledge and seven men on the 26th of April, leaving four able-bodied and six disabled men to keep the brig. His purpose was to proceed to the cache at the foot of the great glacier, load up there with provisions, and then pass onwards along the face of the glacier until an opportunity occurred to cross to the American side of the strait, and press on northward along the western coast. At the cache, however, the unwelcome discovery was made that the bears had been beforehand with the expedition, although the stores were covered by blocks of stone which it required the strength of three men to adjust. The iron casks that had contained the pemmican were broken literally into chips, and tin cases were penetrated by the brutes' claws as if they had been pasteboard. Near to the margin of the great glacier, the attention of the party was forcibly arrested by a natural plinth and shaft of greenstone, together 760 feet high, standing in the mouth of a magnificent gorge. To this remarkable column, thus reared by the hand of nature within a long day's railway journey of the earth's northern pivot, Dr Kane at once attached the name of Mr Tennyson—the grandeur of the wild solitude forcibly suggesting to the thoughts of the discoverer some of the characteristics of the poet's genius. At the rifled cache the strength of the leader broke down, and he had to be packed upon the sledge, and dragged by his comrades back to the brig, where he arrived on the 14th of May.

Subsequently to this, two other exploring expeditions were successively despatched. The more successful of the two consisted of one of the party named Morton, and the Esquimaux lad Hans. They started with a dog-sledge on the 4th of June, passed along the ice-belt in front of the great glacier, and finally reached a bold cape, close upon the eighty-first parallel of north latitude, which entirely barred all further progress. Having climbed some 480 feet high upon the rocks, Mr Morton unfurled there the flag which Commodore Wilkes had planted on the antarctic continent in the extreme south. No land could be seen on the Greenland side beyond the promontory, but the opposite coast of the strait was distinctly visible for about fifty miles further to the north, ending in a bare truncated peak, to which the name of Sir Edward Parry was given. With a horizon of about forty miles, not a single trace of ice was discoverable; and the ear of the observer, as he stood upon his lofty look-out, was gladdened by the noise of a heavy surf breaking among the rocks at his feet. Melted snow upon the rocks, crowds of marine birds, advanced vegetation, and a high range of the thermometer when immersed in the water, all indicated a far milder climate for the place than that which is experienced three degrees lower in Smith's Strait. This, then, constituted the grand geographical result of the exploration. Instead of the Bay of Baffin forming a *cul de sac*, as the old tradition of the whalers conceived, it leads to a strait—Smith's Strait—which passes on into a channel—Kennedy Channel—that apparently expands into an open polar sea, abounding with life, some 300 miles further to the north than the head of Baffin Bay. The shores of this channel, terminating in the Cape Constitution of Mr Morton, in latitude 81 degrees 22 minutes on the eastern side, and in Sir Edward Parry's peak, about latitude 82 degrees 17 minutes on the western side, had now been delineated and mapped through an extent of 960 miles, at a cost of 2000 miles of travel on foot and in sledges. Mr Morton commenced his return on the 25th of June, and reached the ship on the 10th of July, staggering by the side of the limping dogs, one of which was riding as a passenger upon the sledge.

Dr Kane next made an unsuccessful attempt to communicate with Beechey Island by means of a whale-boat. Soon after his return, it was obvious there would be no possibility of getting the ship liberated from the ice that season. The resolute commander, however, was determined that he would not leave her until he had tried the chances of another year; he consequently gave permission for any of his comrades that wished to make an attempt to escape. Eight of the party decided to remain with their commander, but the rest started southward on the 28th of August, with a liberal share of the general resources. On the 12th of December, the seceders again presented themselves at the brig with fallen crests, having failed to force their way, and having been reduced for two months to subsist entirely on frozen seal and walrus meat, chiefly procured from the Etah Esquimaux.

To return, however, to the month of August. When the diminished party were abandoned by their comrades, they set to work in good earnest to make preparations for another long sunless winter. They had only thirty buckets of coal on hand; Dr Kane therefore endeavoured to follow the example set by the natives of the region, and convert the brig into an Esquimaux *igloë*. A small apartment was constructed amid-ships below, which could only be entered from the hold by a long narrow tunnel, or *tossut*. The walls and ceiling were thickly padded with frozen moss. In this close apartment the entire party had ultimately to endure all the wretchedness of scurvy, burning the ropes, spars, and finally the outer shell of the brig, for fuel, and yet having to limit themselves to a consumption of eighty pounds per day. On the 14th of January, Dr Kane congratulated himself that *in five more days* the mid-day sun would be only '*eight degrees below the horizon.*' On the 9th of February, he wrote in his journal, 'it is enough to solemnise men of more joyous temperament than ours has been for some months. We are contending at odds with angry forces close around us, without one agent or influence within 1800 miles whose sympathy is on our side.' There were no star-observations this winter; the observatory had become the mausoleum of the two of the party who had succumbed after the excursion in the snow-drift. In the beginning of March, every man on board was tainted with scurvy, and often not more than three were able to make exertion in behalf of the rest. On the 4th of the month, the last remnant of fresh meat was doled out, and the invalids began to sink rapidly. Their lives were only saved by the success of a forlorn-hope excursion of Hans to the remote Esquimaux hunting-station Etah, seventy-five miles away, whither he went in search of walrus. With the return of the sun, the commander began to busy himself, first with attempts to recruit the store of fresh meat—a task in which he was mainly aided by a hunting treaty he had concluded with the Esquimaux—and then with preparations for abandoning the ship. Two whale-boats were fixed upon sledges, and on the 17th of May the march was commenced, the men dragging each boat alternately, and making a progress of a mile and a half per day. The doctor himself carried forward the necessaries for loading the boats, and brought up the sick men of the party, by the help of a small Esquimaux dog-team which he had managed to preserve, besides keeping up the supplies along the line of march. This team of already well-worn dogs carried the doctor and a heavily laden sledge backwards and forwards 800 miles during the first fortnight after the abandoning of the ship—a mean distance of fifty-seven miles per day.

The retreating-party were greatly cheered and aided in their labours by the countenance of their Esquimaux friends, who now brought them daily supplies of fresh birds, and occasionally took a share in the work. One man alone of the party was lost on the route: he died in consequence of a hurt experienced by accident. The whale-boats were finally launched into the water, and loaded, on the 18th of June, after an ice-portage of eighty-one miles, accomplished in thirty-one days. The boat-parties then made their way, in the midst of great difficulties, and often through imminent peril. During thirteen days, they were beset in the dense pack-ice interposed between the north and south waters of Baffin Bay, and moving alternately over ice and through water. Twice they escaped destruction very narrowly, by taking refuge from gales on cliffs that were providentially covered with scurvy-grass, and multitudes of the breeding eider-duck. Upon one of these occasions, the men gathered 1200 eggs per day. On the 6th of August, the party finally reached the Danish settlement of Upernavik, after a prolonged voyage of fifty-two days. Five weeks subsequently, they were all safely received on board the

United States vessels *Release* and *Arctic*, which had been prosecuting a search for the missing party, about the head of Baffin Bay, since the beginning of July.

Dr Kane's volumes are illustrated by more than 300 engravings and wood-cuts, made from his own sketches. Some of the engravings express the peculiar characteristics of high arctic latitudes very beautifully. The book itself is above all common praise, on account of the simple, manly, unaffected style in which the narrative of arduous enterprise and firm endurance is told. It is obviously a faithful record of occurrences, made by a man who was quite aware that what he had to tell needed no extraneous embellishment. There is, however, so much of artistic order in the mind of the narrator, that the unvarnished record has naturally shaped itself into a work of distinguished excellence upon literary grounds. The scenes which it describes are so vividly and vigorously brought before the reader, that there are few who sit down to the perusal of the narrative but will fancy, before they rise from the engrossing occupation, their own flesh paralysed by the cold 100 degrees greater than frost, and their blood scurvy-filled by the four months' sunlessness. It is only just also to remark, that there is unmistakable evidence in the pages of this interesting book that the doctor was no less eminently gifted for the duties of his command than he has been happy in his relation of its history. Every step in his arduous path seems to have been taken only after the exercise of deliberately matured forethought. A few illustrations must be gleaned from the many that are scattered through the pages of his journal, to direct attention to this honourable characteristic. When the doctor had formed his own resolution to remain by the brig through the second winter, he made the following entry, under the date of August 22: 'I shall call the officers and crew together, and make known to them very fully how things look, and what hazards must attend such an effort as has been proposed among them. They shall have my views unequivocally expressed. I will then give them twenty-four hours to deliberate; and at the end of that time, all who determine to go shall say so in writing, with a full exposition of the circumstances of the case. They shall have the best outfit I can give, an abundant share of our remnant stores, and my good-by blessing.' On the 6th of April, the Esquimaux auxiliary, Hans, was gone to Etah with a sledge, to seek a supply of walrus-meat, when one of the men deserted from the ship, and, the commander suspected, with some sinister design upon Hans and the sledge. He then wrote: 'Clearly, duty to this poor boy calls me to seek him, and clearly, duty to these dependent men calls me to stay. Long and uncomfortably have I pondered over these opposing calls, but at last have come to a determination. Hans was faithful to me: the danger to him is imminent, the danger to those left behind only contingent upon my failure to return. With earnest trust in that same Supervising Agency which has so often before, in graver straits, interfered to protect and carry me through, I have resolved to go after Hans.' The Esquimaux lad was proof both against the violence and the seduction of the deserter. The commander found him invalided, but safe, at Etah. Hans, however, did not return to Fiskernaes with the expedition. His fate is involved in romance. Venus Victrix has a representative even in frost-land. The reader must go to the pages of Dr Kane to know what became of Hans.

When the preparations for the final escape were under consideration, the following record was made in the doctor's journal: 'Whatever of executive ability I have picked up during this brain-and-body wearying cruise, warns me against immature preparation or vacillating purposes. I must have an exact discipline, a rigid routine, and a perfectly thought-out organisation. For the past six weeks I have, in the intervals between my duties to the sick and the ship, arranged the schedule of our future course; much of it is already under way. My journal shews what I have done, but what there is to do is appalling.' Appalling as it was, the heroic man who had to look the necessity in the face was equal to the position. There can be no doubt that it was '*the exact discipline, the rigid routine, and the perfectly thought-out organisation,*' which restored the sixteen survivors of the expedition to civilisation and their homes.

'PAS ENCORE.'

DURING one of our annual visits to Marston Manor, we were all assembled one evening round a magnificent fire in the library. It was a true winter-day; outside,

> The wind and rain beat dark December;

and in the hush which had gradually fallen over the party, the sobbing of the wind, and dash of the rain-drops against the huge panes of glass, were mournfully audible. Portia Marston, whose buoyant spirit always rebelled against gloom, spoke first.

'We are as dull as dreaming opium-eaters this afternoon. Let us do something to amuse ourselves till the dressing-bell rings.'

'What shall it be?' was the question. 'Shall we tell stories?'

'Of course'—clapping her hands in delight—'every one shall contribute her or his memories of life. *Some* remarkable incident must have happened to everybody. Mademoiselle'—turning to a French lady who sat next her—'your face has an expression that convinces me you *can* a tale unfold, if you will. Please begin.'

Mademoiselle protested at first that story-telling was not her *forte*, and that she would rather take the *rôle* of a good listener; but her objections were overruled by the united voices of her companions, and at length she complied, and related to us the following incident of her early life, assuring us of its truth:—

My father and mother were, as you well know, of that ancient French aristocracy who suffered for their king and church in the terrible Revolution. They were both children of emigrants; and when their families were restored, with the Bourbons, they were married to each other by their parents' desire. But, like your own cavaliers, the once wealthy *noblesse* of France never fully recovered the possessions they had lost. We were very poor; and it was consequently with a great deal of pleasure that my father read a letter from an old aunt of his own, who was rich and childless, offering to make me her heiress, if, on acquaintance, she should like me. I was to be sent to her as soon as possible; and if she approved of my manners and disposition, I was to reside with her, as her adopted daughter, till her death. I cannot say *I* was at all pleased at the idea of leaving that dear Paris, and entombing myself in an old château; but—*que faire?*—it was the will of my parents, and I might not dispute it. I was consequently despatched with all convenient speed to my ancient relative, and arrived safely, after rather a tedious journey, at her house, having been escorted thither by a gentleman who was her neighbour, on his return home. It was *such* an old house—built, they said, by Vauban; and certainly there were traces of fortification about it. The domestics looked as if they had waited on Noah, and survived the Deluge. One of these antiquities ushered me into my aunt's presence. She was seated in an immense saloon, near a stove—for it was cold—and had, like her apartment, a certain air of faded grandeur. She retained the dress of the court-days of Louis Seize; her hair was dressed *à la Marie Antoinette*, and she was highly rouged. She received me with an expression of sensibility that rather entertained than touched me, seeing she had so long ignored my existence and that of my father.

After her embraces and welcomes were ended, she turned and introduced me to an old lady who sat near her, bending over an embroidery-frame. It was Madame de Bernis, her friend and *dame de compagnie.* She was a great deal older than my aunt, and had a terrible face; it haunts my dreams sometimes even now. Her nose and chin nearly met; her cheeks were sunken, her hair white as snow; she also was highly rouged, and the colour gave a false lustre to a large pair of cold faded blue eyes, which once seen could never be forgotten.

'Madame de Bernis,' said my aunt, in a low voice, 'has been my faithful companion for thirty years; if she were not so much older than myself, I should have left her my fortune, but it is quite unlikely that she should survive me. You need not look at me so wonderingly. In addition to her many infirmities, she is deaf, and hears not a word we say.'

Supper was now announced, and when the meal was finished, my aunt asked me if I would not like to go to bed, as I must be tired with my journey.

'I hope you are not timid,' she said, as she bade me good-night; 'I like courage even in a young girl. However, your room is separated from mine only by the picture-gallery, and you can come to me if you feel alarmed.'

Now, by character, I *am* very timid, though at the moment I did not like to avow it, and my transit from my aunt's chamber, through a gallery of staring, faded portraits, did not tend to encourage me. The room destined for my own occupation was a large one, entirely hung round with mirrors. Whichever way I turned, I beheld a shadowy mimic on the walls, the movement along which became so painful to me, that I hurried into bed, although the couch, placed in an alcove, looked so dark and solemn after my little Paris bed, that I had at first shrunk from it.

I had been asleep about an hour or two, when a slight rustling noise awoke me. I looked up, and to my horror saw my aunt's dame de compagnie, Madame de Bernis, sitting beside the bed. Her cold still eyes were fixed on me, looking, if possible, more ghastly than by day, and in her hand she held a very bright clasp-knife, open. I was so terrified I could neither speak nor move, but lay watching her, whilst *she* never took her eyes off me. Every now and then she passed her finger along the edge of the knife, as if to feel if it were sharp enough, then muttering 'Pas encore,' let it drop again on her lap.

Mes amies, I cannot tell you half my fear. Nothing in the whole course of my after-life has ever equalled the horror of that hour. I thought a prayer; I could not utter a sound, not even a cry for help. So passed a period of time which seemed to me an eternity. At length once more muttering 'Pas encore,' she rose, descended from the alcove, and disappeared in the large dark chamber; for my night-light sufficed only to enlighten the recess. I fainted. When I recovered my senses, it was daylight; the cold gray dawn was stealing through the jalousies; I shivered, and felt so ill, I could scarcely move. At length my aunt's *femme de chambre* came to assist at my morning toilet, and I told her all my night's misery. She smiled incredulously, and observed that

'Mademoiselle must have had a disagreeable dream. There was no entrance or egress from her room, save through madame's, and Madame de Bernis slept in the other wing of the château, and was very lame.'

Her words could not, however, convince me against the evidence of my senses. At breakfast, I told my aunt everything; but she also refused to believe it was anything but a dream, 'a fancy, an indigestion.'

A gloom possessed my mind the whole day. Naturally, I was *enjouée*, and amusing; I was now absent, sad, and dull. Madame de Vergnier, my aunt, did not find her boudoir greatly enlivened by her young guest. She did her best, good lady, to divert my mind, but one does not easily recover from such a shock of the nerves.

It was with inexpressible horror I saw night approach; and at length, unable to bear the idea of sleeping alone again, I supplicated my aunt to let her maid stay with me all night. She seemed a little vexed and discomposed at the request, but assented to it nevertheless; and Agathe, a pretty, nice-mannered brunette, was to be my companion for the nonce.

I fell asleep, tolerably confident of safety; but awoke again at the same hour, to behold once more that terrible apparition—again that cold gray glance—again that glittering knife—again that hissing murmur of 'Pas encore.' In an agony of horror, I shook the girl sleeping beside me.

'Look, look, Agathe—she is there!' The aroused sleeper rubbed her eyes, yawned heavily, and then looking lazily round, exclaimed:

'Mais, qu'est-ce-que c'est, mademoiselle?'

I pointed in horror to the old woman. She replied, in answer to the gesture: 'Je ne vois rien.'

Could it be possible? I passed my hand over my eyes; when I removed it, she was gone; and, overpowered by the conviction that I had beheld a visitant from the world of spirits, I fell into a violent fit of hysterics. Agathe went and called my aunt, and related all she knew of the cause of my seizure. Madame de Vergnier was astonished, and even angry.

'The child must be a *folle*,' she said. 'Madame de Bernis was alive; it could not therefore be her ghost. She could not tell what was to be done.'

I was too ill to leave my bed till late in the day, and I need scarcely tell you how I dreaded returning to it. I entreated my aunt to let me sleep in some other room, and though she was vexed at the trouble and disarrangement, she permitted it, and assigned me a dressing-room outside her own room, but not opening into it.

It was small, comfortable-looking, and reminded me of my own little chamber in the Rue de la Ferme des Matthurins. I hoped that here, at least, I should be at peace. But no. About midnight, that awful rustling of silk awoke me, and once more my eyes opened upon the cold gray eyes and the glittering steel; once more I heard that awful whisper, 'Pas encore.'

Then came that long, horrid watch of both of us, followed, on my part—when again she disappeared—by a sort of delirium. Under its influence, I rose as soon as it was dawn, dressed myself, and stole down stairs. An old porter had just opened the hall-door; I brushed hastily past him, ran down the steps, and hurried up the avenue. I have no recollection of what followed, till I found myself in a strange room and in another house. A nurse was sitting by the bedside, and a table with medicine bottles, &c., testified to the fact that I had been very ill. I fancied I had had a horrid dream, and asked my attendant where I was, and where mamma was. She uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and went out of the room.

In a few minutes she returned with my mother, who shed tears of delight over me as she embraced me. After a time, I learned from them that I had been found insensible on the steps of my fellow-traveller's door, and recognising me, he had had me brought in, and sent for a doctor. The physician had found me delirious, and pronounced me in a brain fever; from which I had just recovered, though every one had despaired of my life. My parents had been sent for by my aunt, as soon as she heard of my escape and discovery; and she told them I had given symptoms of the approaching disease by fancying that I was haunted by her old dame de compagnie. My mother added that I had never ceased crying out, during the period of my delirium, 'Pas encore.'

With a profound shudder, I heard the words, and recalled my past mental sufferings. I related my tale to mamma, and—judge of my distress and annoyance—she heard it as the ravings of returning delirium, or the vision of a troubled brain! In addition to the torture I had endured, I had to support the mortification of being heard with incredulity.

'But was it really only a delirium?' asked Portia.

You shall hear. My aunt, when I recovered, shewed no wish for a renewal of my visit; nor would all the gold of Mexico have induced me to sleep beneath her roof again; therefore my parents took me back to Paris, under the impression that my chance of being a rich heiress was ended.

Three years afterwards, came another letter from Madame de Vergnier: she wrote to apologise for my sufferings, and at the same time to acknowledge their reality. Madame de Bernis was dead, and when *in extremis* had sent for her benefactress, and confessed that she had actually sat beside my bed, night after night, in hopes of terrifying me away, and becoming herself my aunt's heiress. She had bribed the femme de chambre to take part in this nefarious plot, which might have destroyed either my life or reason, and now repented of it, and implored forgiveness. Madame de Vergnier was much shocked; she confronted the maid with the dying woman, and fully ascertained the truth of the confession. The woman had been dismissed without a character, and Madame de Bernis was gone to answer for her crime at a higher tribunal. We were all invited, now, to the château, and accepted the invitation. I was a little nervous the first night, but I got over it after a time, and we were all very happy together. Madame de Vergnier left me her fortune; but I think I paid a fearful price to win it. For many a year afterwards, I could never hear without a shudder those (to me) awful words, 'Pas encore!'

A CHAPTER ON GLOVES.

All writers, whether great or small, have a disposition to cherish with peculiar tenderness the subject which, for the time being, has become their own by adoption—a tendency which sometimes leads them to magnify its importance a little unduly. We shall no doubt be considered, at a glance, to afford a humble example of the common weakness, in claiming for our subject the pre-eminence in dignity, over every other class of wearing gear, whatever may be its outward pretensions. But, in self-defence, we would remind the reader that there is a moral no less than a physical dignity, and that it is the former we would attach to this little article of costume. For if it has been less absolutely essential than most of the other items in the catalogue—if, in short, it has done but little hard work in the world, it has more than made amends by the fair and graceful service it has rendered, as the representative of human feelings. The glove has served at various times as the token of love, friendship, and constancy; the pledge of loyalty, and the emblem of faith. If it has also been made the symbol of hatred and defiance; nay, even the treacherous messenger of death, the blame lies with those who winged the arrow, not with the shaft itself; and if, in these degenerate days, a glove is a glove, and nothing more, the least we can do is to allow it the prestige of former glories, since our own matter-of-fact ways are alone responsible for their decay.

The first historical allusion to the glove may be referred back to the Old Testament; so at least would say those who consider that the Hebrew word *nangal* (signifying to shut, to enclose), translated in our version as shoe, would be more correctly rendered by the term glove, except where followed by *regel* (foot), which of course determines the meaning. An instance may be given in the passage from the fourth chapter of Ruth: 'Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things: a man plucked off his shoe [or glove], and gave it to his neighbour: and this was a testimony in Israel.' Also in the denunciatory expression from the 108th Psalm: 'Over Edom will I cast out my shoe.' For the new reading in these cases we have the authority of the Chaldean and of a celebrated German version, the former giving us a phrase signifying 'case or covering for the right hand,' and the latter, *handschuh*, as equivalent to the original. The Rabbinical writings, both ancient and modern, take this view of the matter; and confirmatory testimony is to be found in Favyn's *Annales de Chevalerie* (Paris, 1620), where the author observes that the practice of throwing the glove is derived from eastern nations, who, in all sales or delivery of lands, gave a glove by way of livery or investiture. The existence of the glove, therefore, in these very remote times may be accepted as sufficiently well proven; likewise the fact that it was adapted from the first to those symbolical forms with which we shall find it so constantly associated.

Various chance references in Homer and Xenophon assure us that neither Greeks nor Persians went altogether gloveless in their day; but it may be, as their records deal chiefly with feats of arms, that they constituted only a portion of the warlike panoply, and were not generally dissociated from it. Among the Romans, however, we may conclude that gloves found favour with different ranks and classes. Purple gloves, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, are alluded to in history as ensigns of imperial dignity. Varro remarks, in one of his Treatises, 'that olives gathered by the naked hand are preferable to those plucked with the glove on;' and an epistle of Pliny the younger has handed down to us the information, that a certain amanuensis, who always accompanied his uncle, with a book and all the implements for writing, wore gloves upon his hands in winter, lest the severity of the weather should cause him to lose any time. From this particular anecdote it may be inferred that the earliest form extant—namely, a sort of bag without fingers, in the style recently worn by young children—had taken, ere then, an improved and more convenient shape, or it would scarcely have facilitated the occupation of a scribe.

The annals of France afford the earliest evidence of any legal enactment having reference to our subject. The one in question bears date 790, at which time Charlemagne granted to the abbot and monks of Sithin unlimited licence to hunt, for the express purpose of providing themselves with the deer-skins, from which were manufactured gloves, girdles, and cases for their illuminated missals. No doubt they supplied, in acknowledgment of such privilege, the renowned glove, the forefinger of which, dipped in ink, served as the common sign-manual of their illustrious patron. Amongst the many different employments carried on in monasteries during these earlier ages of the church, those of leather-dressing and glove-making were evidently no uncommon ones, but still the production was not abundant enough to do more than benefit the most aristocratic of profane hands, in addition to those of the reverend brotherhood, whose wants were of course first attended to. There is a legend of a fair saint, Gudula by name, who died in 812, which records that as she was on one occasion praying barefooted, a monk compassionately placed his gloves beneath her feet. The loan was, however, rejected by the rigorous self-denial of the saint, and she flung away the gloves, which are said to have remained miraculously suspended in the air for the space of an hour and a half. It would appear that our monkish glovers not only supplied themselves liberally, but were in the habit of reserving the choicest wares for their own consumption. This proceeding aroused the interference of the bishops, and in the year 820, a solemn edict of the council of Aix secured for these dignitaries the exclusive privilege of wearing deer-skin. All abbots, monks, and inferior clergy, were thus restricted to sheep-skin gloves, which probably held a position somewhat analogous to that of the despised 'Berlins' at the present day; for, unfortunately, the skill of the leather-dresser did not then, as now, enable him to disguise one material under the semblance of another. It seems likely that France much preceded England in the adoption of this refinement of costume, and that it was generally introduced here by the example of the Normans, albeit the Saxon derivation of the word might be thought to tell a different tale. In the third reign of the Norman dynasty, at anyrate, occurs the first allusion in English history to gloves, or rather to the lack of them, in the case of the Bishop of Durham, who, in sliding down a rope to escape from the Tower, injured his hands very severely in consequence of having forgotten his gloves. These, by virtue of his clerical rank, would probably have been scarlet ones, if we may judge at least from the examples of this colour to be met with in the early monumental effigies of the sons of the church. Such stately records afford also representations of the jewelled glove, a feature of the regal attire which the monarch carried with him to the grave. This custom was so thoroughly established in the twelfth century, that the exception, in the case of Edward I., was considered a remarkable fact at the time of its discovery. The gloves of Edward the Black Prince are, as the reader may be aware, suspended over his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral; and various country churches would, some years ago, have presented to public view these memorials of some knightly lord of the manor who had been mouldering in the dust for ages. The modern practice of bearing the gauntlets, together with the spurs and sword, of a horse-soldier, on the coffin or at the saddle-bow on the occasion of his burial, is therefore one of the few remnants of chivalric usages. The church of Bolton, in Wharfdale, immortalised by Wordsworth in his *White Doe of Rylstone*, contained, in 1825, some interesting though very humble and peaceful relics of the same description, in the shape of white paper gloves, which had from time to time accompanied the remains of young girls, and been deposited by the mourners in their permanent resting-place. There they lay side by side, some dropping to pieces from the effects of time and dust, one pair alone pure and unsullied, which had been added to the row in memory of the last of that gentle sisterhood then reposing in the quiet churchyard.

Although up to the fourteenth century gloves were by no means rare, they constituted rather an item in the clerical, military, and courtly *official* dress, than in the ordinary social attire of the English nation. But it was perhaps at this epoch their symbolical importance was at its highest, for very few august ceremonials occurred in which they did not bear an honourable and prominent part. We learn, for example, from the records of the French parliament, that in 1294, the Earl of Flanders, by the delivery of a glove into the hand of Philip the Fair, gave him possession of Bruges, Ghent, and the other goodly towns of Flanders; and it was indeed recognised throughout Europe as the proper token of investiture. Matthew Paris alludes to it some fifty years earlier as the established gage of duel; but the romance of *Ivanhoe* has probably done far more to familiarise us with this view of our subject, by presenting it as a feature in the trial-scene of Rebecca before the Templars. The defiance by the glove in the middle ages is, of course, too completely a characteristic of the times, to require especial notice, but it assumes a more curious aspect when associated with tokens of comparative civilisation. In the life of the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, it is related, in connection with the customs of the northern Borderers, that he observed a glove hanging up high in the church where he was preaching, placed there in consequence of a deadly feud prevailing in the neighbourhood, and serving as a token of defiance by the owner, who dared to mortal combat any one bold enough to take it down. It will seem almost incredible that up to the present century the ancient law which permitted an accused person to avert his sentence, by the demand for trial by combat, was actually unrepealed, and that it should have been acted upon so recently as the year 1818; yet so it was. A person named Abraham Thornton was brought up before the King's Bench, charged with the murder of a young woman, whose brother, William Ashford, came forward as his accuser. After various demands for time, employed, no doubt, and not unprofitably, as the event proved, in an examination of the criminal laws of England, the defendant pleaded not guilty, adding: 'And I am ready to defend the same by my body;' whereupon, taking off his glove, he threw it on the floor of the court, in token of defiance. The position must have been an embarrassing one to the authorities; but the law was in full force, and there was no gainsaying it. Accordingly, on the refusal of the accuser, who was a mere lad, to support his charge by personal combat, the challenger was set at liberty, and justice evaded. The legislature took instant measures to avoid a repetition of this mode of defence: the statute was repealed; and thus ended the ancient trial and ordeal by battle, which had existed for more than eight centuries in this country.

The epoch at which gloves, as gloves, first came into common use was the reign of Edward IV., who had more time and inclination than any of his immediate predecessors to devote himself to the niceties of costume. He proved himself a steady friend to the glovers, then a rising and respectable fraternity, doing them the substantial favour of forbidding the importation of foreign goods, granting the honour of a coat-of-arms, and patronising their wares in his own person to the extent of seventeen dozen and a half in one year, as his private accounts will testify. The privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. include various items of this kind, and certain entries give full particulars of his purchases—the following, for instance:—'Paied Jacson for a douzin and halfe of Spanysshe gloves vijs vjd.' 'Paied the same daye to Jacson for certain gloves fetched by the sergeant apoticary iiijs xd.' In another record, 'two payer of gloves' are valued at xs; but the differences in the style of finishing the article would account for any variation of price. We may here allude to a celebrated instance of the tenure of lands by a glove, which originated during the reign of the Merry Monarch, and is worthy of remark, inasmuch as it affects the ceremonials of a royal coronation, even to the present day. The site of the ancient monastery of Worksop was presented, soon after the dissolution of religious houses, to the Earl of Shrewsbury, to be held in capite by the annual payment of a small sum of money, the royal service of finding the king a right-hand glove at his coronation, and supporting his arm so long as he might hold the sceptre. This duty has been faithfully performed ever since, and has now devolved on the Duke of Norfolk as lord of the manor of Worksop. The championship of England, which involves the throwing down of a gauntlet or glove in a more advanced stage of the same ceremony, and the delivery of a set form of challenge, is also attached to a particular estate, and has been for centuries invested in the Dymocke family as lords of the manor of Scrivelsby, inherited from the Marmions. It may be noticed *en passant* that gloves were not excluded from the coronation of the French sovereigns, who were in the habit of receiving a pair blessed by the archbishop, as an emblem of secure possession. This custom, however, was in vogue previously to the Revolution; since that epoch, the offering with its original meaning would have been indeed a mockery.

The writers of the Elizabethan era provide abundant illustration of the various uses and significations of the glove in their own day. Ben Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, associates them with marriage festivities in the following passage:—

Wee see no ensignes of a wedding here.
Where be our skarves and gloves?

Dekker also refers to the 'white innocent wedding-gloves.' Shakspeare, putting into the mouth of Master Slender the expression: 'Ay, by these gloves 'twas he!' proves them to have been used in social intercourse, as a form of mild and polite asseveration; whilst the allusions to the glove of the 'dearlynge' worn by the lover in his hat, are too frequent and commonplace to need recapitulation. Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Scornfull Lady*, even mention the ordinary market-price as being half-a-crown a pair—a coincidence with the present state of things which might startle those who omitted to consider the difference in the standard value of money at different times. The private accounts of the Virgin Queen, though very minute, afford no entries of expenditure in gloves—an article of dress in which she is known to have taken especial pleasure. The inference is, that she subsisted on the contributions of her faithful subjects, which poured in very liberally during this and the following reign. Such observations as the following occur not unfrequently in Nichols's *Royal Progresses:* 'Three Italians came unto the queen, and presented her each with a pair of sweet gloves.' 'Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, the first person who brought embroidered gloves into England, presented a pair to the queen, who took such pleasure in the gift, that she was pictured with them in her hand.' The 'embroidered' and 'sweet' gloves here referred to had been recently introduced into this country from Spain and Venice, which excelled all other seats of the trade in the delicacy of their productions, and likewise imparted to them the additional charm of a fragrant scent. But the perfumed glove has ever had an evil reputation, from the circumstance that it was not unfrequently used as an agent in the conveyance of poison. The Queen of Navarre, having received a pair from the court of France, and accepted them as a pledge of safe-conduct, met her death by their means—a fate which is also supposed to have befallen the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées. The modern French manufacturers, taking a hint from the former practice of continental craftsmen, were in the habit very recently of attempting to impart a fragrance to some of their gloves; but failing in the abstruse chemical knowledge which distinguished the Italians, they used a preparation of myrtle leaves, that quickly evaporated on exposure to the air.

During the reign of James I., offerings of the kind which found such favour with his predecessor, became more and more in vogue, as tokens of loyalty and respect; and it would seem that our own manufacture had advanced to a point which admitted of its patronage even in these exceptional cases. Whilst this monarch was at Woodstock in 1616, the chancellor of Oxford and certain heads of houses, proctors, and others, went to do their obedience, after which they presented to himself and certain of the nobles very rich gloves made in their own district. This example was followed by the rival university, which is recorded to have 'bestowed shortly afterwards upon the chancellor a pair of gloves which cost forty-four shillings, and another upon my lord of Walden of ten shillings price.' The university is said to have 'presented no more at that time, in regard there were so many great ones of quality; but the next day, the two bishops of London and Durham staying in the town all night, the vice-chancellor and some of the heads went unto them, and presented them with gloves, about twelve shillings or a mark a pair.' In these accounts we see the intrinsic value of the article nicely proportioned to the temporal importance of the receiver; but in many of the gift-gloves transferred from hand to hand in these somewhat venal ages, more passed than met the eye. The time-honoured custom, still observed, of presenting the judges with white gloves at a maiden assize, *may* have been originally designed as some small compensation for the usual offerings of plaintiff and defendant; at least if the following anecdote is to be accepted as the illustration of a general practice:—A certain suitor in Chancery whose cause had been favourably decided by Sir Thomas More, presented him, on the succeeding New-year's Day, with a pair of gloves containing L.40 in gold, as an evidence of her gratitude. This upright judge accepted the gloves, but refused the money, saying: 'I take the gloves, as it would be against all good-manners to refuse a lady's New-year's gift; but the lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere.' This application of the glove to the purposes of a purse is still officially recognised at Christ's Hospital, where the collection made on St Matthew's day towards the expense of supporting the Grecians at the university, is gathered according to the old traditions of the institution. *A propos* of traditions, it is perhaps time that those relating to our subject should come to an end. Its matter-of-fact phase is not without interest, and we should therefore give a glance at the development and characteristics of the trade connected with it.

The link established in our minds, by one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, between the 'fair town of Perth' and the art of glove-making, guides us one step onward in its history. Here it was, and at the very period of the story, that its craftsmen first became an incorporated body under the title of the Glovers of Perth. They had their day of prosperity, but as the sun rose, so it declined; and glove-making has latterly taken flight, and settled in the neighbouring and rival town of Dundee. The fraternity of London glovers was not officially recognised as a company until the time of Charles I. Strong representations were then made respecting the abuses which had crept little by little into the trade; and in 1638 a charter was granted to its respectable members, conferring extensive privileges, and among others, that of searching for and destroying bad and defective skins. The first master of the Glovers' Company was one William Smart, of the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, a neighbourhood then greatly frequented by workmen of this class. Deer and sheep skins were the materials chiefly used in their occupation, which included also the fashioning of leathern doublets and other articles of the same character. On the introduction of kid, however, they abandoned the less delicate substances on which they had been wont to exercise their skill, and sent forth a very *recherché* kind of glove known as the 'London town-made.' The estimated quantity produced in the metropolis twenty years ago was 50,000 dozen, requiring the labour of some 1500 or 1700 persons; but of late this industrial art, in common with others, has taken flight to more convenient quarters, and London now serves rather as a mart for the wares than a seat of production.

Previously to 1825, the manufacture in question conduced to the prosperity of many districts of Great Britain which now know it no more. But that epoch witnessed the admission of French goods into England at a reduced duty, a measure that for a time acted very disadvantageously on the fortunes of the national trade;

albeit since then the ill effects have been softened, and the advantages developed. Several Irish towns, for instance, once noted for this business, were compelled to abandon it as unprofitable; and even the once famous Limerick gloves would scarcely be known even by reputation at the present day, had they not been specially distinguished by Miss Edgeworth's pen. It may be worth while to notice that they were made of 'morts' or 'slinks'—namely, the skins of very young lambs, calves, or kids, collected by a class of higglers who traversed the country for the purpose. Delicacy of texture formed their chief claim to distinction, and a pair of first-rate quality could be enclosed in a walnut-shell, which acted as a sort of test. Unlike every other kind of glove, they were smooth inside, and were not the less in request that they were considered to impart fresh softness and beauty to the hand of the wearer. Of the English districts formerly associated with the glover's art, many have also disappeared from view. Ludlow, that once employed 1000 persons, required, in 1832, only the services of half-a-dozen—a state of things synonymous with the extinction of the trade. Leominster and Hereford, which had likewise had a profitable sale for beaver as well as leather gloves, found themselves in much the same plight. York, formerly remarkable for an excellent glove called 'York tans,' and for very fine specimens of the Limerick, was compelled to give up the manufacture of native skins, which in all these places had been the material dealt in, to the great benefit of the agriculturist.

The districts which have kept their ground up to the present day are therefore those of Worcester, Woodstock, Yeovil, and Torrington. The two last, districts of Somersetshire and Devonshire, though taking somewhat lower rank as dealing largely in second-class and inferior orders of gloves, are by far the most active and important. They would employ, perhaps, 15,000 or 16,000 female sewers, where the more exclusive rival towns could give occupation to only 5000 or 6000. The reason probably is, that the quality of their productions does not, by coming into competition with the best French goods, demand the expensive importation of rare material from the continent, but admits the cutting up of native skins, and of the foreign ones most easily attainable. Thus, a very large proportion of the gloves called kid, and worn under the fond delusion that they are such, are in reality lamb or even calf skin, since large quantities of the latter are shipped annually at the Prussian port of Memel, on the Baltic, to be employed in this business. The first-class quality of English gloves, which frequently equal in appearance, and generally surpass in durability, all others, are made in and about Worcester, where the work is known to have been carried on for more than three centuries. Here the great London firms, whose names serve as a sort of stamp on their wares, have their manufactories; and these afford employment to the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and furnish the warerooms of the dingy head-quarters in Wood Street, Cheapside, whence the commodity is dispersed abroad. The number of master manufacturers in Worcester was formerly 140, but is now under ten. The concentrative spirit of trade at the present day may have something to do with this change, for it must be acknowledged that those few who remain continue their operations upon a scale which would have excited the amazement and consternation of their forefathers; however, they still retain their original dislike to the change of law which enabled the Frenchman, using his own skins, to compete advantageously with those who were obliged to obtain their material from Italy and the south of France.

The preliminary process of dressing the leather has the same features both here and abroad; but there are two different methods pursued, according to the nature of the result desired. In the one case it is 'manufactured,' as the term goes, by the repeated application of cod-oil, alternating with a system of beating in fulling-mills, and drying by exposure to the air. About ten repetitions saturate the skins sufficiently; they then remain in tubs till natural fermentation ensues, when they are washed in a strong alkali, and finally display a softness and elasticity which they were far from presenting before. This oil-leather, made from sheep and lamb skins, is cut up at Woodstock in large quantities, for the riding-gloves of which that neighbourhood has the monopoly. It is likewise used for military gloves, made at Hexham; and varieties of it constitute the material of the soft thick kinds, still popular among gentlemen of the country school, though less universally worn than in the days when the *sine quâ non* of the dandy was uniformity between his gloves, boot-tops, and certain other articles of dress which have since been superseded. The other system of leather-dressing applies to kid-gloves, and all that answer to the name, and is carried on in this wise: the skin, having been first softened in lime-water, has to be frequently washed and worked in pure water, and afterwards in fermented bran liquor. By means of yolks of eggs, flour, alum, and salt, it is made into soft 'plump' leather, then dried, worked over a round blunt knife, and plunged a second time into a bath of eggs: about six millions are used each year for this purpose in France and England.

These different branches of the operation generally extend over the space of a month; at the end of that time the leather would be fit to receive the beautiful dyes which are brushed into the upper surface. It would then pass into another department, where the superfluous 'flesh' is taken off, or, to avoid technical language, where it is planed until it becomes uniform in thickness and elasticity. The various processes connected with the cutting, sewing, and finishing of the gloves then follow in due course; but each pair passes through so many different hands, that it will scarcely be dismissed before the expiration of eight weeks, exclusive of the time spent in preparing the leather. The *chamoiseurs*, or dressers, of Annonay, a French town about fifty miles south of Lyon, are considered the most skilled workmen in this particular business. Four millions of skins are sent there annually from different parts of the world to be manufactured, and the fame of the place neutralised one clause at anyrate of the old proverb: 'For a glove to be good, Spain must dress the leather, France cut it, and England sew it.' Our own country has, nevertheless, its vantage-ground; for those very peculiarities of water and climate in France which are so well adapted to the dressing of kid-skins, apply very disadvantageously to those of lambs, which require a temperate atmosphere, and other advantages that England can best afford. Thus, it is not unusual to see collected at Yeovil, skins from Austria, Spain, Turkey, Denmark, Bordeaux, Buenos Ayres, and the Cape of Good Hope, which had been sent there to pass through the hands of the dresser.

Our facilities in this department render the English lamb-skin glove superior to the French specimens of the same class, and it is the large demand for them which conduces to the present prosperity of Yeovil, Milborne-Port, and the neighbourhood within a circle of twenty miles. About L.1500 is paid each week in wages, skilful workmen earning from twenty to thirty shillings. The value of female labour is more difficult to compute, from the fact of their always taking the work home, and in many cases devoting to it only the hours which can be conveniently spared from their domestic employments. Hence about double the number are engaged in the occupation than would be required if their whole time were given up to it. Where this is the case, young girls earn from five shillings to seven and sixpence a week. The sewing of gloves is now carried on both here and abroad with the aid of a small machine, first used at Stoke, a town in the Yeovil district, and patented by the inventor many years ago. It is a sort of vice which grasps the gloves, leaving only the extreme edge exposed. Regularity in the stitches is thus insured, and the object of the apparatus answered, as it was intended merely to facilitate, not to economise, manual labour.

The admission of French goods into our market, which we have already alluded to, is considered by the Somersetshire manufacturer to have proved rather an advantage than otherwise; inasmuch as the emulation consequent upon it has improved the quality of the article, whilst the extent of the importation—amounting, in 1855, to 260,000 dozens—proves that it does not affect the patronage of English trade in any very great degree. The chief provincial seats of the glove-making art in France are Grenoble, Montpellier, and Niort. The varieties of material disguised under the name of kid are probably about as numerous there as here. A report has recently circulated, that owing to the large demand for rat-skins on the other side of the Channel, the denizens of the Parisian sewers were at a premium. If this be true, which we by no means undertake to assert, it is evident that the art of glove-making may still be called, as in olden times, a 'mystery,' and that the fashioning of 'naughtie and deceitful gloves' was not, as intended, put an end to by the charter.

THE ARGONAUTS IN ENGLAND.

It is very pleasant, in this matter-of-fact, money-making world of ours, to meet with a little genuine enthusiasm now and then—an enthusiasm that does not vent itself in vain talk and effervescent eloquence, of which no doubt there are plenty of specimens to be had—but one that has a definite aim in view, which works on nobly and courageously in the cause it has undertaken, and, strangest of all, has no personal gain connected with it.

Some little time ago, fashionable London, ever craving for novelty, was roused from its regular routine of pleasure by a new source of excitement in the musical world. Who that has ever heard those unequalled Cologne singers, can forget the wonderful sensation that seemed to thrill through every nerve, when that first mighty swell of human voices in unison, unaccompanied by any instruments, rose with a giant power, and resolved itself in that exquisitely perfect chord of the *Lenzfrage*, or that wild free spirit which seems to breathe in every note of the glorious *Normanns Sang*, stirring every latent energy, and rousing all the nobler parts of our nature? No orchestra in the world can produce such an effect. It is a feeling, novel as it is exciting; you are carried away by this tide of harmony, transported out of yourself by an enthusiasm perfectly irresistible and electric. Of the many thousand persons who crowded the concert-rooms, and did homage to the stars of the season, how few rightly appreciated the motives that dictated the undertaking; or, if they did think about it at all, wondered at the German enthusiasm which could induce the merchants of Cologne to give up their valuable time for an object in which nothing was to be personally gained.

It was something unexampled, unheard of, this amateur enterprise, and at a meeting of merchants in the city, voices were raised against the project as being *infra dig.;* but these, we are happy to say, were in the minority; and our modern Argonauts in search of the golden fleece which was to aid in the glorious work that Cologne is so justly proud of—the re-edification of the noble cathedral—were fully rewarded for the difficulties they had to encounter by the reception they met with.

We happened to be in Cologne last summer, and remained there for several days, as S——, one of our party, did not like leaving this favourite old city of ours without carrying away some photographic remembrances of the cathedral and the quaint old buildings; but our disappointment may be imagined when, on developing the negatives, S—— found that, by some means or other, the dust had entered the box of his albumenised glasses, which appeared dotted all over with tiny black spots! It really was too provoking, after all the trouble we had taken—not minding heat or fatigue in search of picturesque subjects, mounting upon the leads of houses, effecting bold invasions into peaceful citizens' dwellings, and submitting quietly to the mortifying indignity of being followed by a crowd of noisy urchins, clamorously entreating for just one peep into the *Guckkasten* (penny peep-show); whereat the dignity of our *commissionaire* was so offended, that he disappeared in the afternoon, when his services were again required to carry the camera, and we had to find a substitute for him. There was no time, either, to prepare new glasses, as we were going to bid adieu to Cologne the next morning; and so we consoled ourselves for our disappointment by going to the cathedral, and listening to the evening-service.

The last notes of the organ had died away amid the lofty arches, and as we lingered in the square to take a last look of the splendid old building, S—— remarked: 'Well, I must say I am much vexed that all my photographs have turned out failures. I should certainly have liked to carry away some remembrancer of old Cologne.'

'I saw some photographs in a window just now, as we were passing the corner of the square. Shall we go and see if we can get one of the cathedral?' S—— assenting, we entered the *Photographische Anstalt* in the *Friedrich Wilhelm Gasse.* There were a good many excellent photographs of various parts of Cologne, but we saw none of the cathedral; and the diminutive specimen of flaxen-haired Germany who was left in charge, seemed so taken up in the contemplation of our round hats—which, we had found, were regarded somewhat in the light of a novelty in Cologne—that he could not answer satisfactorily; and we sent him off in quest of the principal, Herr Eisen. The photographist, a small wiry man, with a clever, intelligent countenance, entered a few moments afterwards, and produced some photographs of different parts of the cathedral, which S—— declared surpassed anything he had seen, and became quite enthusiastic on the subject. There was a whole portfolio of views of the cathedral, of every size, and taken from various points of view, and likewise the gorgeous stained-glass windows, taken from the interior. It was a perfect treat to look over this little collection, and there was quite an *embarras de choix* as to which of these treasures we should carry away with us. Herr Eisen, seeing by S——'s remarks that he understood photography, asked him whether he would like to come to his *atelier* that evening, as they were then developing a large negative of the sculpture over the cathedral porch.

As we had no other engagement that evening, we accordingly found our way to Herr Eisen's atelier, where S——'s admiration and justly deserved praises of the promised negative fully convinced the little man that his attention had not been thrown away upon us; and he very kindly proceeded to shew us some more of the contents of his portfolios.

'What do you think of this one?' he asked, holding up a large view of the cathedral. 'It has been exposed twenty-four hours, and is one of the largest photographs ever taken: it gained the first prize at the photographic exhibitions of Bruges and Brussels.'

I am sorry that I have forgotten the number of feet and inches it measured, but it certainly was the largest photograph I had ever seen, and so perfect in every minute detail, that we could not refrain from an exclamation of delight. But our photographer had more treasures to shew us: we examined every curious corner and quaint nook in Cologne, recognised every old castle on the Rhine; roamed amid the wild scenery of Switzerland; luxuriated in the sculpture-galleries of Italy, where every statue was clearly defined, and finally lost ourselves in those perspective interiors which are so difficult to take perfectly, as every amateur well knows.

'What a pity it is,' I exclaimed, 'that those much-enduring travellers, who think it a point of duty to enliven their travelling scrap-books with that well-known melancholy print of Cologne cathedral, are in ignorance of the existence of these beautiful photographs. How I should like some of our friends in England to see them!'

'Perhaps I may be able to gratify you, as I intend going to London, in about two months' time, with a collection of photographs. It will not be my first visit, as I have already been there with the *Kölner Sänger Verein.*'

The Cologne singers! that was a magic word for us; and we immediately inquired if there was any chance of their giving a concert, as we should then certainly defer our departure for a day or two.

'No, I am afraid not,' answered Herr Eisen. 'We do not give public concerts except for charitable purposes, or, as we did in London, for the benefit of the *Kölner Dom.* The plan being originally mine, I was made manager of the company; and I can assure you that it was no easy matter to please the various tastes of my somewhat unruly *Sänger Chor*, most of whom, not understanding a word of English, were continually losing either themselves or their luggage.'

We expressed our disappointment at not being fortunate enough to hear a concert in Cologne, and asked Herr Eisen if we could not at least get some of their four-part songs, which we had tried in vain to obtain in London.

'Some of them are not published, but they are *all* arranged for four voices. Ah! doubtless you wish to sing them *mit Ihren Fräulein Schevestern*,' continued Herr Eisen, turning to S——. 'As you seem so fond of music, I shall really have great pleasure in copying some of our best songs, and sending them to you when I come to England.'

'By Jove!' exclaimed S——, stroking his moustache, 'the very thing we have been wishing for. Really, we are excessively obliged to you, and fully appreciate your kindness.'

But the politeness of our new friend did not end here; for after giving us a most animated and amusing account of his various adventures and difficulties as manager of the company, he finally produced a small green volume, and presented it to us with these words: 'Dieses Buch verehre ich den jungen Damen, if they will kindly accept it. It is an account of our argonautic expedition to England, by a member of the company.'

Of course, we expressed our grateful thanks for this polite attention, and as it was getting late, we wished Herr Eisen good-bye, and regained our hotel, very much pleased with the result of our evening's excursion.

We were much interested, on looking over the small volume of the *Kölner Sänger Verein*, to notice the various impressions they had received during their stay in England.

Our German friends were evidently much gratified at the cordial and warm reception they had met with in our country; and it is amusing to observe their surprise when they found that the cold and reserved English, whose motto, 'Time is money,' is ever present in their minds, should yet be so enthusiastic about music.

It was with no slight degree of anxiety that our amateur singers prepared for their first concert in Hanover Square Rooms. The decision of the audience that night would determine the success of their undertaking. We need scarcely mention how brilliant that success was, nor how well deserved the applause that was showered on the performers. They had established their reputation: they were the stars of the season.

But a greater triumph was yet in store for them. 'In Exeter Hall the Sänger Verein achieved its most brilliant success. In that hall, where hitherto only sacred music had been performed, and where a Salve Regina had been rejected, as being 'Roman Catholic,' we had free permission to sing even secular music. The members of the Sacred Harmonic Society were surprised at the perfect time the singers kept, and although the former had their tuning-forks with them, they could not discover that we ever got flat. The beauty and aristocracy of England were present at this concert; and although it was completely successful in every way, yet we were greatly disappointed in the hope we had entertained that the Queen would honour the assembly with her presence.'

Through various causes, Her Majesty was prevented from attending any of the first concerts, but when at length charmed with the morning performance of the Verein at Buckingham Palace, she was present at two more of their concerts the same day, and signified her gratification by so marked an approval, their utmost wishes were gratified.

It is impossible to describe the surprise of some of the party who beheld our modern Babel for the first time. The magnitude and extent of the city seemed to overwhelm them. The breadth of the London streets, so full of life and traffic, the shops with their magnificent displays of wealth and luxury, the splendid equipages, following each in endless succession, the whole forming such a contrast to the quiet narrow thoroughfares of their native town, struck them particularly. 'Why,' exclaims our author, 'there are more riches displayed in one of these jewellers' shops in Regent Street, than in all the Rhine provinces put together. The first few days were spent by the Sänger Chor most agreeably in visiting the many interesting sights of the metropolis; but oh, the London Sunday! what a contrast to the cheerful, joyous Sunday-life on the Rhine! where every one considers the day of rest as a day of rejoicing, not of penance—a day on which those who have toiled wearily all the week in close rooms, can once again breathe the pure air of heaven!'

Although we do not quite agree with the author of the little volume before us, when he says: 'If Dante had spent a rainy Sunday in London, he would have found sufficient material for writing one of his finest cantos of the Purgatorio, or even the Inferno, for London ennui is even worse than the infernal regions;' yet we can quite sympathise with him in his surprise at being told that many people objected even to have music in their own houses on a Sunday! What would our good friends have said if they had witnessed the endeavours of those bigoted and narrow-minded persons who have lately tried their utmost to deprive our poor hard-working population, not only of the few harmless enjoyments open to them on their day of rest, but even of the breath of fresh air they obtain in the parks!

Some of the party, from their total ignorance of English, are frequently in danger of losing themselves, and are therefore told, by way of precaution, to keep in mind the name of their hotel, the Prince of Wales. Getting into a cab at the close of the second concert, on the cabman's asking 'Where to?' they answer simply: 'Prince of Wales'—that being the extent of their knowledge of English. The cabman, touching his hat, mounts the box, and drives the 'full-dress gentlemen' to Buckingham Palace! The Verein were very much surprised at the strict regulations respecting full dress customary at our opera; and one of the party indignantly complains of being refused admittance to the house when he appeared in what he terms a *Phantasie-frack*—a species of coat so original, that the doorkeeper could not determine whether it belonged to the class of dress-coats or not. Judging from the eccentric garments in which our German friends occasionally indulge, we are hardly surprised at the doorkeeper's hesitation.

In describing one of the concerts, the author pays such homage to the beauty of our fair countrywomen, that we cannot resist giving the extract. 'Soon every place was filled with the *élite* of the London world, and great was the surprise of the Sänger Chor when they beheld the peerless, Juno-like figures, such as are only found amongst the blondes and brunettes of England, who crowded the room, forming a blooming parterre of unequalled loveliness—each lady being a queen of grace and beauty, while their charms were enhanced by the exquisite toilets, which far surpassed our most elegant ball-costumes. Every new song was welcomed with increased enthusiasm, and our fair audience rapturously encored the *Schwertlied*, *Kirchlein* and *Normann's Sang*, without sparing their kid-gloves! It was inspiring to behold how every feeling expressed in the songs produced an almost magical effect upon the lovely countenances of the fair listeners. They did not even attempt to control their emotion, and many a beautiful eye was bedewed with tears, which, however, were quickly succeeded by sparkling smiles when *Die Kapelle* was followed by Mendelssohn's joyous *Rheinweinlied*. That such heartfelt sympathy should urge the singers on to new efforts is not surprising, and we all agreed that the English ladies in their own country were *very* different from the lady-tourists we were accustomed to see on the Rhine.

'At the close of the concert, when the last notes of the national hymn had died away, a stately lady advanced towards the singers, and addressed them in a voice trembling with emotion: "Gentlemen, you have given us all exquisite pleasure. An Englishwoman thanks you with her whole heart, in the name of her sisters!" Seldom, indeed, had the Verein been honoured with a more graceful farewell.'

There are many more pleasant reminiscences of England in the little volume before us; and it is evidently with great regret that the Cologne Sänger Chor bade adieu to the land where they had met with so enthusiastic a reception during their three weeks' visit. The object of the undertaking, however, was attained; and the merchants of Cologne hastened homewards, to renew the toils of their busy life, and to present the committee of the *Dom Bau* with the not inconsiderable sum of 3350 dollars, the fruit of their romantic expedition to England, for romantic it certainly was in this practical nineteenth century of ours. With justifiable pride, the Sänger Verein exhibited the golden tankard presented by our Queen with a gracious letter of thanks for the concerts they gave in Buckingham Palace; and at every festive meeting of the Verein, this graceful gift occupies the place of honour on the board. The modern Argonauts have returned to their native city, amid the rejoicings and cheers of their fellow-citizens; but long will their exquisite melodies be remembered in England by those who were fortunate enough to hear them.

It is pleasant to look back on the noble spirit that urged these men to unite in a common cause, and by their indefatigable perseverance during the many years that the Cologne Männer Gesang Verein has been established, to aid so materially in the building of the glorious cathedral. In conclusion, I need only add that on our return from the continent, we found that Herr Eisen had exceeded his promised kindness, by sending us all the hundred four-part songs which the Verein had immortalised in England.

CALIFORNIAN GIANTS.

If all England have not heard of the *Mammoth tree* which has of late been exhibited to admiring crowds in London and elsewhere, it is no fault of the newspapers, nor of that numerous band of literary filibusterers who are always ready to fight under any banner, and for any captain, if he can only pay them. But all England has not yet heard of the particular place whence the monster came, and will therefore perhaps be willing to read something brief thereupon.

Imagining ourselves for a moment to be in California, in Calaveras county, we follow the course of an affluent of the Stanislas, which winds serpentlike, and with many an eddy, along one of the valleys that penetrate the Sierra Nevada; and at about fifteen miles from Murphy's, we come to a circular basin sequestered among the hills. Its diameter may be a mile, and its elevation from 4000 to 5000 feet above the sea-level. Here we find ourselves in presence of the giants—real giants of the vegetable kingdom, such as we should never have expected to see in these post-diluvian days. Not without emotion, and a profound sense of admiration, do we gaze upon them. The wind blows cold, and the heights around are covered with snow; but we heed not the blast; the snow brings out the trees in better relief; the sight repays us for all our fatigue, and makes us forget the wearisome return-journey yet to be encountered. It is not an everyday occurrence to stand under the shadow of trees that began to grow about the time that Hannibal was marching victorious upon Rome, and were still in their infancy at the birth of Christianity. What changes have come over the world—how many empires have risen and fallen since first their branches waved in the breeze! There they stand, ninety of them, living witnesses of a past far more remote than the earliest dawn of American tradition.

The smallest of these giants is fifteen feet in diameter. They occupy an extent of about fifty acres in the basin above mentioned, where they tower above all others of their species. The tall trees among the latter appear dwarfs in comparison. Long fringes and festoons of yellow moss and lichen hang around their proud trunks; and a parasite growing from their roots—a kind of *hypopithys*—shoots its graceful stems, adorned with bractea and rose-coloured flowers, to a height of ten feet. The place has thus the double charm of beauty and magnificence.

It will be understood, of course, that the giants here spoken of are pine-trees. The tops of many are broken and mutilated by the weight of the snow which in winter accumulates on their terminal branches; and some have been injured at the base by the camp-fires of Indians. A few have been so deeply hollowed by repeated burning, that a whole family might lodge with all their household gear in the blackened excavations. The bark generally is marked by deep longitudinal furrows, presenting the appearance of pillars or fluted columns. One has been stripped of its bark to a height of 100 feet; and a spiral row of pegs driven in, forms a not very safe means of ascent around the bare portion, yet the tree flourishes above as vigorously as ever.

The proprietor of the neighbouring tavern conducts his guests to the site of these prodigies of vegetation, and tells their names—he in most instances having been sole sponsor. First he calls attention to the Big Tree, which is, or rather was, 95 feet in circumference, and 300 feet high; for now it lies prostrate, a monarch pulled down by the hands of republicans. Five men were employed for twenty-five days in felling it. They drew a line all round seven feet from the ground, and along this they bored holes close together to the very centre of the stem with an enormous auger, so that the tree losing its equilibrium, at last fell with a shock that echoed like thunder among the hills. Three weeks more were spent in stripping off the bark for a length of 52 feet only: and now the king of the forest has one side flattened to be used as a 'bowling alley,' at the end of which stands a small wooden house where the players may quench their thirst with juleps and cocktails. To what base purposes may we not descend! To be told that a wagon and horses could travel easily along the overthrown stem, excites no surprise when we know that its diameter at the thickest end is 23 feet 7 inches, without reckoning the bark, which would be about three feet more. The stump has also been turned to account; its upper surface is smoothed and polished, and supports a pavilion in which visitors may sit and contemplate the scene around.

Having satisfied our curiosity with regard to the Big Tree, we are next conducted to the Miner's Cabin, which stands 300 feet high, and is 80 feet in circumference; to the Old Bachelor, the same height, but 20 feet less in girth; the Hermit, so named from standing a little apart from the rest, a handsome fellow, with one side of his trunk scorched, containing, however, according to the calculation of a knowing 'lumber-merchant,' 725,000 feet of timber. Then we have the Husband and Wife, not more than 250 feet high, leaning towards each other at the summit; and the Three Sisters, growing apparently from the same root—a remarkably fine group. They are all 300 feet high, and 92 in girth; and the middle one has not a branch below 200 feet. Further on, the Mother and Son attract attention—the lady being 325 feet high, and the youth 300: perhaps he has not done growing. In girth they are both alike—93 feet. Then the Siamese Twins and their Guardian; the Old Maid, like the Bachelor, isolated; but her head is bald; and the Bride of California, the Beauty of the Forest, Mister Shelby, and Uncle Tom's Cabin. This latter has a hollow at the bottom of the trunk large enough to seat twenty-five persons, to which you enter through a gap 10 feet high and 2 feet wide. The Horseback Ride is an old hollow trunk fallen down, in which visitors may ride on horseback.

There are other trees and other names, but those we have enumerated will perhaps suffice, without our repeating any that betray the disposition to vulgarity that prevails in remote parts of the states. The Family Group, however, must not be passed over in silence: it comprises twenty-six trees, among which are seen father, mother, and twenty-four children. The father lost his perpendicular years ago, and fell down, and yet he is 110 feet in circumference at his base; he was, as is supposed, when in his prime, 450 feet high. The portion which remains is hollow throughout, and partly buried in the soil, while from underneath bursts a perennial spring, which it covered in its fall. The mother is 327 feet high, and 91 in girth; the children are not quite so large. The Americans, in their fondness for 'tall' nomenclature, call these fifty acres of trees the Mammoth Grove.

As regards a distinctive botanical term, this colossal species is known by various names: *Taxodium sempervirens*, *Sequoia gigantea*, *Wellingtonia gigantea*, *Washingtonia*, and others. The last two are modern designations; the second, having been assigned by Endlicher in his *Synopsis Coniferarum*, should be regarded as definitive. The wood is of a reddish colour, and appears to be more elastic than any other yet known. It has, moreover, the property of not splitting in the sun, and is but little liable to decay; the branches are short, and the foliage similar to that of the juniper. It is considered remarkable that so large a tree should bear such small spines, and cones no bigger than a hen's egg.

Why these trees should be confined to this particular spot, is a question often asked; but the fact is, they are found in other parts of the Sierra Nevada, particularly in the pass leading to Carson Valley, though not in such numbers or of so great dimensions. The difference is charged to the destructive propensities of the Indians.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PATENTS FOR MACHINES AND PROCESSES.

The history of mechanical invention is full of cases like that of Hargraves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, who was ruined for want of a patent. Professor George Wilson stated to the Scottish Society of Arts a few weeks ago, that on a recent tour of the manufacturing districts, he was much struck with a beautiful piece of mechanism for weaving, and inquired who had invented it. He was quietly told that the inventor was now breaking stones on the road in a neighbouring district. Somebody had asked for a sight of his model, and by and by the machine was offered for sale all over the country.

But does the history of patents shew that they afford a certain protection, and so enable the inventor to remunerate himself? Far from it. It is seldom that an invention is not capable of being brought out with some specialty of difference, giving it a more or less plausible claim to originality. Then there is the uncertainty and the slowness of legal redress. It is commonly said that seven years of the valuable life of James Watt were thrown away in litigation, in a great measure vain, for the protection of his patent rights.

Inventors in chemistry are more fortunate, for if they can preserve their secret, they are comparatively safe. Many dyers and calico-printers, who have hit upon peculiar processes, do not regard the protection of a patent as worth paying for. In these cases, however, extraordinary stratagems are occasionally resorted to in order to get at the secret. 'The history of pottery,' remarks Dr George Wilson, 'is in many respects a shameful record. Here we have a gentleman feigning insanity, and working as a menial till he has learned the potter's secret. Advantage is taken of Josiah Wedgewood's serious illness to steal his papers. A workman ran away from one German dukedom to another with the recipes of a porcelain work in his possession. He hopes to make his own iniquitous terms; but they fill him drunk, and pick his pockets of the stolen recipes. A German prince deliberately imprisons a chemist till he successfully makes stoneware for him; and Frederick the Great makes no scruple of carrying off whole families of Saxon potters, and compelling them to settle in Prussia. These are not exceptional cases. The history of pottery abounds in them.'

The history of inventors is remarkable for what may be called its tragical anomalies. Patrick Miller, who was so much concerned in promoting steam-navigation in its infancy seventy years ago, impoverished himself by his inventions; and his family, when in reduced circumstances, never received one farthing of recompense from the public. The widow of James Taylor, who prompted and actually managed Mr Miller's first experiments in steam-navigation, lives at ninety with a pension of *fifty pounds*. The son of Gray, who first expounded railway-travelling, was not many years ago endeavouring to get a clerk's situation on a western line. Who has not heard of the case of Henry Cort, who, about 1782, discovered the method of 'rendering pig-iron malleable in an air-furnace heated by the flame of pit-coal, without the aid of charcoal, or bellows, or cylinders'—the process termed *puddling*, which has been the express means of enabling us to make use of our native iron, and in a manner created a trade which adds millions per annum to the national wealth? This Henry Cort, from circumstances beyond his control, broke down in an attempt to render his inventions profitable, and died in poverty. Two of his children, above seventy years of age, have pensions not exceeding *nineteen pounds* each from the British nation.

To facilitate the getting of a patent, and improve the legal means of protecting it, is an obvious desideratum, if we would wish to see ingenuity rewarded by its own works; and these are accordingly among the demands of our age. We doubt, however, whether the public is morally entitled to sit down content with doing the best it can for inventors in these two respects. A patent, justifiable and necessary as it is in our present social system, is, after all, an imperfect way of recompensing inventive genius and labour. Many inventors, as we see, do not succeed in obtaining one. Often it is obtained by some capitalist, who gives the inventor but a trifle of the proceeds. When it is obtained, it is liable to be rendered of but little use, in consequence of the incessant efforts to break it down or evade it; for the truth is, a patent, though not a monopoly in the usual sense, works as one, and in this way is a thing that can never be wholly good for either the possessor or the public. For these reasons, while not prepared to declare against this method of remunerating inventions, we see a necessity for some liberal plan to supplement its deficiencies, and would gladly approve of pensions being more generally given, and given on a more generous scale, to inventors and their descendants.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS BY EXAMINATIONS.*

A remarkable revolution is at present silently in progress in the modes of advanced education. Less dependence is now being placed on direct instruction by lectures in universities, and more upon periodical examinations. The youth is, in short, told that the honour or diploma he aspires to is to be granted to him on his passing a certain series of examinations, let him qualify himself for these examinations how he may. He studies, perhaps, in his own home, or by attending classes, or hiring a tutor. This is his own affair. When properly prepared, he comes before the examining-board, the fidelity of which to its trust being assumed, it is impossible he can pass unless his acquirements are of a genuine character. In this way the English Universities, the Inns of Court, the Military and Naval Colleges, the East India Company, the Colleges of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, the various government boards, and the Committee of Privy Council on Education, stand out before the community as so many incentives to a high education. There may be some errors as to the nature of the examinations: these are susceptible of being rectified, and doubtless will be rectified ere long. But the general fact is unquestionable, that a principle of activity is now at work in the advanced departments of education in England, from which most important fruits may be expected.

Our readers are aware, that within the last two years the Society of Arts has taken upon itself the duty of getting up an examining-board for the sake of the multitude of young persons whose education is of the more irregular kind. An ingenious country mechanic, a poring shop-lad, any kind of humble youth who has passed through a course, in a great measure consisting of self-education, may come before this body, who, knowing nothing of him but the number he represents, search into his acquirements, and assign him a grade. At their first examination, they had fifty-six candidates, and the general amount of proficiency shewn by these young men was very remarkable. A bookseller's shop-boy from Leeds proved so great in mathematics, that he was immediately adopted into the Kew Observatory as an assistant—a situation which, to one of his predecessors, opened the way to rank and fortune. The Society will henceforth keep a regular registry of its examinees, which, being freely open to the public, will doubtless prove the means of introducing many to good employment, according to their merits. If its plans be fully worked out, and public confidence in its awards fully established, the effect in stimulating ingenious youth must be altogether such as the best friends of human progress could wish.

SONNET.

THE CEMETERY OF THE HEART.

Oft, in the twilight of my spirit, to
A sacred precinct in the realm of mind,
A shadowy region, dim and strange, defined
By solemn images, my Thought doth go
With troubled air to feed with thought her wo.
Dust goes to dust: the Earth doth lay her kind
Into her quiet breast: Mind goes to mind—
All mind to God: within herself the Heart
Buries her dead—the young Hope that did die
While she was nursing it with loving art,
And Love—her holy One, and Joy:—all lie
Where she hath laid them peacefully apart:
There by them will my Thought sit, while afar
Falls sickly round the light of Memory's pale star.

J. B.

THE EAGRE (BORE) OF THE TSIEN-TANG RIVER.

Between the river and the city walls, which are a mile distant, dense suburbs extend several miles along the banks. As the hour of flood-tide approached, crowds gathered in the streets running at right angles with the Tsien-tang, but at safe distances. My position was a terrace in front of the Tri-wave Temple, which afforded a good view of the entire scene. On a sudden, all traffic in the thronged mart was suspended; porters cleared the front street of every description of merchandise; boatmen ceased lading and unlading their vessels, and put out into the middle of the stream, so that a few moments sufficed to give a deserted appearance to the busiest part of one of the busiest cities of Asia. The centre of the river teemed with craft, from small boats to huge barges, including the gay flower-boats. Loud shouting from the fleet announced the appearance of the flood, which seemed like a glistening white cable, stretched athwart the river at its mouth, as far down as the eye could reach. Its noise, compared by Chinese poets to that of thunder, speedily drowned that of the boatmen; and as it advanced with prodigious velocity—at the rate, I should judge, of twenty-five miles an hour—it assumed the appearance of an alabaster wall, or rather of a cataract four or five miles across, and about thirty feet high, moving bodily onward. Soon it reached the advanced-guard of the immense assemblage of vessels awaiting its approach. . . . As the foaming wall of water dashed impetuously onwards, the multitude were silenced, all being intently occupied in keeping their prows towards the wave which threatened to submerge everything afloat; but they all vaulted, as it were, to the summit with perfect safety. The spectacle was of greatest interest when the eagre had passed about one-half way among the craft. On one side they were quietly reposing on the surface of the unruffled stream, while those on the nether portion were pitching and heaving in tumultuous confusion on the flood, others were scaling with the agility of salmon the formidable cascade. This grand and exciting scene was but of a moment's duration—it passed up the river in an instant, but from this point with gradually diminishing force, size, and velocity, until it ceased to be perceptible; which Chinese accounts represent to be eighty miles distant from the city!—*Transactions of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.*

---

* We recommend to general notice two lectures by Dr James Booth (Bell and Daldy, London), entitled *How to Learn* and *What to Learn*, in which the subject here slightly touched on is fully and ably treated.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by James Fraser, 14 D'Olier Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF POPULAR LITERATURE
Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 156. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1856. PRICE 1½d.

THE THREE HOUSES.

In a certain street of a certain town well known to me there are three houses standing together, and forming a remarkable exception from the general fate of the houses of that street, which has been—to yield one after another to the advancing genius of Commerce. Most have broken out into shops; some have put large brass-plates on their doors, and declared themselves millinery establishments—further insinuations of the fact being made by the faint shade of a lady's dress seen within the *quondam* dining-room window. A few have projected, at nooks of doors and windows, modest little boards, announcing 'FURNISHED APARTMENTS.' The three exceptive houses stand out in hardened old-fashioned gentility, as private dwellings. They have not even brass-plates for the names of the owners or occupants. These must, of course, be inferred as people superior not merely to trade, but to the professions. I suspect them to be a trio of dowagers and well-endowed maiden ladies.

No matter what the occupants are. The houses speak for themselves. Inveterate conservatives they are, despising all innovatory ideas, ignoring progress, and scorning the bribes of upstart wealth. One can read the whole sentiment of the situation in their fronts. That one on the left extreme has evidently an uneasy feeling about the chemist's shop next door: you trace it in that drawn-down window-blind, last of the row in the drawing-room, and in the fact of the cockatoo's cage being always seen at the window furthest away. A dainty lady of fashion drawing up her skirts from the brushing contact of some common mortal on the *pavé*, is but a type of this genteel mansion shrinking away from that commercial neighbour—once an equal and a friend; but now so no longer. The right-hand house is similarly beset by a bell-hanger. And this was even a more cruel case, for the edifice, now so degraded, was formerly the residence of a nobleman, who lent an aroma of dignity to the whole row. What must have been the feelings of our right-hand house when his lordship departed and a bell-hanger took his place! It would seem to it as if creation must henceforth have but half its brightness. I have a notion that the house has ever since had a shut-up, misanthropical look, as if it no longer viewed things pleasantly. With the centre house, matters of course are not quite so bad. It has still a genteel friend on either hand to stand between it and the immediate contact of the vulgar. It must feel, however, how near the case of each neighbour is to its own, for 'Paries cum proximus' certainly applies here fully as much as in cases of conflagration. I have no doubt it joins heartily in the general feeling arising from the common circumstances. Sworn brothers, indeed, they all are in affliction, intensely sympathetic, intimate as conspirators, determined from ground to garret, back and front, to resist the encroaching tide of degradation. If there be any difference in the central house, it will be, I venture to say, less in the way of a happy consciousness of better protection from the common evil, than in a fear of the constancy of its either-hand neighbours. Vexed as these already are by juxtaposition of trade, they have obviously less interest in withstanding it. They may lose heart and give way—and what then? Then will the central house be the sole representative of fashion in the district; and how long can it expect so to continue? These, however, are painful considerations which it must desire to stifle, whether from regard to its own comfort or a feeling of honour towards its associates. Undoubtedly the prominent acknowledged feeling of the trio is a united vigorous resolution for common resistance to a common evil.

I speak of the active daylight feelings of the three houses. While the bustle of business is going on in the street, and the chemist's and bell-hanger's have their windows all awake, and a throng of customers coming about their doors, then do the patrician trio thrill with disgust at the vicinage, and pledge themselves to stand by each other in eternal recalcitration of commerce. But of course they have their cooler and more meditative moments, when, the shops being shut, and customers gone home, they have time, calmness, and leisure to reflect on what the end is to be. The gayest have their dull moments. The proudest experience syncopes of self-assertion. The poet tells us, that 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave.' So the houses now and then confess to themselves that resistance to trade is finite, and that, in the fulness of time, the fate of all other houses of gentility will be theirs—they must become shops. Those neat rooms where aristocratic spinsterhood now dwells in cleanly state, surrounded with portraits of historical ancestors, and receiving visits of only the best company, must by and by be stuffed—O horrid word!—with goods. That door, where powdered John receives superb lady-visitors sweeping in from their carriages, will in time welcome every one having money wherewith to buy. To what base uses may we return—houses as well as their inhabitants! One might have a new *Death and the Lady* for a house, telling it that, however rejoicing now in its handsome proportions and furnishings, glowing in all the pride of life, to this complexion it must come at last. Or, as we would address the generous and beautiful racer: Lovely art thou now in thy fleetness and ardour; but the sand-cart is thy ultimate destiny! so might we apostrophise the aristocratic town-mansion: Handsome now—dignified—conversant only with gay and noble things—but in time to go down to drudgery, as others have done!

Only a little further west is a quarter of the town comparatively new, and where as yet Trade has not set even its snout. Octagons, ovals, and streets of stately houses are there, nearly all occupied by persons of fashion. An elegant, flourishing society of mansions it is, with, at the utmost, an insinuation of LODGINGS at two or three corner buildings—just as the greatest families are scarcely ever without a poor relation or so, as if to remind them that there is such a thing as necessity in this world. The idea of one of these houses condescending to any such useful purpose as that of—a Shop, seems as if it never could occur. Surely were any one so mean-spirited as to think of such a thing, the very stones of the rest would rush in indignation upon it, and batter the base thought into annihilation. And yet —— O my dear friends, be not too uplifted with your fine architecture, your exclusive privileges, your present grand tenants, your luxurious internal furnishings, which make life so rackingly smooth, your handsome carriages ever rolling about, your army of velveted lackeys. For verily, as all these things have come to an end with places further east, so will they come to an end with you. Behold there the case of the Genteel Trio, once forming a part of a great district, all of which was as unexceptionably aristocratic as yours *now* is. As little as yourselves now do, did they dream of the fate to which they are drawing nigh. Yet you see the surge of the Useful is rising and beating around them. Short while can they be expected to bank out the tide. Read your prospective history in theirs, and be humble.

PUPPETS—RELIGIOUS AND ARISTOCRATIC.

IN a former article, we traced the wonderful unity and consistency of human nature in connection with the history of Harlequin. Descending in the scale of dramatic performances, we come to a species of entertainment which has proved as attractive to men in all ages, in all climes, and in all stages of development, as have the drolleries of Harlequin, and for the fascination exercised by which we are at a greater loss to account; for we are not aware that phrenologists have as yet traced the love of puppets to any especial bump on the human cranium. One bold man, indeed, who has written on the subject, maintains that puppets owe their origin to the precocious instincts of maternity in the first little girl, whose doll was the original and type of all succeeding puppets. For want of a better theory, we would fain adopt this, which, by making puppets come into existence with the second generation of the human family, at once accounts for the presence of these mimic actors, not only among the ancient nations of Europe, but likewise among the Hindoos, Javanese, Siamese, Chinese, Tatars, Turks, Persians, and ancient Egyptians, and allows us to attribute to a degree of childishness, never as yet outgrown by individual or by race, the great attraction exercised by them over the adults as well as the children of these various ages, climes, and nations. But we stand corrected by another writer, who denies the accuracy of the proposition that the child's doll is the original and type of the puppet. A rag-doll, says this authority, represents a simple idea only—the idea of the human configuration: it is flexible, but not mobile. The idea represented by a puppet is complex; it is the idea of motion added to that of form. The doll, according to his apprehension, is not the first, nor even the simplest product of the plastic instinct. The stick on which the brother of the little girl takes a ride is a more direct and a more rudimentary expression of this instinct.

Our readers will see what depths we might get into were we to attempt to fathom the mysteries of the origin of the theatrical microcosm we call a puppet-show; and we trust, therefore, that we shall be excused if, overleaping this difficult point, as also the connection of puppets with the mythic rites and popular amusements of Asiatic nations, we pass on to some consideration of their progressive development in Europe. It is a curious fact that the history of this development exhibits precisely the same phases as the history of the regular drama—puppet-shows having, like this, passed through a hieratic and aristocratic phase before attaining their broadly popular character; and it is more remarkable still, that the cycle completed among the classic nations of antiquity, recommenced in Christian Europe. Egypt, Greece, Etruria, and Latium, all had at one time their puppet-idols, obeying the directing hand of the priests, and filling the people with wondering awe. Gradually, however, puppets disappeared from the temples, and became instruments of amusement to the rich, in whose convivial meetings it seems to have been usual to introduce them towards the end of the repast; and the humble pleasure-seekers, mentioned in a recent number of this Journal, who pay their 2d. or 4d. to obtain a sight of Cardoni's Fantoccini, may lift their heads high in defiance of those who would scoff at them for deriving amusement from such childish exhibitions, when we tell them that the choicest spirits of the foremost nations of antiquity, even such men as Socrates and his disciples, did not disdain to be present at puppet-shows. It must be confessed, however, that on these, as on similar occasions in more modern times, the puppets were not limited to dumb show, but had an interpreter of their action behind the scene, like our friend Punch in the present day, and were made the expositors of more poignant satire and more ribald wit than would probably have been tolerated if ostensibly spoken by living actors.

Among the Romans as well as the Greeks, the aristocratic phase of puppet-shows soon merged in the popular; and such became eventually the passion of the Greek people, more especially, for this pastime, that not only were there separate theatres in Athens for this kind of representation, but the wooden actors were even tolerated on the stage on which the masterworks of the Greek tragedians were performed—a desecration sufficient to make the hairs stand on end on the head of a modern worshipper of classic literature, but which does not, after all, seem to us so very extraordinary, when we consider that the actors of Euripides, Æschylus, and Sophocles were themselves only half flesh and blood. Their exaggerated masks, with features large enough to be discerned by the spectator in the most distant part of the vast theatre, the buskins which lent them additional height, and the false arms and hands which brought these limbs into proportion with the head and legs, were all of wood; and it was, moreover, usual in Greece, in times of disastrous wars, when public and private finances were low, and actors were at a premium, to introduce wooden figures among the choristers to fill up the required number at a cheap rate. The difference was thus only between half and whole; and the superiority, in point of ease and grace in movement, must certainly have been on the side of the puppets, the construction of which, according to no less authorities than Aristoteles, Apuleius, and Galen, had attained a degree of perfection hardly equalled even in our own days of extraordinary mechanical skill.

Christianity found puppets in their third or popular phase, established throughout the length and breadth of the eastern and western empires; and as the Christian fathers, while launching well-deserved anathemas against the immoral and cruel theatrical representations of the times, speak in much more lenient terms of these mimic actors, there is reason to suppose that the latter had not so completely discarded all sense of decency as their living compeers. However this may have been, the church seems to have taken a hint from their popularity, and the temples of Christendom soon vied with each other in scenic representations, by means of puppets, of the leading events in sacred history, and of the legends of saints and martyrs. In the eleventh century, already the mechanism of these puppets seems, in some instances, to have been so perfect and so astounding in its effects, as to have gained for its inventors the unenviable reputation of necromancers, and brought the art into disrepute among many prelates, who regarded this seeming resurrection of saints and martyrs as sacrilegious. In spite of their denunciations, however, and even in spite of the distinct commands of synods and councils, these ecclesiastical exhibitions continued to prevail in all Catholic countries to a very late period.

At Dieppe, a festival in honour of the Virgin, called the *autouries d'Août*, was celebrated up to the middle of the seventeenth century, with a scenic pomp and splendour that attained for them a world-wide reputation, and drew thousands of visitors to the town. A sloping stage was raised in the choir of the church of St James, on the summit of which, immediately below the vaulted roof of the church, which was studded with stars on an azure ground, appeared the Eternal Father, seated on a cloud, and surrounded by a host of angels, hovering on outspread wings, and moving to and fro, as if in execution of His orders. Some of these angels performed the feat of lighting the tapers in the church, while others alternately raised and withdrew from their mouths wind instruments, from which they were supposed to draw the sounds which, in reality, proceeded from the organ. At the lower extremity of the stage, a figure of the Virgin reclined upon a couch. At the commencement of the mass, two angels descended, lifted her in their arms, and slowly reascended with her towards the Father, in whose arms she was not deposited until the moment for the adoration arrived, though during the ascension she repeatedly stretched forth her hands, as if impatient to be in heaven.

In Belgium, even in the beginning of the eighteenth century, scenes in purgatory were represented in the churches in all the chief cities, after the following fashion. A clever distribution of light and colour gave to the enclosed stage the appearance of a fiery furnace. In the midst of the flames, a number of human figures, with fettered limbs, were seen making fearful grimaces, writhing as if in torture, and seemingly uttering loud cries. After a time an angel descended with a huge rosary in his hand, on which the tortured souls precipitated themselves with frantic gestures, scaling the beads like the steps of a ladder. When they had attained the summit, their chains fell off. The Virgin Mary, attended by St Dominic, next made her appearance, and taking the redeemed sinners by the hand, presented them to the Saviour, who assigned to each his place in heaven.

In Poland, the spectacle of the *Szopka*, or stable, was the favourite Christmas-piece, and was continued far into the eighteenth century. The puppets, here called *lalki*, first enacted the scene of the Nativity, and the adoration of the magi and the shepherds. Then followed the massacre of the innocents, in which a son of Herod was murdered by mistake. The wicked king, driven to despair, calls upon death, who arrives in the form of a skeleton with a scythe, and mows off his head. Next uprises the devil, with fiery-red tongue, pointed ears and long tail, who picks up the royal body with a pitchfork, and carries it off. In the Greek Church, similar representations by means of puppets were usual. At Moscow and Novgorod, the mystery of the three young men in the fiery furnace was performed every year in the churches on the Sunday before Christmas; everywhere the plastic puppets adapting themselves to the genius of the people.

A ruder form of hieratic puppets were the terrific monsters which were paraded through the various cities of Christendom in Rogation-week, or Corpus Christi day, or on the anniversaries of certain patrons of the several towns, either valiant knights or pious prelates, who had attained the honour of canonisation for having rescued the country from some devastating beast, or the population from more fearful idolatry. Among these, the hydra of the abbey of Fleury in France—which, when it opened its terrific jaws, displayed a blazing furnace—held a conspicuous place, as also the great dragon of Paris, slain by St Marcel, and which in Rogation-week was promenaded round the square in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame, to the great delight and terror of the children and adults of the old *cité*, who flung into its gaping maw fruits, cakes, and money.

But it was not only dragons and other animal-like creations of the imagination that figured in these processions—giant Goliahs and St Christophers, our own familiar Gog and Magog, and other like personages, also played a part therein; and had we not already committed ourselves to another classification of our subject, we would be tempted to call this the heroic phase of puppets, as they so frequently appear in gigantic and awe-inspiring forms. Female figures seem to have been of rare occurrence in these processions, yet there is one curious instance on record in which such alone figured. It had been usual in Venice since the tenth century to celebrate annually what was termed the festival of the Marys, in commemoration of the rescue of twelve betrothed maidens of the city from pirates. Twelve maidens, called the twelve Marys, selected by the *seignoria*, and whose marriage-portions were defrayed by the public treasury, were promenaded in procession through the streets, under circumstances of great pomp and splendour. However, the expenses connected with the custom, and the intrigues caused by the election of the young girls, led in the course of time to a reduction of the number, and ultimately to the substitution for them of wooden puppets. But though Goliahs and St Christophers might be tolerated in wood, the people of Venice would have no wooden Marys; and in 1349 the exasperation of the populace against the poor puppets shewed itself in such acts of violence, that once more the Marys had to be rescued from the hands of ruffians. To this day, the denomination *Maria di legno* is applied in Venice to women deficient in the usual graces of their sex.

England also bore her share in these religious puppet-shows. An image of the crucified Saviour in the abbey of Boxley in Kent, of which not only the head, but even the eyes and mouth, could move, enjoyed great celebrity; and up to the period of Henry VIII.'s breach with the pope, the Catholic clergy throughout Great Britain celebrated the festivals of Christmas, Easter, and the Ascension 'in manner of a show and interlude,' as Lambarde, the historian of Kent, expresses it, and by means of certain small 'puppettes.' The same historian mentions having been present in St Paul's Cathedral on Whitsunday 1520, when he saw the descent of the Holy Ghost represented by means of a white pigeon, which was let down from an opening in the vaulted dome; and he likewise alludes to the scene of the resurrection as represented in the parish church of Witney, in Oxfordshire—all the actors in the sacred drama being represented by puppets moved by springs.

The Reformation, of course, put an end to dramatic representations in the churches in all the countries where it was established, and even exercised considerable influence as regards this point in the countries that remained in the old faith, for there had always been a party within the church strongly opposed to them. In Protestant Germany, Holland, and Great Britain, the religious puppets shared the fate of all other sacred images; and only a few now remain in museums to tell what were the means by which the devotional feelings of simpler ages might be roused. The importance attached to the crucifix of Boxley Abbey was evinced by the solemnity with which it was consigned to destruction. On Sunday, 24th of February 1538, its mysteries were explained to the people by the bishop of Rochester, after which it was taken to Paul's Cross, and there broken to pieces. But though expelled from the churches, religious puppet-shows nevertheless continued to be performed for the edification of the people as before, and remained great favourites. But even where these latter were most in force, and even after the development of regular dramatic performances, and the establishment of regular theatres, the lives of the saints and martyrs, the most touching histories of the Old Testament, and, above all, the two greatest events of the New, continued to form the repertory of puppet-shows; and even in the present day the mysteries of the Nativity and of the Passion are performed by puppets in all the provinces of France, as well as in Italy, Spain, Poland, and parts of Germany. In England, the peculiar circumstances of the country brought the hieratic phase of puppet-shows to a much more speedy conclusion; and at present, such spectacles as we have described would probably be looked upon as little less than blasphemous and sacrilegious.

The aristocratic phase of modern puppet-history may be said to have commenced when the famous Italian mathematician Giovanni Torriani constructed puppets for the amusement of Charles V. in his retirement at St Just, with such wonderful perfection that they excited the superstitious fears of the superior of the convent. But Charles V. is not the only royal personage that has amused himself with these ingenious playthings. The registers of the royal treasury of France shew that, in 1669, a certain Jean Brioché, who, from the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV., had enjoyed great celebrity in the double character of tooth-extractor and puppet-showman, was invited to St Germain-en-Laye, the residence of the young dauphin, and kept there during three months for the amusement of the children of France, at a cost of 1365 livres; and another entry in the same book informs us that Brioché had been preceded by another puppet-showman, by name François Dartelin, who had stayed at St Germain from the 17th of July of the same year till the end of August, and who received twenty livres a day during part of the time, and fifteen livres a day during the other part—facts which prove a strongly developed taste for this kind of amusement in the young prince, then only nine years of age. Indeed, there seems to have been a perfect rage for puppets among the high society of France during the latter part of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth centuries; and so much was this taste considered a matter of distinction, that Mademoiselle Pelicier, a celebrated actress in Paris during the latter period, who gave a pension to a puppet-man to exhibit before her twice a day, was taunted by her comrades with giving herself the airs of a duchess. In 1705, a puppet-show was exhibited before the Duke di Bourgogne in the Hôtel de Trèmes; and at that same period similar representations formed one of the chief attractions of the far-famed *divertissements* of Sceaux, where the Duchesse du Maine kept her court, and where they must have remained very long in favour; for in 1746, the Comte d'Eu, grand-master of the artillery, gave a puppet representation there, at which Voltaire was present. When the prince had concluded his exhibition, Voltaire, in his turn, took the direction of the marionettes, and in the name of Polichinello—who, being the wit among puppets, we need hardly say was a great favourite in France—improvised some very graceful and complimentary verses to the comte. This was not, however, Voltaire's first introduction to this popular and aristocratic amusement, for during a previous visit to Madame du Châtelet at the Château de Cirey, and at the very time when the lady was engaged in writing commentaries on Leibnitz, and the poet was putting the last touches to his tragedy of *Merope*, the serious Madame du Châtelet, anxious about her guest's health, and in order to prevent him from devoting himself too closely to study, had recourse to our wooden heroes to wile him from his books.

In Germany, the same taste for puppet-shows prevailed in high society during the eighteenth century. Everybody knows the love of Goethe for these mimic actors, and that in his youth he wrote a play for them which was afterwards performed before the court of Weimar. But it is not so well known that Haydn wrote fine operettas for the puppet-theatre kept by Prince Nicholas Joseph Esterhazy, at his castle of Eisenstadt in Hungary. In this staid and sober nineteenth century, puppets are never, we believe, admitted into private houses on this side the Alps except to amuse children; but in Italy, where the love of puppets has always been greater than in any other country, it is not unusual for amateurs of the higher classes to amuse themselves at their own houses with these mimic actors, that are often allowed to give utterance to political opinions and feelings which dwell in living hearts, but which living lips venture not to utter except through the medium of Polichinello and his mates.

We have reached the limits of our space, and have not yet touched upon the third or popular phase of puppets. But the subject is too interesting to be despatched in a few words, and we must therefore reserve it for some future occasion.

THE BOTTLE-IMP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

While Venice was yet in her palmy days of commerce, there came thither a young German merchant named Richard, a bold and joyous fellow. There was much disquiet in Germany at that time, owing to the Thirty Years' War; for which reason the young merchant was especially glad that his business called him to stay some time in Venice, where people were not so warlike, and where, as he heard, he should find rich wines, the best and most delicious fruits, to say nothing of many most beautiful women, of whom he was a decided amateur.

Accordingly, he soon began to lead a very gay life, and was introduced into all sorts of society. Many a day passed in revelry and riot, where all faces were wild and joyous, one only excepted—that of a Spanish captain—who although he attended at all the pranks of the wild crew with whom Richard had associated himself, never exchanged a word with his companions, and constantly wore an expression of strong disquiet on his dark features. The rest willingly suffered his presence, because he was a man of good means and station, who made no scruple on several occasions of paying for the whole party.

But in spite of his gaiety, money began erelong to fail poor Richard; and he sorrowfully found that a life so extravagantly delightful must soon come to an end for him. The others observed his melancholy and its cause, and had their jest at the well-fleeced hangdog-looking wretch who could not refrain, so long as a shekel remained in his purse, from sucking the poisoned sweets.

One evening the Spaniard drew him aside, and with unusual friendliness took him to an unfrequented part of the city. The young man was at first alarmed by this proceeding. But he thought, 'The fellow knows that there is not much to be got from me; and as for my skin, if he covets that, he must first adventure his own, which, doubtless, he thinks rather too high a stake.'

But the Spanish captain, seating himself on the wall of an old ruined building, made the young merchant sit by him, and began as follows: 'It appears to me, my young friend, as if you were wanting in that faculty which has become to me a burden past bearing; that is, the power of procuring at any hour the amount of money you require, and so being able to go on at your pleasure. This, and many other important gifts, I will hand over to you for a reasonable sum.'

'But what can you want with money, when you wish to get rid of the power of procuring it?' asked Richard.

'Why, the circumstances are these: I don't know whether you are acquainted with certain little creatures called bottle-imps. They are little black fiends, shut up in glasses. Whoever possesses such a one may obtain from him whatever pleasures in life he desires, but especially unlimited gold. On the other hand, this accommodating friend requires the soul of his possessor, provided the owner dies without having delivered over his imp into other hands. But this can be done only by sale; and, moreover, he must receive for it a less sum than he paid. Mine cost me ten ducats; if you will give me nine for it, 'tis yours.'

While Richard thought over this, the Spaniard continued: 'I could, of course, cheat anybody into purchasing it like any other bottle and toy, just as it was put into my own hands by a tradesman without a conscience. But I should fear to burden my conscience still more by so doing, and I therefore put the offer fairly and frankly before you. You are yet young and full of life, and will have many an opportunity of getting rid of the thing when you are tired of it.'

'Good sir,' said Richard, 'do not think me uncivil; but I must own I have been a little cheated already in this town of Venice, and even my nine ducats might be of value to one who spends as I have seen you do.'

'Excuse me for not striking you dead,' said the Spaniard haughtily. 'It is because I hope you will still rid me of my bottle-imp, and also because I am not minded to do penance, which would thereby be much increased in length and severity.'

'Would you let me make a few trials of the thing first?' prudently asked young Richard.

'To what purpose?' replied the Spaniard. 'It stays with no one, helps no one but him who has fairly purchased it.'

The youth grew anxious: it was uncomfortable sitting there together at night in that lonely place, in spite of the captain's declared pacific intentions; and then there hovered before his fancy all the delights which the bottle-imp would procure him. He therefore determined to risk the half of his remaining cash on it, only trying first whether he could beat down something of the price.

'Fool!' laughed the captain—'it was for your good I asked the highest price, and for the good of those who buy it after you, that some one may not too soon get it for the lowest possible sum, and so go irrecoverably to a place it would be unpolite to mention.'

'O never mind,' said Richard good-humouredly; 'I shan't be in a hurry to sell the wonderful thing again. If I could have it for five ducats'——

'Oh, as you please,' said the Spaniard.

Then, in return for the money, he handed to the young man a thin glass bottle, wherein by the starlight Richard saw something black dancing strangely up and down. As a trial, he immediately wished to have in his right hand double the sum he had just paid, and instantly felt ten ducats there. Then both went back to the inn with new and cheerful faces; the Spaniard soon took leave, without staying for the gorgeous banquet which Richard immediately ordered, paying down to his distrustful host the price beforehand, while the bottle-imp kept filling his pockets with the desired ducats.

Whoever would themselves like to possess such an imp, can best fancy what sort of life our young friend led from this day. He bought a castle and two villas, and surrounded himself with every kind of splendour and luxury. He spent some time in revelry at one of his country-seats, with a crowd of idle and dissipated young persons of rank, amongst whom was a gay and distinguished beauty of the place called Lucretia. One day he was sitting with her in the garden, on the brink of a swift deep streamlet, laughing and jesting, till at last Lucretia espied the bottle which Richard wore in his breast, by a gold chain. Before he could hinder her, she had pulled away the chain, and playfully held the phial up against the light. At first she laughed at the strange capers of the little black creature within, then crying suddenly in affright: 'Ugh, it's a toad!' flung chain, phial, and imp into the stream, which swept all out of sight.

The poor young man strove to hide his concern, lest Lucretia should question him further, and have him taken up for sorcery. But as soon as he could get away from her, he retired to think what was to be done. He had yet his castle, his villas, and a heap of ducats in his pocket. He then felt for his money, and, to his glad surprise, found the phial and the imp in his hand. 'Lo!' he cried exulting, 'I possess a treasure of which no earthly power can rob me;' and he would have kissed the phial, only the little black thing making antics within appeared to him a little too frightful.

His wildness and extravagance now increased tenfold; he left not a wish ungratified, and was wont to laugh at the Spanish captain for having given up such a treasure, and, as he had been told, retired into a cloister. But all pleasures come to an end; and so Richard found, when in the midst of his riotous career he fell dangerously ill. He received no help from his bottle-imp, on whom he called for aid ten times over in the course of the first day: but instead of comfort, he had a dream, in which the bottle-fiend appeared to be dancing merrily among the rest of the bottles, knocking and smashing them, and screaming forth songs of triumph at the near end of his servitude.

Ah, how long seemed to the sick man the rest of that night! He dared not close his eyes; yet, while open, the imp was constantly before them. He rang for his servants, but they slept sound; so he was obliged to lie all alone in his anguish, resolving that, if God would let him live to the morning, at all events to get rid of the bottle-imp.

When morning came, he determined to secure first what property he could; and in addition to the castle, villas, and all kinds of costly furniture, he collected a great heap of ducats, and placed them under his pillow. Then, somewhat calmed, he considered how to get rid of the imp; and an opportunity presented itself. The doctor, who came that day to see him, was very fond of all kinds of strange animals, which he kept in spirits; and he shewed him the creature as one of these, knowing the doctor to be too pious a man to accept it in its own character. The creature had become very lively, and played such antics in the phial, that the good man, wishing further to examine it, proposed to buy it of him. To satisfy his conscience in some degree, Richard asked as much as he could—four ducats, two dollars, and twenty pence. But the doctor would give only four ducats, and said he must consider even of that for a few days. Then in his terror the poor fellow offered the bargain for three; and receiving the money, he at once gave it to his servant to be spent on the poor.

Meanwhile, his illness became more violent than ever. He lay in a constant delirious fever; and though by degrees he came to himself again, his complete recovery was delayed by trouble of mind about his ducats; for as soon as he became sensible, he searched for them under his pillow, and found them gone. He got up, and began to consider how to turn his property into gold. But lo! there came people with quittances signed by himself for money paid as the price of all his possessions; for in the days of his folly, in order to win Lucretia's favourable ear to his addresses, he had given her blank forms to fill up as she liked. Thus he must now prepare to go forth almost a beggar.

The doctor now came to him with a very grave face.

'Well, sir doctor,' cried he, in a burst of ill-humour, 'if, after the fashion of your tribe, you come with a long bill, give me some poison into the bargain, for I have not a penny to buy a loaf with.'

'Not so,' said the physician gravely. 'I give you the price of my whole attendance free; but here is a very rare medicine which I have put in that cupboard, which you will find needful for the restoration of your health, and for which you shall pay me two ducats. Will you?'

'With all my heart!' cried the young merchant joyfully; and having paid the sum to the doctor, the latter at once left the apartment. When Richard put his hand into the cupboard, he felt the fatal bottle between his fingers, wrapped in a scrap of paper, on which was written—

Thy body I desired to cure,
Thou my soul's ruin to insure;
But yet my wisdom, higher far,
Contrived thy evil scheme to mar.
The stratagem thy praise demands:
Thus I play back into thy hands
Thy bottle-imp, and with the elf,
Give the rogue rope to hang himself!

A terror seized poor Richard at the thought that he had now rebought the bottle-imp, and at a very small price. Still, there was satisfaction mingled with the feeling; for as he was determined soon again to be rid of the thing, he felt no scruple in resolving, by its means, to revenge himself on the cruel Lucretia. First he filled his pockets with ducats, whose weight almost pulled him down to the ground, and deposited the whole sum with the nearest lawyer, receiving a legal acknowledgment, only keeping back a certain number of pieces of gold, with which he hastened to Lucretia's house. Here he made the bottle-imp perform all kinds of jugglers' tricks, and convinced her that it was the very thing she had thrown into the stream. She instantly wished to possess such a plaything; and as he, apparently in sport, insisted on receiving money for it, she gave him a ducat. Thereupon he took his leave as quickly as he could, in order to draw from the advocate part of the money deposited. The lawyer opened his eyes wide at the demand: he did not know the young gentleman, he said. Richard pulled the acknowledgment out of his pocket, and found it merely a blank sheet of paper. The advocate had written his receipt with a kind of ink which grew pale, and was totally effaced in a few hours. So the young man had now only about thirty ducats in the world.

Such being the case, Richard felt that he must starve or do something to gain his bread, and he determined to become a pedler. With his thirty ducats he bought and fitted up a box, and carried it through those streets where a few weeks before he had been rioting in wealth. However, his wares were in favour, and he sold them off so quickly, that he hoped, if this went on, to become erelong a rich man again, and to return to Germany happy, especially in his escape from the accursed bottle-imp. With such thoughts, he repaired in the evening to a tavern to rest himself, and put down his box. A curious guest said to him: 'What strange creature have you got there, fellow, in that phial, that tumbles about so queerly?' Alas! he perceived that among his other purchases he had unawares retaken the bottle-imp. He offered it eagerly to each of the company for three-pence—he himself had paid for it but four—but none would take so ugly and useless a thing; and as he persisted in pressing his worthless wares on them, they pushed him, box, bottle, and all, out at the door.

Richard in despair fled out of the city, and did not rest till he had quitted the Venetian territory, the scene where all his woes had begun. A horror seized him of all great cities; he knew not what to do, or where to get rid of his inseparable companion. At length he determined to become a soldier, hoping easily to part with his wretched bargain in the camp. He heard that two Italian states were at war with each other, and prepared to attach himself to either side. So, having drawn again on his inexhaustible bank, he arrayed himself in a rich gold-wrought cuirass, a splendid plumed hat, two first-rate light guns, a bright polished sword, and two daggers, and mounted on a Spanish steed, rode forth with three well-armed followers on good horses.

Such a combatant, and one, too, who desired no pay, was sure to be welcome in any army; and Richard soon found himself in a camp, where he lived very comfortably, and in wine and play seemed to have forgotten his anxieties. Sharpened by former ill success, he took care not to offer his bottle-imp too formally for sale, but saying nothing about it, waited to make the bargain unexpectedly, as if in jest.

One morning the call to arms was heard; the whole forces were collected; and in a little while the plain was seen full of the infantry of both parties, engaged in hot action, while the cavalry were drawn up apart. The horse of the enemy, being inferior in number, retreated before the superior force, and for a while Richard enjoyed himself wonderfully, caracoling on his splendid horse, his weapons rattling, and himself in safety. But presently, infantry and cavalry began to mingle in general affray; musket-balls hissed around; horsemen fell, and as, strengthened by large reinforcements, the enemy's horse came down upon them, Richard thought, 'What a fool I was to come here! I am much nearer death than I was on my sick-bed, and if one of those hissing balls catches me, then I am the prey of the bottle-imp and his master for ever!' Just as he was thus thinking, his Spanish horse was seized with a panic, and went rearing and plunging backwards till they reached a wood not far off. He spurred him about under the lofty trees till he became exhausted, and stood still. Then he dismounted, took off cuirass and shoulder-belt, unsaddled the horse, and feebly stretching himself in the grass, said: 'Well, I am scarcely fit for a soldier, at least with a bottle-imp in my pocket.' He tried to think of what next to do, but fell fast asleep.

After some hours of quiet slumber, a sound of men's voices and footsteps struck his ear; but nestling in his cool, comfortable couch, and resolutely indifferent to the noise, he was sinking still deeper into delicious sleep, when a thundering voice shouted to him: 'Are you dead, you scoundrel? Only speak if you are, that one may not waste a charge of powder.' Thus unpleasantly awakened, he looked up, and saw a musket cocked at his breast, held by a grim-looking foot-soldier, while others were rifling his property. He begged for mercy, crying in the utmost anguish, 'if they *would* shoot him dead, that at least they should first buy the little phial in his right-hand doublet pocket.'

'Stupid fellow,' laughed one of them, 'I won't buy it from you, but take it from you certainly;' and so he drew out the imp, and put it in his breast.

'And welcome!' cried Richard, 'if you can only keep it; but unpaid for, it won't stay by you.' The soldiers laughed, and went off with the plunder, not troubling themselves further about the man, whom they took to be half crazy. Richard felt in his pocket, and found the phial there; he shouted, and held it up after them. The man who had taken it, in astonishment clutched at his dress, found it not, and ran back for it.

'I told you,' said Richard, 'you couldn't keep it so. Only give me a few pence for it.'

The soldier now took a fancy to the frolicsome thing, which now, too, as was its custom when handled, shewed itself very lively in the expectation of the approaching close of its service. But the threepence charged for it seemed to the soldier too much; so Richard said impatiently: 'Well, skinflint, as you will; give me a penny, and take your property.' Thus was the bargain concluded, the money paid, and the little Satan handed over.

Richard now bethought himself what to do. He stood there with a light heart, but with a light pocket too, and no means of filling it, for he dared not return to the corps of cavalry from which he had shamefully fled; so he proposed to these foot-soldiers to join their company. He soon discovered that they belonged to the opposite side, where he would not be known; and now, that he was rid of the bottle-imp and all his cash, he felt not indisposed to risk his life for the chance of booty. He went then with his new comrades to the camp; and the captain willingly received into his company an active and strongly made young fellow like him.

His life, however, was not very cheerful. There was at present a suspension of proceedings in the field, and nothing to do but to live quietly in the camp, without danger and without plunder. Richard had therefore nothing but his scanty pay; and one day it occurred to him, as he weighed the petty sum in his hands, to try his fortune with the dice.

The game took its usual checkered course, and he went on gambling and drinking far into the night. At length the half-intoxicated Richard had played away his whole month's pay, and no one would lend him a farthing. Rummaging in all his pockets, he found nothing there but his cartridge-box; but this he drew out, and offered it as a stake. Whilst the dice were being shaken, it suddenly struck Richard that the soldier who held the stake was the same who had bought the bottle-imp, and would of course, through its presence, be sure to win. He cried 'Stop!' but too late; the dice were thrown, and Richard lost. He rushed back to his tent in despair. A comrade, who was somewhat more sober than he, took him by the arm, and asked him on the way if he had more cartridges in his tent.

'No,' said Richard, 'or I would have played on.'

'So you can when you've bought new ones,' said the soldier; 'for the commissioner comes to review us next month, and if he finds a soldier without cartridges, he has him shot.'

'Next month!' cried Richard; 'well, before that time I shall have my pay, and buy new cartridges.'

So they parted, and Richard proceeded to sleep off his intoxication.

But in a little while he was awoke by the voice of the corporal before the tent: 'Ho! to-morrow is the review; the commissioner will be in the camp by break of day.' Richard was startled from his sleep: he thought of his cartridges. He called to his comrades in the tent to know if any would lend to him; but they abused him for a drunkard, and would not answer. Then he searched his clothes, and found at last five farthings. With these he flew from tent to tent in the dark, trying to buy cartridges, but in vain, till he reached a tent where the voice that answered him with an imprecation was that of the soldier who had won his cartridges.

'Comrade,' cried Richard pleadingly, 'you or some one must help me. You plundered me once before, and yesterday you took my all from me. If the commissioner finds to-morrow that I have no cartridges, he will have me shot. You must give, or lend, or sell me some.'

'Giving and lending I have forsworn,' said the soldier; 'but to quiet you, I will sell you cartridges. How much money have you?'

'Five farthings,' answered Richard sadly.

'Well,' said the other, 'to shew you that I am a good comrade, there are five cartridges for your five farthings.'

The exchange was made, and Richard returned, to sleep till the morning.

The review took place, and all went well. But when the soldiers were again in camp, the sun burned intolerably through the tent-canvas. Richard's comrades went to the canteen, and he remained alone with empty pockets and a piece of ration-bread, faint and sick with yesterday's carouse and to-day's exertions. 'Ah,' he thought, 'if I had now but one of all the ducats I once lavished like a fool!' Scarcely had he formed the wish, when a bright new ducat lay in his left hand. The thought of the bottle-imp shot through his mind, and imbittered his momentary joy at sight of the piece of gold. Just then entered the comrade who had sold him the cartridges.

'Friend,' said he, with a troubled air, 'the phial with the little black imp in it—you know I bought it in the wood from you—is missing. Have I, perchance, given it you unawares, for a cartridge? I had wrapped it up in paper like them, and laid it with my cartridges.'

Richard sought anxiously in his cartridge-box, and in the first paper he unfolded, he found the goblin creature.

'That's well,' said the soldier. 'I should have been sorry to have lost the thing, ugly as it looks: it always seems to me as if it brought me unusual luck at play. There, comrade, take your farthing again, and give me the creature.'

Most eagerly did Richard consent to the transaction, and they parted. But all his peace was gone since he had again seen and handled the object of his terror. He threw from him the ducat he had just before sighed for, and at last the dread that the bottle-imp might still be lurking somewhere near, drove him out of the camp, and through the deepening evening, into the thickest forest shades, where, exhausted by terror and weariness, he sank upon the ground.

'Oh,' said he panting, 'that I had but a water-flask to quench my thirst!' and there stood a water-flask at his side. He thought of the bottle-imp—searched in his pocket—and felt it there.

He fell back in a swoon, on awaking from which he would have resisted his fate, declaring that it belonged no more to him, but the imp seemed to cry jeeringly: 'Thou hast bought me for a farthing; and thou must sell me again for less, or the bargain is void.'

Half mad, he flung the phial against a rock hard by, but felt it again in his pocket. Then he began to run through the dark thicket, striking himself against tree and stone in the gloom, and hearing at every step the flask jingle in his pocket. Daybreak found him in an open plain, and he continued his wanderings. He would not return to the camp; his one object now was to find a coin under a farthing's worth; but the search was vain. He would demand nothing more of the goblin, and so he begged his way through the land of Italy. But looking so wild and troubled, and always asked for half-farthings, he was everywhere regarded as crazy, and was soon known far and wide by the name of the mad Half-farthinger.

Many months had passed thus, when one day he found himself in the midst of wild mountains, and sat, still and sorrowful, beside a little rill, which, trickling down through a wild growth of bushes, appeared compassionately offering itself for his refreshment. Then there rang, loud and strong, over the rocky ground, the sound of horses' hoofs, and on a large, black, wild-looking horse there came a very tall man of hideous visage, in a gorgeous blood-red dress, up to the spot where Richard sat. 'Why so gloomy, fellow?' said he to the youth, whose breast sank with a strange foreboding. 'I should guess you to be a merchant. Have you bought anything too dear?'

'Ah, no—rather too cheap,' answered Richard in a low, trembling voice.

'So it appears to me, my good merchant!' cried the horseman, with a frightful laugh. 'And have you, perchance, such a thing to sell as a bottle-imp? Or am I mistaken in taking you for the mad Half-farthinger?'

Scarcely could the pale lips of the poor youth utter a low 'Yes—I am he,' under the momentary expectation that the horseman's mantle would turn to blood-dripping wings, that black spectral pinions, blazing with hell-fire, would sprout forth on his horse, and carry him away to the abodes of eternal torture; but the tall stranger addressed him in a rather milder voice, and with less frightful gestures.

'I see for whom you take me,' said he; 'but be comforted; I am not he. Perhaps I may even deliver you from him, for I have been many days seeking you, to buy your bottle-imp. To be sure, you gave terribly little for it, and I myself don't know how to get at a smaller coin. But listen. On the other side of the mountain dwells a prince, a wild young fellow. To-morrow, I will contrive to allure him away from his hunting-train, and set a hideous wild beast upon him. Do you stay here till midnight, and then go, just when the moon stands over that jagged rock, shining through the dark cleft to the left. Go at a moderate pace; linger not, hurry not, and you will come to the spot just when the monster has the prince under his claws. Seize it fearlessly, and it must yield to you, and to make its escape, plunge down the steep bank into the sea. Then beg of the grateful prince that he will have a couple of half-farthings struck for you; I will give you change for them, and then for one the bottle-imp will be mine.'

So spoke the horseman, and, without waiting for an answer, rode slowly back into the wood.

'But where shall I find you when I have the half-farthings?' cried Richard after him.

'At the Black Fountain,' answered the horseman: 'any old woman here can tell you where it lies;' and with slow but long strides the hideous horse bore away his hideous rider. Richard, who had nothing more to lose, resolved to put his advice into execution.

The night fell; the moon rose and hung with a lurid red light over the indicated point of rock. Then the pale wanderer arose trembling, and stepped into the dark ravine. Joyless enough, and gloomy it looked, with only a rare moonbeam here and there, looking in over its lofty walls; there was, too, in that closed-in place, a damp earthy exhalation, as of a charnel-vault; but else nothing unpleasant was to be discerned. As it was, Richard did not feel himself tempted to linger, but was rather inclined to hurry on. This too, however, he refrained from, faithful to the horseman's directions; and after some hours, the faint red light of morning glimmered on his dark path, and a fresh cheering breeze played on his face. But just as he stepped out of the deep ravine, and sought to enjoy the fresh forest scenery, and the blue glitter of the sea which lay spread not far from him, he was disturbed by a wild cry; he looked round, and saw a frightful beast, under whose claws on the ground lay a young man in rich hunting-attire. Richard's first impulse was to run and help; but when he looked full at the beast, and saw that it resembled a monstrous ape, with a formidable pair of stag's horns, all courage left him, and, in spite of the prostrate man's miserable cry for help, he was about to creep back into his chasm; but the next instant he suddenly recalled what the horseman had told him, and urged by his own especial danger, he ran up with his club-stick to the monster, which, rolling the huntsman in its claws, seemed about to toss him up, and then catch him on its horns. But as Richard advanced, it let its prey drop, and with hideous howlings ran away. Richard, grown bold, pursued it till it plunged from the lofty cliffs, still grinning at him with its abominable visage, and vanished under the waves.

And now the young man went back triumphantly to the rescued huntsman, who, according to his expectation, announced himself as the reigning prince of the country, and pronouncing a eulogium upon his deliverer as a true hero, prayed him to demand some recompense, the highest he could pay him.

'Ay?' said Richard hopefully, 'are you in earnest? Then, all I request is, in God's name, that you will have a couple of half-farthings struck in good coin for me. I ask for only a couple.'

The prince gazed on him in astonishment, till some of his retinue came up, and, on hearing from him what had happened, one of them recognised in Richard the crazy Half-farthinger whom he had once seen. The prince began to laugh, and poor Richard embraced his knees in anguish, vowing that without the half-farthings he should be undone.

The prince, still laughing, answered: 'Stand up then, fellow; you have my princely word; and if you insist on it, I will have as many half-farthings struck as you wish for. But if the third of a farthing will do as well, no new coinage will be wanted, for my border neighbours maintain my farthings to be so light that three of them go to one of theirs.'

'If that be so'—— said Richard doubtfully.

'Faith,' said the prince, 'you will be the first to whom they seem too good. But if that makes any difficulty, herewith I give you my most solemn word to have still worse ones struck for you—provided that be possible.'

Thereupon he bade a whole bagful of farthings be given to Richard; who immediately ran off, as if he were pursued, to the frontier, and was a happier man than he had been for long, when, in the first tavern of the neighbouring country, he was grudgingly paid a common farthing for three of those he brought, which he thus exchanged by way of trial. Then he inquired for the Black Fountain, and some children who were playing in the tavern straight ran screaming away. The host told him, not without a shudder, that this was an ill-famed spot, from which many evil spirits came out into the country, and which few people had actually seen. This he knew, however, that the approach to it was not far from here, being a cavern with two blasted cypresses before it; and no one could miss the way who once went in: but God preserve him and all true Christians from that!

These words terrified Richard; but the venture must be made, and he set forth on his way. Already from far he saw the black and horrible cavern; the two cypresses seemed to have been blasted as if by terror of the ghastly abyss, which he saw, as he came nearer, held in its hollow a strange heap of rocks. They looked like distorted, long-bearded, goblin faces, some of which resembled that monstrous ape on the sea-shore; but when steadily regarded, they became again only jagged and rifted fragments of rock. He entered tremblingly among these stone-phantoms. The bottle-imp in his pocket grew so heavy, it seemed trying to pull him back; but that raised his courage; 'for,' thought he, 'what *it* does not like, is just what *I* must like.' Deeper in the cavern the darkness became so intense, that he could no longer see those frightful shapes, and had to feel carefully before him with a stick; but he found nothing save a smooth floor of fine moss, and, but for a strange whistling and croaking which passed at times through the cavern, he would have dismissed all fear.

At last he had passed through, and found himself in a desolate hollow, enclosed on all sides by the mountains. On one side he saw the great, terrible black horse, standing like an iron statue, unbound, with head held high, without grazing or stirring a limb. Opposite him gushed out of the rocks a spring, in which the horseman was washing his hands and face; but the water was black as ink; and when the gigantic being turned round to Richard, his hideous face was of a negro blackness, frightfully contrasting with his gorgeous red attire.

'Don't tremble, young fellow,' said he; 'this is one of the ceremonies I am compelled to perform. So, too, whenever I need a new dress, I have to mix its purple with a good number of drops from my own blood, whereby it gets that splendid colour. In short, I am bound body and soul, beyond all chance of redemption. And what do you think I get for that? Only a hundred thousand pieces of gold a year. I can't make that do, so I want to buy your bottle-imp, and thus play the old miser a trick. And he began to laugh, so that the rocks resounded, and even the hitherto motionless black horse started.

'Well,' he asked, turning again to Richard, 'do you bring half-farthings, comrade?'

'I am not your comrade,' answered Richard, half confused, half testy, as he opened his bag.

'Oh, we are proud, are we?—but have a care, my fine gentleman! Who set the monster on the prince, that you might conquer it?'

'There was no need of all that jugglery,' said Richard; and he related how the prince already struck not only half-farthings, but the third part of farthings. The red man appeared out of humour at having given himself the trouble for nothing. However, he changed one good farthing against three bad ones, gave Richard one of these, and received in return the bottle-imp, which felt very heavy coming out of his pocket, lying curled up, sullen and sad, at the bottom of the phial. The rider again laughed violently.

'That won't help thee, Satan,' cried he; 'give me gold here, as much as my horse can carry;' and forthwith the huge beast groaned under the burden of gold; yet he took his master up again, and like a fly crawling up the wall, stepped right up the perpendicular rock, but with such hideous movements and contortions, that Richard fled back into the cavern, that he might see no more of them.

When he had come out on the other side of the mountain, and run a good way beyond the abyss, then, for the first time, did the whole consciousness of his deliverance strike on his mind. Now at length he felt the evil spirit's hold over him gone, and the pressure of unspeakable misery removed, and a true penitence for his former wild and sinful life touched his heart. His joy at his release was tempered by that penitence, and sanctified by a firm determination to lead a new life; and in this determination, and the carrying on of it, his former cheerful heart returned. With all his renovated strength and spirit, he bent himself to run a good sober and honourable course; and in this he succeeded so well, that, after some years of honest labour, he was able to return as a well-to-do merchant to the dear German land, where he married; and where in his old age he frequently told his grandchildren, as a useful warning, the story of the Bottle-imp.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF CRIME.

Let no one depreciate the series of experiments now going on in prison-reform. Whether successful or unsuccessful, they are a proof that the thought of the nation has taken a wholesome and generous direction, and they afford something like a certainty that truth will at length be elicited even from the collision of errors. The reformatory schools, and other philanthropical institutions for the reception of juvenile criminals, form also a noble feature of the time: but we have already sufficiently felicitated ourselves on our praiseworthy doings—it seems now desirable that we should turn our attention to results, with the view of ascertaining whether these steps are really enough of themselves to affect triumphantly the balance of crime. Mr Mayhew's description of the prisons of London,* as we have remarked on a former occasion, is exceedingly suggestive on all such subjects; but on the present one, it likewise embodies such statistics as are necessary to form the basis of the speculation.

At the outset, we are struck with the fact, that the number of juvenile offenders received at the principal reformatory asylums of London—thirteen in number—is so small, as compared with the number of offenders committed to prison within the time, as hardly to promise any appreciable effect. The total number of boys, under seventeen years of age, committed to the House of Correction, Tothill Fields, during the five years ending Michaelmas 1851, amounted to 7763, while only 263 were received into the reformatory asylums. Of this small proportion—only 3½ per cent. —the Redhill School in those five years took only 23.

This may seem to throw some light upon the next great fact, that in the decenniad ending 1843, the proportion of habitual criminals to every 10,000 of the people was 13·1, and in the same period ending 1853, it was 12·5. The slight difference between these amounts is what we have gained by all our late philanthropical exertions. As for the casual criminals, they were at the same periods 3· and 2·7, shewing a balance in favour of reformation of only ·3.

How is our criminal population, of the habitual sort, kept up? One-fourth part of it remains steady, for that is the proportion of recommittals in all England; and the rest is made up by a new crop constantly springing up. The career of a professional thief is said to be limited, on the average, to six years, out of which he spends four months a year in prison; so that the rapid growth and rank luxuriance of the new crop are something astounding. The reformation of these professionals, according to Mr Mayhew, is well-nigh hopeless; and the older they are in years, the smaller is their chance. That is, older in comparison, for your habitual criminal is rarely above twenty-five. From seventeen to twenty-five is the period most prolific in crime; below seventeen, down to *six*, we get the recruits who take the place of the superannuated or transported; and above twenty-five are found, for the most part, those of the casual criminals, who proceed theoretically, not empirically like the others, and whose booty, in distinguished cases, is calculated in thousands and hundreds of thousands.

---

* *Great World of London.* By Henry Mayhew. London: Bogue. 1856.

It follows, from these details, that it is among the juvenile criminals, whose ages end at seventeen, the stream of philanthropy should be turned to give it any chance of success; and it is precisely there we pique ourselves on acting most energetically. We have ragged schools, and schools of fifty other denominations, for the little desperadoes of this wild population, and we fancy that moral and industrial—to say nothing of religious—teaching is all that is necessary to convert them into useful and respectable citizens. We have prisons, likewise, in which the same kind of training is pursued, and in which a taste for comfort is insinuated into the minds of the young savages of civilisation by means of warm, wholesome, and comfortable meals, a snug dormitory, and the methodical alternation of work and exercise; and we think there must be some mistake in the figures when we are told that the whole change we have produced for the better is hardly worthy of notice.

Where the mistake really is, however, becomes obvious enough if we only reflect that all these boys, when done with school or prison, have a home of one kind or other to return to. They belong to a particular class or tribe of human beings; they have acquaintances and associates of their own; and to the rest of the world, if only on account of their antecedents, they are and must be strangers. Their location in the town they inhabit is probably not a wholesome one, either physically or morally. Many of them are orphans, and many fortunate in being so; for it is not the young children of the 'respectable' whom the magistrates convict of throwing stones or similar misdemeanours, otherwise the entire population of our juvenile schools would find themselves very suddenly transferred to the houses of correction. These liberated scholars or prisoners find nothing to induce them to keep up their new learning, or their civilised habits; and as for the comfort they have been accustomed to in jail, that only serves as something to contrast with their present misery and destitution, and reconcile them to the idea of going back to the pleasant bondage for a few months more. The picture drawn by Mr Mayhew of the liberation of the boy-prisoners from Tothill Fields, is not merely affecting—it makes the blood run cold. Their true punishment seems only then to be beginning. Before being conducted to the gate, they were stripped of the warm comfortable prison-garb, and now stood shivering in their own ragged and scanty apparel. 'One was without a jacket, and another had his coat pinned up, so as to hide the want of a waistcoat.' On the names being called out from the office, a little boy stepped forward, his head scarcely reaching above the sill. His crime was robbing his mother: no mother came to reclaim her son. The next boy was an old offender; nobody came for him. The next was in for breaking the windows of an old deserted factory with stones.

'Anybody there for this boy?'

'No, sir; nobody,' replied the warder. When the ceremony was over, the word was given, 'Let them all go;' and the outer gate being opened, the boy-criminals were once more at large. One of them had his brother, and two others—all fustian-dressed, and sinister-looking in appearance—to meet him: the rest looked round, as if with a vague idea of seeing some face they knew. There was no face they knew. '*Of all the young creatures discharged that morning, not a father, nor a mother, nor even a grown and decent friend was there to receive them!*' And so the outcasts went off in a gang, in company with the fustian jackets. Whither? To whom? To what home? God help them!

And God help us, for thus the strength of the land is suffered to turn into weakness. Mr Mayhew has no misgivings about the measure required for the abatement of the evil. In the teeth of the political economists, he says: 'There is but one way to empty our prisons, and that is by paying attention to the outcast children of the land. So long as the state forgets its paternal duty, just so long must it expect its offspring to grow up vicious and dishonest; and it is simply for our wicked neglect of the poor desolate and destitute little creatures about us, that our country swarms with what are termed "the dangerous classes," and our people, tested by the national records, appear to be more than sevenfold as criminal as our Catholic neighbours in France and Belgium. For it is plain that if the state would but become the foster-father of the wretched little orphans that now it leaves magistrates to thrust into jail, and if it would but train them to habits of industry and rectitude, instead of allowing them to grow up utterly unskilled in any form of honest labour, and, moreover, thoroughly ignorant of all rights and duties, as well as being not only insensible to the dignities and virtues of life, but positively taught to believe that the admirable lies in all that is base and hideous.' To this plan there are sundry well-known objections. If the duty of the state were limited to merely rendering industrial education compulsory on all the children of the poorer classes, it becomes more reasonable and more feasible. The evil is—and that evil will always remain without the element of legal compulsion—that, notwithstanding the efforts of private philanthropy, the great majority of the poor children are left in a state of savageism. So long as this is the case, such praiseworthy efforts are of comparatively little use, for the individuals, rescued for a moment, return, in general, to the mass to which they belong, and which contains their blood-relations and associates—in fact, the only acquaintances they have on the earth.

It is a received axiom, that if a civilised man is turned among savages, he becomes a savage, and that if a savage is absorbed in a population of civilised men, he becomes a civilised man. On this fact rests the whole question of the reformation of juvenile criminals. The social class to which they belong must be changed in habits by means of industrial education—that is, the idle and brutally ignorant must cease to be the great majority—or they themselves, when liberated from prison, must be prevented from again mixing with their old associates. The former of these two plans is the better, for it dries up in some measure the sources of habitual crime; while the latter, although it may lead to the reformation of existing criminals, leaves *in statu quo* the nursery from which their vacant places are supplied. It is not only the better, but it would be the more popular, since it interferes less with what we are all so justly jealous of, the liberty of the subject. To *compel* a liberated prisoner to renounce the associates of his heretofore life, is virtually to extend his punishment to transportation from the only part of the habitable world he recognises as his home and country; while to render common industrial education compulsory on the children of the dregs of the people, is nothing more than a measure of police necessary to enable them to perform their duty as members of the community to which they belong. To leave these children to their own devices and the brutal apathy of their parents, is to rear knowingly within the state a brood of *entozoa*, destined to prey upon its vitals, and yet entitled by the laws to its protection and nourishment.

That neglect and associates are the great producers of habitual crime, is shewn by the fact, that the majority of the professional thieves of London are Irish-Cockneys, and the majority of the inmates of the boys' prison at Tothill Fields, the rising generation of the same tribe. The low Irish are remarkable for their gregarious disposition, for their habit of clustering together like a colony, even in a great city; and those of the class we are treating of belong in general, women as well as men, to the street-trades, which leave home a mere sleeping-place, and family superintendence an impossibility. Surely it would be no tyrannical interference, no unwise codling on the part of government, to sweep the children of these parents, the offscourings of the most villainous lanes of London, into some public institution, and to compel the parents to contribute a portion of their daily allowance for alcohol to their education. To shew the spirit of the London thief, brought up to nothing, and taking to roguery *con amore*, we may quote a few lines from Mr Mayhew. They occur in his examination of a boy-prisoner 'with a frank and open countenance, and no signs of London roguery impressed on his features.' The boy was ten times in prison before, and gave an account of his misdoings as if they were the ordinary details of a trade.

'We next inquired as to what he intended to do when he regained his liberty once more.

"Do?" he answered, without the least fear, though the warder stood at his side. "Why, when I gets out here, I shall go thieving again."

"But why?" we asked.

"Why, I shall go thieving, cos I ain't got no other way of gettin' a living."

"But won't your father keep you?" said we.

"Oh! father," echoed the boy in a tone of disrespect; "he'll think he's got enough to do to keep his-self."

"Would he turn you from his door, then?" was our next question.

"O no; he wouldn't turn me out. He'd give me a lodging and 'vittles;' and if I got any work, he'd do all he could to help me; but, you see, I don't like work, and I don't like being at home neither. I seem to like thieving."'

We have already spoken of crime as a regular profession, and stated that casual criminals form but a small portion of the entire body. Some curious details are given in illustration of this fact. The profession, indeed, is a very intricate one, and no proficiency can be attained in it without hard study and a perfect knowledge of its principles. The burglar, for instance, does not do his work alone: he must be in connection with 'putters-up,' to plan the robbery, with companions to aid him, and 'fences' to receive the stolen property. A coiner must be acquainted with the places where he can obtain his apparatus and materials, and with 'smashers' to pass his manufacture upon the public. Even a pickpocket goes out with a 'stall' to cover him while he is doing the deed, and with others to whom to pass the purse when it is taken. It is calculated that a well-trained mobsman commits about six robberies in the day, or on the average fifty in a week, and not less than 1000 for one detection! To crush this profession, then, is of some consequence; and it has been shewn that as the reformation of habitual criminals is the next thing to hopeless, the only plan open to philanthropy is to nip it in the bud. Mr Mayhew thinks private philanthropy inadequate to effect this object, and would bring in the strong hand of government. We demur to the doctrine, as concerns an entire adoption of the children of the dangerous classes by the state; but in respect of compulsory education and training to callings, we believe that the law in connection with philanthropic effort might usefully employ some portion of its means and its power. We repeat, if the growth of crime is to be checked, we would require, as a matter of police, to sweep from the streets every variety of vagrant and wholly or partially neglected children—sending them to school at the expense of parents, or, if need be, the parish; and not waiting till the wretched urchins have begun a course of vice. This plan may be called harsh, unconstitutional, and so forth. Be it so. The alternative is before us—a host of criminals, the torment of society, and the repression of whom by ordinary and so-called punishments has, from present appearances, signally failed.

CHRISTMAS-EVE AT THE GERMAN BLIND ASYLUM.

Christmas-eve, as is now well known, is the great day of all the year in Germany; it is the festival looked forward to, and prepared for by all classes, and celebrated in every family, every institution or community. It is, however, with especial reference to Christ's appearance on earth in the form of a child, more particularly regarded as a children's feast; and it is in this light that it assumes its deepest meaning, and acquires its most poetical associations. On the birthday of the Holy Child—the pattern of childish purity, the guardian of childish innocence, and the preacher of childlike humility—all the little ones of His flock are to be made glad; are to *feel*, even before they can understand or appreciate it, how intimately His spirit is connected with all their joys. Therefore, wherever children are united, either by the ties of relationship, the claims of education, or the bonds of benevolence, there the tree burns more brightly, the gifts are more numerous and varied, the mirth louder, and the surprise more startling. From the princes and princesses in the palace, down to the pauper-child in the workhouse, every little German heart beats with joyful anticipation at the approach of Christmas-eve.

The images impressed on the mind by this festival remain engraven there for life, and are associated with the tenderest and brightest recollections of childhood. The grown-up son, who has for years been absent from his German home, still recalls the happy scene of former days, whenever Christmas-eve comes round: he contrives, if possible, to send his parents some trifle to swell the amount of surprises, or at anyrate, calculates carefully that his letter of affection and congratulation may arrive on that day. On that day the aged mother thinks of her children scattered abroad in the world, and not without melancholy dwells on the past, when she assembled them all round the lighted tree, and was the minister of their greatest joys. On that day many a heart that has sought a home in other lands, and is fain to own them a more prosperous abode, longs to be once more amidst the merry groups in his German home, singing German songs, eating German fare, enjoying the cordial hospitality, the unrestrained cheerfulness of German society.

It was not till a few years ago that I had an opportunity of witnessing this season in all its true German bearings, and became aware how intimately the interest connected with it pervades every phase of society in Germany. For weeks before Christmas, every housewife is busy planning, calculating, purchasing, not to mention baking and brewing. She has to find out the wants and wishes of husband, children, and servants, and secretly endeavours to provide for their gratification when the great day arrives. The younger members of the family have each their secrets, and have their hands and heads full of fancy-work of different kinds—slippers, collars, cushions, purses, bell-ropes, and the like—all of which *must* be completed before Christmas. Every tradesman knows that his character will suffer if he does not finish the article ordered, and send home the goods on the important day. Every household servant, every labourer's wife, would consider it a crying sin to leave one corner of the house unscrubbed, one window uncleaned, for the grand occasion.

Many public institutions, in which active benevolence is busy to supply things domestic poverty denies, afford an interesting spectacle on this day, and might invite a numerous crowd of visitors, were not almost everybody too busy at home to seek amusement abroad. As a stranger, and desirous of seeing the peculiar features of the country, I gladly availed myself of an opportunity offered me to witness the *Bescheerung*, or distribution of Christmas presents at the Blind Asylum. This took place at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon; and as I walked with a friend through the town, we could not but notice the unusual air of business and expectancy that pervaded every countenance we met. There strode a peasant-woman carrying a heavy laden bag and basket, and, moreover, a prettily ornamented stand for tapers laid over her shoulder. Here came a gentleman holding an ill-concealed flower-vase or other ornament for his lady's table. There again walked a poor man, with a small fir-tree in one hand, and some toys just bought at the fair in the other. On arriving at the asylum, which is situated just outside the town, we were shewn into a large hall, containing at one end a few benches for visitors, whilst the greater part was left open for the reception of the inmates of the asylum. Opposite the door stood a tree, not brilliantly illuminated, yet supplying the principal light of the apartment. Along the whole of one side of the hall were arranged narrow tables, completely covered with various articles prepared for the blind children; and at one end stood an organ. Soon after we had taken our seats on one of the benches, the inmates of the asylum were admitted, about forty in number. As they came in, almost all seemed to have sufficient perception of light to be attracted by the lighted tree, and to turn their eyes involuntarily in that direction. No doubt their imaginations had been worked upon by previous description, for many gave signs and gestures of surprise, and even uttered sounds of delight, as they seemed to catch a glimpse of the emblem of the festival. Notwithstanding this excitement, however, they ranged themselves in a perfectly quiet and orderly manner round the organ, the girls on one side, the boys on the other, and conducted themselves with the greatest propriety. After them came in the director, or head manager of the institution, and took his place at an elevated reading-desk. At a signal given by him, the organ, at which one of the blind youths was seated, struck up a hymn, joined by the voices of all the children, who performed this and several other pieces in a very superior manner, not only keeping their parts with perfect correctness, but putting much feeling and spirit into their songs.

The blind are remarked to be often gifted with a fine musical ear, and their voices are also very often rich and mellow, and capable of high cultivation. In this institution, music is regarded as one of the prime levers for improving and civilising these unfortunate children; and infinite pains are taken to procure them the best instruction, and to make them familiar with the best compositions. The pieces, on this occasion, were admirably chosen, being of a solemn yet animated character; there were some short portions of the *Messiah*, and at last, a beautiful fragment of Schiller's *Song of the Bell*—namely, the prayer for peace. Between the songs came an interesting little episode: a little girl, dressed in white, and shewing by her whole bearing that she belonged to a different class of society from her companions in misfortune, was brought forward by the director, to whom she clung with affectionate bashfulness, and repeated a pretty little verse in a clear and sweet voice. She did not belong to the asylum, but living in the neighbourhood, was sent there at stated times to enjoy some of the instruction, peculiarly adapted to her condition, and in her infantine helplessness, seemed to attract the sympathy and interest of all. I was much struck by the earnest composure evident in the deportment of all the young performers. These poor children, freed from the disturbing influence caused by the sight of new faces and varied objects, seemed wholly engrossed with the task they had in hand, and stood perfectly still, the words and notes of their songs as present to their mind's eye as if they had been able to read them off from a book. I cannot say, however, that their appearance was pleasing, so far as external form is concerned; they are, for the most part, unhappy beings, rescued from filth and misery, whose affliction has arisen out of the neglect or ill treatment of vicious, ignorant, or brutal parents; therefore, their whole aspect often denotes a sickly constitution, and their awkward figure and ungainly movements bear the stamp of a rude origin, whilst their very homely attire is not calculated to add any grace to their exterior. Nevertheless it was highly interesting to see the wonderful effect that music can produce in elevating the mind, and even the expression, and to listen to the clear, soft, and deep tones proceeding from those clumsy forms, and speaking of a soul alive to nobility of sentiment.

The singing having ceased, the director—a short plain little man, with a finely developed brow and bright twinkling eyes—read a brief address, suitable for the season, concluding with a prayer; and then, descending from his rostrum, he proceeded, with the aid of the teachers connected with the institution, and a lady who has the superintendence of the domestic department, to lead the children to the tables spread for them, and at which a certain space was marked off and numbered for each recipient. Poor things! they could see nothing of the various objects laid out before them—the bright colour or the delicate pattern could not attract their attention or gratify their sense; yet they were, I am well assured, at that hour as happy as any children possessing all the power of sight could possibly be. Loud were the shouts of joy, as they spread their hands over their portion of the table, and caught hold of new and unexpected treasures; then was there clapping of hands, beating of breasts, jumping, and merry peals of laughter whenever a new discovery was made amid the heap.

The gifts had been selected with wonderful discretion and adaptation to the peculiar exigencies of the case. All the other senses were to be gratified, since sight was denied, so there were whistles and fifes, Pan's pipes and drums, bells and Jews-harps, for the hearing; scented soap, scent-bottles, and bags, for the smell; ginger-bread, apples, and nuts, for the taste; smooth round balls and polished marbles, for the touch. Nothing seemed to give more universal pleasure than these last—little boys and great girls seemed alike to delight in rubbing them between their hands, stroking them against their faces, and kissing them with their lips. The musical instruments were immediately put into action, so that the din of varied discordant sounds became quite deafening. Strange to say, the eatables were regarded with less interest than any other object, and I did not see a single child devouring greedily its cake or sweets. Clothing being provided by the establishment, necessary articles of dress are not distributed at this season; but only little extras, that appear rather in the light of luxuries, are admitted amongst the Christmas-gifts. Warm comforters, muffetees, and gloves, and a pair of elastic garters, fell to many a one's share, and loud were the expressions of joy elicited by their discovery. The elder girls also had collars and neck-ribbons to be worn on state occasions, and shewed, by the eager pleasure with which they examined them, that even want of sight does not render the sex insensible to the charms of finery. One girl asked me what colour her ribbon was; and when I replied that it was blue, 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'that is my favourite colour!' yet she had never had any perception of colour. Perhaps she had heard that the heavens are blue, and identified this colour with the beauties of that place.

The younger children had various toys—ninepins, tops, carts, dolls, &c.—and almost every one owned a basket of some kind. One end of the long table was set out for a few elderly pensioners, who had been admitted for life into the asylum. These also had their share of presents, and shewed their satisfaction in a calmer but not less gratifying manner. One old woman was especially delighted with a little tureen or covered basin, that had fallen to her lot, and in which, as she told us, she was every day to fetch her dinner from the kitchen. She felt it all over, admired the smoothness of its surface, and the symmetry of its form, and was never tired of taking off and putting on the cover, which fitted so nicely. She had also received a bag, and, in spite of her blindness, did not fail to call upon us to admire the prettiness of the pattern and the harmony of the colours. The director, the teachers, and the lady before mentioned—a most pleasing, active, little woman—went about among the party, sympathising with each, and pointing out the uses and beauties of the various articles, the director especially evincing, by his kind and paternal tone, and the different manner in which he addressed himself to different individuals, the warm affectionate interest he felt for all, and the insight he had gained into the character of each. The visitors also were permitted to walk about and inspect everything, yet the children appeared to feel not the slightest restraint, but gave free vent to their joy in a perfectly natural manner.

When ample time had been allowed them for examining all they had received, they were marshalled out of the room again, laden with their newly acquired riches, which many of them were unable to carry off themselves; and as they walked past him, the director again spoke a word of encouragement or sympathy to each, and many a one stopped to press his hand affectionately, and to say once more how delightful had been the treat. We offered our thanks and congratulations to this gentleman, who then explained to us the great value he set on this festival as a means of softening and elevating the character of the unfortunate beings committed to his charge, who often came to him in a state of degradation hardly raised above that of brutes, and required the most careful training to call forth the higher and nobler faculties of their nature. Having heartily wished him further success in his philanthropic labours, we hastened away to the Bescheerung awaiting us at home. As we hurried along the now dark streets, it was a pleasure to see an unwonted illumination in most of the houses, in many of which even the little attic windows shewed that something was going on in honour of the holy feast.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A few important and interesting papers have been read at the meetings of the Royal Society: one communicated by M. Brown Séquard, is on a subject much talked of by physiologists—namely, that muscular fibre can be acted on by light without the aid of nerves. Haller mentions it as a phenomenon that had come under his observation; but later anatomists repudiated the notion, and it dropped into the limbo of forgotten things. It has, however, been quietly resuscitated within the past quarter of a century, and now takes its place among demonstrated facts. M. Brown Séquard is known as a most careful observer; and his experiments prove that some portions of muscular fibre—the iris of the eye, for example—are affected by light, independently of any reflex action of the nerves, thereby confirming former experiences. The effect is produced by the illuminating rays only—the chemical and heat rays remain neutral. And not least remarkable is the fact, that the iris of an eel shewed itself susceptible of the excitement sixteen days after the eyes were removed from the creature's head. So far as is yet known, this muscle is the only one on which light thus takes effect; and henceforth, the statement that 'muscular fibre may be stimulated without the intervention of nerves,' will have to be received among the truths of physiology.

The Society have held their anniversary meeting, and recognised the merits of certain savans by the award of medals. The Rumford Medal was given to M. Louis Pasteur, of Lille, for his remarkable optical researches; one of the Royal Medals to Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow, for electrodynamical investigations, which have distinguished him among physical philosophers; the other to Sir John Richardson—the friend and tried companion of arctic Franklin—for his contributions to natural history and physical geography; and the Copley Medal, the honour of honours, to M. Henri Milne-Edwards, of Paris, for his researches in comparative anatomy and zoology.

The last published part of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy* contains a paper of nearly 300 pages, by Mr Robert Mallet, 'On the Physical Conditions involved in the Construction of Artillery, and on some hitherto unexplained Causes of the Destruction of Cannon in Service.' The series of investigations, of which this paper is the result, was begun while the Russian war was raging, and they shew the hand of a master. Amid much that is dry and technical, there are interesting historical and mechanical details; and we find the structure of iron treated of—the causes of drooping at the muzzle—the molecular condition before and after use—the effects of local expansion by heat—causes of bursting, and fifty other valuable matters. We call attention to the subject, as it involves first-rate scientific considerations which, as experience has shewn, are not to be neglected with impunity. The disposition to adopt Mr Mallet's suggestions is manifest at Woolwich, from the recent trials of artillery; and we shall shortly hear of the battering of one of the floating iron-batteries at Shoeburyness, in which the 'monster gun' will take a part. Sundry adventurous officers have volunteered to remain on board while the firing goes on. Will they wait the result of a monster ball? A rifle-shell has been introduced which, fired from the shoulder, will blow up powder at a distance of 1800 yards.

Opinions are still divided as to the advantage of Mr Bessemer's process for making malleable iron. A trial made at the Llanelly Tinplate Works, proved eminently successful as regards sheet-iron; it would bear 'twice doubling without cracking.' A new method of making steel was tried at Messrs Rennie's works—an Austrian invention—whereby pig-iron granulated in cold water, mixed with crushed ore and peroxide of manganese, is converted into excellent steel. A paper on the two processes is set down for reading at the Society of Arts. No lack of work for the men of iron, especially if they undertake to roll the bars for the Russian railways.

The giving of a gold medal by the Society of Arts to Mr C. W. Williams, for an Essay on the Smoke Nuisance, leads us to express our opinion that we shall never have anything like a clear atmosphere in London till the chimneys of private houses, as well as those of furnaces and steam-boats, are made to consume their own smoke. What is wanted is a grate not less efficient than that recently contrived by Dr Arnott, but less costly, and more suitable for ordinary domestic use. We hear that an approach to this desideratum is already in the market; still there is plenty of room for improvement and modification. Fortune awaits the inventor who shall produce the required article. We think that the capabilities of fire-clay have not yet been sufficiently tested, and should like to see clay fireplaces all in one piece—to admit of easy fixing—with nothing metallic about them except the bars. The economy of clay over iron is great. The authorities are alive to the question, and a Commission under the Board of Health is appointed to visit some of our midland and northern manufacturing towns, to inquire into, and examine all the smoke-consuming fireplaces they can hear of. If, as is said, coal is about to be discovered near London, the sooner improvements are made the better.

An ingenious application of the 'lazy tongs' has recently been contrived. The apparatus constructed on a large scale, is mounted on wheels for convenience of transport, and by turning a winch, may be raised to full height, thus forming a temporary tower, with a man standing on a small railed platform on the top.—A new diving instrument, the invention of M. Danduran, has been tried in the Thames near Westminster Bridge, which obviates the inconveniences of the present cumbersome diving-dress. The diver is covered to the waist by an air-tight glazed bell, to which a breathing and a speaking tube are attached. A stream of air driven down the former by a small fan, is constantly passing across the diver's mouth, and escapes up the speaking-tube, and through this latter, messages and instructions may be instantaneously conveyed from above or below. The diver is ballasted by a leaden saddle, on which he sits, and can walk about with great facility.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company announce their hope of laying the submarine cable from Ireland to Newfoundland before the end of 1857, or by the spring of 1858. The whole of the capital, L.350,000, is subscribed for. Of the shares which are L.1000 each, 101 are taken in London; 88 in the United States; 86 in Liverpool; 37 in Glasgow; 28 in Manchester; 4 each in Tewkesbury and Brighton; and one each in Nottingham and Leamington. Government undertake to pay L.14,000 a year for the use of the line—their messages, and those of the United States government (if required), to have priority over all others. They will, moreover, lend ships to assist in laying down the cable, and in taking such further soundings as may be desirable. The provisional directors, as we hear, have accepted tenders for the making and shipping of the cable by May next. From New York to Newfoundland the telegraph is already complete; and a message has been flashed from one to the other—1700 miles—and an answer returned in fifteen minutes. According to calculation, the Atlantic Telegraph will admit of 30,000 words being flashed in twenty-four hours. It may seem trite to repeat that this is an age of mechanical wonders; but it is impossible to contemplate the union of the Old and the New continents by a line of wire, admitting of hourly intercommunication, without feelings of unusual emotion.

Sir William Snow Harris, whose lightning-conductors protect the British navy, has fitted one of his conductors on board the *Impétueuse* at Cherbourg, with a view to their general introduction into the French navy. He has also read a paper, shewing the nature and importance of the subject, before the Academy at Paris. Let the dangers of navigation by all means be diminished. It appears that marked success has already attended the means employed round our coasts for the saving of life in shipwreck. In 1853, the number of wrecks was 832; of lives lost, 689: in 1854, wrecks, 987; lives lost, 1549: in 1855, wrecks, 1141; lives lost, 469. But for that fatal wreck of the emigrant ship on the Manacles, near the Lizard, the lives lost last year would have numbered but a few beyond three hundred.

A few noticeable geological phenomena have occurred. A party of labourers working in a basin-shaped hollow, at a place called Sabina, about twenty-five miles from Rome, were terrified by a shaking of the ground. They fled. The earth opened, and black smoke poured out; it then sank, and salt-water rose in the hollow, and now forms a lake more than a thousand mètres in extent. This may be due to the earthquake in the Levant, which, as appears by the most recent accounts, was unusually destructive.—The *Proceedings of the Royal Dublin Society* contains particulars of the slipping of a bog at Kilmaleady, King's County, in June last. One hundred and fifty acres are buried by the slip, and a gap is left thirty feet deep and a mile and a half in length.—A failure is reported in some of the Cheshire brine-springs which have been flowing for ages, and the upper stratum has fallen in; but it is said in explanation that there is no real failure, there being rock-salt enough to last another thousand years, and that the falling in has occurred only where the rock was dissolved.

We hear from Holland that the value of the land so long covered by the Haarlemmer Meer, is increasing at a rate which insures repayment of all the outlay for the drainage in a comparatively short time. Good crops of colza and rye have been grown, and the potatoes are excellent. Two farms of considerable extent are established; two large villages are being built, and the district is traversed by two good roads. No ill consequences were experienced from intermittent fevers, as was dreaded when the surface was first laid bare, and the numbers of dead fish had no other effect than to fertilise the soil. No objects of natural history or of antiquity were discovered. Holland has now two or three parishes more than she had four years ago. Leyden and Haarlem disputed possession of the newly won territory; but the government has decided that it shall form a district by itself. Amsterdam, relieved from the danger once threatened by the meer, is laying on a supply of drinkable water from the downs or sandhills along the sea-shore. It is worthy of remark, that the sources in these hills, though copious and of good quality, are most of them below the level of the sea. Having seen with our own eyes the success achieved by the Dutch, we are the more gratified to hear that the work of drainage and reclamation of the proposed new county in the Great Norfolk estuary, is once more resumed. And we may surely hope that with such a success in view, no more will be said about the Essex marshes as being a hinderance to the mighty scheme for discharging the sewage of London into the North Sea.

The Admiralty have granted permission to Lieutenants De Crespigny and Forbes to make surveys and explorations in Borneo.—Major Burton (the pilgrim to Mecca) and Captain Speke are on their way to attempt further discoveries in Eastern Africa; they have with them a small portable iron boat, and hope to navigate Lake Nyassi.—A beginning has been made in the survey of the Euphrates Valley for the proposed railway. The cost is estimated at about L.9000 a mile; and an anticipatory notion of traffic has been formed from the fact, that 1200 laden camels and horses pass a certain bridge over the Orontes every day. The ancient port of Seleucia, at the mouth of the Orontes, is to be the port for the modern railway traffic.—A party of United States savans are about to undertake a scientific exploration of South America. So many years have elapsed since Humboldt's and Bonpland's celebrated visit, that it is believed much good may accrue to science from another well-conducted expedition. The chain of the Andes will be included in the exploration.—Late arrivals from the antipodes bring word that the Pitcairn Islanders, numbering 96 males and 102 females, are now safely settled in their new homes on Norfolk Island. They landed on the 8th of last June, and found, through the kindness of the government authorities, 2000 sheep, 450 head of cattle, 20 horses, and a year's supply of provisions provided for their use.—A vessel from New Zealand has brought two spars of Kauri pine, each 100 feet long and 34 inches diameter, without a knot. They were landed at Portsmouth, and will, it is supposed, be used for the royal yacht.—The king of Siam has written a letter in English to the President of the Royal Asiatic Society (in London) returning thanks for the honour of having been elected an honorary member of the Society, and promising aid. With the letter he sends two books, which were prepared by one of his nephews, and printed at the royal press, for the instruction of the Siamese in English. His majesty shews an appreciation of our literature and science, rare in an Asiatic; and some of his subjects are so alive to the true principles of commerce, that Siamese vessels are about to sail direct for England, instead of limiting themselves to the trade with Singapore.—A scrap of information, very remarkable if true, has reached us from Adelaide; namely, that the fall of rain is increasing in proportion to the peopling and settlement of the colony.

We have again to report satisfactory progress in economic geology in India. The Asiatic Society of Bengal are receiving from every province specimens of iron and copper ores, of coal, mineral-waters, clays, and fossils. Of the last, an interesting specimen was found near Kooshalgur, by Professor Oldham; and the villagers having been urged to search for others, they all forthwith became collectors, and spent their spare hours in what they called the 'harvest of bones;' and in this way the museum at Calcutta is being enriched with numerous specimens 'of mammalians and reptiles of the tertiary period.' Besides these, the Society have received a specimen of a new kind of rock, 'alum porphyry'—that is, porphyry containing *aluminite* from the hills bordering the province of Foh Kien, in China. The deposits of this mineral are said to be really inexhaustible: about 6000 tons of alum are made on the spot every year.

In connection with this alum district, we may notice a phenomenon that occurred in the periodical typhoon of last September. The storm was preceded by a rising of the water in wells and springs for many miles inland. The sea, raised by the fierce wind, was driven over a hundred square miles of the shore-country, with great loss of life and property, and was held from returning by the same violent cause, while a long belt of coast was laid dry between it and the ocean.

To return from this long flight into foreign parts:—An Art Exhibition is open in Edinburgh, interesting alike to artist and artificer. It comprises choice specimens of gold and silver work, carvings, fictile manufactures, printing, weaving, photography, and many more.—Crossing the Border, we mention the improvements made at Alnwick Castle by the Duke of Northumberland—re-edification, medieval ornament, and decorations in the Italian style of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Stone for the steps was obtained in large blocks from a quarry on Rothbury Moor, and this it is which prompts us to advert to the subject; for in a paper on the improvements, read before the Institute of British Architects, it is stated that 'stones of 30 feet square, and 50 or 60 feet long, may be obtained if required: the texture is very hard, and of a beautiful white, free from marks or flaws.'—The Photographic Society open the new year with a new exhibition of light pictures produced by their own skill and perseverance. Pure photography only—and very properly—is to be admitted: all specimens touched up or doctored will be rejected. A Photographic Society has been embodied within the past few weeks at Birmingham; and photographic classes are established in the arsenal at Woolwich, for the instruction of the military and naval employés in the art, so that they may be able to take impressions of field-works, weapons, gun-carriages, burst guns, and indeed of anything likely to be useful in either service.

ANCESTORS OF THE JEAMESES.

The dignified persons who in the present day wait upon us at meals are, no doubt, a little different from the valets of chivalry, who, after doing their spiriting at the table, cleared all away, and took up their master's daughter, or one of her noble companions, to dance. But it is not fair to Jeames to regard him as in the position of archangel ruined; on the contrary, he has risen to his present eminence from a very humble, and indeed abject condition. The valets alluded to, although people have been misled by the name, were no predecessors of his: they were aspirants of knighthood, who pushed the professionals from their stools, and performed in their stead the duties of hospitality; and so honourable were such duties deemed, that, as we read in Villehardouin, the son of the Emperor of the East was styled the Valet of Constantinople.

Jeames's ancestors of the fourteenth century, then called Chamberlains, were in a very different position, as we find by a singular and rare old black-letter treatise, of the date 1506–1508 (Wynkin de Worde), a copy of which is to be found among Bishop More's curious books, in the public library at Cambridge, and which treats of household matters in that age. It includes certain directions to the principal servants in their several duties. Those to the 'chamberlain' are especially quaint, and worthy of quotation. It will be noted, among other things, that this gentleman's master is spoken of as his 'soverayne;' and this appears to have been the customary title, for although the individual actually referred to was probably a powerful noble—in that day and more than a century later styled a prince—the tract tells us in its title-page that the instructions it contains were intended for the service of a prince or *anie other estate*. Jeames, therefore, has not only risen, but his master has fallen; and great is the fall from a sovereign to a mere guv'nor. Let us proceed, however, to the daily duties of a gentleman's gentleman of the fourteenth century.

The chamberlain must be dilygent and cleanlie in his office, *with his heade kembed* [combed], and see that ye have a cleane shyrt, breech, petticote, and doublet. Brushe first your soveraynes hosen within and without, and see his shone [shoes] be cleane. And at morne, when your soveraine will arise, warme his shyrt by the fyre, and see ye have a foote sheete made in this maner. First set a chaire by the fyre with a quishin [cushion], another onder his feete, then spredd a sheete over the chaire, and see there be readie a goodlie kerchiefe and a combe, then warme his petticote, his doublet, and his stomacher, and then put on his doublet and his stomacher, and then put on his hosen and his shone or slippes [slippers]—then stricke me up his hosen mannerlie, and tie them up—then lace his doublet, hole by hole, and lay a clothe about his necke and heade, than looke ye have a baysin and an ewer for warme watere, and also a towell to wash his hands—then kneele upon your knees and aske of your soverayne what robe he will weare, and bringe him such as your soveraine commandeth, and likewise put the same oppon hym, and take your leave mannerlie, and go to the church or chapel, to your soveraine's closet [pew or oratory], and dighte [arrange] carpets and quishins, and also lay me down hys littel boke of praiers. Then drawe the curtins, and take your leave godlie and goodlie, and next goe to your soveraine's chamber, and cast me all the clothes from the bed—then beate me well your soverigne his bolstere and fethere-bed, but looke well ye waste no fetheres. * * * Then lay carpets about the bed, and quishins in the cupboards, and in the windowes, also looke there be a goode fyre burning. * * *

And then, when your soveraine take of [off] hyse gowne, and brynge hym a mantel, for to kepe hym from colde, then brynge hym to the fyre, and take of [off] his shone and hys hosen—then take a fayre kerchiefe of reins [Rheims] and kembe [comb] his heade and put me on hys kerchife, and his bonet—then spredde downe his bed—lay the heade shetes and y^{e} pillowes. And when y^{r} soverayne is to bed, drawe y^{e} curtins, then see there be 'morter' or wax, or 'perchours' ready—then drive out dog or cat, and looke there be baysins & vessels, set nere unto your soverayne—then take your leave mannerlie, that your soveraine take his rest merrilie.

The 'morter' or the 'perchours' were probably some species of lights, as they are enumerated in connection with wax.

It is somewhat surprising to find the servant of a man of rank recommended to attend his master *with his head combed;* but it is actually astounding to find the peer or bold baron of that iron period, whom we usually picture to ourselves in armoured panoply, as attired in 'petticote, stomacher, gowne, bonet, and mantel,' articles of dress now so essentially confined to the fair sex. A servant, too, in the present time of the Jeameses' elevation, would cause some little sensation in a gentleman's house by flinging himself on his knees every morning to demand: 'What coat will your lordship please to wear to-day?'

As for the hiatus marked by asterisks, that is merely the omission of some uninteresting detail; for, in point of fact, it would seem from the instructions that Jeames's sovereign was withdrawn from circulation during the whole space between morning-prayers and bedtime. This, however, only marks the then customary division of labour. The groom, huntsman, and other officials, would doubtless come upon duty in the forenoon; then the chivalrous valets at dinner-time; and, finally, the wearied sovereign would be delivered over again into the hands of Jeames, to be combed, night-capped, and put to bed.

NOTE.

In answer to several correspondents, making reference to an article in No. 141, entitled the *Life-assurance Companies of the Last Twelve Years*, we have to explain, on the part of the writer, that he meant to express only a general preference of old, as contrasted with new offices, on the ground that many of the latter were evidently so overborne by the disproportion of expenses to the amount of business, that their future stability was questionable. He does not presume to doubt that some of the more recent offices are of a stable character, though this may not be at once determinable. Of one office—the *Colonial*—which was founded within the last twelve years, and to which some of our correspondents make reference, he has to remark that it is, alike by the special object of its establishment, its being a Scotch concern, and its great, and, to all appearance, sound business, wholly beyond the scope of his remarks.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

The Christmas-tide—the Christmas-tide,
The merry, merry Christmas-tide!
What joyful meetings round the blaze,
Dear customs of the good old days:
The mistletoe hung overhead,
The walls with holly garlanded;
The laugh goes round, the tale is told,
Strange, legendary tales of old;
And shyly in the fire-light stand
Strong youth, sweet girlhood, hand in hand,
The wooer and his promised bride—
Oh, sweet and happy Christmas-tide!

The Christmas-tide—the Christmas-tide,
The mournful, mournful Christmas-tide
Calls up from Memory's hallowed store
Loved faces seen with us no more.
Weep, bridegroom, for thy buried bride,
Who sat with thee last Christmas-tide—
Now lying cold, mute, and alone,
Whose life and love were all thine own:
What tearful groups of household faces
Gaze sadly on deserted places
Of those afar, of those who died—
Oh, mournful, mournful Christmas-tide!

The Christmas-tide—the Christmas-tide,
The holy, holy Christmas-tide!
Though stars alone give forth their light,
Where angel-wings once clove the night;
'Peace and good-will—peace and good-will'
The golden message echoes still;
Oh, kneel and pray—oh, kneel and pray;
Mourner, rejoice upon thy way—
Be grief and joy both sanctified,
This blest and holy Christmas-tide!

M. E. S.

On Saturday, January 3, 1857, will be commenced

A ROMANCE of AMERICAN-INDIAN LIFE,

ENTITLED

THE WAR TRAIL.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

Also the First of a Series of Articles on

AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

BY W. CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF 'THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA.'

To be continued weekly till completed.

The present number of the Journal completes the Sixth Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SIXTH VOLUME.

Printed and Published by W. and R. Chambers,
47 Paternoster Row, London, and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 056679712